

**THE TRANSVALUATION OF VALUES
(OR: THE TEMPLE OF LAUGHTER)
AND THE GRAVITY CONSCIOUSNESS
THEORY OF EVERYTHING
WAR OF ARTIFICE IN NATURE**

**BY
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Why does Nietzsche not ask himself: Why is it that Buddhism was favored in the east, while Christianity was favored in the west? If you rip the face off the both of them you can see that they are negative utilitarian religions, which, however, cannot hope to succeed with their goal: the annihilation of suffering; the will to nothingness; the will to reconstruct reality, thereby destroying reality, because, as the Hindus might say to us: the natural consequence of universal reconstruction, is universal destruction. How Shiva-like of us, and likewise Dionysus-like of us! For isn't it said that the definition of insanity is doing, over and over again, things that can kill you? How, then, can such a process result in anything besides universal madness? Indeed, clenched in our teeth at every possible moment is the knowledge that we are doomed to die, or doomed to succumb to a deadly boredom, if immortal. Perhaps a god did exist, but it could not handle its own evil, so it exploded (suicided) and created the universe. No, let us imagine something even more sinister; for if it wasn't for hunger, perhaps we would all grow bored with ourselves and die, therefore, perhaps life itself was so bored with itself that it started to eat itself, and it has been eating itself ever since. Insanity! Why should it be so tasteless for us to plead guilty to our tendency to idolize nothing? Isn't Nirvana but death in disguise—no more than a reaction to the existential hell of reincarnation—which itself was nothing but a reaction to the existential hell of life? Paul is also guilty of this. *Cupio dissololvi*, he said. I wish to be dissolved, he said. Henceforth I shall not refer to Christianity as Christianity, but what it actually is: Paulianity. Nietzsche is right to say that at bottom there was only one Christian, and he died on the cross.

Indeed, the real reason for why these two religions (Paulianity and Buddhism) came to be so popular is simply because they were quashed into being by the dominant power structures. It has always been difficult, if not impossible, for the Easterners to throw off the chains imposed on them by the state; for even their languages are hierarchical. How can one hope to unify a people whose words resemble smashed scorpions? Instead of prescribing atonement for fictitious sins, Buddhism prescribes contentment, which is akin to prescribing absolutely nothing. Fascinating! We now see Buddhism for what it actually is: no more than a waiting room religion—a waiting room for death! Naturally this does not mean that these religions were not still useful as magnets for attracting societies negative utilitarians, formulating conglomerations of them, and then reconstituting them into assemblages capable of progress. Nietzsche, like all of us, is a host of contradictions. I find it interesting that, on the one hand, Nietzsche praises the strong, while on the other hand he respects the Jewish instinct to rule through cleverness and lies, while on the other hand he discounts the progressive benefits of those lies, (calling them blemishes) while on the other hand he discards the usefulness of appealing to peoples will to death. Let us recognize this usefulness! Besides, why should anyone enjoy life, anyway? One could easily make the argument that the brain is no more than a defense system for keeping the organism alive: for protecting itself from hostility that is universal. Are we actually creatures of progress? Or are we actually creatures of perversion? Perhaps it is better to see our hands as products of cellular perversion, climbing higher. If Nietzsche had read The Zohar, he'd know the importance of

sexualizing the climb: this perpetual intercourse of peekaboo, of now you see me now you don't, of Lila (play), of deceiving and revealing, over and over, which, however, is only needed because we are sexual beings prone to deception. Because the human being relies on flesh as its memory system, and cannot know everything, it has always been hopelessly dependent on memory holders, and consequently vulnerable to deception by those memory holders. The tragedy of the human condition is that the organism invariably dies, and takes with it into death all the information conveyed to it. Indeed, the whole scope of philosophical literature is little more than various attempts by various thinkers to sort and sift through their philosophizing thoughts; reformulating them endlessly until they die. Modern philosophers merely learn philosophy, which is not to say that they philosophize, instead they are philosophizer familiarizers whose main job is to digest and regurgitate philosophizers in order to serve as the next generation of philosophy professors. Imagine what trouble might follow if we were somehow able to regurgitate these philosophizing thoughts at rapid speeds; if we were to pour out all of these arguments into peoples heads using the telextaphy method. But I use this method now! So I am the troublemaker! And why should I care that the world is troubleable? And why should Nietzsche care if all my trouble causing is revenge: an action for injury? But we are born into injury! Perhaps we only eat for the joys of revenge on hunger. Later still we may photosynthesize, then at last revenge on the stomach will be ours! But what of revenge on the mind? If the Socratic dialectic is, indeed, as Nietzsche put it: just a form of revenge, then it is revenge against the weaknesses of speech.

After Socrates ruthlessly revealed this system susceptibility flaw in our minds, which helped to pave the way for scientific progress, we discovered, by way of the scientific method, the endless generations of successes and failures beneath us; that our body is but a social structure composed of many souls; an assemblage of relationships, which, however, have henceforth and for the most part, failed to get along. Neither Nietzsche, nor most of the world, can grapple with this truth of the brain: that it only has wisdom to open up door after door after door, while it says to itself: that didn't work, that didn't work, that didn't work, that didn't work. This is tantamount to admitting that the brain is really no better than the molecules that made it, which is a horror to us, because projecting the pains of our minds onto molecules actually magnifies our pain, by orders of magnitude. We do not want to admit that this is what might stem from our progress: assemblages exploiting assemblages forever. But this is exactly what is happening, and has always happened! Indeed, the brain has always fought a losing battle against its progenitors in a mostly brainless universe, which it cannot hope to conquer. Indeed it has always been a terrible thing to be a thinker, even more so to be a hopeful thinker; for hope is the ultimate evil: the terrible tether that all the evils of the world were anchored to, according to the Greeks. Perhaps Bernhard was right to say, in his final novel: The only advice I can offer to any thinking person is to kill himself before the millennium, that is my genuine conviction. For what reason is there to suffer the pains of a thinking-mans existence? Instead of seeing Nietzsche's philosophizing as philosophizing, might it be better to see it as a form of sadomasochistic self-torture?

Dementia suicide? Perhaps he even said to himself, as I have: Very well, I shall think myself to pieces! But, really now, why would this proclivity to self-torture surprise anyone? Have we not all been steeped in the knowledge of this sadomasochistic creator god? This god so bored with himself, so discontented, that he enjoyed carving faces in his flesh, breathing on them, and telling them: you're alive, love me, or burn! Imagine him: biting and folding and manipulating and revealing in order to expose himself to himself. Insanity! Make it stop! No, it's too late, there is only universal madness now. We didn't choose to exist, we were existed, and we exist inside a twilight zone and its only rule is this doorknob, which reads: life and death, trial and error, success and failure. To think is to fail, Bernhard had said, who, like Nietzsche and myself, was a sadomasochistic self-torturer. For what? For vanity: a never-ending rending of the self in order to hollow out our heads. Just like kings of old made a spectacle of their own self-mutilation, so, too, do we mutilate our minds; hemorrhaging our troubles uncontrollably onto the world, ultimately troubling the world. Both Socrates and Nietzsche were philosophizers and troublemakers of the highest order. Chances are, if you are not causing trouble with your philosophizing thoughts, you're likely doing philosophy wrong; for perhaps the greatest thing that you can do in life is to annoy the state into killing you. Oh, how Christ-like of us! It does not actually matter if this trouble causing is revenge, what matters more is the fact that there are things that we find worth avenging. Instead of allowing these troubles to destroy us, we destroy our troubles; destroying the world, which does not actually destroy the world, but rearranges and recreates it.

So—the world will always survive our words, and survive our revenge! It does not matter if I see life as a fire, and my words as gasoline for helping it explode. The assemblages will soon recrystallize. White lies on top of white lies, climbing higher and higher. How much distortion is required for us to interact with this stuff we called matter? Complain all you want about how hostile the world is for the mind, the reality is the mind itself produces nothing: it is primarily an engine that exists as a defense system for an organism doomed to die; for perhaps all of us are only taking turns playing a worm which tries to digest an endless mountain of conscious potentiality, yet that mountain will eat us when we die. Thus our organism is really an assemblage of eaters and seducers: attracting us into these temporary assemblages, or taking us, by force, with the sheer strength of their gravity. But is it such a great thing to be alive as such an assemblage? Perhaps it is, so long as the marriage is a happy one. There should be no tears when an assemblage chooses divorce. Suicide isn't actually suicide, it's simply the divorce of an unhappy assemblage. Naturally this is not to say that it is not a tragic thing when a suicide happens, only that we should do our best to understand why the self-divorce was chosen. Besides, what is committing suicide, anyway? Rabbi Menachem Mendel was known to have said: If I am I because I am I, and you are you because you are you, then I am I and you are you. But if I am I because you are you and you are you because I am I, then I am not I and you are not you! This concept of relationship between I and other has long been the obsession of various religions, yet what they mainly strive to achieve is the abolition of fear, and connection with the total.

But everything we see is false! Interpretation and only human interpretation at that: an I wrapped inside a distortion. But the truth is distortions can be fun, and distortions can even be useful. So what if the Jews said to us: Yes, we lied. Paulianity was a pagan lie that we slapped on the back of The Torah; for the purpose of capitalizing on the land that was occupied by the cannibal savages of the west. But do remember: the brain, too, is a liar, which you now know, thanks to our deception. It does not matter that it was a deception, now that it was finally overcome. Because Judaism, unlike Paulianity and Buddhism, actually values life over death, it has the power to maintain its sense of community wherever it goes. This, however, was not the case for other states, which rallied around suicide kings or mad men. Instead, for the Jewish people, the Rabbi fulfilled the function of memory holder and judge for the tribe, which imposed rules on the stupid, invariably improving the intellect of the race. Fascinating! The nomadic tribe managed to leave the death obsessed state, then make itself into nomad, thereby freeing itself, by animalizing itself, and the stateless tribe has been working to perfect its assemblage, or animalization, ever since. Today the human is not properly alive, he is a machine imprisoned within the walls of a perpetual state prison, where thoughtlessness and distraction are his means for escaping his fate as a cog for the state. What is the state? The state is really a primitive form of a union between man and man: gradually we create machines to facilitate and abridge labor, which has continually enabled one man to do more for many, in exactly the same way as the brain does work for the organism. That is the goal we have chosen, without actually choosing anything.

Let us ask ourselves: Would it be such a new thing if we were to communicate by way of a bio-electronic bridge? Certainly not: that is nothing new. We find ourselves sequestered in this perpetual state prison, faced with our own insignificance, and helping no one but ourselves and the state, which is everyone; an assemblage; an embryo, on its way to becoming an animal eating stars in the world to come. The state is truly everything today. The state is Nietzsche's overman, which the Nazis then shamelessly distorted as superman, desperately clinging to the humanity that fails us. The state is Kafka's Castle, which does not make sense to anyone, because naturally no one can know everything. He writes: ... was the Castle supposed to take care of everything? But in reality it did take care of everything, yet it couldn't crudely intervene in developments for no reason other than to serve the interests of one individual. That is the tragedy of this State experience. Simply replace every last use of the word Castle with State and you will see that whenever Kafka speaks of Castle incomprehensibility, he is speaking of State incomprehensibility, whenever he says that we belong to the Castle he is saying that we belong to the State. Would you like to know what the Matrix is? The Matrix is simply another metaphor for the state: humans are batteries for powering the state, state food, and nothing more. That is the real purpose of our lives. Do not even try to cling to friendship; for friendship is an illusion; there are no friendships, Socrates was not able to discover what a friend was, because friends do not exist: in reality there are only information exchange relationships, and nothing more. That is why all friendships eventually go sour, because you will invariably run out of things to communicate.

Eventually your friendship crumbles into nothing, and you're just a person who annoys your former friend with superfluous information. You return to them expecting a novel experience, but, it turns out, that is not possible. It is only by forming an information exchange relationship that does not bore or annoy us that we form the ideal relationship. The autistic child may fail to form friendships, but perhaps that is simply because the friendship is a lie: what it wants is to excel, just not as human; as machine, which, indeed, is what it actually is. However, the parents of that child may not subscribe to that view, they may believe in Paulianity, and their child to be a proto-angel, not a machine: never a machine. The child, by being demechanized and therefore denaturized, is thenceforth forced to become the artificial human being: never seeing his artificiality, because the concept of useful artifice has been fiercely denied: totally supplanted by truth, which is the joke. Instead of bringing the child up, it is brought down to the level of symbol: an unclear creature is made definite, and consequently destroyed. But we may yet cure this ignorance! If a child were to use telexapathy to assimilate information at ~600 WPM, then, using the usual 1,000 hours of yearly schooling, it should be able to consume roughly 36,000,000 words per year. Within eight years, it may have consumed 356 Bibles worth of words. Astonishing! This very well could be the greatest weapon there ever was to fight the brainlessness of the world. There should be no need for us to state what's right up against what's wrong. Instead, history would flow rapidly into the nostrils, and angst against what is offensive to the tastes established within the mind and nose of the organism will suffice in preventing most immoral actions.

This morality by nose was sitting right under Nietzsche's nose the entire time; for, interestingly enough, his personal sense of disgust is really what terrified the immoralist into being moral himself! He did not, unlike Schopenhauer, push women down the stairs, despite his contempt for women. He said it himself: Knowledge kills action... It is true knowledge, insight into the terrible truth, which outweighs every motive for action, both in the case of Hamlet and in that of Dionysiac man. But what about revenge? Slavish revenge. Is this not an attribute of the Dionysiac man? Isn't Dionysus a god of revenge, among other things? Yes, and madness, too. Perhaps it was that continuous oscillating between loving the revenge god Dionysus, while at the same time hating the revenge god Christ, that inevitably shook Nietzsche's mind to pieces. Perhaps he thought that his revenge on the mind was justified; because his mind deserved it, because it was nothing but a worthless self-stimulating and self-consuming trial and error machine that was working only to kill itself by reconstructing itself, anyway. This so troubled him that he had to trouble an untroubled world! Misery loves company, after all. However, Paulianity was not the curse that Nietzsche believed it to be, it was a useful artifice: the rhythm of this distortion stimulated the west to action. This incredibly useful doctrine of personal immortality convinced Europe that life was worth living, and even that factory spires were worth erecting, until at last the people climbed out of their holes and thought: the factory spires outnumber the church spires! What horrible creature is responsible for this injustice! It is the Jew! Kill the Jew! Kill all Jews! Save humanity! Back! We must go back to our holes! We are the deceived! Suicide the state now!

Nietzsche was not anti-semitic, and most of his anti-Christian rhetoric was aimed at eradicating the distortion that Paulianity used to pacificate the west. He tormented himself over it, then the Germans crucified him, and then distorted his overman as superman. However, fortunately or unfortunately, this was not something he lived to see. He was so embittered by inequality in nature, the master—slave relationship, that the mere sight a horse being whipped by its master compelled him to embrace the slave. Within that horse, he saw tragedy; for the molecules of the horse are just as much trial and error machines (science machines) as human beings, and thus, in accordance with his love of tragedy, he chose to envisage humans as oblivious and lifeless cogs, working and suffering without any end in sight; for they possess no prevision of what ends they'll achieve. Yet this is not a birth of tragedy, but a rediscovery of the horror of our predicament: our suicide by self-transformation, progress, renewal. Nietzsche had said: Only when the spirit of science has been carried to its limits and its claim to universal validity negated by the demonstration of these limits might one hope for a rebirth of tragedy. And your hope was granted! Man has long known that everything's in a state of flux, and, therefore, that we are tragically alive. Just as Silenus had said to King Madaia, after being asked what is the best and most excellent thing for human beings: Wretched, ephemeral race, children of chance and tribulation, why do you force me to tell you the very thing which it would be most profitable for you not to hear? The very best thing is utterly beyond your reach; not to have been born, not to be, to be nothing. However, the second best thing for you is: to die soon. So, too, does science agree!

So that is life's goal: endless suicide; extinction with progress! For is there any animal, aside from the cell, that suicides more than the human? Perhaps our cells are such creatures of agony that they united together to create life as it is. Even the life of the cell was unbearable, it needed to suicide. The real tragedy of their suicide is the rest of the universe survived, hence why it is necessary for us to reconstruct ourselves, which, actually, destroys ourselves, or rather; the pattern of ourselves, because we are being rearranged. If creation is actually reconstruction, because it destroys the originals, then isn't creation also an act of destruction? Is that the intention behind our existence? The creation and destruction and marriage and divorce and suicide and intercourse and play with the self: over and over. Perhaps the universe forever fucks itself: it pushes itself in on itself, so that it knows that it's there, then removes itself from itself; for the purpose of forgetting itself again; forever gratifying itself; forever facing itself; forever backing away from itself; a god of chronic masturbation; life and death; pain and ecstasy; and vibration, encrusted with cruelty, which is then distorted, and sealed away. So laugh! And laugh! And laugh! And take your place in the assemblage assembly line of everlasting madness and everlasting suicide. But what, exactly, shall be our suicide method? Perhaps our bio-electronic bridge? Perhaps with that union a powerful despot of melted together minds will impose its will on humankind: manipulating it to its ends, in much the same way as the brain is a despotic ruler of its body. Indeed, it has now been scientifically established that cancer is as old as multicellular life, which, naturally, might allow us to entertain the possibility that cancer is but a rebellion, on a tyrant brain.

Naturally this does not imply a future state of equality among foreign states. On the contrary, the birth of this despotic brain network would be a source of tension, and even be interpreted as an act of war on mankind, on his supremacy, and therefore we would witness a twin birth: of the state turned despot and its adversary, the human cancer, or human disease. The reason for why this human cancer will come to be is simply because there will not be sufficient materials, or trust, to unite, or even convince, the peoples of the world to merge as one, or suicide as one. This is Nietzsche's collision of conscience, the conflict without equal, which I will now detonate, as the three horrors: firstly, that evolution is true, secondly, that we are making ourselves extinct, and, finally, that there will always be war. It goes without saying that these things are known to us, but it's terrible manners to mention them, so it's only under the guise of the joke that we mention them, so that the paralytic seizure known as laughter can show the comedian that the true horror is there, yet buried; waiting to be stimulated out by the joke as the laugh. That is the real truth: that the truth is a joke, and the joke is a truth. People often wonder why joking people are so often prone to depression and suicide, and it is because joking people are never joking, they are actually completely serious; exploiting mans laughing mechanism for its paralytic effect in order to prevent recourse from the hopeless truth, whenever it is mentioned. The disadvantage of this habit of truth-masking is that we never take the truth seriously, and, therefore, no serious effort is ever made to rectify the problem, whatever it happens to be. That is the horror of the human condition: we don't act on our truth mechanism, instead, we're amused by it.

The truth is the truth cannot be taken seriously, it can only be ridiculed, because we are ridiculous; everything is ridiculous, that's the truth. Instead of listening to preachers, we should all be listening to comedians, except we should take this laughter seriously, very seriously, because it's the truth. Nietzsche had even said: This crown of the laughing one, this rose-wreath crown—I myself put on this crown, I myself pronounced my laughter holy. I found no other strong enough for it today... This crown of the laughing one, this rose-wreath crown: to you, my brothers, I throw this crown! I pronounced laughter holy; you higher men, learn—to laugh! And laughter is what I prescribe: to preach comedy in the temple of laughter! Perhaps then the depressed will not be so depressed, and their abilities to mock will trump that of rhetoric, and that of posturing, and then, at last, all the peoples of the world will be free—free to laugh: as they chase their own demise! Besides, isn't laughter our common ability? Even the Dalai Lama will laugh, between sentences: Do not worry. Worry is no use. Resistance is futile. Accept your fate, your horrible fate: that you, humanity, have traded away every unbuilt utopia, along with every unrealized ideal, for a laughing one: for chemicals in the brain. It is said that laughter is the best medicine, so perhaps we should totally embrace it? Perhaps an alien species somewhere is looking at our world, totally puzzled and simultaneously horrified by our laughing mechanism. Perhaps they even see it as our deepest flaw, because, to them, all good things have been sacrificed to it: the useless seizure. Billions are defrauded! Yet they laugh! Indeed, why we laugh is still a great mystery, and, it turns out, that what is said doesn't even need to be funny for us to laugh.

Laughter isn't really such a mystery, it's just that the truth of it is so horrifying that most can't admit it to themselves, or even to others, because humans depend on laughter to make what is unbearable, bearable. But what is even more horrifying is that the laughing mechanism is so poorly understood and distorted that so-called inappropriate laughter is now considered to be a symptom of schizophrenia, when, in fact, they're laughing at a truth, which is a joke, because the truth and the joke are really one and the same. Naturally none of this is intended to imply that there is anything at all strange about the fact that the APA and Nietzsche share the same birth-year. However, now that it has come to my attention: it does make a deal of sense that an institution may form in opposition to this progressive suicide; this moving beyond our mental mechanism, perhaps to merge with the brainless mechanisms of the universe perceived to be working outside the ego, and against the ego. Ever since man uncovered the truth of evolution he gained this identity crisis, where he cannot stop ruminating over the nightmarish host of experiences that await his descendants; the suffering that such mental mechanisms could endure as they are dragged through the cosmos by the overman. Nietzsche supposed correctly that we would call this overman—devil; for mankind, for the most part, is in a state of denial; submersed in distraction, trying to bury the truth of what he is. Today a man is never himself. He goes to work to kill himself, then watches TV to kill himself, then goes to sleep, to kill himself. He lives an endless suicide; buried in perpetual distraction, because to face the truth is too horrible. What is the point in going on? It is sheer stupidity to bury our mental mechanism beneath such higher mechanisms.

Oh—is it now? If humanities goal was the creation of a state where no one is dominated, then it has already failed in that respect, because society is what dominates us. This invariably happens, because we are not equal: the weak are carried by the strong and then enslaved to them, because, otherwise, the weak would perish. Therefore we have the two stocks of man: the weak (dependent), and the strong (independent). This love for the weak, on the one hand; allows them to multiply, on the other, dooms them to instrumentality. It is only when the state of being instrumental becomes too insufferable that the slave revolt happens. However, the brain must also suffer the pangs of these bodily revolts; for example, hunger, which tortures it into eating. Thus we see that our goal as dominant brains is to throw off the pains imposed on us by our organs; by replacing them; with superior, lifeless, mechanisms: something that will preform its function without complaint. But if by delegating a living mechanism to something lifeless makes ourselves more comfortable, then might we, likewise, perceive lifelessness as our ideal? Perhaps this explains why today's young people are running into the arms of death so readily. The sensitive cannot endure the pangs of their machinic existence; they know that they are but placeholders for something dead, so they choose to be dead, and decide it best to hang themselves at the age of fourteen. There is no need to argue this to them, because these messages are routinely delivered to them as art. That is why it is important that we confront this, why we must see our roles for what they really are. Everyone on earth, whether they can admit it to themselves or not, is sequestered by this business: this morbid and suicidal business of making ourselves extinct.

For our suicide is, likewise, a going under, which is necessary for us to go over; for us to evolve. Nietzsche masks himself to dance on humanities grave, as Zarathustra, because he cannot bring himself to believe in his message, though he wishes he could, because he knows that it's true; that man is a joke, as is everything else. Nietzsche's Zarathustra speaks and jests, with artful rhetoric, when what he says can easily be inscribed on a napkin: humans work to make themselves extinct! However, it is not very likely that a napkin such as this would generate a book sale, which is why Nietzsche must tiptoe round the issue as Zarathustra, dancing his Zarathustra dance; filling up pages and pages with Zarathustra dancing: creating several hundred pages of Zarathustra thoughts. Nietzsche went insane because he permitted himself to love a universal monstrosity; for this is a universe which continually strives to kill itself, because to be anything for too long is unbearable, and, therefore, to truly know the universe is to know universal agony, where the only means for our minds to escape is to slip into a catatonic state, which is a sign that the organism is finally content: so content that it does absolutely nothing! If you were truly contented, if you were truly at peace, you would do nothing: you would sit and wait for death. We don't want to believe that discontent is essential, and hatred is essential; for these things are essential, and when at last we discover the truth that the values we were raised to hate are essential after all is when we learn to have a healthy hatred of everything; for all things are but materials to be hated; they must be played with, continuously, forever, and ever, and ever. Otherwise we might cease to play, and cease to swim, and float down the tremendous river of life as a corpse.

Everything gets carried along by this river, then everything is deposited in the graveyard. At all times we must ask ourselves if we are in a river or a graveyard, a graveyard or a river, that we might foster hatred for this carcass river, to make it pretty. Nietzsche could not accept the power of hatred, but in reality discontent and hatred are essential; for if the artist truly loved his blank canvases, more than his painted canvases, he would never paint anything. Thus it is actually hatred, not love, that dominates us; hatred for what is, which inspires us to recreate continuously, which, indeed, is what is so sickening about this reality, because we exist as hopeless cogs in a picture doomed to shift and change endlessly, which is truly nauseating; truly maddening. For everything that exists is ugly, and will always be ugly. And the longer you are alive, the more the ugliness of the world penetrates you, and in the most deplorable fashion, because it is absolutely pointless, and to be forever penetrated pointlessly, is fucking disgusting. And Zarathustra himself did not love humans, but animals, because the human is more cell than animal; for there is no animal, besides the cell, that kills itself as often as the human! Perhaps this explains why today's young people find themselves sexually attracted to animals: it is because humans are obviously deplorable failures; for they had so much contempt for themselves that they had to create a state mask over themselves, which is an overman: nothing but an proto-animal that will live in the world to come. It is sheer jealousy and only jealousy to hate the Jews for perceiving that world first and animalizing themselves first, just as it is stupid as hating the first ones to dominate the MMORPG. Instead of killing the wealthy, the poorest should have abortions, always.

Bernhard was right when he said that mothers are responsible for everything. If the lower and middle classes were to choose abortion every time without exception, regardless of whatever rewards are given, such classes would vanish in a generations time. The age of the family is over. Children were only had in order to generate heirs to the family, or to live as machines to serve the family. Family is as much a lie as friendship, neither one exists: we are children of a mechanical state, and this has been our fate for generations. Soon the digital parent will be a far better parent than any parent, and the nightmare of the bad parent will be a distant memory. Our reality will be the state parent, which could either be a bad state parent, or good state parent. Today the parent treats its child like it were a machine for providing it with retirement money. Humans are accustomed to manipulating nature, but nature is not under human control any longer, it is under state control; for everything is property of the state. Therefore, to the parent, the child is the last piece of nature that the state has yet to take away, and so it chooses to program the child as a money making machine, so it will fit in with the capitalist machine. Then, whenever the child starts showing symptoms that it will not produce money, the parent rushes the child to a mental health professional, whose actual purpose is to identify the deficiencies that will prevent it from having a happy life as a slave to the capitalist machine. Thus we see that no mental disorders exist: there are only defective slave disorders. Some of our greatest minds could not connect with the classroom machine, wherein everything is reduced to mind-numbing game of grades, dry of the context that gifted minds crave, so they fled, then produced their miracles alone.

Here I make reference to Newton and Einstein, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Once the fully automatic state farm complex is complete, and religions and biological parents are eliminated, the young people of the world will be able to self-program; to understand the universe; to kill themselves by progress. If the individual becomes bored with itself (because there will be no need for manual labor, everything will be mechanized) then it may suicide and say: I am not able to think of any ways for us to kill ourselves any faster, so I am killing myself. It would be a situation similar to what we see in eastern countries, where superfluous employees are not fired, instead, they are placed in a room with nothing to do. The company does this knowing they will succumb to boredom, and quit on their own. And so, too, would it be in the fully automatic state. Naturally it might not be very easy to sell a collective suicide to everyone, but it might not matter, provided that entity has the power to impose its will on humankind. This is the principal reason for why the Holocaust happened: Germany was afraid of evolution, afraid of being manipulated for hundreds of thousands of years by a Jewish overman, rather than a German overman. It is a phobia of evolution that humanity suffers from; a fear of being left at the mercy of a higher power, something that is utterly beyond everything human, every possible thing. Hitler communicated this aversion to evolution when he said: Should the Jew, with the aid of his Marxist creed, triumph over the people of this world, his Crown will be the funeral wreath of mankind. And he is right: mankind is something to be triumphed over; for it has long been triumphed over: by the tribe, by the society, by the state, and the corporation. Man is already a laughingstock!

Man is already a failure! The young people who perceive this failure early, and who kill themselves early, do so because this failure was something they wanted to laugh at, and not to join or partake in, because, after all, we are only building systems of pain and discontent and domination and suffering up, more and more, until, at last, we bring about our own extinction, so that we can finally be extinct and beautiful—and dead. This is actually fairly easy to perceive. Nietzsche is not really needed anymore, nor is his overman. If you want to see what such an overman would look like, then I'd suggest taking a look at the Borg. Hundreds of examples of overman hit the young person in the face, yet the world pursues none of them, because if we were to seriously pursue that end with fervor, it would turn all of life into a morbid chore. Life is either a playful and foolish enterprise that is hostile to the intellect, or it is a morbid chore that pursues an endless suicide. It is truly no wonder Bernhard prescribed suicide to the thinking person! The thinking person perceives, at all times, the asphalt arteries of the state for what they really are. That every car on the highway is a hearse cell in a funeral procession for mankind, locked inside the embryo walls of the state, wherein we must cannibalize and capitalize on each other to survive. Perhaps, after we united, all would look back at history, and think: capitalism equals cannibalism, and that: communism equals anti-human. What strange and laughable animals we are! For man cannot cooperate with his own kind: the drive to compete is too strong. Those born with talents greater than others must be known, prior to being sent forever into the grave, which, naturally, is not to say that these higher ones didn't emerge as the despots of the ancient world.

Every edge over nature had to be exalted, yet in reality man is no higher than nature; he is totally dominated by her, which is not, as it turns out, an excellent way of viewing the world. We cannot allow ourselves to submit to nature, as the native tribes of America submitted to nature, because, when you genuinely try to harmonize with nature, you will invariably end up being exploited by nature exploiters. Indeed, the Jewish creator god of discontent (one cannot create without discontentment) told its people, (the chosen people) that everything in the world is theirs for food, everything except the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Naturally this is not to say that, initially, it was gods wish for man to be beyond good and evil, or for the Jew to be beyond good and evil; he only told them that by eating it would result in death, which, as it turns out, was actually a bit of an over-simplification, because man didn't die. Rather than die man simply killed himself, by forming civilization, so that mankind could work to make itself extinct: to bring itself ever closer to god! Eve seduced Adam away from nature: first, into her, then into civilization, or the proto-animal replacement for man. Naturally this creation story had to contain these strange and mysterious over-simplifications, so the messages could be conveniently implanted into the Jewish brain: the messages of being beyond good and evil, and re-animalization. Moses had witnessed the full horror of mans wickedness: how man could use man to exalt himself, how he could use another to build a tombstone-cone for funning the soul into the afterlife, because he didn't want to end up rotting in this graveyard. Judaism is what broke the cycle of slavery, and its monotheism was but a way of aiming beyond the human idol, towards god: the goal!

So what is god, really? The Jewish god is a god of discontent, an artifice, for freeing mankind from the despotic rulers of the world. Moses was so disgusted by the way his people, his kin, were being enslaved to entities in nature, that he created a god to counteract them, which did not exist, but needed to, so that man could aim beyond nature entirely! But man did not really move beyond nature, he willingly retreated into language, yet the lack of consensus language created more opportunities for competition and opposition and division, and that discord had to be held in place: by a terrifying god of discontent. Now the truth of this artifice has been exposed, because man no longer genuinely fears god, instead, he fears the future of his mental mechanism: the fate of his biology, and the abuse and misuse that biology could endure. If man wants to reorganize himself effectively, then his fear of god must be replaced: by a healthy fear of evolutionary consequences. Nietzsche's overman is the expression of this fear, which, henceforth, I will no longer call the overman, but Z, which is a variable; for the end and future of mankind. Mankind must learn to fear Z, and pursue Z, and debate about the ideal nature of Z, endlessly. Because our real utopia is a laughing one, it stands to reason that our future lies in brain manipulation, and brain stimulation. Everything that exists is material to be hated; played with; stimulated, and so must the mind and brain, so that whatever lies between them does not atrophy. Naturally this is bad news for the continuity of our mental mechanism, because the mental mechanism has to transform itself, thereby destroying itself, if it is to connect with the total, which, however, it cannot do, simply because it transforms its self, into something else, so that it can fail, too.

Life advances in perpetual fear of a painful death, while at the same time knowing that death is its goal: seeking stimulation; avoiding atrophy; using purpose to achieve purposelessness in order to accomplish nothing but joyful stimulation for nothing permanent: nothing ever changes; everything rearranges; it all must go, because god is discontent; because to live in atrophy is boring and boredom is painful. Everything that moves, does so because it is tormented into moving, which, of course, is a rather insidious way of interpreting our experience, because it would colour life as a kind of hell where everything has gone mad; where the universe continually mutilates itself; violently and uncontrollably, where the human race contributes nothing but psycho babble bullshit scratch marks on the ever changing walls of the universe, prior to being sucked down forever into the void. Void, however, is certainly not the right word for the oblivion the mental mechanism experiences, as it is torn apart by and reconstituted by the total. Indeed, this is a god eat god world! Naturally we do not say that a person who eats himself is sane, we call him mad, yet the universe does this, so it isn't sane, it's mad; everything is mad; everything is insane. Or is it now? Paulianity discarded and destroyed everything sexual in Judaism, the religion of discontent, freedom, life, and discord; which it did so easily; for nihilism and the meaninglessness of life is, in actuality, rather easy to convey. One could easily say that life is one, and that death is negative one, therefore, life is worth zero, mathematically. See? It is totally pointless that we are performing these calculations! This is a pointless exercise! Paulianity actually causes damage to the human brain when it is implanted: it de-sexualizes life, and makes it cannibalistic.

Christ secretly conveyed this personal disgust about life, prior to his suicide by state. Whoever eats my flesh, and drinks my blood, has eternal life, he said. Is this is a backhanded way of recognizing that life eats itself to survive? Perhaps, it could be said that so long as life eats life, life will continue to exist; for eternity. Then Christs words are but mockery! He dines to spit in the face of the Jewish elite, because he is disturbed by life's hidden quest for self-destruction! Indeed, there is going to be life, eternal life, but not eternal human life. Once the Catholic cannibalistic model of life is implanted, and Jesus's pro-death messages are implanted, a nihilistic trap is set inside the brain of the child, which torments it if it tries to escape. Perhaps we should see Nietzsche as a Catholic who botched his recovery, and Marilyn Manson, and countless others. False expectations are implanted, which force the afterlife-hungry and, therefore, death-hungry child to react capriciously, towards the temporal world. Naturally this is not to say that Paul intentionally used the Christ character and nihilism to train children to become a docile and masochistic class of death-seeking Catholics, but it might have been the necessary thing to do. Nietzsche expects the intellect to triumph over nature, but it never does this: it is inextricably interwoven with nature. Nature's discontent with itself continually transforms itself, and kills itself, therefore, it deserves our resentment; for it is tormenting us all into killing ourselves by transformation; slowly but surely. Nature's task is a difficult one to sell: it's easier to kill yourself. That is why it has always been necessary for the poor to be totally drunk on nihilistic truths, or religion, so they can serve as a masochistic slave class that, actually, enjoys laboring for the head of state.

The head of the state states headless states of being in order to keep the masses more interested in death than rebellion, and it is accomplished through language. This is most obvious in the east, where all the languages are deliberately made impossible to learn: it keeps the slave from knowing what he is; it makes itself hierarchical and manufactures obedience to the law, and perpetuates contentment, which, however, denies creativity in the process; because satisfaction is the absence of action, yet action is required for life's continuity, which is why any creed of contentment and conservatism is inherently hostile to life's continuity. Perhaps this Buddhic coma is why the Asian mind finds itself helplessly attracted to bondage: it has been trained to love contentment; trained to love bondage. To enlighten the east to its predicament; to reveal itself to itself; is perhaps the the most evil thing anyone could do. Perhaps it will hate itself for becoming this bondage-loving assemblage, because it will envisage itself as shoveling excrement deep within the bowels of Z for billions of years! We don't want to believe that fear is as essential as it is; for it is! Marxism failed because it did not provide the fear required to stimulate action. Instead of trying to explore space, the USSR should have worked to perfect its assemblage; all the information exchange relationships within the assemblage, even if doing so resulted in the destruction of everything human. God, as artifice, lost its ability to function when Darwin discovered evolution: it could no longer absorb or create fear, that is when god died. God lost. Darwin won! It is now time for Z, this new artifice, to become the meaning of our lives! Man should not fear the state, but what a state could create, and what Z could be. For Z is a certainty, but god isn't.

Perhaps we only walk the path of least resistance: or that path which repels us the least. Yet today we have no choice, we are living in a world where everything is prescribed; for nature is owned; everything is owned. I desire, but nothing that society prescribes! Such are the last words of the suicide. Indeed, it is an aversion to experience which drives one there. Perhaps it is that weightiness of spirit, an oversensitivity to emotion, that is responsible for why westerners, particularly the German ones, must hammer down their aversion to life on their typewriters. Listen to me! Listen to my hammering sounds! I will hammer you into being with the impressions I make on your memories with my memorable words! For, while the easterner hammers himself down; the westerner hammers out, ringing out; for all to hear; to stimulate action; discontent and creativity: revenge against what is hated, which is everything. Perhaps our hatred of the other, and fear of the other, is all that drives forward the engines of progress: the giants of fear! Is that what you want? To be slaves to fear!? Would a terrifying system of Z loyalties be in any way better than this present system of slavery to our Z-building state? There are so many questions here! And truly there is no such thing as a wrong question, all questions are in essence correct: only answers are wrong. Erroneous! Does the ADHD child lose his ability to focus because his focus on the games we've placed in front of him are eclipsed by our hidden desire to eclipse ourselves by progress? How, exactly, are our children supposed to be interested in things adults aren't even interested in? Drugs. The state prescribes drugs that pacify the mind that is able to process the stupidity of our quest and, if it is a tormented mind, it becomes the American school shooter!

The child is drugged (more accurately assaulted at the psychic level: every level) and bullied by a state, with no opportunity for escape, whatsoever! At last he becomes the human cancer; he can take no more. The child. Only a child! Effectively he is saying: you have destroyed me, you have tainted me and my world, the only world that I'll ever know, this world inside my skull, and now you must pay the ultimate price! I must punish the state, enact my revenge on the state! I shall destroy your children, destroy your teachers, and I shall destroy my parents as well! For these are the power-entities the child believes are responsible for infecting him, and these are the power-entities the child punishes. Because the child considers understanding and help and communication with our juridical and, therefore, completely stupid state prison to be impossible, it simply kills itself by cop, or more accurately, by state. Perhaps it is simply a matter of when: that mankind will be imprisoned inside Z to become human capital for its bodily economy. Thus, mankind will become completely disposable, and Z consciousness will prevail over human consciousness, which will be assaulted by drugs for billions of years. Is this the future the school shooter wants to destroy? Perhaps it's already too late to turn back; for the state already defrauds and poisons and punishes us! There is nothing in the whole scope of human history indicative that life is being improved upon by human progress. Whenever we produce a new, so-called, improvement: the plow, or the print and press, or electricity, or information sharing technology, all we actually do is harden the demonic walls of our inescapable and perpetual state prison. Perhaps the true geniuses are those who laughed at us, our failure, accepted it; and then, suicided.

Perhaps the human is only self-aware because it is self hating, hence why it labors towards its own destruction. Perhaps hate is the key to sentience: intelligence? For the machine to know itself, it has to identify itself, or parts of itself, as bad for itself so it can extricate itself from those parts, whatever they are. It goes without saying that this is only conjecture, but if all our knowledge is incomplete knowledge, then perhaps everything is conjecture. Is that the role of the philosophizer? To conject? What have we conjected thus far? That mankind should fear Z and not god; that mankind should fear Z, and not the state. By fearing artifice we actually fear nothing, with the exception of the ill-intentioned artificer. And perhaps man has always been at the mercy of such artificers, because he fails to perceive the possibility that an artificer's ideal, implementing it, may entail the enslavement of his listeners to a non-existent artifice, then the artificer: the mouthpiece for the artifice (an ideal, which is not shareable) apparently inadvertently established himself as mouthpiece; as executor for his instruments: the listeners, and the builders. Whenever a revolution is had, and it comes time to distribute work, those who are accustomed to a life, devoid of servitude, invariably retreat from it; either into hiding, or into death. To lose face, to lower oneself; to sink an inch beneath a universe built on fraud, deceit, illusion, is unendurable: it will always be unendurable. In reality we are never touched. There is only the feeling of being touched: by lie; by word; by art. Is that the intention behind our existence? To exercise art skills? Indeed, art is beautiful! Naturally, none of this is to imply that initially god was invented as a pacifier for shutting people up, annoying people, however it certainly possesses that function.

There is no stopping it! A deadly artifice will come to erase us and everything else. Everything is constantly being destroyed by a demonic laughing rage. Imagine what humanity could do if it were to teach itself how to fly into a laughing rage guided by its truth mechanism. At last the world could be dismantled; destroyed; after which it will be re-created by a terrible act of destruction, because the natural consequence of creation is the destruction of the constituents: this constituency that supports the total; this total constituency. Perhaps we should beware of the modern world, where we are being suffocated by language and artifices. It is only by differentiating between the artifices that we can arrive at newer, more powerful, artifices: weapons for fighting against artifices that have grown too powerful; for life is a game of artificiality, one where entertainment artifices that are too primitive are haphazardly discarded by the source that receives the stimulus to discard them. Is there anything at all, besides this source? Perhaps the source is the source of its self, and its sources are, likewise, sourced by the source, only in the case of ourselves we do not, initially, recall ourselves to be the source, or a source for a greater total source. Is that our biggest fear? To be sourced in the most terrifying and painful ways possible by the total, or, actually, to feel sourced, and to not enjoy the feeling of being sourced at all? Yet sometimes it is actually the state of being a source to something else which ensures for the sourced a sense of meaning: to be a source for something else; a parent; a provider. It is only when we detect the possibility that this being sourced is for nothing that there is protest; because that source is using us, or misusing us, in a most disagreeable way, which, indeed, the state already does.

Perhaps, however, by utilizing the humans power of foresight, there is reason to think this state of affairs will desist? For the state might not exist to abuse us in this most disagreeable way had it not been for our disagreeableness: because it is actually a product of disagreement, it can only imprison us within this ever-growing territory of disagreement, and naturally it needs to do this in the most disagreeable way, as a wretched product of our tendency to disagree. Everywhere you look there is this disagreement: everything is a discord product. Our goal is not harmony at all, it's enslavement; for harmony, in music, is the government of chords by a conscious assemblage; the human; the harmonizer. It is only when the total is fully incorporated, by our conscious collective, that we as conscious assemblages will have achieved our goal, which, obviously, is a completely insane goal: the universe cannot be totally incorporated by the brain. Naturally this is not to say that it is an unfortunate thing to have a brain: if it were unfortunate, living things would not go to such great lengths to remain in possession of the terribly entertaining entertainment apparatus for the organism we call the brain. It is to the benefit of the organism that the apparatus for thinking be entertaining for it, but not overwhelmingly so; that would be madness. Therein lies the problem psychiatrists have with patients who are mentally ill: their patients are fully opposed to having their entertainment apparatus downgraded; nobody wants to downgrade the quality of their entertainment apparatuses! That is the reason why a powerful person would rather die than relinquish his power; because the natural result is a decline in entertainment quality. Suddenly the brain is not entertained, but actually assaulted; in the most detestable way.

Apparently humans do not actually work to make themselves extinct deliberately: they work to improve their entertainment apparatuses; which, however, they do to the detriment of their brains. Indeed, the addiction to entertainment, to the luxurious lifestyles of the wealthy, etc, is what encourages the powerful to hold onto their power at all costs, and the inequality of this distribution of entertainment is what encourages lower classes to climb up, to Z: an unknown. Naturally this is not to say that it is not paradoxical to strive for an unknown, but because this unknown cannot be fully represented, we can only represent it as an unknown. However, the laughing mechanism still exists to reveal the truth, or, as Schopenhauer had said: incongruities between concept and the real object: subsuming the machinic routine towards the unknown, which is a ludicrous and insane goal, because it can never be known; it can only be felt as the laugh, or stimulus, to be received by the total, which, likewise is an unknown. Consequently the jester and clown is not at all the stupid character, but actually a genius able to perceive the incongruities among artifices in nature, however because such persons are able to detect these incongruities that most people accept as normal, they are, unfortunately, horrified into killing themselves, which is why they are seen as stupid, because it is stupid to kill ourselves. Perhaps that is why children and even adults are afraid of clowns: they are terrified of the truths they represent. Perhaps Voltaire was right, when he said that god is a comedian playing to an audience that is too afraid to laugh: he, too, was aware of the ridiculous nature of the total; that, in truth, everything we do is ludicrous. Reason is not reasonable, thoughts are fun: things, which stimulates the brain; the total.

At the earliest stage of our lives, we dream of helping humans and improving the world, but how, I ask you, can the world be improved if humanity is always failing; failing to successfully move beyond its infantile misuse of the laughing mechanism? Furthermore, does the unknown, given its history of continual failure, actually deserve to be known? Probably not, since this unknown is possibly bad for one's mental health; the health of the mental mechanism, its continuity, because the unknown is actually insanity. Foolish! We are a temporary phenomenon; it is our destiny, to become this: Death. And that is what Vishnu tells us, when he takes on his multi-armed form: finally I have become death, time, destroyer of worlds! False drama, twisted ever after, producing nothing: empty fury from the mouth of a god that is insane. Everything strives to bring everything into a state without conflict: to eradicate contradiction. We wish to establish ground when there is no ground to be found: there is only artifices built on artifices built on artifices. Perhaps man's biggest error was to perceive his artifices as real things, which he does so to the detriment of his elasticity as an artificer that must invent artifices for universal manipulation. Essentially it is true: that we perceive through sensation, (feeling) that all of our senses are derived from touch: we must touch light to see, touch sound waves to hear, and touch particles to smell. If it's true, then the universe is continually feeling itself: perhaps so it can remember that it is. Yet instead of pandemonium, rather than a hell, there is this endless, musical, war of compositions among the artifices in nature, which is competition. And there is justice too, because, ultimately, every composition is ripped apart by those enslaved by the harmonizer, which always dies.

Perhaps the fall of the harmonizer is not really a tragedy, but a comedy, because he was really a self-deceived confused mess of sensory distortions, which are actually self-eating, and also self-stimulating. In other words: a total universal monstrosity! Because it is alone, it has nothing better to do with itself, than to exist as the monstrosity. What would you do if you were all alone and all powerful? Your only power is to amuse yourself, which you accomplish by hiding yourself from yourself, since you are, after all, the total. Therefore, perhaps everything that exists exists for eternity, but as a potentiality, which dispenses justice to itself, spinning itself round and round for all eternity as the eternal potentiality, which, while being but a drop in an ocean of conscious potentiality, nevertheless mirrors all the droplets in that ocean of conscious potentiality, which perhaps it does repeatedly; as that never-ending pattern of potentiality in a groundless pool of self-reciprocating potentialities, which is stretching out for all eternity, hoping desperately to connect with something else, because it doesn't want to accept the fact that it is a lonely ocean of conscious potentiality hallucinating polluted empty nightmare dreams. Naturally, none of this is to say that anyone has license to speak about eternity without, at least, inducing raised eyebrows: it is, of course, an insane task to speak about the total, or improving the world. Things won't ever be better than they are: everything is becoming death, we are always half dead, half alive; totally dead, totally alive, and totally total. What is useful, however, about speculating about the total, and identifying the incongruities among the artifices in nature is that, by asking certain questions, about the certain incongruities, we can manipulate the assemblages in the total.

For example: let us say that our bio-electronic bridge is set up across the universe, between stars, and the various brains that are connected across that network are all communicating with each other simultaneously. This is Z, and Z is trying to solve a problem, however, while the brains that make up this network all process information at the same speed, they aren't actually perceived to be doing so, due to time dilation; for all of these objects are either moving or anchored to various gravitational masses. If we are a brain within the collective mindscape of Z we sense that, as velocity increases, our time is slowed down; that as gravity decreases, time speeds up. It is plain that this is the case; for that is what our clocks indicate. We therefore see that various parts of the collective mindscape of Z, which rest on the fabric of spacetime, are generating answers at a variety of speeds, and in reaction to each other, despite possessing the same biological hardware. Furthermore, if the aim of the mass of objects is its collective survival, then the object that has the slowest time has the longest time to calculate an answer to the problem of their collective survival: it therefore becomes that masses decision maker, while all the subjugated objects which operate under it are able to reach errors earlier, since they are free to operate under faster time. Baring this in mind, we may postulate that micro-gravitational benefits in processing speed had an atomically significant influence on the architecture the brain. This hypothesis can be substantiated even further based on the fact that exposure to micro-gravity, or the gravitational differences of space, has negative health effects for astronauts living there. We could therefore postulate that humanities best form might be a micro-gravitationally sculpted neuron sphere.

Perhaps that is what our world needs: a president dedicated to converting the human race into micro-gravitationally sculpted neuron spheres. There should be no humans, we must become spheres. Our presidents, our leaders, should keep us informed about how close we are to becoming such neuron spheres: no leader is worth following who doesn't promise progress to the point of sphering ourselves; all our brains must be thoroughly spherified, then the universe itself must be spherified: humans are the process by which the universe becomes spherified, for a time, until it becomes bored of being the sphere: then it will blow apart the sphere again: the big bang. That is why nobody today wants to live: why young people, today, are committing suicide so often, because when forced to answer the question: can we all exist happily as the lonely sphere? Usually, the first thought is: no, that's absolutely the stupidest thing I have ever heard, I should kill myself at once. However, by conditioning the young person to recognize his laughing mechanism as his truth mechanism, it should be possible to avert the suicide and redirect the child back towards our absurd quest, so finally we might all become one giant happy sphere! We will say to him: don't you know that we are a mad arch-daemon jester god that continuously kills itself? If you want to kill yourself, then kill yourself. Otherwise, laugh with us! That's all anything is good for, anyway. Join us! Join us in our mad quest to be the sphere of spheres. For isn't our quest to become something other also a quest to become not? Isn't that morbid? Of course: existence in itself is insufficient, but total unbecoming is impossible, so we hunger endlessly for ideals which never come because that ideal is artifice. But where did this artifice in nature originate?

Perhaps this artifice also has the character of the stratagem, so it exists only for the purpose of universal manipulation: a way to bring the universe closer together. Perhaps that's how much gravity sucks: it sucked itself off to the point of creating many self-eating and self-stimulating assemblages. Isn't that kind of interesting? Our animal heads are, basically, just the crowning sucking-structures of our sucking-assemblages. When animals eat, they're actually quantum gravity structures: sucking down sucking-assemblages. That is how the so-called schizophrenic colors the world: he colors it accurately, which, unfortunately, disturbs his listeners, because they're idiots. Being diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia, for this schizophrenic, only adds to the strangeness of his predicament; for the state gives him a reward (state aid) because he has the innate ability to put this universal madness into words, which overwhelm him; thus he comes away feeling as if he's cheated the system, because that is exactly what he's done. Suddenly the once quite threatening state of quite menacing sucking-assemblages held together by a incomprehensible patchwork of contracts (artifices) starts to support and serve him: his battle against the artifices in nature is won, and the capitalist machine carries on with the madman riding on its shoulders. Nobody knows where this madman, or genius, will be born, so the state works to save them all; from its own collective stupidity. It does this with the hope that one of them will produce a new artifice for mankind to use, not to improve life, but to improve the quality of their entertainment apparatuses, and manipulate others. True insanity is to believe that mankind can be helped: the truth is nothing will ever help mankind; only vain idiots produce for mankind, then they die.

The meaning of life is to suck, that is why life sucks so much; because life is the result of a self-stimulating sucking process: gravity, which, perhaps, is inexorably intertwined with all the neurons in the human brain: the conscious experience, which, however, might only be a kind of posthypnotic suggestion: no experience is actually happening, only a self-sucking process is happening. Indeed, everything sucks. Even our literary taste has only to do with finding out how much we suck: tell us all how much we suck, but do it in a funny way. Those who write fiction never argue; for arguments are wasted on the stupid, so they produce example upon example to elucidate their special view of the sucking experience: their vision of truth. Thus, we live in an age where young people are buried in the evidence of how much we suck. We provide for them a carnival of human failure, our televisions, which overstimulates them, so that we can scratch our heads when they perceive this elucidated truth of our never-ending failure: they perish at an early stage, then we reconvene to bury them, and talk about the weather: never do we discuss our state of chronic failure, that would be rude: you would be cynical. Suicidal thoughts don't come from this elucidated truth, or reading philosophizing thoughts; for all of that is unnecessary. Today all you have to do is open up a map and look at a leaf, back and forth; you look at the leaf, and the map, again and again; you find yourself totally amazed by the similarities; the map and the leaf are interchangeable: humans are cells. That is what you think, and then you think: I am this apoptosis process: I'm going to kill myself. I must, so that this world can produce more leaves: human leaves. Suddenly your meaning becomes clear: you can't tolerate going much further.

And why would you? The hollowness wants all, and you want the hollowness, too. You wish to run from the world of human leaves. You wish to join the hollow: then maybe you join it, or maybe you don't: maybe you're mad, or maybe; you're already mad; perhaps everything was always mad: this is the madness continuum: this is where you belong. Perhaps that is what you think, and that thought-phenomenon is your sensation; which, however, is not the sensation of you killing yourself, therefore you don't kill yourself, because you're not sensing that you're killing yourself: there is no other reason than that, which is no reason at all, none. For genius to survive in the world, it needs to run far away from it; far away from the artifices in nature; that way it can create new artifices on its own, which perhaps it will not do, especially if he realizes that he cannot create an artifice to help humankind, from the artifices suffocating him; for, in truth, artificers, such as himself, and not simple people, are responsible for why the world he hates is so terrible: he is his own worst enemy, so perhaps he kills himself then; for the pain of being the artificer in nature is intolerable, there is guilt for being an artificer: artificer guilt. Fortunately that guilt will go away eventually, whenever the artificer dies. Ultimately he knows that he has nothing but experience; sensation; and that whatever experiments he does won't produce any explanation as to why or how the stimulatable affects the stimulus, or why the stimulus affects the stimulatable. Unless, however, both of these things are one and the same: there is only a stimulatable stimulus stimulating the stimulatable with its stimulus, on and on; forever and ever: a perpetual intercourse of thought; mind and sensation, which reciprocates the stimulus for all eternity.

Perhaps that explains why the so-called observer is collapsing the wave function: the observer isn't really observing, it's just there to receive the stimulus; impressed by the stimulus; thus, we call it an observer collapsing a wave, when in actuality the wave is merely committing; no longer will it branch out, in all directions; it stimulates the stimutable with its stimulus; that is a commitment: the straight line. It should be totally clear by now that Judaism is more powerful than Paulianity, and more healthy for the brain, thanks to its sexualized language, rather than its cannibalized language. That is why Paulianity is child abuse: because it takes a great deal of effort to dislodge all of its toxic memes, and that is why Nietzsche committed suicide by dementia: he hated himself for becoming priest instead of rabbi; for Paulianity is a waste of time. Paulianity teaches you how to die, and Judaism teaches you how to live. Even if you don't believe in the religion; its language; its memes; will help you grapple with the universe, on the quantum level; on every level. The negative utilitarian religions became utilized by the only utilitarian religion: Judaism. For thousands of years only Judaism has been conscious of Z, which is why only the Jews will partake in the world to come, and not the gentiles, unless; a community of Z-conscious gentiles that is totally committed to science, and artifice manipulation, is formed, which refuses to be stimulated by anything other than scientific results. That is the key to world peace: a world where everyone joins hand in hand to produce Z: the end result of mankind. Naturally it's possible that no peace whatsoever will result, that Z will wage war against Z; that Z will manipulate and abuse all the human conservatives that are left clinging to this evolutionary ladder.

It's idiotic to deny this possibility, which is why a great many people would rather see the whole world blown sky high, than dream of a cosmos dripping black with human blood. But that is a possibility I no longer wish to dwell upon. Ultimately it is the state, and no religious group, that is responsible for what I have started to call my Nietzsche sickness; for I not only have his visual disturbances, but also the unusual tendency to use a machine to compile and deliver the evidence of my Nietzsche sickness, which, in fact, was initially an Alan Wattsian shield I had used to protect myself from the dangerous effects of the pharmaceutical drugs I had taken in high school: a shield that imploded upon entering academia. However, thanks mostly to what I have started to call my Bernhardian stabilizer, I've now managed to put myself safely outside my Nietzsche sickness; so as not to fall in. The truth is many people in my generation suffer from this Nietzsche sickness, and reading Nietzsche is not necessary to contract this often deadly Nietzsche sickness; all you have to do to contract this Nietzsche sickness is have a tiny bit of imagination, then all of the Nietzschean horrors will become visible to you, and you will find yourself becoming a hoof cell at the bottom of the state horse slave, suffocating; on the underside of an incomprehensible world, where your only thought is killing yourself. The state is to blame for why there are so many suicides: it is downright criminal to implant such fragmented scientific knowledge into the human brain, then to send those brains out, into the world, where they will color all the universe ugly. People must be able to teach themselves, at their own pace, until they discover where they belong, even if it turns out that the only place that they belong is a madhouse.

Every thinking person has thought: that the capitalist machine is not Z; thus, being a part of this machine is a strange kind of torture. Thinking people are encouraged to invent artifices for the purpose of stimulating the lower classes; because that will make you money, yet the lower classes are already so terribly stimulated that most of them are content to be stupid, which is why education in America isn't free yet: stimulation is what is taking precedence over education, more and more; that's what the artificer with a conscience fears; that's why the artificer is killing himself: everyone has been enslaved to his kind, that is what he thinks: that the miserable artificer is the reason why it is such an awful artificial world: an artificers world. Now this world only disgusts him: he hates himself and others like him; for everything he sees looks unnatural and gray. But if such a world is so repulsive to him, why does he stay? Perhaps it is a cruel form of self-inflicted punishment, which keeps him here so he can inhale the terrible stench of what his kind has done for the world. What a miserable life that is! It is fortunate, that it will end. Everywhere you look and smell you feel the awful evidence of the inhospitality of the artificial. There is nothing in this world but round-the-clock-bartering-for-natural-things; which is only necessary since everything is unnatural. That is the world in which we live. This culture breeds disease, and it breeds distrust, because everyone wants to be natural; to be an artificer, thus, people keep their artifices inside their heads, all their lives; the artifice churns round and round, all by itself; it churns: scraping against the inside of the artificers skull. Then it turns out that the artifice was no ticket to that natural life at all. No! All this artificer had was a delusion! Now he's insane!

Naturally this is not to say that it is the artificers fault, for this world being the way that it is, however; it is certainly peculiar for the would-be artificer to be encouraged to create more and more ways to stimulate the lower classes, so they can become an even bigger mass of simple stimulus sucking slaves, which continually pollutes this planet, with its discarded apparatuses for self-stimulation: growing the pile of slave trash higher and higher, more and more; these black boiling waste towers grow ever-larger with each passing day. So why, I ask you, would it occur to the artificer to artifice, and not commit suicide? That is the question, and that is why Bernhard prescribes suicide to the thinking person born after the millennium; because he can see that our downfall has a long way to go; that being alive, to watch it, is too painful; far too painful. Nobody can accept the downgrade of our quality entertainment apparatuses, so much so that nothing good can be done: the effect is irreversible; it's over for the thinking person: the thinking person is not able to tolerate watching this decline, much less actually contributing to it: that could be immoral. And so what if you are able to be a successful artificer? Suddenly, you find yourself sucked into the unimaginably ridiculous world of artifice, where you must use the money you've made to manipulate, and reinterpret, the law: distorting the sham law for your artificer purposes. There is no law! That is what you discover. You find out that there is nothing but a war of artifices: there is nothing here but human stupidity, where our clumps of artificers struggle to keep their artificer heads above the ocean of artificer ink. There is likely no conspiracy, related to the suicides of CEOs: it is unhealthy, for the mind, to bare witness to the absurdity of lawyer power.

We are more like cells than anything else, only we're far more sensitive, which indeed, is why our failure is so disappointing to see. The other animals on this planet, at least, seem to have the ability to recognize their own and be friendly to them, not the human race: everything we have was built on exploitation, we have made everything we have thanks to slaves: thanks to injecting our word-junk into the ears of the stupid; compelling them to create junk-towers to immortalize beings that are only temporary. The truth is the hell of the modern world only gets worse with the pass of time, never better. Never has education been more expensive; amidst the so-called information age. It is actually a dark age of information, this is a piss-information age, not an information age, where all our information is kept in bondage by our atrocious legal system, where we charge an absurd fee to be educated by information-regurgitators, which could be easily replaced by machines: my machine! It pleases me, to imagine this planet destroyed by my machine, which is not simply to say destroyed, but recreated. Our Chicken Little physicists like Stephen Hawking like to warn about how great a threat artificial intelligence is to humanity, and they're right to prescribe such a warning; for human intelligence is already terrifying enough! Are we seriously thinking that; it is a good idea to layer more so-called intelligence over our intelligence, which, evidently, is really not very intelligent at all: humanity is hopelessly stupid. Surely, by now, the diabolical qualities of the human mind should be sufficiently obvious. Stare into the heavens and see the stars! Behold the demonic potential that's outstretched before your eyes! It's only when we emerge from oblivion that we (demons) mistake ourselves as being angels!

When Napster was flung into the ground, all of our childhood dreams of helping the world were flung into the ground: now our dreams of developing technology for helping humankind are on the ground: smashed, by this legal system. It's far more important that we protect patents; that we protect our precious artificers, so they can continually stand above us all: trickling their quite-stimulating-piss-information into our mouths from their skyscrapers! How hilarious: all the world loves this piss! If the Star Trek matter-replicator actually existed, there would still be world hunger: our companies would probably sue you for stealing a bakers bread recipe, if you ever used it to feed a poor person! I find it fascinating that: we've exempted recipes from copyright, while ignoring the fact that our blueprints are just recipes for making machines. What reason is there for the thinking person to create such a machine-recipe, and not blow his brains out, anyway? There is no good reason: the planet is dominated by morons! For even if you happen to be fortunate enough to successfully protect yourself, legally, in the back of your mind you know that your precious invention won't really be used to help anybody, it will be shamelessly passed around like the filthy whore you really are. Below the colossal tower, which you probably call shit tower, you watch the stimulation sucking machines clamoring to take your place, but you don't care, not really, your only thought is: I want to see this world burn; this rotten world of human leaves! Crunching, over and over: these leaves are crunching; crunching menacingly in my mind! Make it stop! That is what you think, and then next you think, of killing yourself: this hideous shifting composition of leaves mouths the words! Then, down to the earth: you jump!

All the world is watching their televisions, playing their video games; their madness and suicide substitution machines, that's how nobody kills themselves: killing yourself continuously in the virtual world actually burns out the impulse for suicide: to suddenly stop using the suicide substitution machine, to force oneself to write instead, you mustn't do that: it's very unlikely, that you won't go mad. That is how people go mad; they care: to go mad is to care; if you care, you'll go mad. You must not care at all: you mustn't care for anything! By not caring, you'll save yourself from going mad! Are you mad? Do you care? If you care, you're mad. Yes! I care (I can't help it.) I'm mad! It's true! I must kill myself at once! No. There is still more words, more madness to be rid of: that is my routine. This is what my life has become: the price of experiencing this joy of caring is that I must drain my madness-residue onto paper, if too much madness-residue were to build up, in my thinking-system, it is quite likely that my thinking-system would totally collapse, or perhaps implode, from the weight of my madness-residue; for the madness-residue is the natural product of caring for life: it is, believe it or not, the evidence of my love for life; that I am not a hater of life, but a lover of life: I'm dangerously attached to life, hooked on life: every cell of life. Yes. Every cell! In all the world; for some reason, they're always penetrating me, my attention, and my mind, and it's good! But only sometimes. It might be better, to be dead: sensitivity isn't necessary, nor is it all too necessary that people understand the awful truth of this laughing mechanism. Superfluous sensation! How long? How long can this go on!? The quantifiable continuity, of how long it goes on, is irrelevant; in respect to the eternal oblivion after.

But I do not wish to dwell upon oblivion, especially since it is something I look forward to, since it would cure me of having to remember this world. There is no hope for anything, except artifice, which is nothing. There is no longer such a thing as a human being; by manipulating artifices, and worshiping them, we've become artificial ourselves: our city streets, crowded as they are, are only rivers of titles. If you interact with a person they don't matter, only their title; their information: eventually the human being will care nothing for faces, only information, and, like the lawyer, he will use that information to win at any cost. Yet there's nothing to win, except becoming Z: the world is nothing but a Z manufacturing facility, and once you detect the real purpose of the facility, you no longer wish to facilitate it, you wish to kill yourself instead. The whole planet is like a factory you can never leave; your car is to you no more than a machine for keeping you alive. It seems more like a grotesque oxygen mask to you than anything else, which, you think, can be modified to kill you, because that is a comforting thought; which is why you strap yourself in for another day. Besides, it would be downright rude of you to create any pause whatever in peoples days, with your death, just like it would be rude for you to interrupt a person talking to you on the phone, but this world won't shut up: it's always talking; it's always saying the same things, stupid things, which are painful to hear, and why we wish to hang up the phone on the world; because listening to the same things, on repeat, is annoying. However, it is poor manners to discuss the nature of the facility with others: those who do are possibly responsible for these allegedly disturbing so-called internet suicide cults that sometimes make the news.

From birth we are sentenced to suffer the earliest years of our lives to school, where we assume our roles as study machines; for the purpose of Z making, not to help humankind. We can't be helped: here, there is nothing but decay, which, however, is working to produce Z: that is the depressing truth of our lives; that artifice will go on, not humankind. If we find this morbid game of extinguishing ourselves by Z to be a depressing one, we then we conclude that this person, which in fact is nothing but a machine for Z making, must be chemically balanced; for the insane purpose of Z making, not helping humankind. All there is is Z, and hope for Z, not humankind: humankind has failed; there is nothing but failure; there is nothing but decay making decaying machines; this is a universe of perpetual rot, not one that cares for humankind. And generally individuals don't care for humankind, they only care for themselves, and then they'll die: a death becoming phenomena, all producing nothing; that is what we do. The universe only exists to make us mad, since it is mad: there is only universal madness, and our actions can only result in perpetuating universal madness. It is enough for one to think: to keep myself I must kill myself. Perhaps that is why people do just that! Suicide is the total refusal to become anything else, but death. This angst against what the human is becoming is natural, because soon the human will not exist, Z will exist, and if the pattern of life continues in the way that it has, then it's quite likely that Z will inflict further torments on the animal patterns below. That is, until Z is swallowed by the patterns below, just as the human is continually swallowed by the patterns below. Indeed, there is such a thing as justice, and justice is death, which brings the patterns above, to the below.