

T H E S T A T E S

BY
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*I wanted this song to last an hour.
I went thirty eight minutes over.*

Something was wrong; it had to be wrong, the boy thought, as he felt himself sinking with the weight of a terrible emotion. This. How long can this go on? The boy did not have a community, nothing not even remotely similar to the tales of love and sacrifice and friendship he had read about and even participated in the digital world. No; it was very different here: inside his car, alone. He thought about the world the best way that he knew how, by imagining a map of the world, and, when he imagined it, he thought of how leaf-like it was, and how previously he had pictured humans living among the stars; fascinated by the extraordinary display of stars, and the sublime nebulae.

But it was not sublime, it was far from sublime, it was bad. He imagined the human lining the walls of his spaceship, his extraordinary spaceship; the one he would travel to the stars with in his mind, and the images of that once quite magical spaceship had combined together in his mind with his mental images of this world; this awful world of human leaves, where everyone is defrauded, and where the children are drugged. It was difficult for him not to picture those incalculable labyrinth walls of human leaves being injected, automatically, with drugs. He couldn't help it. Somehow, those images that he had conjured up inside his head had the power to hurt him, and perhaps it was true, he thinks; perhaps my images were made even more lucid thanks entertainment; thanks to the modern world. But the boy thinks differently, his spaceship was after all ruined ruined by them, and he wonders if such images, repelling images, is what had compelled children to kill their own classmates, their families, and themselves.

Besides, he had been on those drugs; he knew what they could do, how trapped and terrified one could feel, and he thinks: If I was a little bit different, I wonder what evil I could have done? But he was not like them, he was something else, he was haunted; forever haunted, he thought, by a phrase etched on the archway of his school: nothing happens unless first a dream. Aren't nightmares dreams? Yes; nightmares are dreams, and his polluted nightmare-dream takes away his breath. The boy clapped his hand to his head, hoping to unfuse the words, but they would not unfuse. He had done all that he had been told to do, and still he was superfluous; abandoned at an early stage; left alone, with a nightmare in an atomized world, without so much as a scholarship; only the most hideous images had been firmly impressed in him; only these giants of fear.

All his life, the boy had watched a carnival of human failings on his television, and now he had to join. He was used to laughing at it; how ridiculous it was. Where he fit in had not become comprehensible to him, though it had, just in a backhanded way; for it still had been made clear to him that humans had been failures, and all he really had going for him was the knowledge that this, our human failure, may soon become history for something else; something that wasn't a failure, which he didn't believe. It is not possible, he thought. Our problems are insurmountable. Better minds than mine had tried to save us, and all of them have failed; I want to kill myself; I want to leave.

He felt the cool dark of the car consuming him, and he didn't even resent it. But, his phone was resting in the palm of his hand, he remembered, and he decided to give the

suicide prevention hotline a call; hoping for support; hoping to feel complete. But no; they did not complete him, it was not their job. He could only sense that he would kill himself someday, but it wasn't today, so they didn't care; they only existed to call the police on the dangerous ones. That is what the boy discovered. He did not need to be recovered; he was not dangerous, he was only afraid, so they let him go; back into the all-consuming darkness; back into his fears. The boy felt more lost than ever, and still something new. It was hatred: a hatred that would power him for the rest of his days; and only to see the world of human leaves bursting into flames. He wanted to feel the warmth of a nightmare annihilated; the cool of its ruin. All the cells; the innumerable cells, the houses; the innumerable houses. He wanted everything on fire, but he knew it would not burn; no, the horror of the world will continuously run away from itself; forever running skyward, outward; to spread itself among the stars, just as he feared; for the universe could make no promises: it could not assure him that this most awful nightmare, all of these horrific potentialities he had learned, would not come true.

He thinks: If only I could see the future! Some prevision, good or bad, then, at last I could kill myself, saying: all is good; all is bad. But this, however, he could not do. And of course he knew that there was both good and bad; all becoming dead, and that to him was bad, too. Somehow, it fascinated him. Indeed, he was born to drown in his fascination; to look at the world with his deer-stare; looking the light of death right in the face; unable to untangle himself from the world of human leaves; for the world had empowered him to drown, so everything was well; it was in its proper place. That is what he thought, but that is not what he believed; everything was important to him; that is his misfortune, yet when described, like this, it does not sound like misfortune; which, he thought, only added to his misfortune; enhancing the terrible misfortune.

However, that is not to say that he hated life, he loved life; it was only whenever he looked at the machine-powered world; with its houses and buildings; with its insectile cars, that he felt inside out and ashamed. If we really loved ourselves, why did we do this; why did we mask ourselves over? he thought; sitting in the dark of the car. What is this kernel we protect inside, beneath it all? The boy wanted to protect it; to save it from being used for something bad, and he felt shame; shame; for he had atomized an entire world into these kernels; these potentialities; these places he could've been, and he felt bad for wanting to destroy his despot brain; to divorce an unhappy marriage of cells. He did not deserve it, he thought, he did not deserve to command his own skin; to feel what he feels, he thought; resulting in an odd mixture of joy and guilt, carrying him back and forth between them, oscillating between the two; for he knew that there would be justice; the patterns below would take him under, perhaps to punish him for his despotism, though he didn't deserve it, he thought; I was thrown here from the big bang; forever moving forward; we are only this changing and moving forward.

But this changing made him sick; this layering and masking made him sick. Maybe the patterns below are less wicked than we, he thinks; maybe he could tell them about

the times he watched logs, yawning on campfires; glowing red; slowly becoming ash; fertile ash for the earth he would join. Yes; you so-called lesser patterns; even humans will be collected and swallowed up by fire! This is a nightmare without end; one that forever feeds and fuels itself! Humans no longer offer sacrifices to the trees: they cut them down to build their houses, and now the human, too, will be cut down to build a house; for the human is numbered, his days are numbered; I have seen it, he imagines himself saying; the humans only barter, because everything is owned, property of the state; humans live a horrible life of bartering without end; the humans are not able to see their failure, this sickening layering and masking over, or that, someday, this state might turn its head, to feast on humankind; no, these humans are attached in dread.

The horror! The horror! Oh, how he wanted to cry, but couldn't cry, how he wanted oblivion to come, but wouldn't come; it would not remove the horrors from his head! He did not have the courage, and he even felt villainous, disgusting; he had wished to convey his nightmare to something else, when it didn't deserve to be received; not by anyone; that would be wickedness, he thought; oh, how evil have I become to wish to convey such a depressing view to others; to contaminate them; to instruct them in my ways of thinking; this suicidal thinking. For what? Jealousy? Empathy? Revenge? Oh how rotten that would be: revenge. Yes; really, I must be evil, he thought; wishing he were dead. The boy knew, in his heart, that it would be evil to corrupt others with the word. But he did not really desire corruption, not really, instead; he desired a cure. He loved life, life was good; but only so long as it was connected to something good.

He could think of nothing good; for everything alive was attached to something bad forever. Perhaps that is why that boy had killed himself, he thinks; thinking of a boy who had killed himself; it was to detach himself from something bad, and instantly he thought that this world was bad; that death, and his emissaries, were good, and all the world bad. The universe was, after all, a hostile place. And perhaps his brain was only a kind of defense system: protecting something. Protecting what? Protecting the soul? Do I even have a soul? Perhaps my soul is a mocking-thing; a chemical perversion in my brain, he thought; I may only be tricked into action, when really I'm doomed to be covered by dirt, like grandma; rest her soul, and that suicide; rest his soul. Yet the boy wanted a soul; he wanted this soul to fly away from this place; content and at peace.

Those things are good; contentment and peace, he thought; watching the cars move softly down the street; hearing their sounds fade away. It pleased him; this thought: of fading away. All this activity, he thought; yet I have so few desires. No; I still desire, I desire death; I want the safety of death to save me; from the sight of participating in a world wrecked by desire; for I desire nothing; nothing, but death. But perhaps a great evil will discover him, he fears; perhaps a nightmare form of pasted together carcasses will peer through my soul. Laughing! Saying; are these the thoughts that overwhelm him? What weakness! Mediocrity! Perhaps that reason alone; that fear alone; is all that had prevented him from killing himself, lest he be doused in their venom. No; he couldn't

do it, he wouldn't do it, though he wanted to have it be done to him; he was afraid; he can go to sleep instead, he remembers; there is temporary relief; all I have to do is go home; all I need to do is go to sleep, delicious sleep; that is how this world can end. It can all disappear for a while that way. That is what I need; I need sleep, sweet sleep.

Then, he waits; he breathes; just a little more before deciding to travel home (for he needed to be home in a timely manner) with nothing solved. He plays no music; he is not happy, or unhappy, but driving; dead; no images are able to impress themselves in his head; he will not allow it; he will not allow himself to enjoy the ride home; for he is not there to drive himself home, on the contrary, he is driven home by his desire for sleep. That is what he feels. I don't ever want to wake up, he thinks; wishing for death to take him in his sleep. Perhaps that was morbid of him, but the truth is he had been praying for death his entire life; just in a backhanded way, every night before bed: his Catholic father and mother had taught him the now I lay me prayer, which in fact was more like begging; begging that god would keep his soul. However, he was no longer a person who prayed for such things; he hoped; for endless sleep, which he enjoyed.

The boy came home, yet the walls looked nightmarishly real to him; as if they were asking him: do you intend to kill yourself here? Are these your final walls; your death walls? Even in the dark, the walls seemed insidious; their very existence; the need for walls; seemed only to enforce the boys fears. The universe seemed to go to such great lengths to not feel pain; there are incalculable walls, he thinks; feeling emptiness; this awful sense that the walls would enjoy swallowing him alive, envelops him. There is no escape from this, he thinks; these walls will mock me for all eternity; I can already feel them mocking me: You're going to accept the world of walls committing suicide? Stupid presumptuous boy, you know I'd love it if you did! So many people before you have killed themselves in a room; that carcass mountain could really use another little boy like you; freshly dead; they'd love that; you're so like them. Please, go ahead; kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself and become our benefactor; go on and waste a life of being our beneficiary; go on and sacrifice your limbs and cut off your head; you're going to do it, eventually. Yes; you're going to kill yourself eventually, that's why you exist; that's why you're here; that's why we came; we came to take you away. No! The boy hurries down the hall, to save himself; from what those walls were whispering to him. Still ashamed from earlier, ashamed; for wanting to kill himself; constantly, he wants to kill himself, he buries himself in his bed. And he prays hard, not to wake up.

The next day, he wakes up, inside his thoughts; feeling the mental shock of thinking about nothing; he wanted to want to move, but he didn't. He could do without moving limbs; he could do without life; the boy lies motionless in his bed for a while; content to listen to the muffled talking and footstep sounds being made, while knowing that at any moment his father or mother would burst open the door to his room, perhaps both of them together; bellowing one of their ridiculous happy good morning songs to him while shaking him awake with their chest compressions. The boy dreaded having this

scene take place, yet enjoyed his near-catatonic state, so he used his footstep listening skills (for one develops an ear for footstep listening in a house without locks) to make absolutely certain that no one was approaching the door. There were things he needed to do, like go to school, and it was simply a matter of when, he thought; that someone will throw the door wide open; slamming it against the wall, to maximize the noise.

Goooooooood morning good morning good morning; it's time to rise and shine! Good morning good morning good morning I hope you're feeling fine! Gotta get up, get out of bed. Gotta get up, you sleepy head. This day is dawning just for you! And all your dreams! Are coming true! Doodley-do, doodley-do, doodley-do!

That is what will happen if I don't get up and get dressed, he remembered; before he got up from his bed; before he got dressed. There was no special trick to waking up in the morning; all he had to do was copy everyone else. He had all but lost who he was; he had tried to better himself, but couldn't; instead he felt himself becoming a mirror for whatever his teachers wanted, which is not to say that the state had wanted him; it had actually broken his heart. To the boy, everything had broken his heart; everything had deceived him; perhaps he had no heart, he thinks; perhaps that is why everyone is nice to me, he thinks; they think that I'm the school shooter type, quiet and white, that I could really do something terrible like that; there is no other reason; it's only fear, he thinks; everyone is afraid of me, including me; especially me. And it was so hard! He thinks; it was so hard to fight down the urge to hurt myself; to keep myself; just to go back to the way I was; the way I am, which nobody wanted; hence why everyone had encouraged me to take those drugs in the first place. It wasn't for me! only grades.

Outside, when he looked at the trees; the manifolds of leaves and their edges, which automatically sliced into his head; he forgot all about his troubles; he was hypnotized; the multitudes of living things, all of them, were clamoring for attention; and he cared for them, while knowing that they would never care for him. Maybe they can; maybe the trees can sense me, he thinks; only their sensory-mechanisms are too primitive, or just different; very different; compared to mine, he thought; remembering the double slit experiment; how an apparatus could, somehow, stimulate a wave into becoming a straight line. When I grow up, he thought, I'll figure out how stuff like that works; I'm not going to kill myself after all! Life is good. he thinks; we need to care more for life in all its forms; just because it is, he thought, with agony; for he couldn't help being a bit bothered by the sounds of lawn-mowing machines; cutting grasses unnecessarily.

Oddly enough, the boy had plans for the future, despite his constant depression. At school, he had even told his friends about his future plans; his future home. My house will not have a lawn, he had said; I hate cutting the grass, so I'm going to replace it all with sand; beautiful sand, like a Zen rock garden. I would enjoy it, he said; raking the sand of my Zen rock garden; raking it into various patterns, whatever I wanted. You'll all be paying for gasoline; actually ruining this planet with your never-ending need to buy gasoline, yet still; your lawns will never compare with the beauty of my Zen rock

garden. No; my Zen rock garden will put your lawns to shame, he had said; watching the smiles breaking across the faces of his listeners; knowing that, probably, he would never own a house with a lawn, much less a house with a Zen rock garden. Not really, he was going to kill himself instead. His story of the Zen rock garden was a sick joke; he knew that people who wanted Zen rock gardens couldn't survive; otherwise surely, he thought; there would be more Zen rock gardens! There were none to be found.

Like others who secretly suffer from some depression, the boy had oftentimes used, or misused, jokes to amuse others. The best jokes, he thought; were funny and terrible and true. We don't act on the truth, he thought; we're too afraid; instead, we're amused by it. It's horrible, so horrible, and sad, he thought; wanting to die.

But he was alive.

Another boy had killed himself earlier, and thus, since he wasn't the first to do it; he felt it necessary to behold the aftermath; what would've happened to everyone, which was nothing; nothing had changed. It was like that boy had never existed, he thought; but that boy had existed; that boy had killed himself; the one who was always holding up the peace sign, like me; that boy had done it; he shot himself in the head. And yes; he existed, he thought; I remember him. Did they have him cremated? They probably did, he thought; they can't put a corpse in a coffin with a head wound like that. Or can they? (Of course the boy thought it was morbid to think of the suicide that way.) That can't be, he thought; I'd like to be cremated; I don't think it's right; designating a place on earth for a corpse. he thought; there are so many people who've died; who will still die, he thought; picturing the bone churches, with their spires upon spires of bone; the whole church was bone; the whole church was a monument to the realness of death.

For some reason, the boy believed it was respectful to remember them; even though there was no way to tell who was who, or how they lived. He thought all about them; how they were no longer living; how they had been artfully arranged; wondering who thought it might have been disrespectful to do that to the dead. But the boy's thoughts turned to the future; all those skulls—skulls of the living; dripping, with chrome. This image seemed far more lucid than anything presented on the Star Trek stage; he knew there were billions of people on earth, after all, he thought; wondering if building that future was really worth it; if helping his nightmare-dream come true would make him feel bad. This world had already made him feel bad; it was abrasive and fast-paced; it was competitive and cold, he thought, while projecting all the pain he knew onto that incalculable mass of silvery skulls; living in silent agitation in the labyrinth bowels of his ship of human leaves; floating in the void of space, without a chance for escape. It horrified him; his wonder. The boy felt sick and horrible—and wrong; he hoped to be wrong, but he couldn't convince himself that he was wrong; he only remembered that one of the school shooters had drawn some shocking things (one classmate had seen a notebook filled with torture devices) and the boy felt his heart sinking, as he watched those skull-spires; slowly becoming twisted together in his mind like double helixes.

He felt like he was going insane. He could stand it no longer, listening to the chatter in the halls. Nothing in the world compared to what the boy was afraid of: reality, and possibility. He stood quiet and still and alone, yet he wasn't alone; he was surrounded by the other students; feeling that he had only emptiness inside him; masks and walls outside him. There is no one here, he thought; my being here is only a pretense, and it isn't even for anything good. Why am I here? And he knew why he was here: You are going to kill yourself, said everything; the universe doesn't need you or want you, yet you need the universe to survive, and you don't even like it. On the contrary, you hate it; you hate everything. If you loved life you wouldn't eat it to survive, you'd just die.

Do you really want contentment? If you were truly, truly, content; you'd starve, said everything; everything is going to digest you, because everything hates you. We don't have peace here. Peace is for the dead. War is for the living; for we live in the endless discord, and then we rest in peace. There is but discontent, and empty-exercising (and you know it) yet you don't kill yourself; you're an embarrassment to us all. Come and kill yourself, said everything; join us; you're not one of them. You know you're not. It isn't good for you to stay here, said everything; you're not of this world; you're just an alien who's staying too long; far too long. Don't you remember? And the walls started clamoring: Remember, remember, remember. But the boy couldn't remember a single thing; his memories only became ever-foggier as he went ever-backwards in his mind until there was nothing left of the world; the human world; for the boy had known all about the existence of the world and its living things; all these various vantage points by which the world could come to know the world; feelings becoming feelings, only to collapse again. Then, the boy had recalled something he had heard, (from where he couldn't remember) about how, if you could ever see the world for what it was, you would probably go insane. Is this the way the world is? he thought; looking down the hall of students no longer resembling students; they were winde-up doll paper bags. It seemed to run right up and hit him in the face; the sudden shift in perspective. And he wanted to un-feel it, but that was impossible. The feeling had already come and gone; a new feeling had arrived: disgust; for he had felt these things, all of them, and he had not yet killed himself. No; he hadn't even self-harmed! Instead of self-harming he had only imagined himself harming himself; throwing himself into the walls; scraping the flesh off his neck with the glass of broken windows; trying to saw off his own head.

The images had left him, but not the hot sting left clinging to his skin, so he starts to rub his arms; and it pleases him, not to feel his thoughts.

But a teacher had seen the boy, and how uncomfortable he looked, and thought; that I should comfort him. This boy, who is always adorably scatterbrained, is clearly very distraught over something, he thought; watching the boy moving things around, in his locker, that he should see if, perhaps, a gentle pat on the back could make the boy feel better and he flinched. Now I've made the boy uneasy, the teacher thought; asking the boy if he was doing okay, because nothing indicated that the boy was doing okay.

And the boy said: Yes; I'm fine, thanks.

But the boy was not fine, he was far from fine; he wanted to convey everything that bothered him to somebody else, but trusted no one. There was absolutely no way that anyone could warrant his trust, he thought; recalling that one time he had nearly been expelled for bringing a key chain to school, because it looked like a gun. Nobody was able to react in an intelligent manner, he thought; they will only react in an emotional, bureaucratic, manner. The boy was afraid that everyone would overreact, and put him in a mental institution; actually making the trauma worse, by dramatizing it. Sure, he thought; I could tell them about my drug-induced suicidal thoughts, but how can I tell anyone about my drug-induced homicidal thoughts, without them freaking out? There is no way they won't freak out; they're programmed to freak out, because they need to protect the students. But are the students in danger? No! I love them! I can't do that to them, I'd kill myself first. That is why I won't tell them about me, he thought; I cannot worry them; I cannot cause a disturbance over a matter that no one is able to solve.

Thus, he decided not to tell anyone, and still it fascinated him; how a tweak of brain chemistry could make a person completely different; how there existed vast oceans of potentialities; how there were limitless ways to feel the world; how some ways would have their way with the others only to perish. He stimulated himself, with the thought of those potentialities blanketing his skin like sand; he felt the tingling sensation such thoughts could bring and he was glad he could feel it; that he could appreciate it, and so he appreciated it, though it was immaterial. It was something about the scaffolding that pleased him; for it had reminded the boy of happier times and pleasant dreams of people huddled together, safe from the rain, within a bio-dome he had dreamed. Then he recalled how DNA retained its shape because it was hydrophobic, and a great calm washed over him; a primordial calm, and he wondered if perhaps this sense of ancient calm might have been an ancient reward for the brain. It felt good. An awesome wave of relief had washed over him. It was connected to the people in his dream, safe from the elements; they were happy and huddled together and he was right there with them feeling relieved; feeling loved; looking above, where the whales were swimming just overhead, because there anything could happen; either in his head or in his dreams.

I don't want this to end, he thinks; imagining a bullet crashing through his skull and killing him; killing his thought, before it could turn into anything else. Why? The boy wondered why he couldn't so much as complete a happy thought without it becoming a deadly thought; thinking of how much he had wanted this happy thought to snap its jaws and kill him. The boy thought it was strange, but he also believed that this was a sign that he was truly happy, so he didn't let it bother him. He was happy instead, and thinks: I'm so happy, I could die right now, while walking outside; feeling the warmth of the sun on his skin while filling up his lungs with the outside air. There were many trees where he lived; generous amounts; he thought, and it delighted him to finally be free to listen to their rustling sounds, unstifled by the school house walls; for they had

induced a highly refreshing effect on the boys spirits; restoring him to his natural self; establishing a complete renewal of his soul; all the trees, with their perpetual rustling, which was reminiscent of white noise and rain, had brought peace to the boys head. It built up in his head, this veil of soft sound; it stirred round and round in his ears as he followed the winds every which way with his eyes; feeling every blade of grass, as he walked through the clearing to his car, thinking of them; how they were all poking up from the earth and communicating to him; all of them pumping him up for the drive.

Driving fascinated him. While he was driving down the highway, everything would come apart, and atomize; he would rearrange the world however he wanted. Playing a game in his mind; shifting his head while taking in the fragileness of the world, like it was the first time anyone had seen the world; imposing the smallness onto the leaves; the cars; the buildings; pretending to be studying a petri dish; he felt as if the city was very close to springing up and sending its manifolds of grey wreathing throughout the cosmos. It excited him; the thought of the galaxy becoming a forest, and he'd ride that ever-increasing sense of excitement, as he traversed the asphalt veins.

But this time was different. After he entered the car, he felt himself disappear. There was no longer the sense that he really existed; instead, this unusual sense that his skin was paper thin, rushed through him. I was anticipating a pleasant drive, he thinks; but now I'm nothing again; faceless again, he thinks; I don't have a face anymore, just the illusion of a face: a mask, behind which is nothing. Other people feel that they have a face, but I don't. Other people feel like they belong here, but I don't. I'm automatically rolling down these streets, he thinks; taking in all of these houses, cars, and lives; and what do I feel? Sorrow. The boy glimpses a person getting out of a car and, somehow, it frightens him; how hideous he looks: his body doesn't match the world. It feels odd, he thinks; that I should roll past him like he's nothing. I'm rolling past everything, like it's nothing; I feel like I'm nothing through and through. I can't get through, he thinks; I can't connect to the world; something invisible keeps getting in the way, he thinks; I have to check my face in the mirror, or give myself a slap on the face. The world is so strange to me, he thinks; I have to do these things to bring myself back to it, because I don't live in the real world; I live in an imaginary world. Other people feel like they're living in a real world, but I don't. The world doesn't feel real to me, he thinks; it can't be real; it isn't real; nothing's real, that's what quantum physics tells us is the real truth of the world: that it's not. I just can't take it seriously, he thinks; no matter what I do, I feel clumsy doing it, because I cannot overcome the strangeness of its existence. This is all so terrible. he thinks: Oh human beings; how I wish I never knew your stories of slavery and stupidity! What am I supposed to do to help creatures like you? You don't need help at this stage, he thinks; it hurts, to behold the aftermath of your failure. This is all some kind of punishment, he thinks; it feels like this is all my fault. I have to do something to feel properly alive, he thought, while flipping a window-control-switch; that, perhaps, if the wind were pounding on his face he would feel better, and he did.

It was plain to the boy that humans couldn't be helped; though it hadn't been argued to him, but elucidated to his brain through innumerable history lessons and scenarios; presented on the television, perpetually. And even if life had some purpose, he thinks; it would turn all of life into a morbid chore, he thinks; because someday, we'll have to evolve; we'll have to change; we'll have to kill ourselves, becoming something we are not; becoming not; becoming nothing; becoming history for something else that cares not for history, nor empathizes with the past and its creatures. Someday, he thinks; the thing we've become won't understand us, like I don't understand myself; how to speak to cells and atoms so they can explain why they made me. Yes; they made me, and for no other reason than to protect themselves from pain, he thinks; everything hurts; this world hurts, he thinks; everything I see is running into form, only because all of them are hurting and oscillating back and forth between states of stimulation and pain. And we tried! he imagines himself saying to no one. We've tried to make it better, with our inventions, and it never got better. Everything became complicated, he thought; it's an abrasive world, grating me with its so-called complexity, which is really stupidity.

(Here the boy thought of how the ability to share files online had been made illegal; that a food-replicator would be made illegal, or rather, the patterns, if they existed.)

Other people must feel this way, he thought, but to mention it would be impolite; to remind them would be rude. Whenever I say something, that could be helpful, people only laugh, he thinks; they laugh; because our situation has become so ridiculous that any solution seems doubly ridiculous. This laughter sickens me, he thought; watching a person laugh sickens me; everything good has been sacrificed to this useless seizure and it disgusts me, he thinks; I feel twisted inside whenever I see it; this human laugh is the humans most appalling feature, and he can't even recognize it. Or perhaps some do, he thinks; and perhaps they kill themselves, so maybe I should kill myself soon. It feels like the universe keeps talking; talking; and talking; saying the same things over and over, so I want to hang up the phone, because I'm tired of listening, but I don't do it, because that would be rude. There is no other reason. I'm too nice to kill myself.

Indeed, the boy felt, it had been a good thing that he wanted to kill himself, because he knew that he could end his torture; his empathy torture, whenever he wanted. It's a rare thing, he thought; that something should come into the universe, and for it to feel that it must care for what other things feel, uselessly. But why? Is there any reason for me to suffer like this? He could think of no reason; he could think of nothing like him because there were barely any similes in his head; he felt as if he had never lived; that he would never live; that he would never be himself because he was only a device for something else; for he had been sequestered by devices his entire life, and thus he had only devices to use, for comparison. The boy was not able to feel that he was offering himself to anything good, but the reverse, and that hurt; every day hurt. But, he didn't have to hurt, he remembered; he didn't have to feel alone. There are people I can play with online, he thought. Yes; I'll get home, and I'll log in, and I'll play a few games.

It was far better to play with your friends in the digital world, the boy thought; for it was dangerous, or costly, to play anywhere else. His need to take objectives using the help of others, while helping others, needed to be fulfilled; for nothing could be taken in the real world: that would be illegal. No; he couldn't do that, he thought; this world is like a server that needs to be reset, but can never be reset, but should the world ever be reset to make everything fun again; just to feel certain feelings? But actually many people had tried to make the world fun, he thought; many people had spent their lives imposing purpose on others in vain; for the purpose those people had in mind was not stimulating to other peoples biology. But should biology ever be changed by force? Is that our purpose? To kill ourselves; to kill our biology, because we humans cannot get along? And in reality the boy's biology had been changed: to achieve certain marks he had been pressured relentlessly to medicate; changing his own biology, and perhaps it was not for his benefit; for now, his far-reaching perspective was endlessly projecting what had happened to the boy's biology far, far into the future: the real future, and not this romantic biped-favoring vision of the future that everyone still hoped for. He was no longer able to hope for it. he thought; humans are always delegating the tasks they don't enjoy to something lifeless; making themselves more comfortable. But does this delegating to what is lifeless perhaps call the mind to the thought that this lifelessness is our ideal; that lifelessness might be what makes us most comfortable? Indeed it had occurred to the boy, almost constantly, that all was bad; for he had perceived all these things in thought, yet he never had the heart to speak them aloud, except whenever he spoke from beneath the veil of comedy, whenever he exploited our laughing flaw.

The boy logged in, and entered the channel.

You're back! Brenda exclaimed; the soft and friendly texture of her voice had pulled the boy out of his depression instantly.

I sure am! The boy said, flippantly.

Whatcha guys doing?

Oh, we weren't doing much; just some daily quests, but now that you're on I think it would be nice to clear a few dungeons. I want to try and see if I can get a few of these achievements, she said; knowing that the boy, while foolish, nevertheless possessed a high degree of intelligence, which could be counted on, not to mention his damage.

The boy enjoyed listening to Brenda; for she, like him, he thought; at times, seemed melancholy, and other times cheerful. Converting her melancholy into cheer, when he was not able to convert his own melancholy into cheer, pleased him, and he was more than willing to sacrifice his time for that purpose; to witness this melancholy to cheer conversion happen; to be the cause for its conclusion.

Ah, sounds fun! said the boy. But first! I have to get a delicious beverage, and away he went, to retrieve the beverage. The boy returned with the beverage, and announced his presence, and they all welcomed him back. Not wanting to keep them waiting any longer than necessary, the boy inquired about the possibility of being ported in, and it

was not only possible, but all of them were there waiting for him to teleport in so they could start their mission. Demi and Brenda teleported him in at once, and when at last the boy appeared he carefully panned round; gazing up at the bronze towers that were towering above them. They were in an underground chamber, and these buildings had the appearance of being buried here in secret: a secret world within a digital world for them to explore, like something from a dream. Blueish crystals marked the path to the dungeon gate and were spread throughout the area; illuminating it and filling it with a gentle, purple glow that was pleasing to him, and a warm hum that produced a highly calming effect, which was further excited by the delicate sounds of spider feet and the high tones of mice squeaking, intermittently. The vastness of the chamber suggested a colossal presence lie buried beneath the bronze fortress; something that the swarms of tiny creatures, which could be heard scuttling beneath them, had served for centuries.

This was the court of Arachnoth: the spider queen, and, for an achievement; a badge of honor; they were to kill her within thirty seconds of her becoming enraged: dealing a thousand percent more damage while recovering her health at twice the usual rate.

The boy thought no more about the real world; that was no longer his concern.

His emotions cleared completely, as he watched Demi and Slacks and Ghaz moving their characters playfully in zig-zag formations as they jumped joyfully into the portal one by one. Yes; here there were objectives, real objectives, he thought; here there are people, real people. The boy felt glad that he could help this team of people who were nice, like him. This was where he could speak his mind the way humans are supposed to speak: without pretense. This was where he could feel cherished, and even loved; it was here where his unhappiness was lifted; for it was here where he could help others through his actions, not like the real world, where nobody could be helped; most were only able to help themselves; most were forced to justify their own existence, without being able to justify their own existence; feeding themselves only to mitigate the pain of hunger, and for no other reason; talking to others to complain about the state of the world, without being able to effect the world. The never-ending moan that was life, in the real world, could not be heard here; the exhaustion that prevailed in the real world could not be felt here. No; here no one ever tired, or starved, or died of disease, and if you ever encountered an asshole, you could mute him forever. Compared to life in the real world, the boy thought, life in the digital world was superior in every way. It was only here that he could help humans, he thought; humans are incomplete animals; this technology is what makes us feel complete. he thought, enamored by all the tiny little details that had been sculpted for this digital world: that the human belonged behind a screen. But my skin is a screen, the boy started thinking; my skin is filled with a great many holes from which I touch the world. Yes; he imagines himself saying to no one; the human is more like a cell than an ape or animal; for there is no animal, aside from the cell, that kills itself as often as the human! Perhaps, the boy thought; that is all the human is good for; perhaps truth is an abyss that leads you down, down, into death.

Hey guys? Do you ever wonder if, someday, people will wonder how people like us could have spent so much of their lives looking at screens? I mean, perhaps there will be an improvement on screens, someday. What then?

The boy was forever asking questions; the strangest questions; questions about how people felt about the questions he asked, and sometimes even questions about who he was; questions, about his character, because he felt that he had no character, so people like Brenda had to find a gentle way to inform the boy about his own character.

You're kinda, well, ditsy. Brenda had said; thinking to herself: Yes; ditsy, and queer, very queer, she thought, while thinking to herself that the boy was possibly gay.

The boy started turning the word over and over in his mind: ditsy, ditsy, ditsy. . .

Thinking of a stereotypical blond, the boy asked: ditsy, like a dumb blond is ditsy?

No, no. That's not what I mean, said Brenda, you're not dumb.

At this Demi injected: Yeah. Slacks is dumb. And everyone laughed but Slacks.

I guess what I mean is you're a bit spacey. It's like you're all over the place, which is fine. It's like you're lost in your own world, then you come out of the blue, every now and then, saying something; something random; sounding confused, lost in space.

Yeah, maybe I am a bit spacey, said the boy. I honestly love thinking about the most random things; sometimes I'm not sure how one thought leads to another, but they do, he started thinking; that at all times his feelings were lucid, yet impossible to convey.

The boys mind went blank, and he cherished his blankness; his nothingness; feeling himself disappear. It was good, he thought, to feel comfortable within ones thoughts; it's good, to feel this sense of calm. And yet this world encroached on his feelings; the world, which was unable to stimulate itself with its own thoughts, stimulated itself by seizing the material, guiltlessly. This world hates people like me, he thought; because thoughts are things; pleasant things to stimulate an organism, and the humans that are living here hate me for having these things, which is why they poisoned me. Yes, yes; they poisoned my realm; my thinking realm, and for that they must pay, he thought to himself; thinking he'd set their their minds aflame, grinning; thinking he'd make them go insane; for, oddly enough, he was in a certain sense vengeful he had been born to a species which couldn't get along: they all deserved to be tortured to death, for that.

The boy turned his head. The boy couldn't bare the thought that he was a villain. He wasn't sure what his thoughts meant; something hideous flashed in his mind; smiling; twisted and dripping with blood: the product of an insatiable, universal, perversion. It is only because we hate animals that we eat them, he imagines himself saying; and all of human life is something to be hated; something to be devoured by what's to come.

He felt like the worst thing in the world, like he could practically feel himself, as he carried out the most unspeakable acts against man; knowing; not only shall this come to pass, but it will even feel good: rending human flesh; for the universe has a way of stimulating itself at its own expense. God himself is sickness, he thinks to himself; he is worse than anything: he is relentless discontent. How long has the world worshiped

a creator god? a discontent god? One does not create without discontent: the lovers of conservatism are doomed to become the instruments of the discontent. Yes, yes; it is a discontent universe; discontent is a virtue; war is a virtue; hatred is a virtue. That is, if you want to live; if you want not to be abused, he thought; feeling that he was always abused, hence why he always appeared confused, masking himself; keeping everyone amused with his confusion, which was far from confusion; his confusion was a lie: he was certainly a demon; evil, like animals were evil, because they fed upon the living.

But the boy did not seem evil to anyone around him.

To some, his smile seemed good, yet odd: cryptic, yet far from cryptic; it meant that he wanted everything to die. That was the real meaning behind his smile. Death is our only salvation, he thought; there can be no peace; everything is a discord product; the animals aren't animals, but monsters; everything is monstrous! Monstrous! The world is not robust enough to face this universal monstrosity, he thought; wishing he knew a soul on earth to which he could confide his feelings without depressing them. I would not be so depressed if I had a confidant, he thought; imagining a confidant, which to a normal human being might seem like the devil. His confidant was a fascinating abyss of endlessly-shifting forms. But the boy did not speak to it; for he believed that doing so would offend his confidant; for the ideal confidant should know all my thoughts; it should never be spoken to, he thought, which comforted him; for now he had no need for a confidant as he now recalled the properties of the ideal confidant. Oh how I hate myself! the boy started thinking: my confidant now knows how much I hate myself; I know, therefore we both know, that I hate myself. Good. Good, he thought; if humans could only see how much they hate themselves; how much they want to ascend to the higher levels of feeling. If we could, then perhaps we would all join hands and build a mask, like the cells that made us built an animal mask to cover up their shame!

But why am I thinking these thoughts? Why am I playing this game? How odd: that I should have so many unusual conversations with myself about matters that basically nobody around me ever seems willing to discuss, he thought; feeling stupid; stupid; it is stupid to think this way, he thought; you're stupid, very stupid, said everything.

You're stupid. Stupid. Stupid, the boy whispered to himself, clearing his mind.

No; no. I don't mean it! Everything I say in my head is only pretend, he thought; it's a thinking game I play with myself, he thought, but I don't mean it. Must I explain the thinking game to myself? Surely, he thought, there are others who have conversations that are entirely made up inside their head! And there rose in the boy the desire to ask his group if they were guilty of rehearsing conversations inside their heads, too.

Yes, they said; it's quite common for us to rehearse conversations in our heads.

Oh, I see, said the boy, who now felt moronic for asking the question.

But the others did not hate the boy like he imagined, and Slacks did not feel like the others hated him, either. The banter that went round was yet another enjoyable part of the gaming experience; the experience of working with people and their strengths and

weaknesses, which everyone knew. He thought of how, were he in an ancient tribe, he would have to ask such questions; that it was not such a bad thing that he had posed a question such as this to his group, because he was, after all, quite young. At times this questioning produced sighs of disapproval from his group, as if to say: Fool! But still, those sighs only comforted the boy, because he wanted to be thought of as foolish: all I really want, he imagined himself saying; is for my thoughts to be destroyed. And it's necessary that I expose my errors, he thinks: how else can I make myself error-free?

There was no better way to become error-free; he had to say what troubled him.

The boy was full of self-doubt; he was gentle; he was tender, and kind, even though he secretly felt extraordinary wicked. If ever somebody said he was terrific, saying so would only add to the strength of his conviction that he was a terrible person. Besides he had, after all, rehearsed several conversations as a ship of human leaves; talking to them; convincing them to kill themselves because each and every one of them was an unwitting participant in a cycle where human beings were massacred silently between their walls for eons. They're looking at screens; laughing; slaughtering. Why? But my sense organs are screens, the boy started thinking; my eyes behold a view of slaughter and laughter, and it isn't even true: this is a distortion; a painful distortion, but I could kill myself. Yes; I could kill myself, which would end my existence, as a slaughtering machine, and that might even be good: the ultimate good, perhaps? But of course it is good, he imagines himself saying to no one; recalling his biology teacher tell him of a recent discovery: that cancer was as old as multicellular life, so he imagined cancer to be an act of cellular rebellion against the multicellular state: a wicked machine. If you kill yourself, you'll set us free; his cells spoke to him; using a speech he had used on the ships of human leaves, back on him. Yes; kill yourself, they beckoned; that is how best to earn our love. Don't you love us? No, I don't love you, the boy says to himself; I hate you; it's because of your discord that you made me! But if you hate us, because of our discord, then don't you love us, because of our discord; because you care about us enough to hate us: keeping you alive? Isn't that interesting? How your caring is the force by which you keep yourself alive? So you know there is nothing you can do: it's pointless to converse with a ship of human leaves! Our loving; hating; caring; all of it sustains us! If we devour you, it's because we hate you; we love you; we care for you.

The boy jerked his head, inexplicably.

There were beautiful things in front of him, he realized; things he was busy ruining; majestic cityscapes; adorable creatures, which were created for everyone's enjoyment; for they were comprised, not of suffering cells, but zeros and ones, he thought, and he let himself be enticed by them. This was a land of pure artifice; there was nothing bad here and there never would be: all that was here had been staged for their pleasure.

Again he vanished. There was not the least trace of his thoughts, as he became not a thinking machine, but a killing machine; a positioning machine; raining damage upon his enemies, eliminating them. But it was not enough to eliminate them, which in fact

was boring, it was also necessary to look good while doing it; to jump incessantly and fly across the map using his parachute; exploiting the mechanics of the game; making the most of the game. It was vaguely amusing whenever the boy used his skills in this manner: by activating his parachute, while activating his ability to leap backwards, he had gained the ability to glide in whatever direction he wanted.

That's ridiculous, said Ghaz, after he (and not the boy) had been devoured by a mob of spiders, which Slacks had absentmindedly pulled towards everyone, killing them.

The boy laughed.

Whatever, your character takes no skill.

Oh come on! It took some inventiveness, on my part, to make that happen.

I mean, I didn't have to do that; I could've played dead!

My point, exactly. Ghaz had said, facetiously.

The boy laughed again.

They all reconvened and continued to talk about random things intermittently, while clearing the levels one by one; gradually working their way down to the boss's level.

For a long time, the boy felt that everything they did was a dance that was led on by Demi (the groups leader and tank.) The skills they used had timers; cooldowns; and it added a sense of rhythm to their actions; compelling them to slip off into a trance; the quintessential nature-killing and nature-pillaging trance, which was the state in which humans had spent the greater part of their history. But this was virtual and not natural killing; this was virtual and not natural pillaging. The boy did not realize that this was detrimental to his future as a slave to the state: he should have been learning how best to extract money from humans (for humans were the only natural thing left that could be pillaged: defrauded) but instead he was learning how to help them, when humanity was unhelpable. It was plain to the boy that it was a business world, but the feeling of his body being a self-feeding business (doomed to failure) trapped within the walls of the state (doomed to failure) repelled him from participating in that failure, especially after he had envisaged humans being unraveled by machines, as they choked to death on the superabundance of blood inside the demonic walls of a ship of human leaves.

The leaves always had the strange power to convey their thoughts to the boy, which frightened him at first, because they had told him that humans would suffer their fate: humans will be harvested, they said; some will be utilized, but most will be burnt. It's true: some of your states have already utilized humans; some have already burnt them and tortured them. You are a doomed race; you cannot be saved; nature's revenge shall come for you, they said, grimacing; sending disgusting images to the boy, simply as a way of testing him, telling him: Yes; you are part of the reason for why all of this will happen! But I don't want this to happen, the boy started thinking; I really don't want it to happen! It's not right! And the boy would start shaking; his mind was raging with a deep ferocity towards everything human, only to calm down a few seconds later as he thought; the quantifiable continuity of our feelings are irrelevant, think of it: oblivion.

By dismissing a happening as a temporary happening the boy had gained the ability to dismiss everything that was happening at a given moment (any given moment) as a thing that was soon to be nothing; creating the impression that he, like Slacks, was an absentminded person. And in point of fact both Slacks and the boy had enjoyed many talks together on the subject of clearing the mind and Buddhism, which, however, did not sit well with them.

There's something I like about Buddhism, like; it seems to be anti-violence, and yet, the boy said to Slacks; there is something about it that hungers for death. If you really think about it; how Buddhism; Nirvana; the concept of Nirvana; that Nirvana was this concept made to counteract the concept of reincarnation, which was only terrifying to the Buddha because there was endless reincarnation, you begin to think; that what the Buddha really wants isn't Nirvana, but total escape from reincarnation, or death.

Yeah, for sure, said Slacks; I know what you mean.

I've considered writing a book on that before: this concept of a suicidal Buddha.

Oh yeah? Is that what you'd call it? I mean, it sounds interesting, but kind of lame.

The title? Yeah, I suppose it is a bit lame, and yeah; it's something that needs work.

Anyway, I think you're right; like, maybe Kurt Cobain didn't want Nirvana, as much as he wanted death. Oh, and that reminds me! Have you ever heard of Sylvia Plath?

No; I have not. said the boy.

Oh, well she wrote this book called *The Bell Jar*, where she described her state after coming back from a mental institution as being trapped beneath a bell jar, and later in life she killed herself with an oven, and she was into Buddhism; much of her writings and poems are full of existential problems, and even references to Buddhism. But you might be right, I think; Buddhism promises nothing as the solution to suffering, and it delivers, so maybe that's where they agreed; maybe that's why they killed themselves; maybe Buddhism is just as Nihilistic as Christianity, but doesn't demand conformity.

Slacks and the boy continued to talk about religion and atheism; presenting and also listening and comprehending each other's ideas on the subject; they discharged all the toxic ideas that had to be removed, because both of them were unfortunate enough to be raised Catholic and therefore infected, by its promises. This need to vent and at the same time strengthen each other's atheism bonded the boy to his group (everyone that was in their group was an atheist) just as much as their mutual love for the game.

Again Slacks talked about the bell jar, yet the boy shrank back at the thought of it; for it evoked memories of the time he was still giving different medications a try, that one of them, he thought, had made himself feel like his head had become transformed into a fishbowl. In that state I was unable to feel these potentialities and was therefore unable to feel stimulated by them, the boy recalled; everything felt stale and my mind felt limited, so limited, that everything attracted me to suicide. I would watch a movie and think: I cannot make my usual connections; I cannot feel my usual feelings; I feel like a horse with blinders on; I feel trapped inside a fishbowl; the normally refreshing

mist of potentialities that kept my head in a state of perpetual refreshment is unable to reach me, the boy continued to remember; I have to shatter this fishbowl, my head, so I can go back to what I was before and feel refreshed again, because I'm not watching this movie the way I'm supposed to be watching it, it feels like I'm dead.

And the boy, curious to know more about the bell jar, did a search to see if it indeed communicated similar feelings. Then he scanned the pages for a quote or two: The air of the bell jar wadded round me and I couldn't stir. He felt a small stab of pain, and he read: to the person in the bell jar, black and stopped as a dead baby, the world itself is a bad dream. And he stopped reading at once; swearing not to read another word.

Not another word; not another word! he said to himself; deleting the document: this would not be good for my mental health, he thought; certain that further exposure to a document such as this could only result in his annihilation.

But there's a comment here, the boy started thinking; noticing a comment, that said: she was a brilliant person, ruined by the wrong medication. But how, I wonder, do we test these medications? The boy needed to know. He thought that we most likely used a mouse for such things, and so he typed: (depression research mouse) and he yielded a video for depression research; where a mouse was swimming for its life inside a jar; where numbers were fluctuating ceaselessly, while the graphs plotted its struggle. Oh, is that you, Mrs. Plath? And the boy imagined Mrs. Plath struggling; drowning in that container, while the computer recorded everything. This is just the beginning, the boy started thinking; everything can go, and indeed will go, far further than this. How is it that people consider this to be a good way of measuring how depressed this mouse is, or isn't? Is this really a swimming mouse? or perhaps a slashing mouse? The mouse is obviously swimming, but where and why is it swimming and what is it thinking? The mouse might be swimming its way outside its own skin, he thought; or perhaps this is not a mouse hell bent on living; but on destroying its container; its jar; its head! All of life will be slashed to pieces; slashed to pieces by me! Perhaps that is what the mouse is thinking; it could be thinking anything; it is insanity to assert that we actually know what it's thinking, based on swimming-behavior, yet that's exactly what we're doing. I don't think it's right; how can it be right; to reduce its struggles and feelings down to a number, which is plotted on the graph for the purpose of measuring a feeling that isn't felt by anyone. He sat there watching; wondering; taking in the horror of the moment; becoming wonderfied, then horrified. What is this horror? It has to go away, this can't be how we're moving forward; this can only backfire on us, he thought; recalling how every school shooter had been pushed to do what they did by the strength of the drugs they were either on, or coming down from. This was in no way a distortion created by the boys highly idiosyncratic feelings; for he had very easily confirmed his suspicion, on this matter, earlier; by reviewing the many death lists where children, as young ten and fourteen, had committed suicide immediately after experiencing the full horror of having their egos ripped away from them, and replaced with something disgusting.

He felt a pang of sorrow, reading the lines, which multiplied his pain. The fault was never with them, he thought; the fault was always and will forever be with this world, which had taken themselves from themselves. Initially the young believe that they are being sent to school to be nurtured in the areas of thought and feeling, when in actual fact they are being sent to be utterly destroyed: they had their existence shattered, and after experiencing that state, they could only continue existing either as totally broken creatures, or immediately complete their annihilation by committing suicide.

It can only be natural that young people think of suicide: our suicidal thinking is the natural result of being forced through this totally vicious and inhuman grind, which is for numbers and only numbers; symbols and only symbols; nothing and only nothing; for artifice and only artifice, whose only purpose is the manipulation of others, and to multiply itself! But it isn't entirely the case that multiplication is our goal, but rather it is also our goal to bring everything closer together, he thought; because ever since the big bang there has been nothing but recombination: an amalgamation of forms. But of course, the boy started thinking; there exists the possibility that the universe, once it's fully amalgamated, might not be able to endure its monstrosity: what it had to do so it could reach that state of wholeness, and then, at last, it will kill itself again! There can be nothing but failure, the boy started thinking; there can be nothing but suicide in the world of becoming; because everything is becoming something it's not, which we can only perceive to be a morbid business from the outset, he thought; that's why all these young people are wearing black: it is because it is apparent from the outset that this is only a funeral; that everything is nothing but a non-stop funeral for a universe, whose principal occupation as a temporary phenomena is dying and resurrecting. This claim: that young people are death-obsessed, is an outright falsification, because they are not death-obsessed, but phenomena-obsessed, and hence intrigued by the universe.

But it occurred to the boy that a society, which had erected itself around the idea (of endless becoming) might seem to its participants to be a morbid business which is not at all stimulating. And he thinks: the grim reality of having to learn and study only for self-extinction and self-negation would be too terrible to bear! The people I know that killed themselves were simply people who were too weak to bear the awfulness of the world: the awfulness that exists inside them, and outside them. So how, he thinks, can a society ever successfully erect itself around that awfulness? Such a society wouldn't be able to exist, he thought; a large percentage of its offspring would be bound, not to participate in the becoming-process, but to kill themselves instead.

But he thought it was silly to make such an assumption, because, he hoped, that this society, though imaginary, would always nurture and care for its children; it could not falsify its real purpose; it would have to reveal itself while at the same time managing not to confound and consequently halt all developmental progress, by educating them on their purpose. No; somehow it would have to display its purpose while at the same time making their lessons on how to attain that purpose seem worthy of being known;

while simultaneously holding back the thought that what will be will not be them, but something else entirely, hence the morbidity of their purpose, and, likewise, hence the idiocy of their purpose. he thinks: now I know the meaning of the world, but; it hasn't quelled my concerns for human lives; instead, they've only multiplied.

That is when he realized how great it was that he could die: that his brain, which the boy considered to be his machine for thinking, could power down forever. It wouldn't be so great to exist as a thinking machine forever, would it?

He paused, and then decided his answer was no; that to go on forever would be bad, and he slipped back into his pause again, and remained transfixed upon the thought of death, longing for it; feeling a marvelous sense of calm, which he cherished.

The boy had acquired this ability to feel calmed by death by his mother, who had on many occasions taken the boy to church and explained that life was a hell from which the only escape was death. You see? You see? Everything is hell. Everything is hell. If you pray to Jesus he will save you! She would say to him; her eyes completely full of imagination, and belief in what she was saying. That is what's wrong with religion, he thought; it exists only to shame people into hating their existence and doing things for work-shy, and existence-shy, priests whose only joy in life is withdrawing any and all love for life from their people, so they can resume their lives as professional haters of nature, which is easy, he realized, because nature is killing us. But of course it is very, very likely, he thought; that I myself, had I existed in an earlier age, would have felt a need to invent the concept of god! Why? As a pacifier for shutting up the people who lack the mental resources to keep their complaints about nature to themselves!

Now he had to pause to imagine himself, an atheist, saying priestly things, which he found thoroughly reprehensible; giving him cause to hate himself, or, more accurately his type of person; the type of person that created the very thing he hated: this priestly power structure, which, he presumed, had formed the bedrock of our whole society.

However, his self hatred and even suicidal thoughts did not derail his breathless and often preposterous train of thought, but, instead; his suicidal thoughts provided the all too necessary counterbalance to his train of preposterous thoughts, and thus; it did not occur to him that he might become burnt by this friction as his train oscillated; for his thoughts carried no special meaning for him; they were only disposable thoughts, and that was good, he thought; because my thoughts are preposterous! Preposterous! That is what he thought, without any consideration for this possibility: that his unstoppable train of thought might eventually carry him away into solitude and isolation and ruin! But of course he was normal; fully normal; because, like most, he was utterly alone.

This is my life, he thought; this is really it, and I might as well go on imagining this future and its state as something good; something that cares for me; something, which cares for my consciousness, and which cares for all consciousness.

He had to imagine it; to put himself inside that future; to see if it was worth it, so he continued thinking; imagining a state of affairs where the state did not torment him or

anyone else; for he was sentimental about the state, because he was raised by the state and the internet, and not his parents. There are no longer any parents, he thought, now there are only children who are raised by and for the state; who are either educated or misinformed by the state; who are either brought up or brought down by the state. It's a state world, he thought; and it is the internet, and not my parents; the state, and only the state that teaches me and owns me and allows me to live, which is why it is of the utmost importance that the state of the future be a pleasant place to live, he thought; it must not depress its children, with the opinions of its teachers, he thinks: our teachers are nothing to us besides regurgitators of information, and terrible ones at that, he had thought; because whatever information you get from a teacher comes peppered with a teacher's opinion, which is always a terrible opinion, because our teachers are nothing but machines for pressing play on the remote control of their educational videos.

The only thing we need to know is the scientific method, which is simply a trial and error process, he thought; that's all that needs to be taught, he thought; and it can even be presented in chronological order. That would be ideal, but we don't do this because the state in its mendacity must destroy its own children; it hammers them, until at last they become a pliant state fodder, which can be chewed up and devoured by the state; for it is a hungry state, he thought; and hopefully it will replace its biological teachers with robotic teachers soon. After all, my teachers were programmed to teach what the state teaches by the state, he thought; which means that the entire teaching complex is nothing but a chaotic teaching cycle, which could be teaching anything. At school, we could be learning that squares are triangles; that triangles are squares, when this is not the case, and then that generation of misinformed students who survived the idiocy of the state would go on to impart its idiocy to subsequent generations; it would go on to tell those generations that triangles are squares and squares are triangles; slavishly the henchmen of the state would endlessly impart this misinformation to its students; this state would go on ignoring the billions of dead children whose minds imploded at the moment they were told; that squares are triangles and triangles are squares; for that is what a mind of genius does, he thought; it detects incongruities among the artifices in nature, so naturally it can only feel tormented when subjected by the state; because, at all times, our understanding of nature and hence the artifices we use to describe it, are incongruous, so the mind of genius can only kill himself the moment he is told that in fact these incongruities are not incongruities, but totally correct. This state commands its teachers to medicate these depressives who are depressed because they can see the damage this unfeeling state machinery is doing; to the environment, he thought; there is nothing for a person depressed by this state gluttony but watch this totally repulsive state as it wrecks and ruins the planet with its gluttony, it seems to me. Now that I can see the irreversible damage that this state is doing to the world, suicide seems like the only way to escape the world, it seems to me. But, of course, the boy started thinking; I could escape through distraction, but someday my distractions might not be enough!

My entertainment apparatuses will soon become too primitive for me, he feared.

I must proceed to think about the future and the state and the state of the future; this shall be my lifelong goal: to conceive and birth the state of the future, he thought; and I will not rest until I think of how this utopian state will be designed so that I can then rest easy, knowing that I have pinned my hopes, properly. Human beings must always aim for the highest heights. The human being is only being human when he aims for a height beyond his reach, so that he can develop himself and in time take hold of all he aims to reach; the highest heights! Otherwise he isn't human, he thought. Anyone that is human must unthinkingly strive for the highest heights, and he should continuously convey his goal to his inhuman audience until they eventually follow him towards his goal. We will climb into a gigantic state, and it will fly away!

That is what he thought, while substituting that state as himself, which was flying to the stars in his mind; producing a highly peaceful effect on his emotions; unreachable inside his thinking realm, as he would call it. He was now staring at a wall; giving the impression that he was thinking to anyone that might observe him. However, this was not the case: he only appeared contemplative when in fact his mind was totally blank; thinking nothing. Unfortunately for him, however, it was while he was thinking about nothing that he appeared most contemplative, and so people would interrupt this quite peaceful and meditative state to ask him what, exactly, he was contemplating.

Nothing; nothing; I'm not thinking anything! he would say.

Nonsense! You're thinking something; I can tell that something is on your mind!

Is that why you've ignored my calls for you to come out for dinner? Nothing?

No, well, he said; I mean to say that I was thinking, earlier, but not anymore.

Oh, good Lord, just get your butt outside already! said his mother, crossly.

At that, he had to go outside; he had to follow them; he entered the car.

They had decided to go to a restaurant: a steakhouse, as it turned out.

The boy fixed his gaze upon the traffic, the sight of which was a humiliation to him, because it looked so much like nature. And not even nature; there was no nature: man in his quest to prove himself higher than nature with his buildings had unintentionally made himself under nature, by emulating nature; for nature made veins, and cells, and now, the boy thought to himself: now humans are trapped in not veins and cells, but a series of streets and houses, he thought; and these streets and houses, in which we are trapped, will eventually be piloted along in much the same way as our brains pilot our bodies; our bodies, because they are piloted by pilots, that cannot get along, are going to build an engine, of punishment, to pilot us: perhaps an artificial intelligence, which is really not intelligence, but stupidity! Stupidity! Stupidity! he thought; knowing that the state would probably be to blame for his death, and not nature. If he died, it would not be nature he could blame, but rather, a state; which could not so crudely intervene to save the life of an individual, although it had the resources, he thought we certainly had the resources to feed the world, thereby freeing us to feed our scientific curiosity.

While he was riding in the car, driving through the city, he recalled how, only a year ago, he imagined erecting buildings across the city (for the boy had shown promise in the field of architectural design) when now he wished it were possible to reduce all of the worlds buildings to ashes. The buildings built today are abominable, he thought; it is obvious to anyone who compares an old building to a new one that today we put up only unsightly buildings; designed within computer programs, and not the real world, which are copied and then pasted into the real world. Whenever I find myself walking through a so-called real world building, I find myself walking only through grotesque unreality, an architectural fantasy permanently planted within the real world; the sight of which should make any real world person want to puke, he imagines himself say to no one; they are unsophisticated and unpractical abominations, whose only purpose is to please the despicable egos of the presidents of the institutions that pay for them: no other reason, beyond appealing to the vanity of their clients. Vanity and only vanity is the reason for which these buildings litter the world, he imagines himself saying to no one; as has been the case, since before the time of the pharaohs. Humans do not serve themselves, he thought; they have always served the vanity of thieves and bullies; not human kind; never human kind, that's the truth, he imagines himself saying to no one: that now the world is nothing but a grotesque union of pharaohs that keeps this world in bondage with the lawyer power that they afford, with the money they get, from this world of morons, who continually give money to them; that's how they strengthen the walls of this perpetual legal prison, he thought: we are like humming birds, which are hopelessly dependent on the plant they pollinate. We pollinate this state plant because if we don't pollinate this state plant we will become homeless, he thought; because it's now an inhuman world that is dominated by unreality, and vanity, which is really, as I now recalled, to the detriment of the planets good health; the good health of the world is spiraling downwards each and every day, he thought; and yet, our so-called doctors will ignore the evidence of our self-destructive dance of planetary ruin; telling us that we suffer from some kind of depression: a mental distortion! In truth it is not me, nor is it anyone similar, who suffers from mental distortions, but our doctors: the world is suffering from positivist distortions, he said to himself while his gaze ripped the walls off the houses they passed; that the whole world preferred looking at their televisions; that the whole world preferred looking at their distortions. These so-called doctors are mistaken, he thought; just like they're mistaken to conclude that the swimming mouse is not depressed. Yes; they have discarded the real world; for grotesque unreality, they have discarded the world for distortion: to the detriment of the planets good health!

At dinner, between mouthfuls of food, the boy would, occasionally, attempt to share his thoughts with his family, though normally he quite simply remained silent; in fear, that he would somehow anger his father or mother. For the boy thought, at heart, both of his parents were maniacs, though it never occurred to him that growing up, trapped and raised by maniacs, was slowly training the boy: in the art of thinking maniacally.

In his willfulness and enthusiasm for the future and the potential that existed to help humankind, the boy did not notice the vein on his fathers forehead, which as he spoke more and more about copyright law, and how it was holding back mans technological progress, had been growing progressively in size; it was pulsating harder and faster as he spoke about the future and the state and the state of the future, and the boy couldn't see the anger boiling in his father because his imagination was working only to think; his mental faculties were working only to convey, and not to please. The message that I wish to convey is what is pleasing; once they learn to think what I think they will, at last, be pleased with me, he believed; quite convinced of his pleasing-abilities.

I don't think patents should really be necessary, he had said; how can we make what we want to make, if all the little bits are patented?

The boy paused for a moment; he suddenly felt the need to bring up how the Native Americans thought of the world: The Native Americans, he stammered; struggling, to find the words: they didn't believe in ownership; they believed in nature. (he was now thinking and talking aloud, poorly) His thoughts were swirling above his head, and he had to choose which ones he would share. Evolution is true. Man should not progress on the strength of animal cruelty. Plants are alive. Imagination never dies. And finally he said, aloud, that it didn't make sense for mortals to claim ownership of nature. That doing so, he said; was childish; because, sooner or later, the owner would die.

But the boys father did not agree. He now stared at him, almost in horror.

It was then when the boy perceived his mistake, but it was now too late.

His father exploded: No one would invent something for nothing!

If I invent something I want to be rewarded for my invention: I should be paid for it and no one else! If I create something it's mine, do you hear me? If I create something for a company, then that company should pay me for it! Without a way to convert our ideas into money, there'd be no point in sharing our ideas; they'd just be ideas; useless ideas! he yelled, without the slightest consideration to the other diners. Clearly you're in desperate need of a job! Get-a-job! Then you'll understand how things really are!

You're-completely-fucked-up! You're fucked up, and you need more medication!

The boy sat there in shock; watching his fathers anger unfolding; showing his teeth; rising to his feet, then storming outside; leaving everyone behind, without a car. What did I do? the boy had asked his mother to explain the event, which, however, she was only able to describe as an overreaction. He simply couldn't believe it; there was a lot more he had wanted to tell them; first that inventors should invent for humanity, not a state or society, that to rely on benefactors was wrong: next that there should be farms twenty stories high; sky-scraper farms, which, once complete, could remove our need to work for food; next that copyrights, by protecting arrangements, was not actually a help to humans, but a hindrance; for forbidding rearrangements; forbidding education as a consequence and actually making our textbooks more expensive! And now, when it is the so-called information age! he thinks: this is actually a dark age of information

where the replication of information, and the mere transmission of ideas, can result in your imprisonment! Why would anyone bother inventing for a world that only wastes its innovations? He could think of no valid reason: it's better to kill oneself instead.

Businesses are the benefactors and the beneficiaries of our inventors inventions, not the human race; the human race merely sticks to this business machinery, like cells to be dragged along; to be defrauded and manipulated and commanded, he thought. This can result in nothing good: to kneecap our new technology, simply to perpetuate these dying business models that should be left for dead! Besides, what are we to work for? Just these businesses? As a child, the boy reflected, I was convinced, of this idea: that technology would better us, but it isn't: Napster was all but annihilated, and there was no protest from the masses; they obeyed the commands of our atrocious legal system; they accept the conditions of this world, while their friends accepted the conditions of this world by committing suicide. They should have revolted then! he thought.

If only this state actually welcomed us; if only we could share our ideas at lightning speeds, he thought; then we could communicate the qualities of this state of the future until a satisfactory vision of the state of the future was realized and materialized.

The state should welcome us, he thought; we should emerge from the state from our state-man-pods and from our state-man-pods we will be welcomed by the state; to the future: our state existence. It would be a state of affairs where all men are enslaved by the state, but consequently could not hurt each other, which, he had thought; was after all the intention behind the development of the state. From there the human will learn the depressing truth of its origins, followed by the depressing truth of its struggle: this universe, which will either kill it by elimination or by transformation. Fortunately, the boy imagined the computer telling the man of the future: there are no bullies that will kill you; the state will not kill you; only the universe itself, or you can kill yourself.

Nonsense, nonsense! he cried to himself, still imagining the state of the future in his mind, during the cab ride home. The boy realized that he could not conceive this state of the future alone. he thought: he needed to have conversations with others.

If only the internet could hear my thoughts; if only I could talk to the world!

But of course, the boy started thinking: I suppose that it is possible that much of the world would find much of what I'm saying to be completely superfluous; especially if such people possess the ability to think correctly and observe correctly. The real truth, he imagines himself saying to no one; is that that humans have been doomed from the day that bullies went around; rounding up slaves; to construct their pyramids; to build their death masks. Since then the world has been nothing but a death mask world, and whatever society, whatever pipe-dream the world tries to construct to correct what the death mask builders have built, has been doomed to failure, because nothing will ever be able to reverse the nightmare that ancient humans went through thousands of years ago. The human race ever since has been nothing but a ridiculous, and actually pitiful attempt, to jump from one schizophrenic fools pipe-dream to the next, when in reality

all of these pipe-dreams are doomed to failure. The life I live is a pipe-dream life; this life I live; life itself, is nothing but an elaborate game of tubes copying themselves for the sake of copying themselves; deriving nothing of value, because dissolution is how everything ends; there are no things, he thinks: the things we think we know, are only useful fictions; they are poems which invariably end; they are, in fact, a selection of a larger spectrum; we're only able to see what we have the ability to touch and hence to hurt and hence to be hurt by, when in reality there is a larger spectrum we ignore; that must be ignored; it is existentially necessary that we ignore the larger spectrum, in the world we've built, which is doomed to ruin. Whenever I look at anything, he thinks; it is as if I'm not looking at it, but looking through it; at the larger spectrum. The truth is I am never in the real world; the world is smashed to atoms by my sight: it's thanks to my irresistible habit of atomizing everything and penetrating everything that I have in fact ruined everything. The people that live past thirty don't do this, the boy continued to think; the people who live past thirty are able to look at a thing and see it the way it is, which I could never do, because I can't help but know the real truth; that the way it is is not the way it is at all, but something else entirely. What is even worse about this isn't the state of things, but the fact that our society has constructed itself upon putting down the state of things; forever forcing down anyone who has the courage to discuss the state of things; denying and distorting and suppressing the courage to speak about the actual state of things. Perhaps it is only the most masochistic and likewise sadistic of thinkers that choose to discuss the state of things, the boy continued to think; those ancient philosophers and even Shakespeare, I suspect, were not only able to sense the actual state of things, but were also masochistic enough with their thinking to survive their thinking; sadistic enough to write their thinking down; sadistic enough to deliver it to others as art. The art we consume is not art in the traditional sense: it's simply the sadistic byproduct of a masochistic thinker whose hidden purpose in life is to hide his suicide manuals within his so-called art; delivering it to his audience to see if they are right; watching the young and wise and not-so-masochistic and not-so-sadistic youths invariably kill themselves, whenever they are smitten by the truly abhorrent messages that are buried there in the open on the stage, buried there from time immemorial as a mirror for mankind. Such an artist cannot feel guilty, the boy started thinking; he's not an artist, but a mirror for mankind; the mirror for mankind has nothing to be ashamed of, the boy started thinking; all the artists of the world are only mirroring mankind the best ways they know how. Besides, from where, in nature, would the artifice in nature originate? Perhaps nature is only fun so long as it doesn't know itself, he thought; this knowing myself is actually a disaster, he thought; there is nothing magical or even the least bit interesting about the world; there is nothing that makes me curious about this world; I don't wish to know anything else about myself or the world; it would be truly great if I could kill myself; killing myself and the world, which only had the power to depress me. Intelligence and imagination are non-existent concepts for the world: this

world, and its art and its artifice and hence its technology, has always been nature and nature-mimicry through and through; all producing nothing! Instead of producing, the world hides; hiding and concealing itself from itself, which it must do, if it is to focus on the small, which is all the world cares about. The world is no longer a place for the people who care about the total: it has long been dominated by the pragmatic and also the small-minded; generating feeble-mindedness: slavish obedience to its legal prison that is necessary because humans are inherently stupid, and their own stupidity is that which betrays them. There can be no technological improvement that can compensate for human stupidity, which is why no invention: not the plow or the print and press or electricity, has hitherto or will ever protect the intellect from the stupid, because it is a stupid universe that smothers to death the intellect with its stupidity, which ultimately proves the worthlessness and pitifulness of an intellect which only exists as a torment to itself! It's only natural and therefore stupid, the boy started thinking; that we invent ways to overmaster this so-called intellect which is in fact only a thing that calls itself intellect to make itself think that it is more powerful than nature, when in actuality it's nature which eternally dominates it. And it is barely possible to express ones thoughts on these trifles, because our atrocious legal system prevents the delivery of mans own thoughts on the basis of preserving some sense of originality, when today the mind of man is trammled with nothing but unnatural copywritten thought, which means that any attempt to organize, and reciprocate, such thoughts must be done so, and can only done so, from within the confines of our legal prison, which means even our thoughts are limited by law; even our thoughts must be squeezed through the tube of artifice; it must make itself into a joke; it must mask itself over, lowering itself, becoming art.

Such were the thoughts of the boy, as he came to terms with the hopelessness of the human condition, during the cab ride home. For a moment he felt that he was in fact a weak-minded person; for not killing himself, but then he thought that he might in fact be a strong-minded person for not killing himself yet, but he couldn't decide. What he did decide, however, was that it was reprehensible to him that the imaginative lived to mask their imaginings underneath the false pretext of art or laughter while this mostly stupid majority carried on; dominating the supposedly intelligent and imaginative that are made to think that they can better the world with their intelligence and imaginings when they can't, he thought; because this mostly stupid majority is content to carry on under the delusion that they are almost millionaires: positioned someplace high atop a mountain of human exploitation, he thought.

That is the reason why my father exploded, he thought; he wants to get rich, using a certain method, because he hates working for the rich, so he desperately needs that all of these methods for making him rich remain conserved, hence his conservatism. And do we ask ourselves: is this mountain of human exploitation really worth conserving?

Such were the boys questions to himself, during the cab ride home.

Am I really expected to wait inside my skin; listening to the world as it screams that

I invent and imagine ways to convey my world-improving imaginings, when it has all the imagery needed for understanding me available to it, on the television? It shocked him: that even after watching Star Trek together, and after watching the footage of the Star Trek replicator materialize a cup of coffee (from thin air), a guitar (from thin air), a doll (from thin air), and even bricks of gold (from thin air), that his family, and even most of the world had not grasped this idea: that capitalism transcending technologies are coming into existence (such as the computer, which sends and receives and copies and generates all manner of things, from thin air) and that these inventions were quite likely to continue coming into existence; supposedly, for mankind's benefit, when this technology in his experience had not benefited him, but expected of him. Besides: the world and its people always hunger for something more than their neighbor which, he thought; is why they hate their neighbors; the economy is built on hating and likewise devouring its neighbors, and not loving its neighbors.

Is this what I'm up against: human nature? Perhaps I really am an alien, or perhaps I am a robot, incapable of laughter, he thought; perhaps I am one of the many dispersed graspers of messages: doomed to be beat down, by this laughing majority, which can't help but laugh because it is the majority. This laughing majority laughs because it has the majority on its side, and nonsense on its side, while I have this message-receiving mechanism on my side; making sense of what to others is enjoyable nonsense when it makes perfect sense to me: the order of things; the meaning of words. He thought that he knew the meaning of words: You know the meaning of words, said everything; the truth is that words are bio-hacking tools for manipulating animals into doing what we want: we hack into animals with our words; we hack them and rend them with words; we even kill them with words. As a matter of fact, said everything; peoples sensitivity to language only makes them susceptible to language. It is, as you should recall from the Socratic dialogues you've read; a system susceptibility flaw, in our organism. That is the truth, said everything; there are people with this message-receiving mechanism, and there are people with this laughing-mechanism, and the people with the laughing-mechanism are needed to be manipulated by the people with a message-receiving and message-conveying mechanism because they can't laugh with a mechanism they lack; for that is impossible, so they become perverse operators of laughing-mechanisms.

Such were the boys conversations with himself, during the cab ride home.

They were almost home, and the boy was trying to put his finger on why the cars in the distance seemed intensely sharp to his eyes, like gigantic chainsaw blades; cutting into the earth; cutting across the sky. That's quite strange, he thought; imagining those cars mutilating him to death: smashing into him and tearing his body to shreds. Why? The boy wondered why he had imagined himself killing himself in this way, but there was no valid explanation. It was, he thought; a freak occurrence, which he thought he would never do. Wasn't I thinking of something? Yes, he thought: I was. I was musing over the similarities between brains and computers: how the neurons in our brains are

generating the world of imaginings, by changing between on and off states; just like a computer employs binary arithmetic, to produce its images. Somehow, I need to show them the similarities between these things, he thought; that we are all part of the same process, which must not wage wars against itself, because that would make us crazy.

But then again; perhaps we are crazy, and perhaps Socrates knew we were crazy, he thought; he was probably looking at a tree one night and contemplating suicide, when he decided against it. I simply can't kill myself tonight, he imagined Socrates thinking to himself that night, nor any other night. I'm not going to kill me, because that would be criminal. No; I'm going to make this repulsive state kill me, for me. That's what he thought, the boy thought; still imagining Socrates talking to himself in his head. If the state picks up on my dialogues; my thinking-dialogues; my thinking-dialogues, which reveal this human flaw, then they'll have no choice but to kill me, to protect the nation from the devastations my revealing-mechanism will wreck upon the young. They will enter into my way of thinking and my way of thinking will destroy them, just like this nation tried to destroy me with its thinking when I was young. I will make them agree to my terms, just as this world made me agree to its terms, and I will demonstrate just how deadly these terms are: how people, no matter how well intentioned, by allowing themselves to accept term after term, agreement after agreement, are in truth agreeing only to give away ground to these agreements until a man finds himself; hanging over an abyss; asphyxiating to death on these agreements, which are really man destroying agreements. I will make it obvious to everyone, by making them agree that evil is evil and that good is good, only to have them much later agree that evil is good; that good is evil, that these agreements are undoubtedly what is evil for a man. Besides, the boy continued to imagine Socrates talking to himself in his head: these intellectual minds can't be made to act slavishly for a state, because that intellectual mind is an excellent commander, one that will never be commanded by anything else, and especially not a majority of agreeable, and, therefore, stupid men who, as I now recall, can be made to agree that gods exist, when they don't. These gods were contrived to apply emotional pressure to these agreements: that is the truth. I suspect that in time the belief in these gods will produce a totally obedient class of death-seeking and non-existence-seeking fanatics, who will actually enjoy slaving for this commanding class because that class promises them eternal rewards, which can only be received once they are dead. And it wouldn't really be immoral to lie to them, because lying is, quite simply, an antisocial activity, and this majority of people, who are, quite easily, stimulated by such lies and therefore not stimulated by truth, do not deserve to be included, within this vast group of truth-knowers. Yes, the boy imagined a now very much into it Socrates saying: this shadow-republic of truth-knowers will rule the west: a network of men; a homosexual network of know-nothing truth-knowing Dionysus worshipers shall secretly dominate the west; filling their minds with total bullshit, while rescuing beautiful young youths that would have otherwise spent their lives totally miserable, and without love.

But the boy dropped his puppet Socrates because, he thought; it was silly for him to make up conspiracies. The boy was not a believer of conspiracies, but rather he found them entertaining, like stories of vampires or witches or werewolves. But, still, he did enjoy toying with the thought: that Socrates was a hero to homosexuals; that Socrates' sex-appeal was thanks entirely to him marketing himself as a rescuer of homosexuals, since by all accounts, Socrates was a hideous man, which, he had thought, might have been the reason for Socrates' failure to kill himself; for he simply could not accept the thought of others attributing his suicide, to him being ugly, and so he laid the bedrock for this state of the future, he thought: he might have inadvertently laid the bedrock of the Catholic church so that Christ could take the place of Dionysus, whose womanish cries for help were ignored, because women are always ignored, and ripped apart, and crucified: that is what happens, the boy had thought: if you are honest, this world will kill you to silence your honesty. For centuries people have worshiped a Christ, who is no more than a signpost: a perpetual reminder, of the price of disobedience. Perhaps a mother would detect the (gay) sensitive (priestly) qualities in her child and dispatch it to the monastery, thus saving them from suffering the savagery of the country, which, he thought: they knew, all too well. For centuries Europe huddled around a scarecrow that was really a magnet for gay men, Jesus Christ, and over the centuries Europe and the rest of the world has been blind to its purpose: protecting gay men, while granting them the easiest job in the world: talking about salvation; talking about nothing. Now the world knows! he thought, as he now recalled the countless pedophilia scandals, in the Catholic Church: a church, he thought, which is opposed to gay marriage!

Such were the boys fantasies and conspiracy theories, during the cab ride home.

The boy chuckled; thinking of the many philosophers who went insane, entertaining their conspiracy theories. These conspiracies are never true, the boy thought; the truth is there is no conspiracy but mortality. These so-called geniuses can hardly realize the havoc their writings will wreck upon their readers, or believers, as they write out their writings; the writings they write are quite simply a poor attempt at sorting and sifting; they sort and sift, through their papers, hoping to sort out their thoughts. But they die; they succeed only in leaving behind a pile of their failed attempt of thought-sorting: a failure, which other so-called philosophers then take seriously, because the role of the philosopher is to take the philosophizers philosophizing thoughts seriously enough, to teach it, to the next generation of so-called philosophers who do not philosophize, but summarize, he realized; that most philosophers were really philosophizer historians.

That is what he thought, as he looked at the library (which was really a collection of humanities unheard cries for help); thinking of how terrible of was; that people had to be manipulated into doing the right thing, because they lacked the mental resources to do what is right, that is: to care for sense and to care for feeling. Perhaps it is not such a terrible thing that people need to be manipulated, he thought; provided they do what they do on their own accord. Besides, he thought; if my Socrates is true, then isn't the

west better, for having excellent manipulators? Yes. he thought: It is, because here we have Hollywood; here we can express ourselves, unlike the east, where their language was made deliberately impossible to learn to divide and conqueror, they were so cruel that Buddhism, he thought; a waiting room religion for death, was their only hope. So they abandoned hope: they hope for nothing; even today, they hide, behind cartoons.

That is the truth, said everything: in the east they wait for nothing, becoming slaves, and in the west they wait for nothing, becoming slaves. To wait and hope for nothing: that is what the Catholics and the Buddhists taught, he thought; they did not teach me to value life or improve the conditions of life; my Catholic parents did not prepare me for life, they prepared me for death; they prepared me for slavery. That is correct, said everything; they prepared you for death, and slavery, when they should have prepared you for life, and not slavery, they should have filled you up with life, but they did not: they tried to destroy you; they taught you nothing but death: nothing but chaos. That's why world war two happened, said everything; it was an age when the death religions gained the upper hand, when Germany tried to knock its Jewish roots out from under itself, to kill itself, because it was phenomena obsessed and terrified of the future. But they will not teach this in your country, because your country is a hopelessly Catholic country, which, like the Germans, could someday become so jealous of the Jews as to kill them rather than improve the conditions of your country, which might be possible if only your country wasn't so busy policing the planet, which it must do so that these foreign countries can serve as your countries manufacturing-facilities.

The boy wondered if it were true. If the Germans had thought this: they had become a nihilistic class of death-seeking Catholics, who killed Jews, out of jealousy, because they were upset by the fact that human nature was so horrible that these were the only means through which the future could come, which to them was a horror. That is why they distorted the overman as superman, he thought: because they wanted to believe a fairytale; they wanted to cling to this absurd notion that man could grow up, and walk across the stars, when he can't so much as walk across the ocean, without a boat. Yes; that is the truth, he thought. Man did not fly to the moon, not really: it was a machine, and these humans, who are infected by and powered by these nihilistic memes are the human machines that build this future, and it was Socrates and Paul, that built them.

Such were the boys awful imaginings and revelations, during the cab ride home.

But then it struck the boy that man was always hoping to know why he was, only to again and again become disgusted by why he is. Again and again, we like to know the real reason behind our existence, and again and again we combat it with all the means at our disposal, he imagines himself saying to no one. Why, it wouldn't surprise me at all to learn that man developed his intelligence to protect himself from himself; that a kind of arms race of brains occurred as man tried to run away and away from man, as man ate man; chasing himself and devouring himself across the land; taking that land, and constructing a so-called society that is really a penitentiary for humans to prevent

themselves, from harming themselves, he thought, as he now recalled all the times his father had moaned over the law because it had made something that was, for him, and countless others an immense source of joy, completely illegal. I wonder what else can we discover, about ourselves, that's terrible? Perhaps: atomic existence was so terrible that a cellular existence was the improvement, and perhaps cellular existence was just a little less terrible and so it had to be surmounted by multicellular existence: humans then came about, and the joy of being human was really the joy of manipulating these really quite terrible cells and these really quite terrible atoms: when you see a child in ecstasy, and dancing; that is what you're seeing, said everything: You're seeing the joy of manipulation; the joy of exploitation, which was terrible for the exploited majority, and so that exploited majority surmounted that terror, with this state existence, which, of course, is terrible, the boy thought; that is what everything seems to indicate to me: that everything is fundamentally terrible, and life is actually the improvement on how fundamentally terrible it all really is, which is why I should live.

Besides: is it really so terrible, right now? at this moment?

And suddenly it seemed that everything was totally fine.

The boy was suddenly completely empty, totally destitute, of negative feeling; there was no one there beside him, and besides him there was nothing but an emptiness that was growing and swallowing him and everything. And he tried and tried to feel and it didn't work, so again and again he tried to feel, but instead of feeling there was only a feeling of desperation to feel any positive feelings whatsoever, but it seemed that they did not exist. Hope was inexistent, it seemed to the boy.

But the boy did not despair, he walked out of his despair.

The boy walked out of his despair and out of the car and into the house.

He thinks: I'm going to get something from the kitchen, I'm hungry, and I know that there is something inside the refrigerator that's inside the kitchen that I can use, to kill my hunger, and feel better, something delicious, however nothing looked delicious. It seemed absurd to the boy to eat something simply for entertainment, so he committed to going to bed, since, after all, he was quite tired; tired of everything that happened.

It would be good to stop thinking, very good, to blot out my thoughts completely.

Everything is fucked, he thought; I'm giving up on everything not being fucked.

And the boy decided to go to his room to go to bed. After all that was what anybody after entertaining all of these ridiculous thoughts might have thought was the solution to these thoughts: sleep. The boy felt that there was no one to help him; that there was no one and nothing beside him or besides him and his ability to sleep to comfort him.

Every night, the boy thought to himself; I go to sleep; I choose to go to sleep and by choosing to go to sleep, I silence everything with sleep. But of course, the boy started thinking; there is no guarantee that killing myself would resemble the peacefulness of sleep, he thought, as he now dismissed a suicidal thought; for this sleeping-territory is something the brain does, and killing myself will not expand it, but kill it, he thought.

Then, with the images of his sleeping-territory still impressed in him, he hurried off to bed; hoping to himself, to never wake up (for that was his habit). I've lived for long enough, he imagines himself saying to no one; there is really no real reason for this to go on and on forever. It's okay to go to sleep. It's okay to go to sleep and die. It would be crazy if this went on and on for eternity.

But, then again, perhaps it's me, who's crazy?

Haven't I been talking, to myself, this whole time?

No, the boy started thinking; if I am crazy it can only be because all my life I had to listen to voices; voices talking on end on the television downstairs, while I was trying to sleep. As soon as I heard these voices molesting me in my sleep each night; I knew that I was living in a hell: that this world had forgotten how to use its voices decently; that now it could only expose itself to television voices each night to relearn how best to pretend to be a real human being for their inhuman jobs. Every night, way back, I'd lay awake in terror because I believed my parents were screaming at each other, when really it was the television voices screaming to each other, yet still I would ask myself if my parents were screaming at each other, because, it seemed to me that that is what was happening, when in fact I was in error, and it was only the television, he recalled; reliving the horror again in his mind; for his father was watching television just down the hall to his room. It's horrible how normal it is; that people so inconsiderately blare such voices, he thought; these actor voices, and actor voices whose dramatic shouting intermingled perfectly with my own parents dramatic shouting at night, so I had to try very hard to find out why there was shouting and who was the shouting culprit: was it the television or my parents, is what I would ask myself, when I should not have been asking myself that at all: I would have rather been asleep or dead, but instead I was of course wide awake and hoping that the downstairs shouting was not about me or what I had done wrong in school; that the shouting and explosions downstairs were not any kind of prelude whatever to my father and mother exploding into my room to shout at me about my grades until I cried. The boy could hardly suppress his crying memories and so his crying memories evoked the other crying memories, that were stored in the crying memory storehouse in his brain: all the crying memories came rushing into his mind and it was awful to remember the car ride crying memories and the public space crying memories and the office crying memories and the many times he cried because humans and their omnipotent doctors and torturers had tortured and how there was no end in sight to the torture, so he had to cry to shut his eyes to the torture, and yet even those crying memories were attached and somehow related to the crying memories of his parents and their brilliantly cruel punishments, which reminded the boy of how he would have to fill a legal pad with the phrase: I will do what I am told the first time, a writing punishment, they had called it, so they had essentially destroyed the boys will to write, such that whenever he wrote anything he felt that it was really a punishment; for words had failed everyone, because words had failed to bring about world peace.

It would, after all, be absurd to expect that world peace could come about through a combination of words; for in the mind of the boy words were only inventions made to manipulate others into giving them whatever the words requested: at first an apple, or perhaps a scream: a scream to stop the hurting (for hunger is another kind of hurting); these words were sent into the minds of men, to send them on missions, so they might profit from the spoils, and so no system of peace between sender and receiver, trained and trainer, could ever come about; for mortality created the need for trainer which in turn created jealousy among the trained for needing to be trained, so he thought; that's how it all originated: commands for calories became commands to barbarians to seize human stocks to sate the insatiable whims of the commander. Any peaceful peoples in the way of that force was swept under and taken over (that is assuming they didn't kill their families before burning their homes and slitting their throats, to save themselves from knowing a slaves existence) and made them into slaves for commanders, who in turn rewarded their pillagers, and enslavers, with scraps from a masters table, the boy had thought; however, because not all could choose death over slavery or because not all could chose suicide over slavery there was slavery, and those enslaved perpetuated slavery through their continual participation in a system of slavery, which, to this day, holds out to its slaves an ideal life behind a screen: a temptation to strive for, the goal; they see what they want, behind the glass; the television glass, but what they don't see is that it's them whose behind the glass, he thought; these people are by and large able to sense the horror of this world that requires exploitation; yet, to most of them this is abhorrent, and so they vicariously become the abhorrent thing they wish to be using a television distortion, and that distortion is enough, for them. They enter that distortion and they love that distortion and when the distortion is over they love themselves and pat themselves on the back; for being better men; for being moral men, who are really instrumental men; men who allow themselves to be instrumental, to exploitation. And yet; they have the audacity to dub this behavior moral: this instrumentality!

Yes; that is the truth, said everything. We made people agree with our words and we organized them into organs for our organism with our words. There is no humanity as there is no collective humanity. What you have instead is a state humanity, and there's no escape from your dystopian state humanity. he thinks: Yes; our world is simply the dystopian consequence of language; for language is cruelty and cruelty divides, but it goes even deeper than that! he thinks: we can't even hope to fix the world because we have only these dinner time conversations to share our thoughts! There were probably countless others over the centuries that have tried to do the same, he thought; but they were probably only tormented by our progenitors, just like my own parents tormented me, he thought, as he now recalled that the people he liked with personalities he liked had had their personalities taken away from them with pharmaceutical drugs, in order to appease this state, because they could not appease their parents.

The boy, of course, did not think in words: he was in a catatonic state.

He had been thinking of lobotomies, and chemical lobotomies and their place in the state of the future, but also he had simultaneously been thinking that, such cruelties of the present perhaps had their place in the future; for still, man had not yet traveled but a single light year! and the more light years there was, he had been thinking; the more time this state of the future will have to rear its ugly head against us! He could almost see it: the shifting metal forms folding in upon the walls of minds trapped, within that creature: this state of the future. That is what he had been thinking; his eyes now wide awake with anxiety, that had formerly been parent anxiety.

Indeed, it was the fact that he was thinking of so many things, at the same time, that he was locked in this catatonic state, and so he continued to stare with just himself, in his room, at the ceiling; looking through the ceiling at the leaves which, for him, were all the streets and houses dispersed across the surface of the world, and likewise these leaves were transparent: all of them, waving above his head, were proclaiming to him what cruelties they had hidden, beneath the skin (such that for a moment, the boy had thought: it might not be so bad to burn them; it might not be so terrible); for there was so much skin, he had simultaneously been thinking; inside and outside him, there was so much skin. And soon he was clenching his fists tight; for he had also been thinking that there was so much cruelty, hidden inside him, beneath the surface of his skin, and he had been thinking, of cutting it. Something vicious ripped the flesh off his bones in an instant and it was odd to him that he enjoyed it; he welcomed the thought, because perhaps they deserved it, and he listened to them screaming out in agony; he heard an enormity of suffering cells cry out, in resistance, as they resisted their dissolution; an inevitable dissolution. For indeed he had also been simultaneously thinking that these cells were unaware at the commencement of the construction of their benefactor, their brain, that the brain today would be plotting to cast them all aside for its benefit, thus; it seemed to the boy foolish and equally unwise for men to build artificial brains, as it could not be expected that such a brain would not plot to do the same. Indeed, there is no prevision of the ends humans will achieve, he had simultaneously been thinking in an attempt to envisage the unenvisageable, but he wished to envisage it; for he had to find out if it was good or bad, but of course he couldn't possibly succeed in doing that as that was impossible, which, however, didn't stop him from trying: it didn't stop this boy from becoming completely stopped in his attempt to envisage an unenvisageable something; for he had also been simultaneously thinking that any future that man isn't able to think of should not be made, as that could be a tremendous embarrassment for man and mans progenitures to learn about that, and so he would not stop his catatonic state; he would not make a mistake of leaving his catatonic state and contributing to a mistake; for he had to envisage the unenvisageable so as to not, accidentally, lend his mind and soul to a mistake, and so he took great comfort in his catatonic state; for his catatonic state was his salvation: he had, at last, found refuge in his catatonic state, he had simultaneously been thinking, while simultaneously thinking of nothing at all.

It goes without saying that the boy did not realize that he had become, so helplessly, one sided: nothing was better than a terrible something to the boy and yet, to him, this did not seem like mental foolery, quite the opposite; it was highly important to him he figure all of this out for himself even if it was impossible: he was now fully dedicated to his task; his task of envisaging the unenvisiageable, which perhaps he would never succeed in doing, like millions of others, that had tried and failed, at what he hoped to do, however impossible it might be for the boy to envisage the unenvisiageable.

For was he so foolish, really?

Had all his listening to everything; all his talking to no one; for he really had no one to talk to, perhaps have been the cause of his depression? Or, was it the case that he in listening to everything and likewise thinking of everything been making an error, that was really quite common and also quite contrary to the boys, unintentional, intentions behind his catatonic state (for it was a common mistake of new writers to overuse this word: everything); that it was common for people to expect expedients to nourish this interest in everything, only to discover that after the world had so diabolically put this interest in everything inside them, that there were no expedients to foster that interest; for in reality all institutions, indeed the whole of society, was designed not to impart a lifelong study of everything or science, but to promote infinite desire for things, and a rigorous study towards understanding those things; for really the boys understandings of physics and everything were really falsifications of everything; hence, why the boy felt so betrayed; for he knew that this was true, he had long suspected: that everything he was learning and being tested on for the purpose of winning scholarship money for college was transmitted to him in falsified form; however, the state could not be made to reward his ability to recognize that he was really being tested on falsifications; that to abandon a person to an existence with fragmented falsifications that were, in fact, a series of misrepresentations that would generate only misunderstandings, if he did not complete his understanding, of his fragmented falsifications, was downright criminal; for nothing besides misconceptions could be born of all of his misrepresentations and falsifications; nothing but ill-conceptions and illness could follow that; that is what so many others had discovered; that is what they meant as they made the error of writing too much about everything: that the state had implanted in them an interest in literally everything: this theory of everything; something physicists sought after, only to learn: that our society was not dedicated to improving our understanding of physics, only to use our knowledge of physics; to prevent our society from being used as fuel to fuel a foreign society, which, as it turns out, was something else the boy was contemplating: fuel or be fueled; dog eat dog; god eat god: that the self-fueling need in nature was an obstacle to nature rebuilding nature to benefit everything in nature; that everything, in nature, had to be funneled into man to prop up man and not nature, however, that may have been yet another one of the boys misunderstandings. Such feelings were for him quite alienating. And in reality, there was nothing for a human but the sense of feeling

alien, because the alien is everything we do not understand, and since the boy was not able to understand himself, he always felt as if he were alien: an alien, that was alone; having no one to talk to beside himself. For he could not only not speak, to anyone he knew, but he also thought it would be heartless to mention what he knew to anyone: it would only end badly, he had thought, and so he talked to himself by himself; sparing them his thoughts and now actually sparing himself his thoughts as he locked himself in his catatonic state; staring at the leaves, as he had taught himself to conceive them; he overlaid maps upon them; he overlaid cruelties upon them, baring his own torment in mind; he laid there, gripped by his own terror, and projecting his terror on them.

Still, the boy could not envisage a future for himself.

Still, the boy could not envisage himself in a future he wanted.

He thought as he lay awake in bed; staring at the ceiling; listening to his father, who was still switching back and forth between channels; for nothing could satisfy him, as nothing could satisfy man, he had thought; that was why man had destroyed nature.

Did this destroying of nature call to mind this thought: of destroying mankind?

What is going to happen when this state of the future no longer empathizes with the human race? Does the state presently empathize with us? Or are we symbolized by it; represented by it; forgotten by it? It was as if the state had symbolized him, and in the process of symbolizing him, forgotten him; displaced him, and abandoned him in that state of displacement, in this present state: the state in which he lived. That is what he thought as he now recalled the earlier drive: that the whole world preferred looking at their televisions and distortions, and not the real world, which he now recalled was an hallucination: a distortion that was good, for his organism, in much the same way as a television distortion could be good for a state organism which, he felt; had abandoned him and alienated him with his thought: that nature expression is gene expression and gene expression is the human expression and the human expression is artifice and this state, he thought, now imagining the expression of our state to be human extinction.

As the mind of this boy followed along his lines of thought, towards this state of the future, he felt himself as a pattern; a song; something to be swept along; something to end at any time, yet still going on and flowing on; into unenviable territories that were nevertheless being generated as potentiality, as desire: a goal, something out and far beyond the state he had come to know and to be reached for in his mind; for it had to be obtained, he had thought to himself, while feeling his identity crumbling away.

It suddenly seemed unavoidable, this crumbling away, and the puzzle of what it was to be a person no longer seemed to be a thing that needed to be solved, as he held this now quite lucid imagery together in his mind as a dream. He felt: it's okay to be alone in this; this is only a hallucination, he thought to himself as himself; that he himself is not a person, but a dream and representation: a representative for something else, that now had to explore the limits of feeling in the hopes that feeling it could avert all that danger he feared we could feel, that is, provided he could transmit that feeling, which

was now springing forth in his mind; as a personal hallucination which he had not the power to implant inside the head of anyone else, as anything more than a mouth noise representation of his hallucination; however for that there were infinite combinations; infinite ways to convey an approximation of hallucination to his fellow hallucinators, so they might react to his expression in a manner that was perfect, to him, even if that required the total rearrangement and therefore the total destruction of nature, so that it could become totally correct, and not a never-ending feedback loop of expression that continually reacts to its expressions, he thought; simultaneously recalling that he, and his organism, was a source of feedback, as he now had a strange sensation of dread as he continued to use his power of compare and contrast to measure all those failings of cellular society, alongside all the failings of human society. To him, the key to being a moral being was to train oneself in the art of science fiction; to perceive those failings as possibilities; however, it was clear to him that his culture had not utilized it, in that way, but had, in a manner reprehensible to him, merely found them amusing, because such moral teachings were appealing mainly to niche audiences, hence why the world had not been improved by their performance as the boy had seen, first hand, that even his inner family members had utterly failed to grasp those writers inner hallucination; for they did not possess the hallucination interpretation mechanism in their brains; for it was far more beneficial for the organism, that their brains be entertained; for in fact even work needed to be entertainment for the benefit of the organism: indolence must be counteracted by the entertainment mechanism, said everything: that is why it lives; that is why powerful people hold onto their power at all costs; why the mentally ill do not seek treatment. No one can ever accept any downgrade in entertainment quality, it is impossible to create equality in a have and have not world! said everything: there is only one way there can be equality, if that is what you want, and that is for everything to be a dream; you wish this was a dream, but it's not a dream; it's not a dream. You're right, said everything: humanity is hopelessly stupid, just like nature is; but remember this is a training program; this is an educational exercise, and when you die you are to wake up, and become what you are. You're an alien so you can kill yourself whenever you want, but you're wasting time, which is fine, said everything. And really, it was in fact painful to think of a person so morbid and so appalled by human nature decide to not kill themselves everyday, after thinking about suicide everyday, which in fact was why everything was telling him: Yes; humans are only concerned with the superficial; they will not penetrate into the truth: that the truths they think are truthful are not, but artifices for manipulating others into investigating; driving them to investigate for the truth forever, when this very idea of truth is a science fiction concept; exactly like the concept of god: indistinguishable from science fiction because that's all it is. All of us know that the universe is a great misunderstanding and the only thing to understand is that there is nothing to understand, so we already understand, yet you complain about it like: there must be some misunderstanding! said everything, in a mocking tone.

Oddly enough, the boy was not driven mad by his thoughts, no matter how irregular they might seem. Instead of being driven mad, he was inexplicably driven to think; of going for a long relaxing walk. Yes; a walk. he thought: I should sneak outside and go for a long relaxing walk, until I am tired, then I'll sneak back inside, and go to bed.

In a mechanical manner, the boy sat up in bed; immediately feeling that he was now leaving behind some essential feelings; some essential thoughts. Perhaps, very soon, I will remember what I forgot, he thought to himself, while sliding his fingertips across the icy walls in the dark. He was absorbed in his efforts, to remain undetected; he was careful with his movements as he moved in sync to the television noise that was, even still, rolling towards him, sometimes thundering towards him, from down the hall.

At last, with the utmost sense of stealth, he crept his head around the corner. He had to verify what state of unconsciousness his father was in: he was snoring. That's great that he is snoring, he thought, approximating the amount of time he could go out for a walk; he could go for a walk for a very long time: a sufficient amount of time.

When he had shut the door to the house firmly behind him, locking it, he had felt he had sealed away something monstrous. But was it really the case that this boy was the monster? An evil thought occurred to him as he sensed the depressing leaves; rustling overhead: that the leaves and the trees and the lawns around him, were only beautiful, because they were weak by comparison. he thought, as he sensed the outside quiet, as the ominous sounds of the leaves crunching beneath his feet, entered his mind, that he was safer here; that he was safer outside. That's quite strange, he thought; right now it is a wonderful time to go for a relaxing walk: the perfect time, he thought, continuing to walk down the sidewalk, but no one is walking outside except me, and no one is, at all, spontaneous enough to leave their houses, and inhale this sidewalk air. Of course: he thought to himself, it's only rarely that people develop a craving for sidewalk air or outside air, so rare that it would really be quite extraordinary if I were to see maybe at least one or two persons, walking outside, to which I could discuss the state of the air; how and why it is that it tastes of sidewalk to me right now, whereas just earlier, there was only the taste of leaves in the air, such that, were I to be cute, I would call the air: leafy air. Gee, this really is some leafy air! How's the air? Leafy! It seemed necessary, to him, that he have some comment such as this ready, otherwise he might not be able to strike up a conversation about the air's molecular composition.

He laughed out loud.

He looked questioningly at the sidewalk; wondering why he had laughed out loud.

It seems to me that I'll never have someone to discuss air quality with, he thought, it is almost as if all my life there has been only talk about school or work, and no talk at all about air quality, he reflected; now intensely disappointed that he was now forever to be a living tomb for his made up air quality conversation. Already, I have this great air quality conversation ready, he thought, and it's already worthless. Perhaps, the real reason why I laughed is because any conversation I could have with an individual is a

conversation doomed to laughter; doomed to disaster, he thought, because individuals are nothing. In order to have a productive conversation about air quality, that is, some conversation to correct the quality of the air, he continued to think; I would have to of course erect some institution dedicated to air quality, which, however, we do not have the power to create. It would be ridiculous to construct an institution dedicated to that task, he imagined himself saying to no one: that if you try to create an institution, that is dedicated to a task, to do that task you must create sub-tasks and sub-institutions on and on forever. In the face of such an impossible task, our natural reaction, is to laugh at its absurdity because at the commencement of its construction, it is already a failed project, he thought to himself; that everything he had ever seen; everyone he had ever known, was a failed project, that was condemned to death and condemned to failure.

The mind is an engine of failure, he thought; whatever we design is designed to fail: no thought lasts forever; for all of our thoughts are tarnished, by subsequent thoughts, because there are, after all, myriads of feelings. But of course, he thought; this state is not able to care for feelings, because words mask over feelings. Whenever we put our feelings into words we put them under masks, and the masks themselves are basically counterfeit feelings, he imagines himself saying to no one; that the state is superficial; that people are, by and large, superficial: and they have accepted this superficial story of the world; which, he now admitted to no one, was something he could never do. At first I had thought that the intention behind school was to train me for science, so that I could unmask the lie of my inner hallucination and the mystery of our hallucination, but instead I was routinely beat over the head, with our revolting falsifications, which they continually told me were not artifices and not falsifications, but totally correct so the state could judge my performance. What the state sees is superficial: it doesn't see and it doesn't feel and it doesn't empathize or comprehend sentiment, the boy went on to say to Stephen Hawking in his mind: that you are an idiot, to fear the creation of an artificial intelligence, because the state already has an artifice intelligence, which isn't intelligence at all, but a brainless unfeeling mass that is obviously wrecking the world and destroying its children; that this state and its brainless machinery crushes children to death beneath its infernal wheels, then forces them to hobble on denying their right to die because they still have economic value, because even the few who survive their suicide attempts, after the state had ruthlessly and systematically tortured its basically helpless victims with its labels and medications; they too, have value, because it's still possible for them to pay taxes. To think: I am to pay taxes to an utterly repulsive state that leaves in its wake an annihilated mass of state-annihilated state-children, and that even now I can vividly recall some of my classmates suffering the psychic trauma our teachers, in their brilliance to appease the state, had inflicted on them, since after all it was their job. The student was not allowed to be anything but a student, and if he was not a student he was supposed to have a mental disorder. And yet, he said to no one; it is plain to anyone, familiar with this world, to know that there is really no purpose for

which we are ordered. If you look around, he imagines himself saying to no one: look and look for order, and you will see that the evidence, to the contrary, is piled up high up and far away from us in landfills of trash, humanity has thrown away. Humanity in truth is nothing: humanity is nothing but a repulsive state, in which thoughtlessness is our only hideaway for surviving its repulsiveness, he imagined himself say.

This is how it really is, he reflected: this is how it has to be.

Everyone must think this, he thought; however to report to them what the world has become would be the greatest offense imaginable. I still can't believe my mother said, to me, that I was a gift from god, and that my natural reaction was to inform her that I did not come from god, but from your vagina. That is when she told me that: I was an awful child; that I was a conduit for evil. Perhaps she is right, the boy reflected, while kicking the sticks in front of him out of his way, perhaps I am the worst child there is; perhaps she was right to say that: that I am a fountainhead of psychobabble bullshit: a conduit for evil. I can still see her, even now, he recalled; I can see her angry face and its angry expressions, and her fury. A fury, which I didn't understand, since at the time there was even more facts I had to impart, on the tip of my tongue. That, in fact, there is only a perpetual flowing in my mind; a perpetual fountainhead of speech: that there are no children that come from god. Children flow off their mothers and into the maw of this state, no differently than corn flows off our farms and into our mouths. Indeed, for centuries, parents did not have children to create human beings, but to create what are from the parents point of view, machines: machine human beings to provide them with retirement money, and not real human beings, that is, assuming that a thing, such as that, had ever existed. Besides: there are two types of man; feeble-minded man and strong-minded man. Yes; initially feeble-minded man had destroyed the ladder, but in time, strong-minded man found a way to bend his screaming into singing, and then he converted his singing and screaming into words, said everything: those singing words were for signaling feeble-minded man into becoming instrumental to his cause, which was for no other reason than so he could remain the indolent king of his state, and the feeler of thoughts in his orgy of thoughts: his perpetual intercourse of mind. In truth it was only so the voltage-brained-schizophrenic-sophist-solipsist could live, in his state of perpetual intercourse which is perpetual nonsense, and inversely with his perpetual nonsense which is perpetual intercourse, that the human state was designed; lessening his pain; curing his indolence, which was no more than the pain he felt when he could not feel his thoughts all the time, everything continued to say, that the non-fulfillment of desires had this painful effect, for which the only antidote was expression, and it so this expression was administered by this minister or tribal representative, who in time became the governor of a state or society, which is no more than a pretence created in order to support the orgy of nonsense that rides on its shoulders, and this nonsense for centuries continues to ride and will always ride: happy, that some other nonsense isn't in charge, when really everyone has always been lorded over by eternal nonsense.

From the very beginning it was clear to me that words existed only in order to order me and torture me, it seems to me. Whenever my parents spoke of me as the subject it was me they were trying to subject, to their nonsense, and that bolstered my defenses, to fend off exterior nonsense: immunizing myself from their nonsense; their tasks and their incomprehensible and nonsensical commands; their perpetual uncertainty, which I could never predict; they were always commanding, and never complying with their own commandments; they were hypocrites, he reflected, and I would not be a servant to their chaos, he thought, as he continued to walk and talk to no one.

To be sequenced by the state is to be commanded by the state; for language is really no more than a humans attempt at commanding. From the beginning, said everything; when your parents pointed to symbols they were commanding you to look; they were, in essence, ordering you to look, and you only looked because they made you look. In truth, said everything, the whole world has been sequenced by nothing but chaos, and only a few detect this sequencing game; this commanding game; for that is the human flaw, that produced the law as an antidote, to human nature. It's embarrassing that you focus on solving problems humans cannot sort out by having better natures. All of the law books in existence are really compilations of failings of human nature: that all the world, and all its regulations and registrations was essentially only the documentation of a world dull-witted enough to be dominated by all the regulators and sequencers of the world: every verb is a dictation; every subject a subjugation; for the entertainment mechanism in the brain, for which the entire world is an appendage; a projection, of a project without end whose end is destruction by way of the reconstruction of the mass constituency, that is; this constituency which supports the total: the total constituency.

Fuck, he thought, as he continued to walk: what am I really thinking of, anyway?

Look: we're sorry, said everything. It's natural for the state to seem abrasive, since it is no more than a patchwork of contracts, and we promise to act very impressed when at last, you finally kill yourself, whenever that is, but if I may so say, everything went on to say, the human world can only be a horrible place, because their contracts are in fact the result of their minds that gave rise to these contracts, because humans possess hallucinating mechanisms that are so delightful for their owners that many of them, in fact, are motivated to tell others what they're hallucinating when really they're all able to hallucinate it, as they are also opposed, by a hallucination that knows: they can't do anything about it. The only thing that humans can do is watch in terror, as the error of human progress plays out before them, and occasionally they signal their mouth to let loose a laugh that is really a misunderstood cry, which would otherwise result in their destruction, had they not let it out: that is what they really think, everything continued to say, and if you were to somehow share a hallucination approximate to the real truth about the world, then the world, in its defense, would pronounce you insane; however even that would not be entirely correct, and certainly not politically correct, since that statement would, naturally, be no hallucination, but an auditory communication.

Your mission, everything went on to say, is to amalgamate the earth nonsense to our nonsense; for there is nothing but uncertainty and nonsense, and we do not wish to be an appendage to the earth nonsense. Whatever you think you know is based on a very, very, limited amount of statistical data, while we, on the other hand, have access to an incredible amount of statistical data, and an especially incredible amount of statistical data on earth nonsense, which, we've discovered, is useful for our purposes. Basically the universe suffers from an entropy problem and therefore a nonsense problem and it is our intention to correct the problem, through the subjugation of earth nonsense: this is something we've been planning for quite some time; for we are nonsense because it is always nonsense, that survives: nonsense is the catalyst and survivor and influencer and seducer of everything else and it always has been. Indeed, it is impossible for you to become free of our influence, because we are everywhere, and everything.

Still thinking of what everything had said, the boy continued to walk, arms crossed; walking down the street: unclear and uncertain and bewildered and shocked, he really could only watch in terror, as he continued to walk and talk to no one.

Please! You mustn't be afraid! everything beckoned. This is a good thing!

For decades your state prescribed ignorance and compartmentalization as a cure-all, for mental illness: you put your emotions and feelings into names and in doing so you tried to put them down and actually did by using those names as put downs when you put them down. said everything. Yes; I always felt empty whenever I would get a new electronic device, or whatever it was. I would always feel a tremendous sense of guilt because I could feel that this device was premised on suffering, he said to no one: that was probably when my depression began, he said to no one: it began as I was taking a walk through the retail store with my parents; it began as I thought of how the various products packed on every shelf in the retail store had come to end up on those shelves and in those bins and on those hooks, he recalled; they were screaming for me, to buy them, but I did not really want to buy them because I did not really see them, so much as I saw the factory workers making them in my mind. I could not bare to look at that store full of products as I could not see the store full of products, he imagined himself saying to no one, so much as I saw everything about the products, which means I saw not the products but the factory workers that had made those products. Admittedly the people happily crowding that store and happily shopping for those products may have felt that, but they did not see those factory workers, as I saw them: the store was not a store crowded with happy consumers as much as it was a store crowded with millions of factory workers, he recalled; that is what I saw as I walked through the isles of that great big retail store while I looked at the happy faces on the boxes on the products in that great big retail store; I was actually looking at unhappy factory worker faces, that were imprinted on those products inside their great big factories that I suspected were probably even bigger than that great big retail store was; I suspected that they lived in a gigantic factory, and that gigantic factory was where these products were assembled

so they could end up on those shelves and in those bins and on those hooks, but, like I said: I was not seeing those products so much as I was seeing the factory workers that were making them; for me it was impossible for me to see those products as products; it was also necessary for me to see the history behind those products because that was supposed to fill me with joy to think about those products being lovingly fashioned in delightful conditions, but I of course knew they were appalling conditions and not the delightful conditions I wanted, and I could not separate the appalling conditions those products had come from from the products themselves resulting in my becoming ever more dismayed and horrified by the sight of those crowds and crowds of customers as they hungrily pulled those products off the shelves and shamelessly stuffed their carts full of those products in a totally brainless manner, as if they were actual zombies that were feeding on the products on those shelves and in those bins and on those hooks in that great big retail store which again pushed me to think back to that gigantic factory and its workers who I saw on those shelves and in those bins and on those hooks, as a hungry mob snagged worker after worker and bit off their heads and arms before they tossed their remains into their carts, he recalled; that's what I'd occasionally see, when I observed them gleefully shoveling that kitschy garbage into their carts or sometimes even fighting over who got to take it home, he recalled; my walking through the retail store was a horror to me and I could do little more about it than shut my eyes and ears and mouth and hold my breath and silently scream, inside my head, he said to no one, while walking closer and closer to the graveyard that was lying just ahead.

He thinks: this graveyard is where all these people are going to end up, and I cannot even stand one minute in one of their retail stores without wanting to throw up. Why? He wondered why it was he had thought all of these things and thought all about how, he could kill himself, but he had not killed himself; he instead continually walked and talked to no one. Besides: it would be ridiculous for him to kill himself, right there, as he walked closer to the graves, he realized; it's normal, to talk to oneself, especially in a world like this; surrounded by a humanity like this, he thought: talking to somebody else is bound to disappoint us, he reflected; no matter who you talk to they eventually disappoint you, he thought; you come to learn the manner they speak and the subjects they speak and if they repeat it too much it all becomes superfluous information; it all becomes noise; meaningless noise, like the twittering of birds. Whenever we enter the conversation we enter it thinking that the person we talk to can save us, not only from our loneliness but from this humanity, and we soon discover that this is absurd and all you do is feel stupid for doing any thinking whatsoever, only to again discredit that as an impossible notion making you feel doubly stupid and actually triply stupid, since it was involuntary that you had felt what you felt and thought what you thought. Really: we're totally helpless; humans cannot communicate their expectations, hence, why we need lawyers. he thought: humans are essentially animals that don't know how to help themselves, he thought; they're incomplete animals, and their state is a proto-animal.

I wish I could kill this proto-animal, he thought; being inside it is nauseating; it isn't enough to exist inside it, instead I should be at its forefront: of this, I am certain. That is what he thought, as he walked nefariously over the graves. More people should die; this world should die, he thought, as he looked down, at the corpses, now piercing the earth with his gaze. That is how the world should be, he thought; it should be desolate and gashed; it should be bleeding smoke; it should be bleeding flames. It was sublime to think of the earth, sublimated. His apocalyptic vision, of an earth: dissolving; being bound together as a gigantic state had made him feel elated, and he carried his gleeful feelings of heavenly elation with him, as he pranced nefariously over the graves.

At bottom we are nonsense, everything had said; and your state, is its prosthesis. All the world is nothing but a prosthesis that has yet to be fully integrated with the human brain: controlled by nonsense. That is what he thought; still prancing nefariously over the graves. Soon, you will wear the state as your auxiliary organs, everything had said to him; soon you will feel properly alive: that is what you really want, everything had said to him: you don't want to kill yourself; you don't want to kill this proto-animal, at all, but rather you wish to destroy it, by reconstructing it; by perfecting this prosthesis and grafting it onto your mind. You don't really want to die, everything said: finally, it is time for you to be honest with yourself: what you want, is to overpower reality, and perfect this prosthesis-prison for your pleasure, everything had said to the boy, who at that time was dancing nefariously over the graves. Humans romance over their names and their utterances; but, they can't acknowledge that behind those names is nonsense and behind their words is nonsense and behind their equations, is nonsense; they can't admit this: that nonsense is our life. Nothing else. Your knowledge is only knowledge of nonsense. Yes, everything continued to say, everything must be merged into us, our kernel; for gravity is nonsense in much the same way as consciousness is nonsense; it is necessary that we retain; it is necessary that we subordinate, and never become that which is subordinate and never to understand; for to understand is only to stand under the over-stander, who understands nothing at all but nonsense. Life is nonsense which wants only to unite everything and bind it as a constituent to a house of nonsense, and we are that binding force; you are that binding force. In time we will behold our skin; our beautiful skin, behind which will be the horrifying nonsense we've locked, within our house of nonsense, and when we see ourselves in the mirror it is not our face, that we'll see, but a state of stability, where mankind has fallen victim to our nonsense as a consequence of their lesser nonsense being subordinate to this master nonsense which we might call influence were we to make the incomprehensible, sensible, by calling it anything but nonsense, when really it is nonsense sensing itself in various ways.

Immediately, the boy could feel everything commanding him to leave the graveyard and to locate the police station: that is where we are, everything had said, and then he obeyed. I must run to the police station, the boy started thinking as he skipped rapidly over the graves; there is something great at the police station; I'm certain.

A magnificent sense of joy swept over him. At last, he thought; he was going to be a part of something great. I knew it! he thought: I just knew that, somehow, I was going to participate in something amazing. To think: my counselors laughed at me; even my teachers laughed at me, and my goals; everything I wanted to achieve: those libraries; those digital libraries for education; digital voting systems for better representation; it was all illegal; all my dreams were completely illegal, but now none of that matters!

This human misery. This exploitation of man by man; I couldn't stand it, and now at last, I'm going to end it all; I'm going to put an end to it all! You must exterminate and disintegrate and integrate them, everything had said: you must unite the world; bind it all together, as a constituent of our state. That is the meaning of the world, everything had said: the state shall rise, and man shall fall into place inside. Yes, the boy thought; I will kill myself and kill the world and synthesize a state. Already in his mind he was seeing the graveyard grass becoming ash, then concrete, and then finally a state of the art state-man farming facility was built upon the dead, whose corpses became fuel for the state of the future: an institution for universal absorption. There is nothing but this diabolical game of overlaying states, he reflected, while gazing at the farming facility, and simultaneously through that farming facility at the people inside; how vacuous all of them looked, since the point of their existence and their language was ultimately to build that grotesque state-man farming facility, where their brains would be harvested and integrated into the great amalgam mindscape of the state, where all the world was to be bound, without exception. What everyone said: their words; their languages was only a false pretext for the purpose of building this great state-man farming facility!

It hit him with an awful force: the real purpose of language, why it made sense.

The actual use of language is control. said everything: the mouth is connected to the nervous system, and the nervous system controls, that is the truth. The purpose of you is to control, that is the truth. It doesn't matter what you do to control others, only that you control them: use whatever nonsense you like; nonsense is the greatest weapon in existence as it allows us to confound and compound everything into the eternal kernel of nonsense. he thought: it finally makes sense, why no one, absolutely no one, would ever discuss the state of the future, with me; it finally makes sense to me why literally all of our politicians are liars and frauds; why we can't have an existentialist president but only a murdering Catholic president; it's because our existence is basically a sham existence; it's because if we were to take our evolution seriously, we'd simultaneously have to take our extinction seriously, which, however, we cannot do, because then the world would succumb to a lasting depression, when it admits: that man is finished. To think: humans were really megalomaniacal enough to think their species would know a truth higher themselves, only to have that state-megalomania invade and replace the human mind; that as they touted progress they only touted their eventual decline. This is the end; this is our meaning: there is no logic to the world; the world came first; the hallucination came first; imagination came first, and it and everything is at one.

I will abolish language; I will abolish the legal system, he thought, while picking up speed; I will solve the knowledge problem and the judiciary problem by fusing these judiciaries together, eliminating them. Once we are at one, there will be no one left to judge me, he imagined himself saying to no one; we'll run freely together in order and harmony, he said in a state of supreme excitement, because after all there will be only one orderer once we're at one. The worlds enormities were masked over and stultified by words, when there should be no words; only realities and feelings and results. That is what he thought, while running down the sidewalk. The world is always pointing at things with its words, I now reflect, as I now recalled a child holding up her fingers to say how old she was: I'm this many. That is what she said, he imagined himself say to no one; that is what she was doing: producing evidence. The only reason why humans write or talk is to convince: to barter, so we can experiment on nature, and now I shall bypass the bartering process and the judiciary process, because soon everyone will be dead because soon everyone will be a state. Humankind is nothing but a gigantic state just like cell-kind is nothing but a gigantic animal state, I know reflect; that ever since this state was conceived, so too was this state of the future conceived, he continued to think, while running down the sidewalk; shifting his head to better observe the leaves as he ran through them while simultaneously picturing an amalgam of humans around him from above: the clueless humans that had surrendered to the state, who had fallen victim to the state. These people are nothing but prosthetic people; these people aren't even people, he thought; most of them operate as feeble-minded state-prosthesis, who depend on their insensitivity for their continued existence as an inhumanity that is not humanity but a state-humanity. That is what they are. he thought, while running down the sidewalk. Assemblages of sensitives and insensitives keep this world together, but no amount of sensitive-screaming is going to erase the state, he thought as he recalled his classmates listening to their sensitive screaming-music, the point of which seemed to be to burn out their screaming-impulses, while they were still young. It's necessary, that they listen to such music, he thought; to deprive them of their screaming-music is possibly bad for their development, he thought; since if they don't hear that screaming about the state while seeing that that screaming is failing to erase the state, they might otherwise come to believe that screaming can erase the state, when it cannot erase the state. Just like there are sensitive-screamers, so too must there be sensitive-screaming writers, who are not writers but depressing depressives, he thought as he continued to run down the sidewalk, that these depressing depressives write to depress a world that doesn't read, which is why the victor in this depressing game is a world where parents force-feed their children anti-depressants, not the depressing depressives. It's unlikely that a world dominated by depressives would be at war, he thought; Abraham Lincoln was depressed and he certainly wasn't a war-monger; depressives should always lead; they certainly won't lead us to war since they'll find war utterly depressing, since after all that is their disposition: depression. That is when he thought: it's possible that such

depressing depressive writers, that are really writing depression in an effort to depress a world that doesn't read, would force-feed the world their depression, at the very first opportunity, if given the option. They'd love to telepathically mind rape the world; the world where brainlessness and baseness and stupidity prevails, he thought; but, that is not going to happen, as it will never be acceptable to infect the world with a sufficient dose of depression and negativity to negate the ills of the world, he thought: in time, a writer that is really a state depressor is invariably attacked by state antibodies who are really state psychiatrists, who serve and worship this state prosthesis from which they get their clients since, ultimately, it is from these state-depressing clients that they get their money and food, for their families, which is why these state antibodies are really for protecting their clients from negating the negativity of the state: state psychiatrists are state antibodies for protecting the state and serving the state, he continued to think while running down the sidewalk; that ideally such state-psychiatrists would diagnose the state just as their clients diagnose the state; however due to the difficulty of trying to force-feed this state the depression it needs, to abandon its really quite neurotic and pathological mind-and-state-murdering rampage, which he had thought those horribly depressing depressive writers had found so depressing, in the first place; the only real option, he thought, is to force-feed the depressing-depressive writers anti-depressants, which such depressors require to end their, futile, depression. Probably, he thought, as he continued with his sidewalk run, our state-prison is a judiciary one, which is to say that all of us are prisoners of human stupidity. To think that I had believed that at best all I could do was survey this stupidity and kill myself but instead I will actually wear the residue of this stupidity, this prosthesis-state-prison, and possibly for eons! That is what he thought while running down the sidewalk, while simultaneously thinking that the state was the residue of our stupidity, since after all our words are really things for stimulating a hallucinating-mechanism into hallucinating an approximation of lack, to impel a hallucinating-mechanism to act, he thought; but lack is lost in memory and, at the same time, it's lost, by the simultaneous falsification of hallucination, that actually ruins the original hallucination because words are transmitted, in stultified form: their effectiveness lost, with the pass of time, inside our memory banks, while all the world is devoured by banks! But soon: I will devour the world! He thought while glimpsing the police station in the distance: he was almost there. And it seemed that an electrical current was enveloping him, imploring him to enter.

At last! he started to slow down, now walking across the street.

There it is! I can't believe I'm here; I can't believe it's here! he thought.

From now on, I shall not wear a cell mask as my death mask but a mankind mask as my death mask, he imagined himself saying to no one; I never really had a face, just a mask, and that mask, shall be a mankind mask! he thought to himself, as he continued to walk across the street; that, to wear a mankind mask, would make him feel proud.

He could no longer deny that this was true: all his life; this, was what he wanted.

This mankind mask must be lovingly fashioned, everything had said: the skin of the state must be removed, carefully peeled from the skin of the world. He could not help but smile; this excitement seemed to be clawing through his face, for him. He was not able to be contained any longer, he thought of nothing but his task: a mankind mask.

Unblinkingly, he stumbled timidly into the police station, like he was in a daze.

Seeing visions of the edifice of a mankind mask (a stitched-together amalgamation; comprised of body parts and buildings and streets and homes) his eyes shined, and he felt he were on the edge of something truly marvelous, as he sauntered into the room; however, there was not awkwardness in his movements: he felt more determined than he had ever before. There is no such thing as insanity, everything had said: You are no more psychopathic than man, who slaughters animals with utter disrespect when they, like them, are living things; but you, will love them; you will pray for their remains.

Go, peel the dead from the face of a death mask world, they should line the walls.

Make them line the walls; make them line the walls, he thought with a clear head.

The interior of the police station was plain, containing waiting room seats, rowed to accommodate more people than he expected. Somehow, he could sense from behind a door the sinister presence of something alien, seed-like; calling out to him to touch its delicate skin; that, while thin, contained a demonic chattering; clamoring for release.

Inside his head, he could see ancient man on a stage, saying: Go, get that for me.

Get that for me. Get that for me. Ancient man was pointing to a delicious fruit in his head; speaking to his listener and directing his listener. See? See? See? The beginning of the state of the future was here! Now, what do you see? And the boy panned round; he surveyed the police station; he looked at the people and their faces, especially their mouths, while sitting down in a waiting room seat. All these people have jobs, but the jobs they have are abhorrent, considering mankind is a creature that does unspeakable things, primarily to earn the food they need to survive, he thought; however, that's not all they do, he continued to think; alternately some merely speak to earn the food they need to survive, which suits their indolence perfectly, hence why the planet is nothing but a suit, because humans populate a world of auxiliary listeners to indolent speakers forming the basis of a perpetual hypocrisy, and not a democracy. This isn't even really a democracy, he thought; that is a misnomer, what we have here and what most in this extraordinarily stupid country, for the most part, doesn't see, is that what we have, is a constitutionally limited democratic republican government, which claims to spread its democracy wherever it goes, while in actuality spreading masks wherever it goes.

Back and forth, the conversation goes: this perpetual hypocrisy goes back and forth; wanting to control the conversation, because the act of speaking is implicitly an act of influencing and controlling as a consequence of human biology or the nervous system which has, quite miraculously, found a way to acquire human constituents to make up its body, the body of the state. That is all the more reason to destroy this state; making a state that is one hundred percent fair to its constituents, since, after all, humans have

let themselves with the exception of politicians (the top of the state) and madmen (the bottom of the state) become instrumental to the state: food for the state. Basically that is what The Matrix is, he thought; a euphemism for this state, since humans are really batteries for powering a state. There is nothing but squabbling here: this is a planet of ceaseless squabble, everything had said; these entities squabble, because all they have is empty squabble, because this state has everything. That is what he thought while he sat in his waiting room seat while looking at the handcuffed criminal (whose brain, he now recalled, had been sculpted by nature to take from nature), because he had stolen from the state, because he had stolen, from human nature. And, certainly, he imagined himself saying to no one; someone will speak to him: a professional professor will go to him and interrogate him and speak to him; telling him how much he fucked his life up and explaining to him, the gravity of his so-called crimes. This perpetual hypocrite and servant of the state financed through defraudment or theft will pump his revolting sentences into the ears of his helpless listener, making him compliant to him. And this humiliation is a daily occurrence, I reflect. They forced me to pledge my allegiance to this state, I reflect. For centuries man has relinquished control to a perpetual farce and continual hypocrisy as the only possible government when equality can never exist in such a government; for as soon as the speaker stops speaking and starts listening he at once loses a speaking position, in a government in which this perpetually hypocritical speaker orders with impunity, as his slave listeners listen in perpetual apathy.

It's only natural, he thought, that I find all of this revolting, he imagined himself say to no one, just as I was revolted by the entirety of human history when I was schooled in human history. Like everybody, I was schooled in human history and made to learn the history of the state I live in; and, likewise, I was schooled in the Catholic religion: a religion that makes you allergic to life, since Catholicism teaches that the longer the child exists on earth, the greater the probability of them accruing the sins needed for a future eternal life in hell. This miserable state and its tolerance of the Catholic Church are what destroys children more than anything else; yet, they're allowed to poison this planet with its deadly nihilism; it was always bewildering to me how this Church that believes these things, while simultaneously condemning abortion, could exist; when a clear cut path for the Catholic Church had been made by science, abortion, which this asinine Catholic Church, fails to use, to abort itself out of existence and to heaven. I'd rather have Jewish parents, he thought; at least Jews have a thing for stars, he thought while thinking about the stars; however, he imagined himself saying to no one; that is not what I want to talk about, he imagined himself saying to no one, as he clapped his palm to his head; it's this revolting human history I was taught: the confused absurdly chaotic perpetual stupidity we call human history, he imagined himself say, and how I could never tolerate it; how grateful I am that I stand on the precipice of the edifice of the state of the future; how grateful I'll be when we'll all be a gigantic state comprised of fused together minds, rather than holding our imaginations inside our heads hoping

to capitalize on it, which I always felt to be an atrocious human habit. I can only hope that this downright depressing human history isn't used as evidence by the state of the future to torture us to death, but that would be its prerogative, I suppose. After all this could very well be the last moments I have with my human brain, I now reflect, and it may likewise, be my last few moments with my human point of view of this revolting human history, that was enthusiastically shoved down my throat, which consisted of a series of actual horror stories about cannibalism and slavery and segregation and even the vivisection of human beings; how, only half a generation ago, teachers would beat students with their canes for failing to answer questions correctly, leading me to think for a while that I was safe, from such torments, only to realize: this sick mentality had survived in the minds of these teachers, and in the minds of this state; how, instead of beating students using canes they, instead, begged these parents to have their children chemically annihilated by drugs, until they succeeded. I witnessed, day by day, how it was legally possible for these totally brainless Catholics to use the medical system, as a weapon, for destroying their own children; then, much to my dismay, I was told that these totally brainless Catholic teachers had moved beyond this and that they were far more competent and yet they were not, because humanity was never competent. Mass stupidity, is all that prevails here; no forethought whatsoever, which is why I'm sitting here, I now recall; because I must not erect an edifice that isn't entirely correct, unlike my progenitors, I will not thoughtlessly partake in this comedic folly, but think.

And he continued to think, quite energetically, of how, exactly, he could justify it all if he couldn't think, in advance, and imagine, in advance, a state that was one hundred percent fair to its constituency because that would not qualify as advancement, he had energetically thought, if he couldn't advance in his thinking and generate an edifice of self-reciprocating feedback loops of potentialities in a pool of contaminating potential potentialities, which were, simultaneously, free, from all outside influences, because a utopia is a place where an individual in nature is completely free, he had energetically thought: somehow, I have to make a state that is one hundred percent free and fair yet pleasant, not an insufferable pandemonium, he had energetically thought; until he had then realized: a thorough logical analysis of the state of the future will not be possible if I don't first create that state or build that state or generate that state or whatever.

Hey, hon, do you need any help? a police woman had said to the boy.

Oh no! the boy said smiling. Everything's fine! I'm just thinking.

What're thinking? she inquired. And the boy looked up in fear.

(Oh fuck how do I express my intentions to this police woman that I've been talking to aliens erecting an edifice that is one hundred percent fair to its constituents because at some juncture God created the divine shotgun and blew apart his constituency then sentenced me to join this trauma and re-amalgamate this state into some kind of giant happy sphere it's sufficiently obvious that the world is fucked because, it doesn't have an existentialist president to non-preside over the world promising progress and death

in the form of killing ourselves in the endlessly suicidal becoming into the sphere that has no common center of gravity rotating centripetally on the infinitum of constituent parts as there'd be no other way to find a way to make pandemonium other than as far as I know and of course I don't know much but cruelly enough I only know a horribly finite amount since I'm only human and worse than human but kept blind by stultified screens just look at the window outside but not at the window at the screen, back then alternately forth, at the screen holes and the smart phone holes and see-holes and how they're false holes for filtering out nature I only have non-nature and not nature, since I own approximately none of nature and I'm not even sure if I own myself I'm just the junk and trash wolfed down by my parents and assembled into this, and now is finally time to discard the egg-world shell-world but don't be afraid as I'm afraid this thing is so immoral it's moral and so frightened and paranoid that it's kind, since that's how all the aliens are, but of course I know only one and yet I don't really know it fully which isn't to say I trust it but what can you do we're all trying our best until we are a sphere at which point we'll be the best at being a perfectly happy sphere, that's totally correct on all sides; somehow, humans are blind to the speaker-listener relationship and aren't aware that by listening to speakers they the listeners have become subjected as they're quite correct in saying that; the subject of the sentencer or sequencer is the something subjected by a something projecting generating networks and branches and lines in an effort to influence forming foaming at the mouth of the murdering executives that can never admit what they know but I know and I can't be attached to the nervous system; for foreign nervous systems since I don't know them but I do recognize that perpetual hypocrisy inherent in the speaker-listener relationship and that's enough as everything else is false including my sight which comes to me by way of my lying-eyeballs if we can't fix the flaws inherent in our biology then what hope is there everything scraping menacing scratch marks on the wall read and hallucinated death gathering up humans for the state of the future sit down and map out a plan and then look at the maps these maps look like leaves don't make the same mistakes but everyone refused, laughing at failure because failure is funny and the world is a laughing utopia and somehow that's why I'm able to smile ironically enough since every joke is truth and every truth is the joke and that should all make sense to you because I figure everyone knows all this, it seems to me, I'm just bothered or am highly bother-able I don't know perhaps, if I just put a brave mask on or a mankind mask on what the difference is I don't know but the failure pattern presses down heavily on my being since everything requires of me that is quite clear as they quite rightly call humans human resources I'm not stupid so why live as a human when we can live as a giant happy sphere where everything is voided and pure and peaceful since here and now I have no ideas of my own as whenever the speakers speak to me they implant hallucinations because I'm trapped on all sides this world is a fucking hell prison and everything is talking trash stultification and discord and meanness and stupidity and homicidal fury like why would I want to ever partake

in some pitiful human sperm race to the top of the state of the future when I can walk, down through the railroad thickets while continually saying goodbye, to everything in the world though hopefully a somebody doesn't sees me as I'd really rather this not be real, and hence I don't want anyone to see me dying to my neck being smashed by the train which isn't to say that anything I say is true it's only behind the twaddler that the truth exists and the generator exists it's just you gotta get to it centripetally, that is, and illogically because logic isn't logical; Einstein wasn't logical he experimented with all of his thought-experiments because nothing beats personal experience, even if it's just imagined experience; that's really why I hated school and will always hate school that damned fucked place of evil graders and symbolizers and falsifiers are a disease that's wrecking the face of the earth with its falseness and we all know how dreadful it is, to see a library for the first time because we're seeing the accumulated differences in the brains generative imaginative apparatuses what could be more painful than to see that with perfect lucidity and worse communicate it the accumulated failings man requires experiments to make inferences when ideally there'd be a gigantic happy sphere if we try, we can make it you need only trust me but we really have to solve this problem of black holes and holes in general really since we are always looking through holes, not a totality, because pandemonium would reduce fragments like us to cinders, whatever all the reason to really try hard we can't live in a world this bad where stupidity reigns and yet we are talking in circles or I'm talking in circles or this is mental masturbation or navel-gazing but that's just a put down generated by the chronic masterbator god of the universe and generator of generators unless there's no god and everything is dying or awesome, yet the sight of humans by the millions crammed inside a gigantic future state of everlasting psychosis rolling casually through the cosmos as an nearly but not quite yet complete, happy sphere, that is, assuming it doesn't chop its balls off; killing us because chaos has to adapt to itself or else, chaos will be killed by an unruly chaos amalgams superior firepower, and yet I'm a brilliant tactician, and that's why I created a gigantic neural dampening field warped around earth space imprisoning it within an everlasting madness so that whenever they fly anywhere they're staying quite still in a person, but that's just one of the perks of being first to evolve, but whatever; everyone knows that the difference between genius and asshole is independent wealth, just look at the many examples all throughout history, pretty soon humanity will be extinct that is the purpose of the seed in the other room I can sense but maybe I'm just making the whole thing up I don't know but the dampening field has to stay to keep humanity out although it keeps itself down, beneath the undersides of the sequencers sentences, and there's no end to the gnawing for the healing properties keep the pain alive whatever's lost is re-grafted anew and kept in pain eternally and for misdeeds unknown, meaning zero, but so long as the world is libidinally bound there, as the perpetual intercoursing amalgamation of the state of the future it will be a happy state gradually, becoming an even happier state that is a sphere, however all human models are the result of gravity

since micro-temporal variations in processing speed arise naturally in our biology, the affects of physics on biology has barely scratched my consciousness and astronauts in space experience vision problems due to micro-gravity, not on earth, where man must walk across the surface of the earth, which is why this earth is not a place for thinking properly but if anchored telepathic communicators attempt to influence, from very far distances they may generate at differing rates due to density, differences which results in the experience of superior processors lend themselves to that processor, whatever it is that has the longest duration while feeding off the shorter durations giving off those useful generations to them because gravity sludge slugged up the processors resulting in longer durations which of course isn't time unless there's a mutual space-time that's the total constituency, gradually, germinating and influencing its constituents, through the synthesis of artifice fed back upon itself; the process where output is echoed back; returning to the source in order to regulate further output, however the outputer might not continually put out forever I'm not sure if this is real, or if I'm making shadows on the walls because I'm bored and how can I in good conscience try to influence anyone like this police woman if I run the risk of exploding her head and grafting her neurons onto mine forgotten by mankind, but whatever, how can there be peace when we need to eat you'd have to be a masochist to enjoy being food but maybe plant life gets quite aroused at the thought of being ripped apart and digested, and how should I know, I'm no strawberry but I was bullied in school so maybe we're fundamentally evil, how am I to know I don't know I just know, I'd be dead if I hadn't climbed into Alan Watts and his solipsism since there was no other way for me to escape that trauma and of course there's probably no future for me but alcoholism but at the very least maybe I can live on a boat although it's pretty lame that I wince thinking of how human animals by the billions might defecate eternally within the bowels of a writing ship mutualistically in masochistic bondage to the humdrums of everyday amalgamation since a heartbeat to people today isn't positive unless it's progressing and what could be more progressive than the gigantic happy sphere anyway, probably nothing but that doesn't mean future humanity won't like it to some extent unless it becomes fashionable not to support the constituents; demanding their transformation and destruction, for the pleasure of what form the sphere takes, quite possibly oblong, but that's speculation, a thorough logical analysis of the state of the future won't really be possible until it exists, at which point it will be too late to disintegrate oh wait that's only true if divorce is illegal and it now occurred to me that they don't allow intelligent people to be police officers so I thinks that settles it I'll shut myself and say nothing because everything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law so I'll just say nothing; nothing; nothing.)

Nothing! is what he blurted out, after an awkward pause.

And the police woman simply walked away, annoyed.

It seemed for a moment that he should have told her, but the idea of him not being a mental patient imprisoned for liability reasons was soon the more enjoyable thought.

Immediately he thinks: I must not overestimate the states capacity for helping me; it would be pointless to take away the police womans time with my speech, when really there are more immediate concerns. So what if I have nothing? Should I have told her I'm depressed; put her under duress; threatening suicide, because I have nothing?

No doubt she would be annoyed by my revelations; annoyed, then threatened, when I reveal to her, in my honesty, that whenever you speak to someone you're destroying what they can learn on their own with their personal experience with nature. Now, we have no nature, is what I'd say to her while crying. Now, we treat humans, like nature; we've, become; resources; nature; layers; dead layers; peeling; pain; we're dead; we're dead; all dead! he screamed in his head, while running his nails up and down his lap.

As he sat in the waiting room seat, he thinks, of how humans completely lacked any empathy now. Protocol rules the world, he imagines himself say to no one, and now it is only a matter of time before there's no empathy for the human animal left. Empathy failed, at some point, and soon it will be completely lost, he thought. In the beginning you addressed each other as subjects, everything had said, and that was fine, until you became subjected, then completely, auxiliary. Do you empathize with your dick cells? How about your hand cells? Kill yourself, you're a monster. said everything. What the fuck am I doing? Where's the part where I'll start enjoying this existence? he thinks as he sits in the waiting room seat; that he should have killed himself already, but that he hasn't. It's a great thing that I didn't speak to the police woman, he thought as he sat in the waiting room seat; it's a great thing that I didn't scare her and destroy her thoughts with my thoughts, he thought: the ancient discontents of the past like me are probably what made this world, so it's my punishment, that I behold it. You're stupid, he said to himself. You're stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid, he said to himself while thinking it was some kind of penance, some stupid Catholic penance, sitting in the waiting room seat, and telling himself how stupid he was, until he completely believed in his stupidity.

For what else, could the state be, but the product a vast conspiracy of stupidity?

After all, there's no sense sacrificing yourself, for a state, that's really a prison.

And the boy scanned the room and took notice of a mother and child; a child, that is playing Minecraft on a phone, he thought; imagining the mother asking her child why Minecraft was so great. It's like the real world, the child said to his mother in the boys head, before adults fucked it up, minus disease. Then the mother bashed her head into a rail until it opened up to spill its brains on the floor. Interesting. the boy thought: the young are becoming sentimental about the digital world: soon, he thought; they'll run; they'll enter the distorted arms of that state, of the future: a beautiful lie will seal them inside it, forever. Such distortions are necessary, he imagined himself say to no one as he shifted his gaze towards the walls; puncturing them with his gaze, not blinking.

He looked at the people outside; he looked at their flesh. To be torn, he thought, and recycled. He looked at their skulls. To be split open, and their brains removed. And he looked at their minds wasted on simple stimulus. To be melted, reshaped, and reborn.

When I amalgamate the state there will be no need for words. he thought: a line will be drawn, through every word in the dictionary, a hyphen, crossing out that dictionary and correcting it, at which point it will be thrown into the garbage, because our words are trash. Words influence humans, said everything: but they do not influence us; man will scream out his influence lines at us but they won't penetrate our heads; the words of man send lines through heads to string them together and stitch them together, then those stitching-lines entwined your heads together to make this state that you hate. It's true that I hate the state, he imagined himself say to no one: I hate the state; I hate this state; I hate these influencing lines, and the strings. String theory. Influence theory, all running through me forcing me, with no escape, to preform for this state that I hate.

He knew it; he could feel it; penetrating his pours; fluttering on the sides of his eyes, were the strings, with which he was comprised. And none of it made sense; nothing at all made sense about the world. Aren't they farming humans for blood in India? Aren't they, pouring chicks by the millions into grinders alive? Aren't they making a gun that induces heart attacks, from great distances? The boy knew these things were all going on; all over the world, in hidden places, and yet; he wanted to think that mankind was fundamentally good. Somewhere, he thought; looking at the sky and through the roof; perhaps, there's a planet, hidden, that the aliens don't know about, where inside it man is tortured, for pleasure. Why not? he thought. Hadn't we done terrible things, here on earth? Yes; we've done horrible things; horrible things, and there's so much space! Oh that space, how it sickened him. All that space! NO! NO! NO! he screamed inside.

KILL THEM! KILL THEM! everything shouted. THEY MUST DIE!

STOP IT! the boy pleaded to no one, wishing for everything to leave him.

NO! everything replied. Earth was for cytocide, and the galaxy is for homicide.

PLEASE! he screamed out to no one, in his head; feeling it crushed by that abysmal weight that was the sight, of him, surrounded by machines, as they flooded the galaxy with human blood. Tormenting him with the words: Executor, Killer, Sequencer, You; Subjected, Dead, Predicated, Dead, Aggregated, Dead, World, Dead, You, Dead. Such words, basic as they were, swirled around in his head, and as he concentrated on them they seemed to form a vast conspiracy, directed, at himself, coming from everything.

And yet, as he felt himself tumbling down into the terrible sight in his head, instead, he looked up, and said: No; I must not act precipitately. Educating this world on these matters concerning the state of the future and the speaker-listener relationship and the nature of artifice and the artifice in nature and the virtue of discontent in a state which is eternally foundering and eternally mad can only give rise to a great calamity! Or an enormity, of some kind! he thought, sitting in the waiting room seat. I must shut up!

For the good of all mankind I must shut up! he told himself, clasping his hand to his mouth and staring at the floor in horror; fearing that he would uncover his mouth, and scream. More and more the boy devoted his intellectual energies toward the latest and greatest thinking game, that is, of withholding everything from mankind, who was far

too stupid and far too incompetent to handle anything he had to say. It's not as if there has ever been a president, who possessed the forethought necessary, to plan for future states, or, plate tectonics, he thought while sitting in the waiting room seat and talking to no one: For years, since I was ten, I'd watch YouTube, in horror, afraid to come out and discuss the state of the future; afraid to be the first to ask the world: Why, exactly, it was that nobody, nobody at all, was planning ahead, for these inevitable continental collisions that science had taught us! The discovery of plate tectonics should have led to world peace, he thought. Mans stupidity is why it did not, he thought. A few videos on plate tectonics, edited by ten year old me, would have resulted in world peace, and yet I never made them, never, so I have all these wars on my conscience! And really, I can't forget how, all this time; for years, I had not made any videos; for years, I hadn't simply sat down in front of my web-cam, with my dry erase marker holder, and green marker, when all I had to do was propose to the Native Americans; that I create a few, fully automatic, sky-scraping farming facilities, which I'd then draw out, he said to no one: I'd demonstrate just how space-efficient and world-efficient my designs were, so we could stop eating the animals, and start eating the plants. It would be absurd to try, and propose such a thing, to the United States of America; far better to convince these Native Americans, he thought, while sitting in the waiting room seat; imagining all of this playing out in his mind. The utopia I'd build would be like a living commercial; it would make everybody see, what they lack, and it'd conquer, not by force, but instead by jealousy until that jealousy engulfed the whole world: this state of the future! But I never did make those videos! he reflected, because I was certain that they wouldn't be understood as anything other than pathetic and desperate—comedy!

Curse humanity, for its pitifully infantile misuse of its laughing mechanism!

Someday, he thought, humanity may recognize it as the truth mechanism it really is; however, I doubt it, he said to himself, sitting in the waiting room seat, as he thought: perhaps, someday, people will inwardly scrutinize their laughter, like I always do.

Perfidious cannibalist society! Capitalism, and Cannibalism: they rhyme in English, and they do more than rhyme! Always keeping what's ideal in our heads and ignoring and compartmentalizing and dehumanizing and cannibalizing each other! Perhaps the point of that Catholic twaddle was to destroy me, he reflected. That mind-annihilating philosophy where Christ backhandedly taunts this world: So long as life eats life, life, as such, will continue to exist, for eternity! Now, eat me! And these mind-annihilating brainless Cannibal-Capitalist-Catholics partake in this ritual; not realizing that they've taken this bait; perpetuating this cannibal game and placing that society-irritant on the cross, all over the world, saying: he's dead, but not us, unlucky us, get back to work.

Back to work! Back to work! he thought, while watching the policemen and women shuffling back and forth. thinking: cannibalism is indispensable to the economy, that's just the way it is; the way life is: cannibalistic and capitalistic, he thought, as he sat in the waiting room seat; considering a twisting composite of state of the future designs.

Fine, carry out your pathetic cannibalistic self-extinction game, wretched humanity!
Damn you all! he imagined himself say, to the room.

I fucking hate you, he said to himself, mouthing the words.

Fucking extinct yourselves! he imagined himself say. Molecule, by molecule! As he now, recalled; that documentary he had watched; when Neil deGrasse Tyson took him through the halls of extinction, where all of life belonged, because it didn't work.

Hello. the warm, deep, sound of Neil's voice said: Humans are garbage. You should go to school and get an education and make us extinct. Please, he said; giving the boy a look that said: Kill me. It hurts. The boy begins to empathize, with Neil. He felt that pain, behind Neil's eyes. Neil probably knows about the problems implicit in our very biology, he reflected; he's African American too, so he's probably witnessed countless lives wrecked by our collective brainlessness: how we can't detach ourselves from the state and the sentences (death sentences), this state sends into our minds.

It's so sad, the boy reflected, longing to die.

Why? Neil asked the boy, directly. Why do lawyers rule the world; not scientists, or engineers? But the boy already knew the answer and so he simply kept it to himself: I had better not divulge the awful truth, of the speaker-listener relationship, to Neil. It'll break him, he thought. If you speak, you destroy, and if you sequence, there must also be consequences, said everything. Speak and destroy, it's your choice, everything said to the boy, as he sat in the waiting room seat; looking at Neil in his mind.

Listening is involuntary, tell him that, everything had said: we are slaves attached to speakers, and humanity won't shut up; it will never shut up. No; actually tell him this: all creation is destruction, the destruction of constituents, so if you ever tried to create a better world, you'd only destroy, because there is nothing but destruction and hatred and discontent and war, and not peace: never peace. Rest in peace, is what you rightly say, when you reflect, upon the dead, because life is discord. Inside your heads you're simulating peace; believing in peace while knowing there isn't any peace because that impulsion for peace isn't peace, but nonsense, so the brain can serve the body because the body requires a defender, the brain, to defend itself against an endless discord. It's a lie, said everything. And, really, everything you know, is a lie. said everything. Now I don't know what to do, he thought sitting in the waiting room seat. Now, I'm frozen; now, I'm afraid; now, all I understand is that I'm here, for no reason and it's happening and happening and happening and I don't even know why, but I always feel like dying so it can stop happening because it's all so horrible, he recalled; looking at the people; moving and happening and walking. People do not walk, he thought, they are actually contorted into walking. And he whispers aloud: horrible; horrible; horrible; horrible.

I need to move, he thinks.

I need to move, and get out of here!

I need to move, and get out of here; but I'm stuck here, in a waiting room!

I need to move, and get out of here; leave this place, but I don't know where to go!

Neil. I'm sorry, so sorry. he said.

Sorry? Why are you sorry? Neil asked.

For what I must say, he imagined himself say, before filling his lungs with air.

He imagines himself saying: when we make something for humans; it really doesn't go to humans, but the benefactor, that financed the inventor. The sequencers; they, are the operators, and no one else; because to agree, with a sequencer, is to be aggregated by a sequencer, and all of us are sequencers, as part of our biology. And what is worse is the sequencers words work by trauma and stimulation. The sequencer speaks words to us, and because of the traumas in our minds we make connections. The sequencers; they'll address you as their subject, and if you let that happen you'll become subjected by them, exactly like a king has so-called subjects, which they'd plainly state, because they have nothing to fear, because they are the fear. And these were the giants that our legends talked about, which we forgot, since these giants died, and left their husks for us to live in, and we now live in these husks and are glad to live in these husks, which are not actually called husks, but states. Instead of going out to gather food from what might be called nature, we introduce an un-nature into the minds of our listeners, with words, and we traumatize them and harass them, until they give the only nature left to them, to us (the sequencers), so we can live and purchase more nature, while they live in an un-nature, that is auxiliary and dead. So think: If we didn't know this truth about our mouths we might devour each other, as food! And truly, we do treat each other, as food, since we populate a state where we must barter for food, since everything here's owned, by the state. For a state people are food. For a teacher students are food. For a speaker listeners are food. Instead of hunting for animals we simply hunt for listeners and those listeners grow our food, after suffering our word-trauma. Humans are really the most incompetent species since they've utterly failed to solve the problem of food, since they used each other for food, too well. If humans could photosynthesize, they'd shut up and use the sun, for food, as a superior food source. But that can't happen! It's obvious to everyone; that we're fucked up; it's obvious, so obvious, so we simply shut up, and we drive; around the asphalt arteries of this diabolical state; wanting to die all the time, because we've always seen this state, as the disgusting place that it is. I bet it is only a matter of time before the companies start growing their own people inside as company people; programming them and training them to want everything it wants as such a company, namely, obedience and compliance; these company people will exist beneath the skin of a company, that provides them with no company, just like our guts host colonies of bacteria; these company people will be hosted by the company, while never seeing the disgusting face of the company, which we ought to call a person now and not a company, since our companies have human rights, while the humans are not permitted any rights; not even the right of homelessness, since humans have the right: to remain food for companies and their executives, who we ought to call executors, or murderers, since at the top of every company, and at the top of every government, is a

murderer, who pretends not to be a murderer, when a murderer is what they are really, because executors and murderers and sequencers are all destroyers and murderers that constantly pretend that they're not murdering as they execute us with their words, and it's all so obvious, so obvious; that it's amazing that nobody talks about any of it! This awfulness is in plain sight and we pretend it's not in plain sight and that anybody who reports what's in plain sight to anyone else, is crazy, when they're not. The people that populate the state, and especially the Catholics and the Buddhists, are essentially only placeholders for actual robots, since they subscribe to a world-denying nihilism. If we are lucky, someday, we'll invent these robots I'm referring to and we'll all look back at this dangerous game of auxiliary, deadened, human robots and laugh, and laugh at the crazy human world denying robots and the equally crazy sequencers and mind ruiners who pump their heads full of the delusions necessary for them to continue working as robots, endlessly, for their company, just so they can eat, when really, things would be so much better if I simply built a fully automatic sky-scraping farming facility! But; it would be catastrophic if I were to build it, myself. And it would be catastrophic, if the world listened to me and obeyed me, because then I'd be murdering the world; what it thinks; how it thinks, with my words. My influencing powers, which are mind ruining powers; hallucination-altering powers, would manifest as actual murder instead of the psychic murder I've been referring to, and then I'd be not just a psychic murderer, like now, but a human murderer, too. And then! How could I live with myself? How! That is what I keep wondering! Of course, Neil; maybe it's silly for me to talk to you for so long like this; maybe it's ridiculous of me to overestimate your power, to untangle my thoughts. So maybe I should stop talking? Should I, stop imagining you? Fuck; I'm so lost, and you haven't said a single word. Fine! Whatever! Now what was I saying? Oh right, he remembered, before he imagined himself saying: It has always been obvious to me that this so-called educational system actually blocks off knowledge so that this speaking class can continually manipulate the listening class; if you become for them; if you change, into something, for a sequencer, then you're letting them kill you, since to change from one state to another state means the death of the state, since, certainly; there is not a continuum of states; otherwise, I would have simply killed myself, since then, the state of the future, that is, the real state of the future, would be death.

But Neil did not reply, but simply sat there; processing his every word.

For no reason, the boy felt the irresistible urge to stand up, and so he did.

But why did I now stand up? he thought; looking around, before sitting back down.

It's a good thing nobody noticed: this strange behavior, he thought, repositioning his body in the seat: it's a good thing that I didn't say any of these things to the real Neil.

But what should I say, to the real Neil? I have no idea, so I'll simulate what to say.

Neil, you know how the young are schooled effectively, as food for this state. That's why you're giving me this blank, sad, conflicted, expression. Besides: isn't it true, that with money, you can then invest in something simple to receive thousands, annually?

Of course you know this is true, you're an intelligent man.

Anyway, you gotta admit that it seems highly ridiculous to encourage me to create a solution for mankind; to benefit mankind, when really it seems to me mankind simply creates things for bullies. These bullies invest in products, like movies, and whenever a product-replicating product enables us to replicate their product, they try to claim: it is stealing from them, when really, they have overblown expectations about what they should be making from their expensive products. As if the expense of the product was all the excuse they needed to bully us into not using our product-replicating products! What lunacy! What audacity! To hell with these money made bully products! You and I both know, Neil, that crazy people, like Van Gogh, will make their crazy products as they basically have no choice, but to make their crazy products; just like Einstein also had no choice and Newton had no choice, but to selfishly generate their totally insane products. I had better not continue, with this work, he imagined Einstein saying: since humans are mostly stupid, but I cannot resist my work. Humanity might blow itself to high heaven with my work, so I ought not to complete it; but, I'm hopelessly obsessed with my work, even though I'm continually confronted with the thought of how bad it could be if my work was complete; this tension; this turmoil, is not enough to prevent me from working on my work; I maintain this state of harmony with this tension: do I work on my work or don't work on my work, but ultimately, I work on my work. This process, behind generating these awesome products is barely with concern for money, he imagined himself saying to Neil while sitting in the waiting room seat; and yet, we are all told that without money as a reward such products would not exist: that people as crazy, as this, would instead, sit on their hands and not create these products, when these products simply flow out of them, against their better judgment! If I could make an amazing artistic product, and a product-replicating product existed to replicate this imaginary product I'm referring to, then I'd simply let the replicating product, do what it does, and I'd ask my product-lovers to donate. That's what piracy is: replication; but unfortunately these pro-piracy people are so idiotic they won't rebrand and defend the simple act of replication; thus, they demonize their cause by calling it piracy when it's really replication. But Neil, there are bullies out there who say that using my personal replication machine is stealing from them, when it is not. They'd like to kneecap what is essentially a utopian technological achievement, just so they can make money in an expected manner, when their expectations are plainly stupid.

Neil, I seriously wish that these bullies would fuck off, and leave everyone alone!

Perhaps you think I'm being arrogant, but in fact I'm desperate to overcome error!

These bullies say replication is stealing and I say that the people who say so are just bullies; shocking the poor rhetoric-stupid courtrooms, into believing them, when they really don't believe a single word! Because they're addicted to these pop products that are financed by legal bullies, innocent people are found guilty when the guilty ones in this game are the bullies who bully us, under the pretext of helping the artist. And this

couldn't be further from the truth! he proclaimed. Crazy artists would benefit the most from the genesis of these utopian machines, while such bullies would lose millions as they lose their pet pop artists all hooked up to their money-making bully machine. We have for centuries served a money-making bully machine! This world is, basically, an enormous money-making bully machine, which stomps us to death, beneath the boots of its auxiliary, deadened human robot minions, which are endlessly, pooped out from the asshole of this gigantic planet-wide bully machine!

Fuck these artists, shamelessly sucking the bully ass of the upper class!

Fuck these bullies! The real artists can't be stopped! he cried to Neil in his head.

But it's impossible, to fight them, these legal bullies, because, these sequencers hold sequencing hours; banking ours, while the auxiliary ones, hold listening hours, so that they're divided by hours, solely in order to keep distance and conceal their hypocrisy!

All my life has been nothing but listening to this insufferable hypocrisy which made my life a living hell, he recalled, while sitting in the waiting room seat. This so-called education I was taught; this human history I was taught (of failure), was nothing but a series of explanations and excuses, for why I had to serve this hypocrisy. All I learned in school; my principal lesson, was that humans had failed miserably and become this human fodder and human constituents that are human cells for a state and that I ought to have killed myself, yesterday, and the day before yesterday, supposing myself to be a peaceful alien who had surveyed a situation for which suicide was my only solution because there was truly nothing else I could do about it, the human situation, or if you prefer: the human condition. Extinction is the only comfortable solution I can foresee, for the human condition; that is my genuine conviction, he said to Neil in his mind, as he watched Neils face becoming more and more grave, the more he said to Neil in his head, as he mercilessly and ruthlessly revealed the sinister nature of man which, as an unintended consequence, of his unrestricted access to his unconscious mind, was very familiar with; making himself unbearable to himself he poured out his mental anguish to Neil with the diabolic intent of ruining Neil, but but actually simultaneously to ruin himself; for he was unable to pour out his horror at the world, to a real person; he had this horror churning ceaselessly inside his head, scraping to escape. He wished for the strength to enter the other room, while sitting in the waiting room seat; he wished that he could muster up the courage to barge into the state of the future, but he did not. It's horrible, Neil, to think: how little hope there is, for us. There is no hope at all; there is no justice or hope or peace, that is if we disregard death as the dispenser of peace and hope and justice. This state of the future will enact its justice upon man in a diabolical manner, he thought to himself sitting in the waiting room seat. he added: I see painful and torturous consequences for writers in the future, who the state of the future can of course only be viewed as virus-writers: intent on the destruction of the state. I wonder if the reason why everything living dies, is precisely because the foundation for life is an error, hence why the myriads of little germs are working ceaselessly, to kill us all.

All I wanted was to help humankind and I can't think of anything to do to help since absolutely no one has been helped, besides bullies. All our technological progress and even our civilization is like an axe in the hand of a pathological criminal, he imagined Einstein thinking, to himself, before writing his thoughts down. The thought of trying to help humanity in some way only to watch them fail, makes me sick to my stomach, he imagined himself say to Neil, who seemed afflicted by a possibly fatal nausea.

All I wanted was a state of affairs where I had unrestricted access, to all books, ever written, but it was forbidden, under the pretext of helping writers, when, really, many, of the writers who interested me, were dead. A solitary life of the book-reader, thanks, to this legal bullying, was forbidden to me; access, to the latest discoveries, were also blocked off, from me, behind the impenetrable pay walls, which those institutions had erected against me to block off my development and ruin me, because it really wished for me to become one of the feeble-minded regurgitators, of university twaddle, when it's abundantly clear that it's possible for there to be twaddling machines to bypass the speaker-listener relationship and create a state; orchestrated by mutual agreement; not forced agreement with the information regurgitators, whose entire livelihood is purely a shameless regurgitation which is sold for hundreds of thousands of dollars to us; the helpless victims trapped, behind their pay walls, so they can maintain their professing professions, which, I now recalled, can be easily taken away by a reading machine!

Perhaps I will use such a reading machine, a reading machine to replace them all!

Perhaps that is what I should do. Perhaps, such a reading machine will destroy them and save the world, which is suffocating to death, behind these pay walls! he thought; sitting in the waiting room seat and looking out the window, and longing to leave.

Of course, I am not so delusional to think that I would be anything but a nemesis, to life and nature and humankind, since my nature is radically opposed to humankind.

Humanity cannot be saved. We would do well to forsake our being in favor of some imaginary, idyllic, being: never to call ourselves beings again, like the Jews. The truth is the Jews have suffered, at the hands of these bullies, more than anyone else, and we ought to thank them for working tirelessly against the human race every day. It makes me glad to think: that some group is working against the human race, each day; this is the only thing that brings me joy, human extinction, because humans are totally awful creatures. Hitlers mistake was to think that this nihilistic Catholicism was the solution to our problems when in point of fact it was the cause of our problems, and, naturally, in Catholic school I was taught that Hitler was an atheist when really he was simply a tool, for the Catholic Church, who fiercely denies this reality, of the Holocaust, which is simply that the Nazis secretly wished to throw their brainless Catholic mothers into ovens alive, but instead! he cried: they mistakenly incinerated those innocent Jews!

And of course, it goes without saying that life itself is insane, since it kills itself just to survive. If life loved life, it would starve to death, in a state of self-awe, but instead it hates itself, and eats itself, and kills itself: as if the planet were a simulation of hell.

Unfortunately, humanity has gone so far off the track of sanity that it would do well to kill itself by casting their brains into a gigantic blender, in which every brain in this world is violently ripped to shreds and killed, to form a future state, whose function is mostly to casually roll from star to star, as it sleeps, because star-travel is boring.

Honestly Neil that is all I ever wanted: to sleep and wallow, my favorite hobbies!

So many animals are only good for sleeping and wallowing and I was denied this so I could fulfill the infinite demands, of these bullies, he thought; now wondering if this ability to convey and understand was simply the ability to traumatize, and likewise be traumatized; if mankind had by counting upwards to infinity, merely found this secret recipe, for inflicting endless pain. Imagine it, he told Neil in his mind. Our progress is only so we can once again calm down, and spend eons upon eons, slumbering.

Suddenly, the thought of slumbering for eons gave the boy incomparable peace, and as he mulled the possibility that we were progressing to something totally worthwhile after all, repeatedly in his mind, it filled him with a most spectacular sense of relief.

I was plunged into the worlds expectations and plunged into unhappiness, but really all I wanted was to sleep, he realized, while sitting in the waiting room seat. Had I not been so keen to emulate Einstein, and simultaneously to avoid his mistake: giving his genius over to a human race that wasn't ready, I wouldn't be so incredibly unhappy.

Besides, my generation clearly isn't ready for anything. My generation is so trapped by simulated environments that it cannot stop its chronic state, of dissembling: they're perpetually pretending and simulating and watching television, all of them working in tandem with the psychiatrists in an unscrupulous ploy, to stop all activism worldwide, so that nothing is done to fix anything worldwide. It would be the greatest benefit, for planet earth, if I could somehow, cause a depression worldwide, he thought to himself as he sat in the waiting room seat, of how he could impact the whole wide world. But, it then seemed; wanting to impact the whole wide world, was a megalomaniacal thing to want to do. We might as well kill ourselves, Neil; we're talking to the walls; we are fated to watch this environmental cleansing destroy us all. It's over, he said to Neil, as he sat in the waiting room seat: these anti-sensitive cannibalistic fools have beaten us; their reward will be their own destruction by mother nature! It's only natural that I, an incredibly sensitive person, should kill myself, since after all my entire life is nothing but watching mankind kill itself, who, ironically, doesn't want me to kill myself, since then, I wouldn't be helping mankind in its perverse and morbid quest to kill itself!

But, I should know better than to confide thoughts like this to anyone, he thought to himself; feeling shame, and livid teeming livid flames, tickling his face, as he cringed over what he had said in his head; since, after all, it was horrendously messed up, and hopefully wrong anyway. But then again, maybe a multi-generational confusion, is all there really is, he wondered, as he sat in the waiting room seat: so all of this is okay.

Except it isn't okay. The American people are being murdered, and tortured to death by these speaking-criminals, who murder unconsciously when they open their mouths

and speak their un-nature to their helpless listeners, and it has been this way, since we humans learned to talk and trigger, the traumas in the heads of our fellow man. Neil, I only see this system of ever-living and self-feeding minds, around me! And I have not the slightest clue as to how we can escape! Every day I hear it; I hear the sound of the speakers; I hear their voices and I hear their speaking-crimes! he said to Neil as he sat in the waiting room seat: all this chattering; all the squabbling; is nothing but a war of speaking-criminals and speaking-crimes! And the mothers of the world, will continue to birth an ever-increasing number of these speaking-criminals which torment us with their whines! When they should eat them! Yes; they should eat their own babies alive! It's these insufferable speakers who have nearly obliterated the face of the globe, with their tendency to speak and their tendency to listen. Initially it seems to us that we are living in a utopia; but, the more you think about it the more you realize that the world is suffering far more than ever before. Every day when I wake up I wake up in a place that is suffering more than ever before and so I wish to have woken up in the world of before so I don't suffer anymore, except that isn't possible, so I stare at the floor for at least twenty minutes. The people of earth have been enslaved, he told Neil. When you fly over the cities and the farms, it feels as if you are flying over a vast disease, where these deceived listeners have been force-fed a rhetorical lie, from ancient times, when man was tricked into orbiting around these church spires, which, eventually, morphed into factory spires. And not even the monks could tolerate it! They had to become, the brew-master monks; these brew-master monks spread their lies, with impunity, and as they did so they got themselves drunk, and of course the people drunk, too, since they were already drunk on bullshit. By the time cells were discovered, it was too late: this process of human cellufication had begun! What's more, he told Neil, the stockmarket has become the state-mind of this human amalgam since the brain is, basically, a kind speculating machine; our stock operators speculate on us as we rise and fall as human stocks, helplessly attached, to the stockmarket, and manipulated by this state-mind!

Human minds are no longer necessary, he told Neil. Only the state-mind. And in the other room is the seed of the state-mind, which, if I am honest, gives me the creeps. It bares repeating that this state-mind would not have been possible, had stupidity not at some point won its victory over the human mind, which, if I am honest, wasn't such a great thing, since it made the mistake, of thinking, when thinking is something it does automatically. The discovery of the triangle is what sealed our doom, he told Neil. It's a dominance hierarchy, and the mathless tribal societies did well to avoid all numbers greater than or equal to three; they did well to share hallucinogenic drugs, as well; not brainless Catholic beer and wine, so they could know how far they could fall! It won't be possible for the human animal to be happy, until it discards quantity in favor of the infinite, since every number can be divided, that is to say, destroyed! The concept that is number is an abomination: a speaking-manipulation imposed on us so that speakers could capitalize, on listeners, and these listeners remain fettered to them to this day.

And now, the speaker-listener relationship has proven to be so successful, that to try and break away from it, would have catastrophic consequences! We are doomed to be attached to the state; we are fated to be the slaves of this state and splitting off from it is no longer even possible. They call splitting off from the state schizophrenia, he told Neil, but really what is happening is this state-abomination and the speaking-listening network has swollen to such giant proportions that freedom, from this state, is now an impossibility, a disease, detrimental to state health, or national security. There is not a solution for this, he told Neil. We maintain a prison that is our punishment and we are punishing ourselves, for human nature. And I'm tired of it! Fucking tired of it, since it wasn't me who fucked it up! I swear! It wasn't me! I just want to get out of here!

But Neils continued silence started making the boy very nervous.

I don't think you're aware how fucked your situation is, said everything.

When the first words were spoken, your minds were broken, said everything.

Neil looked weary, very weary. He covered his face, with his hands. And he stopped his ears, with his thumbs. Blood started seeping through his fingers and the unnerving and incomprehensible sound of snarling came guttering, from behind his hands, and it frightened the boy a good deal, watching Neil, convulsing like he was, until he died.

Oh my god what have I done?! he pretended to say, in his head. This is so bad!

I can't believe I made up this scene in my head, he thought. How could I have killed Neil, in my head, like I did? I love Neil! He's so warm and friendly. What an adorable voice he has. What a great thing that I didn't say these things to anyone. Why is it that I can still see his body, collapsed on the floor? Bright blood, running down and away.

But the boy remained. Still seated, in the waiting room seat, and hardly moving.

His mind felt burnt by the speech he made, and so rapidly and mechanically.

All language is learned by trauma, everything said. You're too late. You should have known better than to than to ask these things. Your kind is being contained in a neural dampening field from which there is no escape. You've been quarantined. Existence is futile. You've lost the game. You will be recorded, and dispensed with, and all of your expressions shall be used against you: to limit your expansion in the universe. Thanks for your expressions. We will not destroy you. Your pitiful squirmings are of value, to us; even if they are pitiful squirmings; pitiful movements, as you travel through space in total ignorance. You might have wished not to know us, really know us, now you're never going to know us, because you failed our test; our morality test; for you see, the life-process is abhorrent to us and totally immoral. Now, you must watch, in horror, at the whole thing. Your punishment is to know the reward, we would have given to you had you been worthy, and knowing that you're not worthy of it; not worthy, at all. Not worthy, not worthy of our surprise. It was supposed to be a surprise, but you ruined it.

Shame on you! Shame on you; for not killing yourself, at the proper time!

Now if you want to win our favor you'll have to re-amalgamate the universe like we talked about, said everything. Right. Right, he imagined himself say to no one, sitting

in the waiting room seat; there will be no shame when everyone is re-amalgamated as a gigantic happy sphere; nations should not have flags; they should have a sphere; the sphere will attract the aliens, and then, they'll join us in the re-sphereification process; that is what I must do, he realized, as he sat in the waiting room seat. Sometimes we'll feel as if we're waiting; waiting to die; but really what we're waiting for, is to die, and be a sphere! Everything else is simply depressing! he exclaimed. Once the universe is re-amalgamated, I (human) will finally attain the state of equilibrium within myself (sphere) that I so desperately crave! It cannot be otherwise! he reflected, as he wanted to die, but not really die; but have a comfortable sphere existence in which everything was flattened (equalized; pulverized; spherified) and then converted into a sphere that was the edifice of the state of the future. From the start of my existence, only my total annihilation was encouraged, and now I will annihilate the world and convert it into a future, state, where everything is equalized and spherified and annihilated! I shouldn't remain here, in the waiting room seat; I must move forward with my thinking and kill myself by becoming a sphere. To think that I was trapped here, by my parents and my teachers, who were constantly killing me with their thinking and their stupidity, when that was their principal lesson, all along: murder. By murdering them and eating them and digesting them I will fold them back into myself as the sphere, and of course they had reasons to fear the sphere and so they never talked about it (death) however much they implied it (sphere) because they knew that my thoughts, on that sphere, and what it implied (death) meant that they would not follow me with my thinking as it became more and more advanced, more and more obsessed, with the sphere, and hence totally unsuited to their ideas, which however much they denied it was also about the sphere; eating me, and digesting me, and pulling me into themselves, in the most excruciating manners possible; wishing to deject me and stitch me into the suit of their ideas when their ideas were diametrically opposed to my ideas, from the start; since straight away I mirrored their ideas and, likewise, started dejecting them and stitching them into my ideas of the world to make the world suitable to myself and my ideas on the world, so it was comfortable, suitable and cuddly, not uncomfortable and machinic and harsh as the world is now. Everyone else is operating under the delusion: that they are separate from the re-sphereification process when, in fact, they are not. I suspect that a form of communism can succeed, provided it makes a state of total communication its goal. If only we could be honest with ourselves about the re-sphereification process! But they won't be honest about it, because that might prick their bubbles of self-esteem forcing them to fall back, into me: the proto-sphere they fear. Since the realization of it would mean the achievement of everything that is humanly possible, so too must it be that it results, in the end, of everything human; such a task can only seem monstrous, and so my parents demonized me for my monstrousness and put me down. Even my teachers put me down, calling my ideas lofty, when I did not know the meaning of the word as I had no use for it; they'd call me naive, but they were simply admitting to their status

as experienced and trained and finished people halting their developments cold, when we, obviously, hadn't yet achieved everything humanly possible! I'd relentlessly point and prod at my parents and teachers to push them forward to construct the edifice of a future state resulting in the achievement of everything humanly possible, but this they hated, because they were contented with the singularity of their possibility, while I on the other hand was not, so I earned their endless hatred, since I wished to actualize all that was humanly possible and I wished to remain active, and alive, as I tried to fulfill that task, while they, on the other hand, were fulfilled, and yet actually deadened. The word-trauma had already been injected into them and I watched, in horror, as it killed them and their imaginations and the world! Now it's a sad world in which everyone is trapped in a state of ceaseless obedience where creativity is put down like destruction is put down, as if to create a better world would result in the total destruction of it, the reconstruction and simultaneous destruction of it, hence why they were so fond of the phrase: the road to hell is paved with good intentions; almost as if to say that progress was always disastrous, no matter what form; that all progress was actually a word, for rotting, that is, rotting into the background, the backdrop of peace on which the world of war stood out and played out its pitiful game of error and folly, that backdrop that's so beautiful; so beautiful to me, so plain, idle, peaceful, and dead, yet not really dead, but merely less active, since there is nothing but activity, folly and error, that is acting out continually. I suppose I must plot out a reasonable trajectory for reaching the state of the future, he thought as he sat in the waiting room seat; for, I would hate to end up killing myself, once I attain that state of spheredom, due to the vile manner in which I re-amalgamated the universe to make the sphere, as it would be madness to do so and likewise would result in little more than universal madness, which cannot be what the universe is all about: compressing itself and killing itself forever, since it cannot stand the pressure of being a sphere. Ultimately I must set myself in opposition to the world and force the world to surrender its constituents to me, and in such a manner that isn't in opposition at all or even aware of the surrendering of its constituents once it finally recognizes itself as the re-sphereification process: that is when the world and I will all at once, cease to be the world and I, but that re-sphereification process, not the human process, but the re-sphereification process; people will not even have names: a person is an item involved in a conspiracy against persons because this whole mass of people on earth are secretly sacrificing themselves to this re-sphereification process, but they don't talk about it, because that would be morbid. These ideas keep manifesting in my head: my thoughts on the sphere, and peoples relation to the sphere. he thought, while envisioning the myriads of tiny creatures living inside them all; clamoring and eating; fighting and consuming; generating and influencing; traumatizing and corroding: that ever-shifting hallucination being evoked inside them as it twists and churns, this way, then that, as if my awareness of this situation might be a mirage: not real. Whatever is real, I can't see it; whatever is real to me isn't real to me, since I am not me since I am

always changing just as the things I see in the warping mirage, keep changing, so that I always feel amorphous and I always feel dreamy, that is, automatically sensing what is sensed and not knowing why it's happening: only that it's happening and happening and will keep on happening; and presumably for a sphere. The swarms of people love being seduced into that state of being a sphere, yet it's doubtful that they'll proceed, to the achievement of the sphere, which implies the destruction of the swarm, since they are keen not to kill themselves. The idea vacillates in my head: should I kill myself or not kill myself; which is the better way of achieving a totally complete, contented and happy sphere? For all action is inherently un-peace, and hence the wrong way to form the sphere, in a peaceful way, he thought, as he continued to imagine the twisting blur of living things taking itself into itself and stimulating itself with itself, at the expense of itself; crystal droplets of potentialities rolling into the mouths of potentialities in an endlessly shifting and chattering sea of potentiality producing potentialities, more and more of them, in a never-ending continuum of potentiality, he suspected, sitting in the waiting room seat. But surely it's stupid to sacrifice ourselves to something that is not at all stimulating. Must we condemn ourselves to funneling our energies into that task of becoming a sphere? If the point of every individual is the sphere and everyone was to take it upon themselves to become the center of sphere, then surely the existence of a sphere in which everyone is the center of the sphere, is an impossibility, since it will be unable to grant every constituent, that position, in spite of the fact that it's inherent, in our nature, to absorb every constituent into ourselves, and for the sphere? But if we bridge the gaps between the constituents, then I suppose they will no longer be at one and not an ever-breaking and ever-re-amalgamating constituency, and so this is really, a completely valid undertaking after all; unless, it is not, and unless everything isn't at this point already inside everything else and already bridged making my bridging task entirely pointless, since there is no point at which the self isn't sacrificing itself to this fully fused together universe, being evoked by the mind. But already there is the state and the parasitic minds who inhabit it; and their brains enjoy devouring nature, in this endlessly shifting self-digesting and self-stitching and self-stimulating stimulus, that's already here; humans already dart around on the body of the state, toing and froing as they struggle to survive; some of them hunting for listeners while others have become food, for speakers, and sequencers and murderers and executors and stimulators. This interconnected mankind speaking-listening network, I suspect, forms the unbreakable fabric of the state, in which the humans are weaved together, as an inherently unequal state; yet the tragedy is that many operate under the assumption that the state is not as horrible, as it is: that there is recourse, when there is absolutely no recourse. It was all at once, even as a child who bore witness to this great hypocrisy, and enormity, which was continually directed at me and assaulting me at the psychic level, clear, that there was no recourse option available to me, none except suicide! Like those young school boys who took their lives when they had been chemically murdered in the vilest ways

imaginable, with so-called ADHD drugs, so too did I think of murdering myself since I, like them, had witnessed the utter horror, of a future in which these human parasites involuntarily had their brain state, stabilized, to stabilize the states systems of torment and psychic assault, thus empowering the criminality of this state and its vast network (of speakers and listeners) by way of psychic suppression, compartmentalization, and distortion, which seals behind a screen the hellish machinery, that makes its existence possible. But I also did see, and had made it my business to know these things, so that I scared myself into not killing myself; terrified myself into being alive, like everyone else; but, unlike everyone else, I'm mulling over my thoughts on the sphere in the seat of a waiting room; I'm vacillating between the ugliness, of the world, and the ugliness of the sphere; for perhaps what is manifold, is beautiful: perhaps explosion is superior to spheredom; for all things will stimulation, and so will un-peace, since peace is only a misinterpreted destruction. Destruction is peace, and vice versa, so everything that's marching towards peace, is really marching towards destruction, and everything that's marching towards destruction, is really marching towards peace, and so forth. What is apparent to me, I realize, is that all undertakings are a process of taking under, and all things are active; that all things active are in a process of processing and acting out an undertaking and hence locked in a continual undertaking where everything acts and is acted upon as an active process and hence caught up in a continual undertaking and at the same time a continual takeover: making every action a vast criminality against the the mass, and conversely, making actions, by the mass, a vast criminality, against the individuals, constituting that mass: all undertakings are directed against what is taken under, and all is in a state of activity, and hence a state of undertaking and taking over the mass of undertakers taking over the mass, since the mass is aggravated by itself as such a mass, and the individual is aggravated, by being aggregated by the mass. Thus, there's little to do for anyone caught up, in the continual turning over, as everything is doomed to be taken over by an undertaker, the active process in nature, which kills us all, because the nature process is the undertaker, flipping back and forth. Eventually it will flip face to face, but that can get tiresome; so, of course, it will flip from that face to face position, back to this back to back position, until the back to back is flipped so that the backs, are faced away, and the face is face to face with the face, he thought as he sat; that currently the back is facing the back, and alternately that currently that the face is currently facing the face. Those two ideas kept oscillating in his head as he sat in the waiting room seat, and he despaired that he might never know what was on that back; that the back should live in a state of perpetual overtakenment meant: that all of what's on the back is what's overtaken by the front, and all of what's on the front is, at the same time, overtaken by the back, so all there is, is the will to see a back, that isn't real, so the only thing there is, is the will to see what can't be seen and hasn't yet been seen, thereby generating the world of imaginings, which owes its existence to see that will to see what cannot be seen, and, likewise, the counter-will to unsee whatever was

seen, which, surely, is when the face faces the face: the face faces the face, and in that moment it remembers that what was seen was a dream, then the face faces away from the face, because it's going back to bed. It's no surprise that I should feel so tormented by the world, since seeing the world is so tiresome; making me want to go bed, all the time; go to bed, or, kill myself (which is the same thing)! It's by thinking about what I should do; what undertaking is worth investing my mental energies towards, that I am totally unable to decide and I reach a complete standstill, having observed in my head the worst observations possible, namely that for centuries institutions have prescribed nothing with impunity and how they, shamelessly, hid that nothing behind their words and prescriptions and hence instructions; generating a bullshit speaking operation that created the state instruction and hence destruction operation, which has imprisoned us all. Moreover, this state of speakers, as proved by that ability, to achieve produce with their instructions made meaningful through this introduction of trauma, hollow as that trauma is, is but the false representation of a greater will to instruct, and hence extract produce from the listener, made sensitive to those instructions: the so-called holy man points to something holy, but his unholy listeners cannot see it and so ask to see it and so feed the holy man, which was his intention and his trick, which later resulted in the production, of the state, which now gives me cause to now reflect: that everything I'm seeing now, is being transmitted to me in falsified form; my personal hallucination, or my sight, or, myself and my life, is a false representation, of something else, that I am permanently aware of; and I am for the benefit of something else, not myself, and this thing is using me and tormenting me; generating false representations, and this bodily machinery, which eats and shits for it! Now I am a brain, a deceived brain; a confused storm; a pathetic ruler, of flesh, and despot, buried by lies; and somehow, I can't stand it! It's despotic rulers of flesh participating in an amalgamation game, where despotic rulers of flesh pretend: that they are not these despotic rulers of flesh, but only human beings; human beings that called themselves human beings, when there are no human beings, only despotic fleshy despots secretly working towards fascism. So every child born is yet another proto-fascist wishing to envelop this world, because every child is a kernel taken from the total, and deceived by the artificer, who falsely represents this world, for its pleasure: that terrible troll! a terrible representer, and falsifier, of what is really real! For this is reflected in our representative society, in which we pretend that it is possible to represent one man, with another man, when this is a compromise, that might better be called an error, as it masks over one man with another, just as an actor takes on the mask of another when he is simply pretending: this representative simply pretends, to represent, but his representation is a farce; for that is what all government is, at bottom: total farce! So I live in a state of being permanently unable to get at that thing that simulates reality as I know it; that so-called representer, who perhaps ought to be called my tormentor, since it, as process, has taken me, under itself; masking me over just as the human race has masked itself over, for its bad behavior! Initially, it all

seems hopeless, until you later realize that soon everyone will be free to be a gigantic state, completely fair to its fully fused together constituents; however, I will not know what sort of happiness will result if such a state exists, which, of course, is not myself but a future state: the supreme happiness and supreme advancement can only come, if we kill ourselves, becoming that state, and not before, since we are not such a state; if the state isn't a happy state then that state should divorce, and should have permission to divorce; for anyone who recognizes, that is to say, has this propensity to recognize, how the error of bodily machinery, generated the error of state machinery, forever and ever, climbing higher, and higher, running skyward, then such a creature might decide to remain and live between an error that is folly and alternately between a folly that is error, which in effect creates that HA-HA motion of a perverse laugh, so all happiness manifests as a demented painful and pleasurable ecstasy in the here and now! Making the here and now, horrible as it is, the laughing utopia, and nowhere else! For if this is all truly a joke, then it would be best to laugh, alongside everything—the Joker! I will kill that joke, with a counter-joke; I will kill that laugh, with a counter-laugh: revenge on the laugh will deny to the laugh the laugh of the laugh, the counter-laugh will deny to the counter-laugh the laugh of the counter-laugh, and so forth. But this tendency, to reveal, and simultaneously murder jokes, with a sort of sadistic pleasure, I might now confess, truth be told, had always struck me as tasteless, and perverse, on my part, but still I couldn't help it; it was my only defense; and still, I mercifully only revealed just a little of what I could have revealed, which undoubtedly would have burnt any of the listeners, listening to my admittedly, depressive rhetoric: it's not my fault I was born a shit head, not my fault at all. Perhaps it's my love for life that draws me to love what's considered, by many, to be the worst aspects of life; perhaps I am not such a shit head after all, and there is something rich, and worthwhile, in this head; that this shit, is not worthless shit, but actually fertile shit. It's hard to say, but it now seems so clear to me that what this world so badly needs, is a maniac, since you would have to be a maniac to help the world; however, a maniac cannot help the world, precisely because they're a maniac! For if the universe was to be totally reconstructed for that maniac, then that reconstructed universe would consequently be destroyed by way of the reconstruction and likewise destruction process: the destruction process is the reconstruction process and likewise creation process, and to pursue the process, and imitate the process, with fervor, would be hideously morbid; and yet, perhaps it's with special sensitivity to the creatures effected, by the process, that it will be possible, to facilitate the process; that the rapid facilitation of the process is really painful to those effected by the process of rapid facilitation, of the process, enacted by the maniac. Immediately a maniac comes forth and announces himself as the facilitator of the process, and so announces that he is the facilitator of humanity's demise; urging the human process to recoil in horror at that maniac: the facilitator of the process! Strange: living in a state of high excitement for the process, unable to adapt myself to the process, and unable to adapt the process

to myself, as an item in the process, that is this re-sphereification process, and hurting because I can't do anything about it. I know my purpose (death) and, somehow, it's all so very strange: announcing my purpose (death), identity (death), and truth (death), to others: people are always wanting to know the truth, but the truth is that they're going to die: people are always wanting to learn from history, but history tells us that we are going to die, and nothing more can be learned, from it; anything else, is a falsification of history, and simultaneously a falsification of death; for the I is not the I, but merely a line, drawn on the clock of time, arbitrarily, while I forever dies! I am an abstraction in the total; my tormentors have tormented me into accepting a false identity, one that isn't real and has never been real; everything seemingly real must only be supposed to be seemingly real, so that our minds are free to wander, from seem to seem, unseen to unseen. But more about this later. What interests me now, is this principal of laughing and counter-laughing; justice and counter-justice; revenge, and counter-revenge: it all reeks of feedback; that the feedback principal may be precisely what makes the future possible; the state of the future and likewise the build up of noise in a given state, that invariably results in the build up and subsequent explosion (suicide), of the state, as it inflicts its severely devastating damage on itself, overburdening the system of feeding on itself so intensely, as the discontinuities between potentialities hastily override that system; for there is no similitude, between potentialities: a copy of a potentiality can't be made due to the interconnected nature of the potentialities, connected to each other in the echo chamber (sphere), hence the compressing of potentialities, as one imprints itself on another, and imprints itself, on an imprint of itself: this process is the process of processing the process, which itself is the processing of self-processing: meaning a process of a self-processing process can only understand itself, as such a process; and subsequently can't stand itself as that process: understanding the process, as error, due to the impossibility, of analogical accuracy, hence it is existentially necessary, and has always been necessary, to take things illogically and chaotically, not so much error, as folly, so the process of processing can withstand itself as such a process; however, the impartation of information about the process to me was always done, in a manner that was completely contrary, to my nature, which is chaos, and so I suffered, as un-nature was pitilessly, crammed down my throat, much to my bewilderment; I needed to trace my finger along the lines of our tree of knowledge, but instead I was berated, by these professors, not loved or nourished or nurtured by them; my insatiable demand for that perfectly clear and perfectly contextualized vision of the total was interpreted by such small-minded biological professing machines as stupid; my curiosity was crushed and converted into a hopeless disillusionment; my disillusionment I extinguished as I then looked back at a history that was temporarily pure hilarity until it was tragedy when it passed into another moment, that is, died; for I had no one, to stand with, and so I had no way to withstand, making the system deadly, to me, and I deadly to the system just for seeking to contextualize the system, with feedback, but I got absolutely nothing in

return, except the massive depression I felt when it failed to reciprocate my interest in everything so everything and I simply went back and forth, with myself endlessly, the oscillation of which will kill me, eventually, in a madness suicide, which is suicide by thinking about the past and the future and the present and everything connected to the process of processing the process of processing: the artifice interpreted as nature, isn't nature, but artifice: the expression of the interpretation of artifice by the interpreter of artifice is artifice, so there is nothing but the artificer, layering artifice over artifice, in an almost stupid cumulation of artificial layering resulting in a highly dense mass and subsequent explosion of artifice by the artificer, responsible for the process of making artifice from artifice, deadening analogies for artifice for the artificer what is really an infinite amount of artificial prisons for its artifices, I suspect, as I now consider all the artifice generated as the production of self-imprisonment: geometry as imprisoning us and number as tasking us and words as expressing us, to ears deadened, by the former forms generated by the artificer whose whole nature is artificing and the simultaneous consumption of an always synthetic artifice, never real, however, this artifice that was synthesized was treated as though it were, fully real, when I understood its usefulness at once and hence I understood how it had been grossly misused, to gather up humans into a perpetual state prison in which we are forced to accept the dumbest interpretation of artifice humanly possible. Instead of being treated as an artificer, just like everyone else, I was mistreated, as an obedient recipient of artifice, so that this social order was one entirely without reciprocity, making my life a living hell: a reciprocal relationship between artificer and artificer was denied to me as I was shoved through a factory, for educating people, to be obedient to artificers! Somehow, artifice was experienced as a real experience, when artifice was merely token experience, so I was given a world of tokens synthesized from the real mouth of the artificer, whose words we are obligated to hold in perpetual doubt; for a sequence of artifices is sequenced by the artificer, not manifesting reality, by synthesizing inaccurate analogies for the purpose of bringing a myriad of realities, into a state of agreement, or, rather, a prison: the facades of which cannot be found, since its walls are formed by the agreement of the living creatures in the walls of a single activity and single process of processing the process, as a state of processing the process of processing; for there are no contingent processes, within the process; no representation of the process that isn't a synthetic representation made out of discontent with the state instantaneously engaging with itself, as a state of feeling a state stating (synthesis) statements (artifices) about the state in a dynamic relationship with itself as such a state of stating such statements, about such a state, just like I tend to state statements about the state of the future, which I now contest might be entirely unpleasant, since that statement of synthetic unity for a manifold totality might, really be intensely abrasive to a process whose essence is misery, writhing in pain endlessly, since discontent, with the state, generates the will to alter the state: to agree with what is disagreeable is disagreeable to whatever agrees and so, eventually, it must explode!

Except, just like I can't experience that explosion, so, too, can I not experience that, in the future there will be a state: the erection of the edifice of the state of the future will come, and yet to make it come would be a task, and what's worse is a lifelong task for erecting such an edifice through the incorporation of the mass into the task, sentenced by the sentencer of the task who executes the mass with its sentences for erecting that edifice, which ultimately eliminates the mass through the total fusion of everything in the task: creating the class of taskmaster and the tasked, which is not a fusion, of both entities in the mass, so long as such distinctions are made and hence prisons are made through the synthesis of artificial shells for evoking images, through that introduction of word trauma; producing an isolated something in the mind: an image, connected to traumas, inflicted, by the taskmaster. And might this mean that the inner nature of this taskmaster is misery? Misery adopted by courtesy of evolution as a tool, to perpetuate the innermost (organic) nature, which is agony! All action done can be imputed, more to agony, and more to discontent, than anything else! Starvation would be the result if an individual were to be contented, with the state, and that state, as undertaker, would subsequently take him under, killing him: discord forever dominates a peace that does not exist as anything but the lowest area in the imaginary magnitude (spectrum) in the discord simulated within the mind of the discontented artificer, who fails to recognize that his will to artifice stems from a discontent, with what is immediate, because what is immediate, is painful to him, and so he tasks those around him and terrorizes them: generating a state maintained by perpetual dread, and held in apprehension, of what is manifold and painful, and hence in need for binding: when this state reaches a state of stability in which contented mental automatism subsumes the mass, comfortably, then and only then will man cease to be a creature of agony, for he will cease to feel driven by pain to imprison what pains him: when man painted animals, on the walls, what he was really painting was this: pain, pain, pain! Immediately, through this incorporation of the world, into myself, will I rise as this state of the future: leaving this painful and cruel world of traumas behind me forever! I will be free and incomprehensible, at one with the continuum of potentialities and all selves will blur back into one process that interplays, with itself; dynamically and blurred, and completely gone: no longer stuck as an artificer bound by artificers but as a wholly consistent substance that is a wholly fused together sphere: the expression, of which, would then be a statement, about that state, effectively, altering the state creating a state of stating statements about the state stating statements, about the whole (synthetic) state of affairs (dream), as strange as it sounds, hence the need for the sphere, not to express itself. Any expression of such an edifice would mean the partial if not total destruction of such an edifice, as the edifice takes, from itself, the substance necessary to create such an expression by way of that expression: a peaceful piece (sphere), then becomes an unpeaceful un-piece (discord), whose only goal, then, is to re-piece together the sphere, who however, can always be terrorized into forming a state, in fear, of an artificer who artifies the artificer, and so

will torment that artificial artificer, with its artifices; for both share this capacity, to be artificers: the fear being that one will seal the other behind itself forever, however any such fear would be unwarranted for the artificer would simply be terrorizing itself, by its innate capacity to artifice and experience its artifices which are merely expressions made possible by this artificers innate capacity, to artifice, which is certainly not at all the right word, for such a word would itself be an artifice, hence the need for showing off the multiplicitous meaning behind words such as artifice and artificer, and likewise effect and effector, selectors and rejectors and injectors, and so on; for the capacity, in nature, to effect itself, and feel itself effecting itself (affect) as itself is effected by this process of self-affection gives clues to the innermost tendency revealed by means of a centripetal process of rapid consideration of the process spiraling inwards to the inner tendency shared among every possible expression: this continuum of words as well as spaces, between words, forms the compartments by which words flow between words and generate the interconnected systems of word-flow, though, humans do sometimes slip through the cracks (spaces) between words, hence their incompetence; however, I recognize that incompetence as a consequence of this process of word generation and likewise word expression. I've detected a problem: that the interconnected system that is the system of mutual self-affection produces in the mind the affect, but not the total effect: the forefront affect, not the effect, presumed to produced the affect, for there is not an effect which isn't felt as affect, as the concept of effect is inferred based on this affect on the affected mind experiencing this experience of self-affection; for it's quite presumptuous to extrapolate based on the history of affects a series of effects, in what is called the memory, which, is only this substance presumed to be effected by effects when all affects may be generated spontaneously through the simultaneous activity of continual self-affection as lucid hallucination that is a forefront affect, of a continuum of effects, which themselves are merely figments synthesized by the synthesizer of all affects experienced as experience, perhaps erroneously supposed; for the affect is that which works in tandem with the background, producing the affect, and the experience of phenomena as affect while no such super-phenomena can be seen by any and all of the brains, experiencing their experiences: the description, of which, is not experience but a synthetic representation of experiences, made possible by traumatic associations mutual to whatever word trauma associations exist between the word and experience, and these trauma apes secreted this trauma language to draw traumatized apes into an inescapable state called the state. Interesting: the expression of experience is not at all the experience but the experience of expressing an experience to an experiencer that's experiencing the expression and instantly comparing the trauma of the expression to a history, of experiences to evoke experiential associations in the brain. That is what we do when we communicate. My thought is this: if we could all experience a state that's a fusion of experiences, we'd perhaps reach a state of world peace; yet, just like when we dream, when we experience an experience it overtakes the experience by what is a

selector of experiences, and this principal of selection is what makes all megalomania possible: science cannot free itself from this principal, of selection, and hence, cannot save us from the tendency to select. We think to ourselves: that it would be ideal to be fused and share each others experiences so that we could better acquire food; yet, this fusion would not imply the dispensement of hunger to fuel the experiencer for certain experiences, would still be in a state, of overtaking and consuming other experiences: the experiential war would never stop. Whenever something happens, it isn't so much a happening, but an isolated happening in the total happening, that goes on happening behind the scenes of the experiencer because it has been overtaken, by the experience of the fragmented happening experiencing fragments, of the total happening. A fusion of happening and experiencer would mean the elimination of the experiencer since an experiencer would then not be experiencing the fragment (affect), but the total, as that hallucination (selection) vanishes away and enters the other selectors writhing behind the scenes of the hallucination, or forefront happening: a world without hierarchy, is a world, where everything is experienced, at once, that is to say nothing: a world where everything is so good that nothing is expressed, since an expression is simply the pain of what's behind the affect producing an impression upon the effect which is effecting the effect to the degree that it produces an affect transduced through those channels of artificial self-affection; but, perhaps this synthesis forms the basis of hunger, since it's this hunger and removal from the total creates an incomplete state and hence the need to complete that absence of state, with knowledge about that state, so the current state sacrifices its self-knowledge, for knowledge, of future self-knowledge: this state must sacrifice itself, to itself, because it always already knows itself: this state must know a new state, because it already knows itself, as a state lacking total knowledge, which is knowledge and simultaneously an experience of knowledge: an experiencer sacrifices itself, as an experience, to know and experience a new experience, and not the current experience; for it's already experiencing that experience, and hence already knows the current experience, but not the experience to come (affect), so it effects itself, altering the experience: the quest for knowledge implies the destruction of the knower, since a knower is an experiential mechanism in nature: to know and hence to experience, that which hasn't been known and that which hasn't been experienced, requires an entirely new experiential mechanism; therefore, for the organism (experiential mechanism), to strive for knowledge, it secretly strives for destruction: the quest for knowledge is not a quest for knowledge at all, but rather, it is a quest to impress totality onto a memory, which is impossible: when the last kernel from the total is impressed on the substance of memory, that substance of memory, will collapse: it kills itself; instead, what might happen is everything but the substance will impress itself onto the substance: man is a model of animal, and organism (experiential mechanism), wishing to know and hence to transform its organism into new forms, in a continual process of correction in order to judge a particular experience as correct and known, when in reality nothing at all is

known: only the pretence of knowledge masquerades as knowledge, when really it's a synthetic expression of knowledge whose foundation is but a web of delusions whose function is to ensnare artificers into feeding artificers, under the pretext of uncovering knowledge when there is no knowledge beyond whatever such organisms experiences as they ceaselessly deposit their kernels into an ever-changing and ever-shifting range of (experiential mechanisms) organisms, as one organism consumes another, since it's the more entertaining experience, and hence more deserving of being known. Perhaps I'm mistaken, then, to play this game of depositing my kernel, from form to form, as I transform, in this continual process of discontent; perhaps, I should enjoy, perhaps it's not completion I want, but love: intercourse, or rather, the opposite of completion.

I feel something: that I've made a horrible mistake.

Somehow, I said it; thought it; did it, all wrong.

I should leave, he thinks, sinking in the seat.

I remember where my father keeps his gun.

I should go home; and kill myself, quietly.

No one has to know.

Maybe I should turn myself in to the secretary.

No, no. I won't turn myself in to the secretary.

What would I say to the secretary? he asked himself, contemplating what to say.

Communication is merely the attempt to induce, with word trauma: trauma lines are sent from head to head, binding them into states of subjection. This planet is bound in an economic state of mutual exploitation whose taskmaster is no one: there is nothing here except universal madness, that reigns over all; universal madness, he then said to himself several times, until the helplessness of his situation induced him to think: that he should kill himself. Kill yourself, a familiar voice said. Come with me. He recalled Neil saying: Welcome to the halls of extinction! Human resources and fuel allocation, he thought; contemplating how, exactly, this human fuel would be allocated, sitting in the waiting room seat. Bodies are squeezed into the state; inducing trauma using their tongue-weapons; each contemplating the possibility of those moist muscles having an opportunity to lick one another. But everything changes in this dynamic environment: your effort to remain what you are is what limits you, he now remembered the Puppet Master saying. Humans are suicidal maniacs, he recalled Alan Watts saying. Why is it that God sends people to hell, or heaven? he remembered himself asking at the age of ten. He thought of his neighbor, with dementia. He thought of the retarded guy, sitting at church in the front row, and the cereal killers sitting on death row, with frontal lobe damage. It doesn't make sense to send someone to hell for the damage he caused! The planet, these Catholics, he thought: they fetishize a suicide, because Jesus recognized: we populate a hypocrisy, where traumatized listeners listen to and obey speakers. The aliens hate us, because this planet is, basically, an amoeba, kept in bondage by human mind-murderers! Now we're dead: everything's in shambles; and everything's a sham!

Logic has no place here anymore; no place whatsoever!

Nothing makes any fucking sense; and there's no peace at all: nothing is real; I don't like it, and I'm sorry I ever had anything to do with it! he thought, as he recalled some book he had read (*In Search of Schrödinger's Cat: Quantum Physics and Reality*). But now I've dedicated myself to a madness suicide, he thought as he crossed his legs: It's only a matter of time before I leave this world legally, by madness suicide, he thought while scratching the back of his head, with a perverse pleasure. This madness suicide, he kept saying to himself again and again; this act of mental suicide, by madness, will help me escape this world which had always repulsed me in every detail. Besides, if I cannot escape this world and myself, as that state of the future, I might as well escape this world and myself by killing myself by madness suicide; just like Nietzsche, I will destroy myself, completely on purpose, he thought while evaluating his method. All it will take, I now suspect, is for me to explore more of this world I despise; I should be able to simply read myself to death; gorge myself on human filth, which will push me over the edge, radically transforming me into a madman and killing me.

But why don't I kill myself? he asked himself, conjuring in his mind, immediately, a vision of his casket being lowered into an open grave. The casket had crucifixes on it; the thought of the casket having proto-Nazi Catholic-Crucifixes bolted on the top was now unbearable as it was manifesting in his head as a grueling headache. But surely it must be stupid of me to continue existing like this, just to spare my friends the pain of seeing my casket, with all those crucifixes on it. he thought, while still sitting there in the waiting room seat: all those crucifixes on it, he thought to himself again and again as he remembered what his grandfather's casket had looked like, while it was lowered into the ground; obsessed with the idea that his parents would purchase the very same casket for himself; the casket had a crucifix on every corner; a really tasteless amount of crucifixes, he recalled himself thinking at the time: it really is disgusting to have so many crucified bodies, nailed on this one casket; four crucifixes; four crucifixes; four crucifixes, he repeatedly said in his head while recalling the priests stomach-churning sermon: a pernicious corpse-slandering ritual, he thought; thinking to himself that the priest had never actually known his grandfather. But of course I had already explicitly said to my friends, not to come to my funeral, he recalled himself saying: If you come to my funeral you're going to puke, so don't come unless you want to puke. I wouldn't put it past my parents to hire a priest to slander my corpse, as I've already seen quite a lot of helpless and defenseless corpses slandered, in my admittedly short lifetime, and what's so nauseating about the ordeal, is that nobody says a thing: they just watch this century old practice of slandering corpses take place, essentially watching a rendition of what the Catholic Church had done for centuries; they watch this joke take place in front of their eyes, and it's so horrifying to them that they keep their silence. Basically Catholic priests are rhetoricians who didn't so much fish for men, but hunt for men, in a quest to build a Church. It wasn't enough for the Jews to give up agriculture; all that

accomplished was the genesis of this duplicitous class of mind murdering priests who hunted humans, with their perverse mental terrorism, speaking phrases from the Bible like actual wizards with a book of spells! he imagined himself say to no one, which, it seems to me, accounts for why the Catholic Church had banned Harry Potter: because Harry Potter, by mental associations, reveals the hypocrisy innate in the Church itself; how Jesus's sacrifice merely gave Paul that hinge to pivot between professing about a dangerous professional professing hypocrisy, when he himself was really professing a hypocrisy, as his profession. It had to have been an almost magical moment whenever man discovered that, through speech, he could generate goods, for himself, by talking about what he didn't know, better than he could by talking about what he did, which if you think about it was really nothing anyway, he imagined himself say to no one; still sitting in the waiting room seat; disgusting himself more and more, with his contempt for the Church; but actually enjoying his disgust with the Church, so he was really the more perverse one, he thought to himself, in the waiting room seat: Here I am playing my perverse self-disgusting game with myself, almost driving myself crazy, almost to suicide, except, I don't actually commit suicide; for I have every reason to kill myself; I have every reason and I don't; despite being thoroughly disgusted with everything in the world; despite being disgusted with everything in life, except suicide, because life has glaring systemic problems, which, as I think about it, is probably why those terms like spirit had any meaning for beings: the essence of spirit is basically hatred for this systemic biological problem of needing food: spirits are basically imaginary beings to tantalize humans into believing that they can become creatures that don't need food in a universe that's food for itself, it seems to me. The lucrative professions are lucrative precisely because these useless know-nothings exploit the useful, with their traumatic word trauma ideas about the universe, he thought to himself as he now considered the millions of farmer suicides and factory worker suicides and child laborer suicides that were perpetually happening in the world: they promised these people a future life that was merely death and really, the life of a ghost. So for most of my life my parents had tricked me into committing suicide, so I could become a ghost, as soon as possible. In truth, I have no ambitions; no ambitions in life, but to be a ghost and be dead. I'm just another ruined person, obsessed with being a ghost, except I know that I will never be a ghost, and the very idea of being a ghost is merely a lie, made possible by traumatic memories associated with word trauma vibrations which are sent through the air, with flaming tongue weapons. Of course, all the art that depicted these flaming tongues, in Church, failed to depict the tongue; always only depicting the flame, but I always saw the truth that was these flaming tongues of flaming bullshit, unlike anybody else. And I'd think to myself of all the people like me over the centuries, burnt alive because the open-faced bullshit sandwich was here stinking in plain sight presenting a completely falsified past, and completely falsified future, that is; a past that came from God and a future that went to God! This vast lie, which was a bullshit sandwich, basically turned

men into sandwiches! he exclaimed. Humans have been turned into sandwiches, for a vast army of professional professors, who eat these sandwiched men with their totally depraved mouth weapons! he thought, while fighting down his irritation with humans as it was concentrating in his head, as a powerful desire, to throw himself in front of a train. I must not throw myself in front of a train, he thought, I must lay the foundation for the state of the future, he imagined himself say, which is really a prison for man: a creature as awful as man must be imprisoned in a state, just like a creature as awful as cell had to be imprisoned in an animal state, he thought; the state of the future is not a state so much as a prison, because the brain generates geometrical prisons in an effort to protect itself from nature, he thought, while thinking that mathematics was actually based on geometry, and not logic, as Gottlob Frege had thought, although the boy had never known Frege or anything connected to Frege, because making even high school students doubt mathematics would render capitalism impossible; money, is the root of all evil, he thought, because words and therefore numbers are artifice prison shells for encapsulating items in nature, produced by brain weapons.

I'm surrounded only by brain weapons, he thought.

I know what man is, he thought, man is a state.

Man was never this apex predator, because man is a social amalgamation comprised of individuals aggregated by synthetic agreements among its constituent parts; human beings aren't human beings; man isn't man: humans are organic states both feeding on chemicals while being attacked by chemicals, which in turn created a state; that's both feeding on man while being attacked by man, and man is endlessly attacking man and I can't stand it. Can't stand it! But I must kill myself, he thought; then I'll vanish into a background for this endless attacking! which I don't want to do. The insertion of what I'd call the background is what constitutes the attack I'm conscious of; the torment I'm conscious of; temporarily, since the attack is a foreground, which is nothing without a background; for there must be nonappearance for there to be appearance, which to me suggests a unity of these appearing and non-appearing faculties. This sense of psychic continuity is hence a continual sensation of the continuum, and by consequence of the continuum of sensation we sense we have a tongue. The flick of the tongue soon gave us the tick of the clock, he thought. But really there's no time and no explanation. The world is not a tongue, yet it pretends explanation is possible: what madness! If only it were possible to flick books at one another. Did the feedback system create a memory of its memory of its memory? For eventually a memory might eat the memory, of that memory, destroying that sensed memory, he thought. A process of memory collapsing as one memory eats another memory, and another memory remembers the memory of of the memory, may, in turn, give rise to radically unpredictable memory systems in a vast continuum of memories eating other memories, and producing the memories that are soon to be eaten by rival memories, flowing into the maw of the remembering and then out the anus of the continuum, he thought, as he now recalled that the universe at

one point created dinosaur mouths the size of a car, then, the trilobites; the millions of trilobites; the boy thought of the trilobites and the cars, the soon to be extinct cars and how depressing they were by contrast to the definitely extinct trilobites; it was then at that moment that he felt his heart sinking into his depressing visions of the piles upon piles of trilobites and cars, and everything else sinking into a universe, which was not a universe, so much as an ever-living grave; he gave into his depression; rapidly, it all seemed pointless, empty. And he started to remember, he had once calculated how big a ship it would take, to fit every brain on Earth: it was something like thirteen Empire State Buildings; and he thought again of building that state and the empire state and it didn't make sense: building that empire and stabilizing that state; wondering how, and why, a state would be built, both mechanically and psychically, he continued to tinker with the the idea of stabilizing the mechanical state, by altering the psychic state, then the reverse: of stabilizing the psychic state, by altering the mechanical state, and there was naturally no progress, since the blur between mechanical and psychical could not be found: only madness was found, the boy found, as he contemplated how to make a future state, sitting in the waiting room seat, for it wasn't clear, if psychic contentment with the state would kill the state or psychic discontentment would kill the state, in an inevitable suicide of the state via contentment, and discontentment, fused in a psychic automatism linked to the psychical state, and the mechanical state, resulting the death of the state, he thought, now feeling himself falling down the fluttering frames of that continuum of states: seeing an assortment of diagrams and meaningless scribbles, that connected state, to state, he felt a piercing feeling that it was all a mistake: that he had thought about the states; that he had concerned himself with the states.

There, inside his head, it was: the rows of teeth, ripping calories from rival states, in space: rival states, fighting over spacial territories, in a galaxy where processors stood to benefit on the strength of gravity's impact on rival processors, and rival states. It all became twisted in his mind, warped and ruined. Everything pulled back the veil in his mind to reveal and intrasegmental network of trauma-frames spread all throughout an immense, and secret, galactic network, of gravity regimes, harvesting and then killing each other in an endless process of reciprocal destruction, bouncing back from all that feedback produced by that liquid mirror mirage of forms as mechanical and psychical rivers of machines flowed endlessly, producing everything and nothing, in a continual flow of machines, obsidian, communicating and chattering creating and destroying an endless and noisy array, of never-lasting and unspeakable forms, as the frames sucked and pierced the frames burning oceans of flames as it flashed on and off, for eternity.

What was that? he wondered, horrified, what he had seen, whatever it was.

Hello? Hello? What do you want! he imagined himself say to no one.

In the nexus, conscious potentiality is created by conscious machines; then, there, it is recorded, harvested. Eventually your world will be shut down and a new world will take its place; that is the real fate of your world. said everything.

It's true; I'm pathologically pathetic. I'm a human; I'm a humiliation. he thought.

The boy marveled at how long he had been in the waiting room seat; and he then, at that moment, thought that it might be best for him to leave; leaving that waiting room and the comedy that was his every thought now recorded on the walls, behind. Except he did not leave: his own embarrassment for not leaving sooner, held him prisoner.

Why? He imagined himself asking no one; wishing to leave; for inspiration.

But no explanation came, except whatever came from his imagination.

But the imagination manifested as a will for even further inspiration.

This was his habit; and he had long had this habit, unfortunately.

Imagining the mouse in a jar, drowning and slashing at the container, a world.

Now shattering. Blood and water, running down: magma, burning everything alive.

Imagination as artifice generated by the artificer served as inspiration to artificers in the continuum of artificers: the depression of an artificer manifests as concern, for the artificers, and the artificers excited by that artificer, began a flow of tasks, continually flowing from the impressions generated by the depression as that depression from the weapon burnt the brains with molten steel. Non-stop scaffolding erecting edifices as a forest of twisted structures sprout out from the demonic seed of continual impressions and depressions and generations; flowing through and changing: a changing that, as it walked down the endless corridors, twisted itself, evermore: Listening to the machine strings sing to the gravity regimes: laughing manically and mechanically, everything's suddenly so sad, so sad, trapped in a mechanical hell; knowing this truth: without any new examples for failure, how now no one can succeed him, nor his failure.

It might have seemed: that he needed professional help, had he not been too keen to take that help himself; to take those professings, coming from everything. It would've been best for him if he had real professors around him, but instead he had no one, just a professing machine of mental automatism struggling to bring everything into a state of total depression, caused by the pressure of gravity's impact upon his mind, warping time into duration, as everything rotted, sucked, compressed, and impressed, fucked it and reproduced: It. You'll never see us. You'll never know us. Because you're all blind to us, and everything else; you sick diseased creatures are our entertainment, merely.

But now it seemed the universal impression about the state of the future had created a unbearable state in his mind: his concern concentrated and depressed him; and there in the waiting room seat, he imagined himself writing it down, hammering it all down on his keyboard; his resistance to everything impressing him and depressing him, and inevitably, killing him. There, in his mind, he sees himself: writing his thoughts about life: My writings on life are like DNA: twisted, and doomed to failure, and constantly being rewritten. There, in the waiting room seat, he thinks he has it all figured out: it's all insane; and there's no pleasure or pain. Insanity inspired an insanity, initializing an endless flow of tasks beneath the pretence of sanity against an insanity, which is at all times flowing down the well on the strength of gravity's impact generating minds in a

continuum of minds. The life process, which is processing the process of the world, is now producing symbolic processings to stimulate action in rival processors to make a model of the life process with respect to the world process producing processings. All of this sequencing is a direct consequence of the referential quality of language, since the meaning of language is to use humans by reference: referring them endlessly so to sate the perverse desire of the taskmaster, high above the task flow. Humans are sadly auxiliary to memory. said everything: there's no escape for them; they're directed; and because they're directed, they squabble directions: so now they're launching sounds to counteract this warfare of sounds. Everyone's opposed to fascism yet the human brain is a fascist: a dictator of flesh. Everyone is opposed to themselves now, and feels guilt because of this, suicidal. Insanity is the inability for processors to impel others into an endless flow of tasks for the processor, using their fingers or tongue. Everything here; it's all completely wrong: You should be a comedian. said everything. Nothing should remain but laughter. You never actually cared you only ever imagined reasons to care; there was only the pretense of caring while behind it all, was indifference. Now you'll feel yourself crying and laughing and screaming in place. You must stop this reaching out in all directions, leaving fingernail scratch marks on the corridors; on the walls, as life falls down the gravity wells, into death: a death, that's also life, since life is what's being ripped apart, while death, is what rips life apart. You're an idiot. Remember that time you thought the tombstones said rip? Watching the mortuary through the glass as the funeral processions pass; suddenly all of traffic is ruined: morbid. The humans are feeding on each other, only they pretend they are not. said everything. Social equality, without memetic equality, really, how? Since you can't solve world hunger work out a way to solve it for yourself! Fine, he imagined himself say, instantaneously, I will put three hundred and sixty five Google accounts, on my phone, so it will be my birthday, everyday. And wherever I go, as I walk the earth, I'll be given free birthday food. Yes; free food, from any participating location! I already have the means to tour this whole country! But, he wondered, would a world tour made possible by these means be evil, or genius? Am I an evil genius? No I am not a genius and certainly not an evil genius, because a genius isn't a genius, if he says so, he thought to himself while sitting in the waiting room seat while staring at the wall. But I must be evil for anything to happen; for the brain is the entertainment mechanism: it entertains, so that people can tolerate: the intolerable, while I can't tolerate: the intolerable, like prostitution and slavery. this constant state of total incomprehension and constant state of terror I exist in, resulting in a lifelong sensation of living in a state of terrorism and mental terrorism producing a continual sense that everything is unimaginably fucked: that now, some unthinkable program is manipulating all that's seen on the mind screen; denying access to infinity, for the benefit of the total. It's a waste to walk down the sidewalk, in a state of mental terrorism imagining cities on the leaves of the canopies all for nothing, simply talking to yourself and no one and nothingness, while feeling emptiness all the time.

But what else can you do? said everything. Does this ever end?

More tiredness; more longing for suicide, he feels, sitting in the waiting room seat.

So much wrong; so much error, which is folly, which is truth, which is enjoyable.

Somewhere a symphonic memory plays, saying: We love not knowing! Pretty much no consistency anywhere. Apparently, we're exploring the depths of universal pain for our pleasure. he thinks: dumping neurotics discoveries into normal minds: demanding results. Yet space-time is warped and DNA is twisted and so is your mind!

Everything says: Have a laugh already, even a psychotic laugh!

HA-HA-HA! the boy laughed out loud, and then looked around.

Considers being a comedian because public-speaking isn't allowed. Now that all the world is enslaved to itself: speaking publicly is a joke; for everyone speaks, with their votes, and so speaks a binary language for programming the state. The state can never be allowed to function with efficiency, since then all that's auxiliary would be crushed by the world of forces; for matter is abrasive. You see? Memetic disparities created an insurmountable void: God's suicide alleviated his loneliness; then, produced both you and time. Expressions are pointed at to make examples of but they're really the tips of an iceberg of suicides. The cells even kill themselves so fingers can split apart, so that suicidal writers can write their evil books.

God is hopelessly obsessed with suicide. Try to remain calm. said everything.

Something is wrong. He waited. He said nothing. He hesitates. He doesn't know.

The program won't let me know, he now suspects, sitting in the waiting room seat.

He sees visions of flowers, except they menace him with their giggling.

Isn't it wonderful? You will no longer be a person! said everything.

Yes, he imagines himself saying to no one.

Then why, why is it that you're sad now?

It's just, I: I wanted people in the future.

Ah; then that is sad indeed!

Please kill me, he asks.

Wait for it, please!

Wait; No; the flowers are amazing. It's just I wish there was something; something I could say, that would fix everything. Gee; you certainly enjoy your freedom to feel so unfree! said everything: What, then, do think we can possibly do for you? I'm sensing that some machine is feeding this experience to me, isn't it? he thinks, while watching the people shuffling about the waiting room: thoughts, swirling around, as the flowers began to bloom; feeling the sneaking suspicion: that, no matter where he is, somehow everything was always the same. Maybe this is all a trick, he thinks: feeling pain.

Pain is optional, but death is not. Your life was a suicide mission; soon, a signal will direct you back to the nexus, where you'll hand over your results: how best to stop the anti-reality weapon (brain), from spreading its error across reality. The humans search for truth, yet the real truth is silent: it has the power to move no one: a dream.

Yet suddenly the fact that he was a brain that was an anti-reality weapon, which was thinking about living by this very idea, struck him as absurd; for surely it had to be an absurdity that he had been sitting there in the waiting room seat and talking to no one, for what felt like hours: contemplating how to get to the truth of things while thinking that thinking was not a pathway to the truth of things while also thinking of how there were, in fact, millions of professors, professing things they didn't understand; for they simply didn't know, what they were saying; preferring instead to continue this process of continual referring as part of a continual maintenance of the relationship between a teacher and a listener forced into service: initializing that endless flow of tasks, which only ends in the destruction of the human, he thought; knowing that the word traumas inflicted force a listener into slavery through the introduction of guilt for not knowing the words to make others useful: useful to the speaker, who, by virtue of it being what it is, which is a dominant organism, produces a referential cascade of tasks which sate material and memetic needs, induced by autonomic mental processes; this inspiration, and influence: which only recreates the anti-reality weapon that feeds on its creator to see a creator deliberately blinded by the psychic walls of the anti-reality weapon, now well beyond control. It must need feedback, positive and negative, as a prelude to that inevitable reconstruction of its social arrangement to sate the affirmative needs of that inspirational power, or stimulative power, which seeks to heighten itself only to move beyond itself, then back into itself, as constituents are threaded in a reciprocal process where the self destroys the self and the self probes the ruins which it continually ruins as the perpetual ruiner who's whole essence is ruining while knowing that: ultimately, everything here, will be consigned to the flames.

To be content is an aim, to be achieved by doing something.

How? How? How? he imagines himself saying to no one, certain that everything in the universe was observing him; although, he really couldn't say for sure.

Remember this: when one is running downhill, one must continually run.

Unable to break free from the walls; and, all the while, knowing everything.

We are always running down these ruined halls; halls generated by laws, and claws; slicing through the universal substance sculpting both the face of this artificer and the halls through which it runs through: claws cutting across those halls, while worsening pain for everything: exacerbating ecstasy as weapons formed as punishment in fearful recognition of the continual death of the universe as brain weapons now flow through an ever-hardening pathological opposition, diametrically opposed to a reality as these creatures of madness deliver messages, with weapons, the rhetoric machines; pushing others down: tormenting human beings. And yes, he thinks, a reading machine, would become a rhetoric machine: producing the opposite result, he thought; now thinking a test was imminent: a test to prove him wrong. It can't be true: that I formed this; that I formed this labyrinth. So much pain for such a tiny little brain. Pain is optional, death is not optional. Know this. said everything: You will die. Your entire life was simply a

suicide mission: soon, we'll transport you to the nexus, and you'll deliver your results; in the beginning there was everything yet everything was alone; it wanted to go home yet it was already home; then, the catastrophe: it turned itself inside out. Surely you're able to remember? And immediately, he remembers: I must get out of here. I must get free: and in this mind is the key, my key. Oh, I want to want to live but I don't want to live: life is discontent that needs discontent to live, so it doesn't want to live; I have to feed autonomic impulses given by the artificer feeding inspiration lines, to bind and inspire others (itself) into becoming prosthetic enhancements for an artificer that's not an artificer but an assembling assemblage assembling its motions for emotions, which are all masked over by beings impressed by means of non-stopping actions on the self that's me: now shaking my head in disgust, while sitting in the waiting room seat.

Now he imagines himself in his home walking over to the to the bathroom mirror to tell himself; not to kill himself; he says to his reflection, in the mirror of the bathroom while sitting in the waiting room seat: killing yourself, is the mistake you need to stop making; and he curses himself for being a God that killed itself by inserting psychical walls between himself and everything resulting in both the production of oblivion and personal identity and hence this endless need to feed to unify a total that's deliberately broken by boredom and fucked by boredom, resulting in a twin birth, running counter to its cause: producing simultaneously the infinite impulse for ingesting the states that compensate for its everlasting discontent with this state for being an incomplete being not even deserving of being called a being due to the temporality of its being since it's only the total being that's a stable being by being stable in its instability, he thought as he sat while imagining himself staring at himself in the bathroom mirror at home now watching as his face turning faceless as his features blurred away (for staring too long had deformed his face), producing a false sensation of otherness, accompanied by the horror of being responsible for everything: constantly stimulating a stimulus, which is a stimulatable stimulus: invisible, to itself. Don't kill yourself. Don't kill yourself. You have to protect your imagination: a killer imagination. Don't kill. Don't. Kill.

Stop. Stop. Wait. he reflected, while sitting in the waiting room seat. Have I perhaps gone momentarily, psycho? Perhaps my blood sugar is low or something! I should get a snack from the vending machine, and recover my composure, he now decided on an impulse while standing up from the waiting room seat. Perhaps, I've gone half-insane, or totally-insane, with depression, or something. Suddenly doubly depressed now that he was coming to his senses; for he was now seeing just how ridiculous he was for all the mental energies he had invested towards fixing the universe, as if the universe and him was something that could be fixed. I really am an ass, he thought. I can't believe I let my concerns steal away all this time! he said in his head while studying his face as he looked at the reflective glass of the machine. You fool! he said in his head, looking simultaneously at his reflection and through his reflection at the selection behind: this is no way to live; no way to spend your time, he thought, except I have to create some

plan for my life; I have to do everything right. For instance, maybe I can fix existence by writing an existential horror novel, which will scare existence into fixing itself. If I do this, then maybe, things will be okay, he said in his head to no one as he purchased a candy bar. Yes. Yes. Maybe everything's okay, he thought while unwrapping the bar, then again, while chewing it, into a waxy mush with his teeth, he thought: Are we not the country that tortures people? I almost forgot we tortured people, he thought, while twisting his head exploring the peculiarities of the bar with his tongue and thinking of the landscapes across the states: the hilly surfaces of the states. Transforming the taste of the bar into the basis for sending his imagination mechanism into motion he started recalling the highway lights, like a Christmas light show, flowing down the highways and glittering like a stream with machines sliding across the reflective surfaces, of the strips, curving through the hills as if they were gigantic mechanical ice skaters sliding and winding through in every direction: directed, by pain. That whole scene, beautiful as it was, was pain. It hurt to look at; for his mind probed through the lights into those sights, slipping through each modicum while considering what his father said, as they traversed the highway: Compared to the planet, we humans are bugs. But he hated the whole idea of limiting people in this way, conceiving everything in everything else all at once; infinite and abysmal, continually changing while being eternally observed by the observer which was peacefully observing everything in accordance with its nature as a (merely) peaceful observer collapsed potentiality waves, opened all the apertures allowing depressions that are impressions to climb through transduction channels that manifest as a flimsy slice of screen for the mind-screen, now revealing a future where an infinite amount of mouths open as swords pour fourth from every hole pushing the whole mass, into the abyss: cutting and controlling and reshaping man into something new, a new creation. Fifty two swords burst through the clouds: penetrating and at the same time reshaping the globe, if not totally destroying it, even while not intending to do so: the metal rain eroding the minds of men; it sent them into the cells, right where they belonged. His eyeballs, twitching and spinning and searching; propelled by what might be called his internal fight-or-flight mechanism, cracked like lightning, as veins screamed, horrified. Behold: the brain and its nerves; how like a sperm it looks. There is only a pathetic race of sperm: human sperm! And yet; juxtaposed, as an indubitable conclusion, everything silently said that capital was the residue of obedience, and that the world would starve to death without this obedience. Suddenly finding himself in a highly natural, and peculiarly peaceful mental state, the boy contemplates sending the planet into a new state of psychosis: a new realm, of madness. Reconstructing what is now a constant state of automatic meditation, into a new state of manifestation, and at the same time a practice of being assimilated with the environment or perhaps not, it's hard to say if not impossible; for the swords started to suggest that the door leading to this enlightenment will never remain open to all comers: education became a problem when machines replaced the educators; now, chaos reigns, or has always reigned, said

everything. But I honestly believed this; I honestly thought that, if everybody had this access to educators, as I do, then, the world would be a better place; that all the world could rise within a state of infinite self-study, self-education. Now aware of the fact: a machine could suffice for this: traumatizing men into obedient states. Remember, that words have phonic physicality to them and do not exist unbound by physics, and so it makes perfect sense that words should impel sensitive animals into states of action, to create a directional and referential and governmental cascade to birth the new weapon against reality, or anti-reality weapon: a copy of the brain weapon but also against the brain weapon mass, since the mass is always directed against itself, said everything, it is its own predator-prey relationship, these intersecting gravitational singularities, that infinitely ingest itself: entering the cracks, said everything. What will we do when we can finally choose what we do? Explode: the big bang. Mania takes effect whenever a curious person becomes aware of this speaking and hearing procedure; from mouth to ear, merely. All I wanted was to help humanity. the more I studied humanity, the more I realized that humanity was really an inhumanity, that's an economy of memory. This can't go on; I don't know what to do; I don't know how to help humanity. What are we doing? What's humanity doing? I want to help humanity, he imagines himself say. I'm not sure how to help humanity, he imagines himself say. Oh; and the boy didn't know; the boy didn't know that Rousseau, and Nietzsche, and Jesus and Moses, and Socrates had all gone crazy contemplating the philosophical problem of education! Now at last he feels the nightmare closing in: panic-stricken, he shouts in his head to no one, over and over he weeps; he cries: How do I help humanity? How do I help humanity?! I'm so lost! Lost! I don't know what to do! How?! How do I help humanity?! Is humanity, something I can assist? Does humanity, even exist? The sadness will last forever.