

THE UNTOLD STORY OF MAN

BY
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*“To tell a story against oneself—
what woman has ever been able to do this?
And what man?”*

Miss Hellen Zimmern
on Nietzsche

AGES ago, man was born. Man is an animal that needed food, so he learned to use himself for food. It began innocently enough; first, the infantile cry, second, the adult demand; this interplay ran parallel to his development as an animal that, gradually, used himself with his socializing more than he copied the behavior of his fellow kin. Instead of merely observing the actions done by his other in nature, he grew sensitive to the point that he could estimate to what mouth noises referred. But as he was referred, he was controlled, and dependent on his controllers. Thus in times of scarcity, the creature turned against his own. He killed and ate the flesh of his own. The passions of sex kept the creature going and, with it, his memory, until later he found himself as an animal that needn't necessarily show to his other natural evidence for his words. Passion and obedience to hunger kept him going; and obedience to the cry of hunger soon brought his other, his children, the products that came from himself, into a state of dependence on him. It was the natural weakness of the creatures children that caused them to become neurotic, causing the creatures to laugh neurotically. As the creature experienced the pain of his limitations, a useless seizure occurred in him, something that he would later call laughter. The laughing animal cannibalized himself and, to take revenge on the parent, perpetuated the paternal system of slavery, recreating the trauma of being an animal that must harvest speech to survive, the trauma of being human.

Fundamentally, man is a speech-dependent creature. What the wealthiest among him know from generation to generation, is the fortune of having subjects that are obedient to his words. We see this, from the Chief to the CEO. There is always the instructor and the instructed. It begins insidiously enough; the organism acquires a mass of mental information he can translate into sounds; however, to transfer this mental information to another mind, he is given his mouth as his only aperture: an aperture that can only speak one word at a time. And thus, in addition to knowing himself as a sequencer of words, additionally, he knows himself as a sequencer of men. Furthermore, since words may only refer to other words, the task of reason is never done, because the task of explanation is never done, which means that it is not reasonable to be reasonable. There is no "reason" to the world, there is only a sequence of words given as an explanation for the world, when the world is not a word. Thus we see for thousands of years man, the animal of the word, has carried with him the Jewish creation story, a story in which God creates the human world with words. Let there be light! And light there was, and so on. This religion was quite honest about man's relationship with words, encouraging questioning and answering and study, that's to say, human activities he does not consider labor. Nowhere in Jewish thought is speech labor considered labor. Nowhere in Marx's thought is speech or writing labor considered labor. For whatever reason, these are

activities that, traditionally, do not qualify as labor. That is because labor is a division; a way of differentiating kinds of action, between speech labor and manual labor. It is because of the Jewish valuation of the writing act and speech act that Jewish people are forever being attacked. But we should note that while Judaism openly suggests that its people that its Lord will “make you the head, not the tail;” that this reason for hostility is a reason that is not exclusive to Judaism, but any and all entities or groups perceived to be sitting at the top of a hierarchical structure that gives commands. Thus if I were to live in a forest and learn of its contents, a wealthy forest containing more treasures in it than I am able to speak in a lifetime, it's conceivable to me that my interlocutor may grow envious of my tribal position as memory holder and have me killed. Thence, my murderer would take my place as the most knowledgeable one. But we ought to see now that the cry for equality, or social equality, is in fact a cry for memetic equality, spatial equality, that is to say, a cry for an impossibility, a cry and nothing more.

Note the sheer quantity of symbols written on the Egyptian walls. Something very strange occurs when you are brought into a room with writing on the walls. It is like stepping into a world that is no longer the natural world, but a kind of training ground for the natural world. A cave man may have depicted drawings of his pray to show what he values; and similarly, a Pharaoh may have depicted stories about his divinity to show what he values. Even today, people continue to make money simply through speech. And why should it be otherwise? If I instruct you to get me a piece of fruit, and you get me that piece of fruit, then it is you that has lost the calories required to get the fruit, while I not only gain the fruit, but a bonus in calories from having spent less energy obtaining the fruit than yourself. But if we seriously consider this as a problem then this is a systemic problem! What is to be done? There is nothing to be done. We can only move forward, recognize that we do suffer from such a problem, and work towards the reconstruction of man, the destruction of man. Hitler proclaimed that the Jew would crown himself with the funeral wreath of mankind. It's with a heavy heart that I say that this must be done.

Man must die. The pains of slavery he suffers simply aren't worth it. As an animal that needs to be trained, he finds himself at odds with himself; he struggles within a world of trainers who train him for nothing; the creature exists already. Madly, he seeks the truth, when the truth is outside him, outside the word truth. Socrates can be said to have found the truth when he died. It is a simple truth, and a sad truth, namely, that man does not have enough time in his life to reach the truth. Instead of reaching the truth, Socrates was executed on the charge of corrupting the young. Not believing in democracy, by reason that a deadly stupidity would

prevail, Socrates sought to train an army of reasonable truth-seekers to dominate the land. But this objective runs counter to its cause; it never solves the problem he wishes to solve; for “truth” is never found in a lifetime; instead, what actually occurs is a professorship is born, which is simply a league of men who piteously insert their questions into other minds, sending them to plumb the depths of chaos in search of answers; in short, a hegemony of people and their biological needs is replaced by a hegemonic of questioners, a hegemony comprised of the confused.

The story of Socrates is famous because it depicts the death of the reasonable one. But man was never reasonable. The planet was not created by “reasons” and the big bang was not created by “reason.” But the story of man gets worse from here. Hundreds of years after Socrates took his life, Jesus was born, and with the death of Christ, a far more powerful professorship of his life was created than the one established after Socrates died. Note that when I say professorship I am referring to professional storytellers. Both Socrates and Jesus rebel against the professional storytellers of their day. On the one hand, Socrates goes about probing people with his exhaustive questioning; insisting that he knows nothing; making evident what the character of the Sophist consists of: a talking mercenary, an angler of men. On the other hand, Jesus goes about showing up the inconsistencies of the scribes and pharisees, calling them hypocrites, while training his disciples how to be fishers of men. We should therefore perceive Jesus to be a Jewish sophist, like Socrates, only better. Socrates and Jesus wrote nothing down. Socrates and Jesus did not accept payment for their services. Socrates accused his adversaries of sophistry, which is a pejorative that means one who utilizes fallacious arguments, usually for money, hence why Socrates did not accept payment for his speech so that he did not fall into his own definition of sophistry as talking mercenary. Jesus, conversely, and similarly, indicted the scribes and pharisees with the charge of hypocrisy, which is one who doesn't do what they say. Now, proceeding to think in professing terms, a speaker, or instructor, or educator, if they are giving instructions for you to obey, cannot be said to do what they say, since they are speaking a command. If they stop commanding and do what they command, then they cease to be commanders and become doers, that is to say, what a hypocrite is not. Essentially Socrates and Jesus hit upon the same problem, but in different ways, the problem of training.

But the problem of training is essentially the human condition. Both minds have a commitment to establishing an overview of what it means to be a human being. It is noteworthy to me that Nietzsche, who would later sign his papers Dionysus the Crucified, would concern himself with the future of our educational institutions at such an early age. It is in that early unpopular lecture that Nietzsche attempts to

confront this issue head on; discovering the terrible dilemma that education is at odds with itself. Like Socrates, we find ourselves wondering what it really means to be good, what it really means to be elevated when we are educated. For if one steps outside the world of words, observing the human animal with deaf ears at his game, from this alien perspective focused on the educational institution one sees only a confusing mass of instructors educating their students on how to read and write. But reading and writing doesn't help us understand nature. The mark on the page is still a mark on the page. We sense ourselves as an activity, and we use the mark (noun) in an effort to understand ourselves as an activity (verb), when this can't be done. But perhaps this depressing discovery will give us the means by which we may peer behind the surface of things.

Now I must be personal. Just as Nietzsche was fascinated by his role as educator and his role in the world, so too had I, in a modern way, focused on this problem of training, except by technological means. Rather than there existing a biological professor, there may be a mechanical professor instead. This professor would be the perfect teacher, the ideal educator. The very best minds would be approved by some process, recorded, and their ideas would be imparted to the young. But what will this mean for teaching jobs? Will there be fewer educators in the future? Or more tutors in the future? Is being connected to a mechanical professor all that different to being connected to a body that delivers impulses and commands to its brain? If a mechanical professor is created, what effect will this have on the state? Will there even be a state? Considering that our planet will only exist for a finite amount of time, is it sensible to care about territorial states? If we do not care about territorial states and instead create space ship states, will there be an educational apparatus within that space ship state; and, if so, how will that space ship state be different from the biological body? To what extent is a body a space ship already? Is the body an educator that uses instinct to educate? Does creating for ourselves a space ship state solve the mystery as to why we have bodies; or rather, does it merely recreate the problem of body? Is unraveling this mystery the object of scientific study? Is our method of study merely recreating the problem we wish to solve; and, if so, is the task of understanding somehow at odds with itself? Are we merely recreating an error, again and again, with no hope of ever uncovering the mystery as to why we have bodies? Or is man the artificer at the heart of it all, only he will not allow himself to believe it? Questions like these are some of the many sparks set off by the conflict created when contemplating the problem of education and the problem of maintenance of spatial systems. Consider the hunger pang. Is the hunger pang a maintenance pang? The brain senses the pang of maintenance from within the organic system, crossing into it

from outside the boundary line. But if the hunger pang is the maintenance pang, then it does not seem possible for us as organic systems to create machine that will stop the problem of hunger-maintenance. The machine created to solve hunger for us does not solve hunger since the machine created to do this will still pang us to maintain it when it breaks down; the hunger-maintenance harassment will still be a pang inflicted on the organic system from the outside, which means the machine we created, to solve the problem of hunger, in fact solves nothing at all. Instead of solving the problem, the form of it is transformed and impacted onto other areas within the total system, perhaps not entirely dissimilar to the Newtonian third law of motion, which concerns objects affecting other objects. If we permit ourselves to struggle with the implications of this as we build our mental picture of the space ship state; in particular, its form with respect to the organic mind contemplating its construction, it becomes increasingly difficult on how to preserve the system that's interested the total, when the total is not the system. In short, the system is not able to bring the surrounding system into itself. But perhaps the external system is not necessarily outside, nor inside. What then? Is it translating? And if it is translating then what is it translating? Surely we do not want to be redundant and say that it is translating a translating. At any rate, the point of this dilemma is that whatever we do, we cannot create a mechanism that will stop ourselves from sensing the pangs of the universe; or worse, from a universal perspective, it is as if the universe were creating problems for itself, creating experiences for itself, which would make just about every problem a self-made problem and, hence, not a "real" problem.

Oddly enough, drawing a line of division between the instinctive impulsion that an organism experiences, and the force impressed upon our minds by our educational institutions, seems difficult; for, at the end of the moment, what we see is a system that reacts from its respective pang to perform some task that's directed against its environment. And even if we were to render ourselves immortal, then we may still not rid ourselves of education pangs. This brings up interesting dilemmas related to the issue of self-influence, especially if we take issue with the issue in question and call it a problem. Let us say we are a God that wants to dream. In order for the God of my conception to dream, it must create its dreams, which means that such a God cannot dream automatically, it must always create its dreams. But the creator God has always implicitly been a discontent God, as far as I can tell; a discontent that strikes me as existentially necessary for an organism; for that sense of total contentment would curse it with such a sense of over-contentedness that the creature would sit and starve while being content with its starving until it died. Now, we can backtrack and understand that it is this organically existentially necessary creative discontentedness that explains why the Judaeo-Christian

religions prevailed over the other religions prescribing harmony. Discontent prevails, not contentment nor conservatism nor happiness nor harmony. But to make a commitment to war would require the simultaneous renouncement of all pretensions to have peace as our goal, even though this is what mankind always claims to want: world peace. The Kotzker Rebbe would agree, insisting that hatred was what kept life alive, since life must hate the food it eats to survive. What I am suggesting here is that reaching the ultimate “truth” does not seem possible for us as organic systems that eat, shit, read, and write. Just as we hate the hunger pangs that harass us, so, too, do we hate the unspeakable surrounding us. The world is unspeakable, and we hate it for its unspeakableness, so we're constantly making the world less and less unspeakable by speaking. Now we are caught in flows of speech; like it or not, we cannot leave the state in which we are born; we cannot escape the world of talk in which we are born; just as the ancient animal knew a world in which its brain was subject to feelings, in a similar way, the state and its inhabitants are all forced to endure the roar of the crowd: a crowd always wanting more, and so they elect representatives to carry out their aims. Yet representatives never fully represent who they are verbally said to represent, so what the populous gain is nothing but an empty pretense of representation. My hypothesis is that it is our human need to speak one word at a time, and hear one person speak at a time, that causes us to elect this innately hypocritical representative. To hear the other person speak, we must be silent; we call it civility, a civility that makes civilization possible. Our civilization writes things into law, but, sinisterly enough, the writing act requires tools for its possibility and therefore with it writing brings burdens to a group interested in its equality. Marx wrote at length about the conditions of the exploited, shockingly without considering who in his society would fetch him ink for his paper or paper for his ink. He never considered that this writing act was the real problem! Here we may allow ourselves to consider Derrida's suspicion: that writing is an act of human enslavement; an attempt at artifice and therefore world domination that incidentally results in the enslavement of man to man.

Let us recall that the influential power of writing stops at the human system; that I may not show my writing to a dog and expect him to understand, just as I may not smell the odor of dog piss and understand what this piss “means” to a dog. But I should want to know this, if I as man should wish to know what everything means, experience included. It's this dog “experience” that stands outside my experience and, hence, stands as an obstacle in my path to truth, to universal understanding.

Consider the absurdity of the following sentence. What is life all about? This sends us on a treasure hunt of self-discovery! But is this a trick? Let's study the sentence

and what it's made of. What (noun) is life (verb) all about? This leads us to suggest that life is a verb, and that verbs are actions, so life is about action. The question mark is a mark whose function is to excite or induce action in a listener, to send that listener into action for the benefit of the questioner at a caloric loss. In reality, it's completely nonsensical and mad for us to deliver nouns as token explanations for what an activity is all about: an activity, not an item. Again, it's the weakness of only being able to speak one word at a time that makes this mode of questioning possible, suggesting to me that alien life may not utilize words nor numbers at all. So why have we transmitted our equations into space? An alien life form that has followed my thinking and advanced in my thinking may be able to examine the markings made by a species in our stage of development and conclude a variety of biological and sociological implications from its manifestation. Our society so far has been advanced by our mad preoccupation with nouns. The ever-changing and consequently manifold activity is not a noun and therefore cannot be explained in this way. Rather, we exploit each other with our question marks, which are not so much question marks as excitation marks. Consider what occurs at the biological level when a voice is bent. The bent voice suggests a dissonance in the organism that gives clues to its listener that something is wrong. Here I will remind my reader or listener that in Hebrew "hear" is sometimes alternately translated as "obey." The bent voice, unlike the monotone voice, digs into our ears with its dissonance, encouraging us to act for the organism; conversely, the schizophrenic voice, often flat and impoverished, makes no pretension of importance through this practice of vocal bending. So in a sense the schizophrenic is unconsciously failing to advertise, keeping information need to know. Let us also recall that, for reasons unknown, more schizophrenics and men are born during times of war than in times of peace. What does this mean? Perhaps poverty of speech is the mind's way of keeping vital information out of enemy hands. But perhaps this is closer to the reality of things. When we say with words that there are two things, what we deny with this utterance is specialness; likewise, we deny that there is, in fact, only one completely unified thing, including us, which is currently speaking of words and therefore things, one at a time. From here I shall recall the words of Marx as he writes: "Money is the universal, self-constituted value of all things. Hence it has robbed the whole world of its proper value. Money is the alienated essence of man's labor and life, and this alien essence dominates him as he worships it." We should recall that the multiple money units existence is contingent on the concept of the multiple in number; it is the concept of the multiple, the concept of two, this concept, which demands the denial of specialness, that makes alienation possible. That is what Marx seeks with his communism. His messianic quest for peace that was brought on by his father's Protestant idealism, coupled perhaps by his genetic

predisposition to contemplate labor and its implications due to his rabbinical line, brought havoc and conflict to his mind. Marx's quest for communism, his attempt to rescue the alienated, is a perspective tempered by the Christian valuation of the world and its people, making everyone equally special: this is the true object of Marx's pursuit of communism. But to suggest that number is the satanic denial of specialness, to proclaim that in the streets, would only earn that profit of global specialness a place in a madhouse. But this proclamation worked, thanks to the crowds Christian sensibilities, perhaps. Like Jesus, the disciples of Marx used the story of his life as the pretext to manifest his Utopian dream. But the dream never came; instead, what they got was a professorship of storytellers, telling stories and giving orders; in short, performing speech labor while the rest of the humans that squirm for life in the confines of the state did manual labor. Again, in virtually any government you see this perpetual failure of representation, the endless march of man's deadly analogizing. I say that this analogizing is deadly because this denial of specialness results in an overriding that kills what is overridden by analogy. The question of analogical accuracy results in a wrong answer that suggests its total impossibility. One thing is not analogous to another. If I present to you a page with four squares on a page, such that they combine to form what looks like one square, and I ask you how many squares actually exist, you will tell me that four squares will exist. But this is wrong. Since each square exists at different points in space time, they are localized at different interstices, so it is "wrong" to give an answer. Or better yet, a mistake. For centuries mathematicians have suggested that it takes mental efforts to reach the divine. So then, why must we learn mathematics? If the divine is so great, can these mathematicians not find infinity on their own? It is a trick; we are triggered by questioning into scribbling when that is all we really do: read and write. And it is this observation; namely, that humans (merely) read and write, that gave Turing cause to create his universal machine on that principle.

The reading and writing machine, or universal machine, is ready to become man's outermost layer, a new organ by which he will sense his reality. This outer layer he builds forms the fabric of his body, and thus, to understand the fleshy body he has now, it may be necessary to consider its construction so we can contemplate our own. But of course creating this structure may result in the subordination of man in a structure of which he is not the archon. This is Derrida's concern. The space ship state I've described is the archon in question, made possible and ever-visible to us by art, which we now contrast with our present biological bodies. The space ship state may translate the world for us, not by flesh, but rather by mechanisms. Let us recall that the mind only projects and simulates actions; it does not allow us to perform all the actions it projects upon the world as potentialities. Similarly, a

brain situated inside a virtual world apart from the real world will know itself as an entity in possession of; firstly, the projective and stimulative faculty (mind); and second, the ability to perform actions actually upon a digital world. But the digital world is, in fact, a speculative attempt at re-creating the cosmic world, based on the observation that the human being is from a top down perspective or perhaps a universal one, only engaged in reading and writing. But man does more than this. Using the power of speech the human gives commands. My concerns about the future of professorships melt into my ideas concerning the space ship state; to be precise: the future of professorships is thrown into doubt in a world of machines; the world of the present, the here and now. At present, the birthing machines that may be useful for the production of human beings for the space ship state have been designed; at present, the state we know today, which taxes and defrauds its citizens as an existential need, need only instruct its obedient law enforcement officers to enclose our minds behind a new boundary for national defense, not a boundary of flesh but a boundary of metal; a metal boundary by which the mind will come to know its new existence: one of space ship state dependence. We will not be comfortable; we will not be liberated, nor free, nor enlightened, nor know any kind of universal understanding; only cosmic understanding from within the body of the space ship state. The mind will continue to enjoy itself as a sensitive organ in diametric opposition against a universal hostility. This raises the question: How a human weapon is supposed to “help” humanity. How can a mere “part” of everything, help everything? How can humanity be helped? And what an arbitrary statement this is! Suggesting that it's possible to help a humanity whose existence as species is ever-changing by consequence of its genetically controlled existence; making any pretension of humanity merely so-called humanity and, therefore, no humanity! Humans steeped in Christian thought are driven to help a humanity that is not only unhelpable, but doesn't even exist. But was helping humanity ever the real reason for technological progress? No! Progress never occurred under this pretext; the only logic behind our scientific activity; in truth, is “try something and see if it works;” even ants are able to do this holy “science” of “trial and error” with their lives. As the rogue rant wanders neurotically away from the hive, it will either die, or find a new supply of food. From a top down perspective, this is all that happens. This “helpful ant” is really nothing but a “crazy ant;” a crazy ant that this colony of typical ants had no power to foster. This concern is similar to the Nietzschean and likewise the Socratic quest for the ideal educator. Society cannot foster neuroticism. Is madness not a “gift” from the Gods? By Gods I do not mean Gods so much as personality types; for the Greco-Roman Gods were tendencies.

It's only logical for the neurotic philosophizer, Nietzsche, to sign his name with the

name of the God of insanity, the God of states: Dionysus. Dionysus was rumored to have caused women to eat their babies alive. Surely this isn't very difficult; he needed only tell them their babies were hunting them with their cries! Perhaps a demented Nietzsche thought: "These humans help no one; they have no prevision of the ends they'll achieve, quite like the cell; we know not what we do, even this horse; this horse whose ancestral line had nothing in mind but survival, its will to power and nothing else; we throw men into cells, then call our cells, "cells!" What are you doing man?! Do you not see that horse is a cellular assemblage, just as you are an assemblage of cells? And he strikes at the horse! Oh! Stop! Stop! Please! I beg you to stop beating that horse! Stop beating that horse! Please stop beating on that horse! I beg you to stop! Horse! We're not all the same, I swear it! Please! I'm a decent human being! Let me show you! Let me show you! I am not a bad man I am not a bad man!" Nietzsche falls to the ground and suffers a mental collapse from which he never recovers. The all too sensitive man; the struggling mind; it finds itself sequestered by doctors who probe him for explanation, but he cannot begin to dispense his intellectual fortune fast enough. Foolishly he tries, and they crucify him for trying. This crucifixion might have been avoided, had Nietzsche pointed to the books he had written, instructing them to read them, but he did not. It's a common error to fail to perceive the author struggling behind the scribbling pen. We are always speculating on whatever this or that thinker "definitely" thinks, and hence we deny their thinking: a vortex of controversy. Understanding this isn't easy, as proved by the madness of the Russell children burning themselves in the fire of his intellectual strife. Bertrand Russell was at odds with himself. On the one hand, he supported analytic philosophy and searched for an impossible analogical accuracy. On the other hand, he searched endlessly for an impossible world peace that could only come through a renouncement of analogizing; a renouncement of speech as a speech-dependent creature: a suicide. The oppositional Wittgenstein knew this when he said that the meaning of a word is its use, which is to say, that words use people. However Ludwig, at least, learned why his brothers committed suicide: they were the true geniuses, not him; for they sensed that the rejection of analogizing was organically fatal for the human being that knows himself as an entirely speech-dependent animal that needs to define words in terms of words in order to maintain a job. How is a chronically depressed person with these ideas in mind supposed to find the strength not to burn themselves alive? Lucy Russell did not have this strength of which I speak. Some might say that she was too weak to live. In a world where our every technology is the product of a weapon for organic defense, such products turn into weapons against the unintelligent. There is no act we can do that will result in peace; for action is excluded by its own definition.

The more you look at the world, the more you see it is bleak, haphazardly constructed, chaotic and strange, but never entirely good nor evil; for if we had some prevision after death that was good, then we would kill ourselves to reach that good, while if we had some prevision after death that was bad, then we would kill ourselves at once; for the content of our lives would be overshadowed by evil. So what sense does it make to live in abject terror of death, of the threats spoken about by men? It's better to say there is neither good nor evil, only a strangeness which is ourselves of which we should not be ashamed.

In man's prehistoric past he would learn from his other by copying their action; but the tongue was used: an manipulative muscular instrument that was hidden away from nature, making lies possible for us. The prior man free to either live or copy or die became a slave who heard (and obeyed) his professor, such that generations later such professors could dominate their students with self-referential scavenger-hunting statements. The sentence "This sentence is false." does not refer to itself, since it is the reader doing the referencing. All Russell here achieves with his Mephistophelean wit is the construction of a professorial power structure. What made him a fallen angel to Woolf is that he didn't commit suicide having learned the ways of the world: a world of sophistry and talking mercenaries who do not share their "bounty" with the angelic likes of Septimus: the suicide!

Derrida often complained that he would like to convey something to his audience, but that he didn't have time, or take up too much time. This is a problem which I once hoped to overcome by accelerating the reading rate of my text, and all texts, with my text-to-speech machine. However the compression of the syllable had frightful implications for me as I reflected on the trajectory of its use; for as I had proved it possible for me or anyone to compress syllables to absorb information in a text, I had simultaneously made it suggestible to myself some kind of parallel development going on between the sensory apparatus, and the sound impressed upon it; a kind of ongoing war between the sense organ, and stimulative organ, indicative of some kind of feedback system. Is the universe merely self-evocation? Can we ever hope to communicate reality with a sound? Are mathematicians mad animals attempting to symbolize reality? Is mathematics only a ritual coiling itself up, like a papyrus scroll? Consider the shape of DNA: twisted. Might the shape of the universe be twisted back upon itself? Ancient Hermetic writings suggest as do Talmudic writings that the face of God is hidden; yet if God is merely reading the writings he makes upon himself, then his face is hidden from himself; for he is not looking in a mirror of his being, but rather, the marks of his creative being. Hence we are all a part of this endless creative activity. But more about this later.

What is so disturbing to me now is the image of the endless act of modifying a sensory apparatus to absorb the marks made. Humans make marks, then humans make a sensory apparatus to “touch” all the marks at once; for when humans read they actually touch light waves with their eyes. Thus man's theory of knowledge comes full circle: returning to the world of touch. The animal of the future may slam its hand upon the world to gain the whole sum of human knowledge, that is to say the knowledge symbolized by marks! However what isn't gained here, is the trauma of being human; we cannot be seduced by the chemical secretions of some carnivorous plant, unless man is such a plant to himself. Note Nietzsche's strange obsession with plants; for there is something wonderful and beautiful about plants; namely, that you are more powerful than they. Conversely, man is so powerful that he is traumatic to himself, so traumatic that the concept of number is acceptable to him, and existentially necessary. To this we should like to laugh, but again laughter is the useless seizure man does in the face of his own absurdity. I'm not laughing. I am completely serious, and perhaps insane. We are animals that respond to a call, the phonic call of number, the denial of specialness (and hence our suicide), drawn into an agreement and drawn into aggregation by our “state” of agreement, thereby making our territorial “states” possible. What Nietzsche and Derrida both concern themselves with is what is problematical of the animal, that man is an animal that is annoying to himself, an animal that is annoyed into civility, annoyed into law, annoyed into accepting number, accepting infinity, our infinite capacity to annoy, to pain, to pang with our words, our numbers counting upwards to infinity, one number at a time, but really only nine numbers repeating and turning round, rather coiling round and masking over, but anyway it's through our endless counting that we demonstrate our capacity for the infinite and, with it, our craving for the divine, that is to say, the end of our counting: the end of our traumatizing. Yes; when man counted upwards to infinity, he merely found a secret recipe, for inflicting endless pain. Man is in truth the annoying animal, hence why children are known to kill themselves in the shortest possible time.

Rather than giving man an instrument for his enlightenment, I fear I've given man an instrument of torment. Packing information into a smaller space doesn't help mankind; indeed it is not even possible for a created device to help everyone in toto, for whatever reason, we always use the word “man” selectively, emotionally, lying to ourselves whenever we make outlandish statements, such as “Man flew to the moon.” Actually man didn't fly to the moon; all of man did not fly to the moon, those dead and buried didn't fly to the moon; not even our bodies aided us in “our” alleged “flight” to the moon; what flew to the moon, really, was just a ship, just as what really sailed the ocean blue was a ship and not Columbus. For to who do we

owe the credit for our achievements? Shall we always pay credit to what's on the surface of things: our faces? When we perform some action in the world and we give ourselves the credit because our faces are at the forefront, should we not give more credit to the machines than ourselves? Or rather, if we are so willing to give credit to ourselves, then perhaps we should look through ourselves and give credit to our genes, and not ourselves? I sense that this compression of artifice has in truth done little for man besides exacerbate the difficulty he has obtaining access to nature; for nature is now fully owned by states and their aggregates; when we go to school, when we watch television, when we are paid in token signs for our labor, what we are steeped in and paid with is artifice, not nature; we shall never know the beauty of dominating nature thanks to our state which is a state of dependence; all the rights we've been given by the state, state rights, have done little or nothing to tackle the problem of access to nature, which is essential for performing scientific experimentation. The paper and nature world is folded over our eyes and we are banned from touching a nature unless we produce the paper license necessary to traumatize our interlocutor into granting us natural access; it's no exaggeration to say so because it's quite evident in our educational institutions today, in what we've dubbed the information age, the price tag on higher education has never been higher, the papyrus scroll has coiled tighter round us and hardened itself with metal and encryption. But soon this state of affairs will crack under the pressure applied to its system. Once the professor is replaced with a mechanical or holographic professors the educational professorship will splinter and credibility will be difficult if not impossible to establish and, likewise, since every human is mechanized by their interface, shatter the world. Into what? It's difficult for us to estimate the effect of genius or mad genius on the world, since what we call mad and genius is unexpected. What is so insane about the madman is that he doesn't respond in expected ways. But is not Newtons calculus something unexpected?

This is the neurotic problem of genius and society, but also natural access and the problem of spaces: social inequality and spatial inequality. We are always talking about social equality in the legal sense while failing to discuss it in the spatial sense; eventually, the law scroll may become all we can see, rotating in front of our eyes on a rod so we may scroll where we want, go where we want; a screen in our heads to see, to test, to touch, a reality we have permission to touch, whatever the space ship state gives us, or whatever is necessary for its survival, which is after all contingent on us; perhaps it may even terminate the useless it has behind the iron hard walls of its skin; for how else other than randomness can it hope to foster its unexpected needs? How are we to foster what's unexpected? In reality we don't. We never see the unexpected coming: that is why it's unexpected! What we

do instead is record the writings of others and make them available for others to read; a crumbling existential offshoot carves markings on the walls of its very being so that, when a new offshoot emerges into being it enters into a marvelous world of created signs, always novel and always new. We have to “learn” what number is, “learn” what God is, “learn” what existence is, “learn” what I am, but we never do. Instead we attempt to flesh out our syllables with syllables, adding insult to injury, so to speak, but never bringing our efforts to a conclusion. Hardy once suggested that no one had yet discovered some warlike purpose to be served by the theory of numbers or relativity, that it seemed quite unlikely that anyone would do so for many years. This sounds like a challenge to me. What I think he meant to say with this statement was to implant his disturbing idea into other minds, not that this discovery would be very original. Augustine referred to words as “weapons” which is something very befitting of a man steeped in rhetoric and Manichean thought. The Manichean society was one divided between an elect group of speakers which held dominion over a subordinate group of listeners.

Most people think of Manichean society and recall a dualistic cosmology between good and evil, however, this is not what I wish to focus on. Instead I wish to draw our attention to the overview-image of the storytellers professing this narrative to its people, how their story is used as the pretext by which to maintain a position of commander over a crowd. “I’m too depressed to work.” is Manichean thought in a nutshell, hence why Augustine turned to Christianity. Mani gave the show away too readily, too plainly. Note that Mani was skinned alive and stuffed with straw and hanged above a city gate. In short, he was made an example of, no differently than Socrates and Jesus and Nietzsche. Maybe Moses too, if we are to believe what Freud believed. Even Nietzsche makes note of this “curious speaking and hearing procedure” in his early lecture; his knowledge of philology served as the basis by which he perceived this overview of things; a philological knowledge in which he’d recall man instructing man to unroll the scroll, read the scroll, air out the scroll, transcribe the scroll; the scroll and the canvas: instruments for control, the dislocated speaker used not only for the self-evocation and hence the psychic decadence of the priest but simultaneously the evocation of the crowd listening to the words written upon it. Thus Nietzsche’s concentration on Christianity and its influence is in actuality a journey into the implications of this storytelling practice and what this means for man as animal. One mathematician may say to those in his tribe “I can’t go hunting today, I’m almost there; I’m trying to find the divine!” to which his tribes mate will protest, “But you’re only counting your fingers! You aren’t counting one two three four five, you are counting index middle ring pinkie thumb!” as he shrugs his shoulders; for he does not understand what it is to be a

holy man. The fool doesn't understand. Holiness is the ability to use pretexts to excuse oneself from labor. Here is where I detect the necessity of discontent for progress; recalling how the Inuit tribes would play choking games to distract themselves from the cold. Not only did they kill their elderly, they killed their depressed: they killed their discontent since they had not the resources to satisfy the depressive discontent. Nietzsche repeatedly projected his mental sickness onto the priests when he showed up their sickly characteristics. Like the gadfly, sages and shamans and priests annoy people into becoming instrumental to their illness. It was suggested to me once that Socrates perhaps had autism due to his antisocial insistence on exhausting his interlocutor with his questioning. Nietzsche, to me, strikes me as a self-hating neurotic, concerned that his personal neuroticism is the bane of society's existence due to the threat he presents by sucking everyone into the gravity of his depressive eccentricity. But the Inuit could not tolerate this level of discontent; they choked their depressed to death; for too much discontent to such a society would be too burdensome; conversely, other Native American tribes had a wealth of materials to distribute and, therefore, not only a need for slaves, but a need to enslave, to capture other tribes to make them their slaves. Hence we have by tribal contrast here illustrated that abundance is the real origin slavery.

Here I wish to revisit the difficulty presented in situating ourselves properly with our society, with the following things in mind; firstly, that scarcity eliminates the need for slavery, that abundance and the resource allocation it requires demands that humans allocate humans to allocate those resources; and secondly, that it is egoistic discontent that is the psychic drive that makes progress possible. If we place the discontent in a situation of resource scarcity, he longs for death, and in the case of the Inuit tribe he even receives it. Conversely, if we place this same discontent in a situation of resource abundance, he may busy himself endlessly as he struggles endlessly over problems of allocation, where he fits in, how he can help his group, and so on. They struggle to solve the catastrophe of abundance in vain, and the story of their hopeless struggle is recorded on the tribal memory and recapitulated by professional storytellers call priests, but a story of hopelessness is embedded at the core. The Messiah never comes. Prometheus the titan is eternally punished for his will to become a benefactor to man; he reaches the bleeding edge of his thinking aided by the crutch alcoholism that invariably kills him, quite like Hegel's alcoholism; we see pictures of his face and the bloated face of alcoholism on every image of Hegel; it is well known that Hegel's drinking buddies, Stirner and Engels and Marx, were not able to shake off their will to alcoholism, even the Belgian monks had to resort to alcohol because Christian ideals did not suffice for getting the people drunk. However this getting the people drunk on stories or

alcohol seems existentially necessary as we consider our collective egoistic struggle to be a benefactor. This will to benefit is plainly the drive behind the thinking of Jesus and Buddha. But ultimately it doesn't help. Jesus's command to "Love your neighbor as yourself." is exploited by Moses's command to "make you the head, not the tail;" and hence Christians achieve nothing for themselves as they "turn the other cheek" besides becoming fodder for Jews, fodder for a head that remains a head and remains ahead. Christ's will to suicide is even evident by his influence on Paul, who "wants to be dissolved." Paul was blind and hence he was able to do nothing but cry endlessly for death and money, and his Church was built on that principal. Jesus became the human hinge by which a storytelling profession could pivot, between professing about a professional priestly hypocrisy, while at the same time justifying a storytelling profession, as their profession: a story about sacrifice and failure. Thus the people sacrifice themselves by proxy. Nietzsche saw this overview of things in his mind and he hated it; whatever love he had for life was nothing but hatred for human life; for he wanted to be benefactor, he wanted to spread the fruits of education to everyone when this was impossible. Education in German also means mold. And what kind of society remains in which every hand molds? No society at all. Similarly, Buddha's egoistic will to benefactor was thwarted on contact with the world. But he was not met by merciful Inuits ready to anesthetize him; sadly, he was traumatized by the doctrine of reincarnation. This is the real reason behind the concept of Nirvana: Nirvana is not a paradise but rather it's freedom from reincarnation; it's old fashioned death, put into terms that were politically correct for his day. Thence in the centuries that followed these would-be benefactors were identified by their holy idiocy and sent away to the monasteries where they'd grow up to become either alcoholic masters or beggars or suicides.

Moses's project is suicidal too but in different ways. Since Moses was included in the Egyptian elite, indoctrinated and educated on the power of writing and Thoth: the God of knowledge, thought, reading and writing; Moses, who is thought to be either a contemporary of Hermes or Hermes himself, would have understood the spiritual consequences of Pharaohs onslaught against the Hebrews. In the Corpus Hermeticum it is written that when someone departs from man without children: the divine powers punish him: they are condemned to a sexless body and cursed by the sun. This is the psychic trauma Moses had in mind that gave him cause to remove his kin from Egypt; for Moses could not rest peacefully knowing the torment that awaited them. This form of will to be benefactor is unique because Moses split off and aggregated a chosen group to his law rather than humanity in toto, something most religious leaders try to do. Moses, when this severance was done, when his people was set up in diametric opposition against the Pharaoh's

professorship, he set a legal machine against man as the professing animal: the animal that speaks and listens; the animal that commands and enslaves. Hitler did not realize the systemic problems implicit in man's biology, that man for millennia was a crying ape of madness and agony. This project, Moses's project: to destroy this particular systemic problem in mankind, transforming him into a being that's better than itself, is creative and destructive at once: peaceful and perfect. It is my hypothesis that the reason why Hebrew is a zero copula language is because the copula, the verb "to be," was castrated: shifted to the ineffable God of the Jews: the Tetragrammaton. It's remarkably irritating to me that I've never heard anyone mention the possibility that the enormities carried out against the Chinese and the Hebrews had anything to do with these people's lack of copula and, arguably, their lack of being; for beings without being are easy to dehumanize. Heidegger tried to rescue being and he failed; a hopeless project done either in order to backhandedly attack the Jewish lack of being, or for petty academic sport. We still have no better meaning for "being" than "stability," we know that no (so-called) being deserves to be called a being since no being is a stable being. Indeed the only being that deserves to be called a being is everybeing, and everything, since everything is the only thing that can be considered stable in its instability. But this so-called being is something that is not ourselves. We call ourselves "beings," but we do not deserve this title; we do not deserve this utterance; and therefore, this title and utterance is rightfully shifted towards this "name of existence" that is not a speakable name.

More interesting to me still is the Husserlian interest in the concept of number in the world in which we live; how number came about phenomenologically, when, and how, it made its appearance. Since I have been speaking in professing terms thus far I shall proceed to do so in pursuit of my own theory of number, as word units spoken one at a time. Husserl comes close to my theory when he thinks of numbers originating through the active practice of counting multitudes. There is always something to talk about and hence there will always be more numbers, but it is not possible to speak all numbers at once, however much we'd like. Still our mathematicians bemuse themselves with the question of what mathematics "is" whilst failing to question what is this "is" they use to ask. Mathematics is simply annoying! Since every spoken unit melts into its background, every so-called unit is not a true unit but rather a phonic sound triggered in a mind thanks to our need to implant one word at a time; we investigate the spatial breakages between words in an effort to arrive at a higher knowledge, however this isn't possible to articulate as it would require sending a burst comprised of every possible sound; to be blunt, it would not sound like anything a human being could articulate nor would it sound like anything intelligible, yet this pandemonium is what man wants and

demands. We have no recourse but suicide for this; no recourse but a voluntary movement outside the organ generating the reality we know. Our reality is only organically generated by the brain system no differently than the reality that's generated by the plant system organism. Thus suicide and the dismantling of the brain is our only pathway to this kind of knowledge: a knowledge of pure truth. Since the minds outside my brain system are active and alive and, in a sense, set against me, the only way I can gain pure knowledge of all systems and hence the universe is to dissolve my brain system and enter into the others which surround me all the time. I believe that Husserl's project to investigate the internal time consciousness would have looked very differently had it been started today, with respect to modern knowledge of how time dilation affects internal time; what we call the temporal horizon must in some way be produced by gravity, which makes temporality thanks to gravity's impact on the object in question. For instance, the high mass object pulls more gravity into itself than the low mass object; thus, for animals on their surfaces, time passes differently, respectively, but only through contrast: it's only by comparing the developmental effects of gravity's impact on these aggregates that it becomes obvious that there is some organic advantage to be had as these organisms study the studies (data) of the organisms anchored to these bodies. Were intergalactic civilizations dispersed throughout the cosmos they would find themselves beset by the problem of gravity regimes: where to situate oneself to yield the maximum possible advantage for the conscious organism. Is a black hole the ideal location if we intend to make the whole universe the object of study? And for what do we study? Is it the case that we study in order to maintain the practice of study? If two or more conscious units whose being is produced by gravity, are engaged in the act of studying (the other), and both units are thought of as bodies having the threat of pulling the other into it's vortex, it seems likely that there should be no end to this oppositional studying of the other since the intention behind this study is precautionary, that is, so that one vortex may not be consumed by another. The temporal structure described by Heidegger is merely an exercise in describing beings and everybeing and hence it cannot really be articulated fully as both its being-in-the-world is comprised of two dubious concepts: "being" on the one hand and "world" on the other. Not only is the inadequacy of this expression proved worthless when placed side-by-side with a zero copula language like either Chinese or Hebrew but it is further proved worthless since these two hypotheses have nothing to do with touchable or manipulatable objects in space and hence we cannot place either the Husserlian or the Heideggerian concept of being inside the realm of physics. Rather both Husserl and Heidegger assert and say because they are professors that have to say something and their students must respond. But these responses do not imply pure truth in itself; on the contrary, they may only

prove the success of powerful errors; after all, we are talking here about Husserl and Heidegger, not Einstein whose theories on relativity and gravity have been experimentally confirmed. The temporal order of words in a sentence matters far less than Husserl would like to believe; indeed he even overstates temporal order when he may better say sequential order or chosen order. Such is the power of the professor. For the problem of consciousness of time becomes phenomenological only after Husserl calls upon his listener to answer his question with words, and hence, the logos; an account is demanded by the questioner and that account is given back; and thus it is only by means of this giving some word back to the questioner that phenomenology gains merit as an activity that takes money from students; that is to say, a modern version of being the sophist: of being talking mercenary, an angler of men; a fisher of men; a hunter of men. Heidegger knew this and showed up his knowledge when he quoted Plato's Sophist at the start of his book, then later in his Ponderings (Black Notebooks), when he wrote: "The 'professor chairs' have long since become for the most part easy chairs, ones which are now so padded and furnished that they can be occupied in comfort." This is the magical power of words to command: a power that has only grown weaker with the pass of time: the power to command: the power to induce the other into action with our magic spells: our spellings. This magic power of words to command and the gradual diminishment of this power over time is what gave the philologist Tolkien cause to state that magic was diminishing in the world of men; his fiction; his imagination, which he wrote after Nietzsche and Heidegger, and not before. Our sounds are at bottom hollow, quite like Nietzsche pointed out in *Twilight of the Idols*; our words are but "puffed up" idols, never called idols; indeed, when Nietzsche so poetically claimed to hit upon these idols as if with a tuning fork he surely intended to tell a joke to himself, as he maniacally hit upon his grotesque, and iron, writing ball! If Heidegger had a philological background like Nietzsche or Tolkien he would have known the power of the dark side. By which I mean ink; for ink is dark; for ink is black, like every rabbi and priest, like every dark lord we see in our culture today. It's well known that Tolkien made his lectures boring completely on purpose to make time for his writing he was excited for, boring as a double pretense to simultaneously conceal and reveal an inner war going on in his mind. The whole world has long been dominated by the professor and has been so for generations; millennia ago our tribes were set in opposition against the animals, killing animals for our benefit; but a catastrophe of abundance occurred in which man did tasks for his benefit, resulting in an irreversible shift in which man's aggressive energies were directed against his own. This catastrophe of abundance and the slavery that followed has never been fully compensated for. The cure for this came in the form of Aristotelian politics in which Aristotle

prescribed representation as the means by which man could compensate for his biological weakness: our physiological inability to say two words at once: “mine” and “not mine” simultaneously. This is where man started his representing and masking over in one motion: his eventual concealment behind the walls of the space ship state. This is the error of representation that Nietzsche wished to correct in his efforts to reverse Platonism, that is, to remove the lie of representation from our lives. Oddly enough, politicians are said to “represent” us, when they are not us, and will never be us. Indeed man's dissonance is so potent that he has deluded himself into accepting this belief. Man enters into the world under the delusion that it is possible for him to be CEO; that it is possible to elevate everyone (plural) up to the CEO (singular) while at the same time maintaining the idea that social equality is possible! How can a society, the plural, hope to become the CEO: the Chief, the singular? Such is the madness of our world. The human world is a world in which the people (plural) strive to become the chief (singular); a world in which the mathematician calculates (verb) the number (noun) to understand his world; a world in which people (plural) try to make some (singular) thing to “help” people, when it's logically impossible for anyone to make something that helps everyone because whatever singular item you make cannot conceivably fit into everyone's manifold hands; hands that are not doing anything together, as there's no singular task mankind is engaged in one can help with besides existence; and man does not need help with his existence because he is autonomically alive. For when we are born into the world we have to learn the difference between what actions are voluntary and involuntary. We first sense ourselves as beings entirely involuntary emerging from a void, like entering into a dream; learning through the use of the involuntary process of hearing how to respond to whatever others are in our midst; others that order us to read some reading we call voluntary. This entering into the voluntary world of reading and writing is a simultaneous entry into slavery to the written law. The Jewish people are the people of the law, a people whose Talmud supplies them with a mode of thinking necessary to settle disputes between human beings through its question and answer structure. Note that humans are always in dispute. Note that when having such a structure one needn't write a lengthy paper that pours out endlessly like a broken dam; instead, questions and answers may go back and forth like telegrams. The messianic type may at first seem disorganized in speech, but anyone operating in the paradigm of verbal implantation and the juxtaposition of sounds will sound to his interlocutor to be disorganised because they do not understand that words can never be said to be disorganized because words implant and elucidate, not argue; that when we ask for “reasons” we in fact request “statements” that are implanted one after another like pictographic signs. Indeed it is this buildup of word image signs that legally enforced the practice of

psychiatry. When reflecting on Freud, we'd do well to recall that his practice began as so-called "mental research" in which he accepted payment for his speech, which means that psychiatry was no more than a modern form of sophistry: talking for money. Since Freud wrote words down, the buildup of symbols he accumulated could later be used to defend the practice of psychiatry in a court of law. This law is all that validates psychiatry, a law that is the product of never-ending dispute: an unstable law. Indeed, what is truly insane is seeing a psychologist in the first place; the psychiatric practitioner will label you with something, because they must say something! The neurotic patient gives his money to this creature, and this creature cunningly hands back pharmaceuticals to treat their money-giving insanity! Is it any wonder that one of these creatures feels neurotic, while the other, does not?

Strange that, if everyone were to ascend to the level of professional educator, that the world would laugh itself out of existence. Humans harvest speech from each other and hence they cannot dispense with their need for education. The human problem is dreadfully thus: the origin of social inequality is socializing itself. We are bombarded with cries for equality. We are told that depression is an epidemic. Socrates said the unexamined life isn't worth living; now young people are killing themselves for failing their exams. Many are captured and sent to psychologists who will do just about anything to them except help them financially. And how can psychiatry be valid if everyone can't be a psychologist? For psychiatry to exist there must be paper and ink; meaning that the only way for psychiatry to exist in an ancient society is for there to be a tribe consisting of lumberjacks, and neurotic writers inscribing the words *you're crazy* on the wood. But I ought not to attack the psychiatrists in this way. True, I may, if I wish, begin my own mental research practice, one made original by having my client walk beside me so that we may exercise. From here I shall; firstly, collect money for my survival (and the survival of my money-making practice), and secondly, document everything that happens between the two of us so that I may accumulate the words necessary to defend my practice in a court of law. After all my practice was from the start only about "walking therapy" and not psychiatry, and yet, with the pass of time, my legal defenses may grow to rival that of the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual. Note that I did not intend to attack psychiatry here from the start; rather, my criticisms came as a consequence of my contemplations of the outgrowths that occur through the writing process: the process of accumulating my mental researchings recorded in written form: writings which I may reference for my defense. Indeed, I could, if I wish, form my own psychiatric practice, with this walking practice, only I will not do this because I am not so perverse. What is important to note here is how others may be enslaved to the writing act and how they may prefer that writing act to the

activity of labor since, having invested the time and energy into that writing labor they may form a sect of writers who will copy them, provided humans continue to value whatever it is their writing services bring to their community, if I may use the word. Note that Freud's practice began in an age after God was pronounced dead and metaphysics had become problematical; Freud replaced spiritual research with mental research; spiritual healing with mental healing; spiritual study with mental study; he maintained the role of investigator par excellence against the Pharaoh: the despot par excellence: the brain. That is the mechanical function of Judaism; incidentally, of course. The Jews had ten commandments, however, there was a commandment zero, namely, "Never forget that you were slaves in the land of Egypt." Thus Judaism was forged in eternal opposition against the human race; for the human is a despotic commander of flesh and men. Judaism shall last until words are no longer necessary, and even then it may still exist without words. Let us here recall that a large portion of Jesus's life remains unaccounted for; he may have learned about the symbols etched in Egyptian walls; he may have known books written by the scribes, so he may think: "We Jews are no better than the Egyptians who used writing as a device to keep ourselves from labor. This is a world where scribes write out their paper armor, using it to maintain a lasting distance between themselves and work." On the one hand, the Talmud suggests that those who study will be rewarded; on the other hand, the Talmud says that poverty is like continually turning a wheel. So we see that our reward is simply studying endlessly instead of laboring endlessly. "Woe are they who do not study the law!" is the sentiment behind much of the Talmud, which has six hundred and thirteen laws. Paper is light, yet has come to move the whole world. Because we humans are always squabbling there will always be a place for legalism to slip in, to govern the lives of men with their words. Yet words are fundamentally empty. Every word is a false eternity, a non-space circumscribed by scribes, who wield a magical inspirational power. Young Jesus, having learned the attributes of the sophist, as angler of men, may have fully embraced these attributes when he trained his disciples to be fishers of men; using himself, his impossible want, to become the weapon for a human-hunting storytelling practice: directing thought.

Humans are despots in denial. For centuries humans have balked at the thought that they are animals; for centuries more they shall balk at the thought that all animals are weapons directed against a universal hostility. In the course of the human animal's development it discovered a way to use research to escape the world of manual labor, which was singled out by the signaling act, the writing act, the speaking act. Both writing and labor are acts and hence "activities" and yet in speaking about this "labor activity" as "different activity" it gains mastery over it

because it directs the thought of its listener by the power of its activity. "Try not to think about a pink elephant." causes the listener to think what they do not want to think. For humans have biological weaknesses here; they cannot always listen to multiple conversations going on at once; they elect to allow only one speaker to speak at a time, one word at a time. Speaking calls our attention to everything else besides itself. And do not confuse the word "speaking" for speaking proper, that is empty, fleshy noise. Speech is a physical force. Marx wanted a classless society. But how are Marxists supposed to create a classless society if they do not create a society in which no one classifies? Marx did not dare to differentiate between the world of paper labor and manual labor, despite the fact that both are forms of action; and communists did not dare to try to make it possible for those living under communism to make professional researching an option for the public it sought to liberate, as this would imply that everyone would know the luxury of researching their televisions. If everyone was busy researching society then society would come to an end; if Marx believed that the classifying act in fact directed the thoughts of people and therefore people then his writing acts would come to an end. Recall what Pascal said about why we want to know something. We want to know something simply to talk about it! Even though there is really no correlation between what we know and the thing talked about with the word, since the word is not the thing! Nietzsche heatedly argued that our talk is only a symptom of will to power, our will to tell others information as a pretext for gaining mastery over them because people are always in our way. Strangely, and paradoxically, science communicators today loudly profess how wonderful it would be to encounter aliens, when just about anything that is not us is alien to us. If alien is simply a word for something we don't understand, then I see aliens all the time; indeed, I can even say that I pet an alien every day, because my dog is an alien to me. So then, why seek out alien life? To move them with our talk? Or by the force of our "arguments?" Rather than finding aliens we may only find forces which, being ruled by gravity, would mainly draw us into themselves like the maw of an animal.

But why do I lead my reader or listener along my path of thought, going this way, then that; first talking about the imaginary past; then talking about the imaginary future? It is because this issue of education is so serious and grave that I believe few are able to talk about it. Indeed this speech about the problematical nature of speech with respect to social equality is borderline suicidal. Wouldn't a professor professing against the network of professorships sound to his contemporaries like a suicidal maniac? As he steps forward, it would sound to his listener that he by speaking is committing an act of pure evil, saying to his listeners that they are but weapons and that weapons can do no good, saying that he intends with his speech

to expose them as the weapons they are, to kill them all. This is my fear and my concern. The idea that the widespread use of the mechanical professor may result in innumerable deaths has caused me considerable anxiety and even caused me to question my sanity, that I am really evil incarnate for introducing the mechanical professor to you. Let me now straightforwardly say that the reason for western decline is simply the legal control held over the spread of information, academic studies especially. We had with Napster the technological power to turn every computer owned by the tech savvy into an educational apparatus for global enlightenment, however what ought to have been called "file replication" was instead grossly misbranded with the demonic-sounding title "piracy" which was ruthlessly attacked under the pretext of helping the artist. Of course, those who loudly made these arguments hid the fact that there are two kinds of artists; first, the artist of madness or love; secondly, the artist of greed. It was argued that if piracy was maintained that the artist would no longer have a reason to create, however this argument ignored the artist of madness that does art uncontrollably. In short, it ignored the only artists that really deserved to be called artists and thus, with mental images of people stealing other people's intellectual products thereby leaving them homeless, a newly made technology that was indeed capitalism-transcending in nature due to its replicative powers was kneecapped by legal bullies to perpetuate a greedy minorities favorite method for making money. This later became extra problematical for the United States when copyright mania gave universities cause to further increase the price of their textbooks in the so-called information age, which due to our inability to accept that education is at odds with itself had rapidly become a dark age of information in which university costs rose to unprecedented heights. Widespread stupidity has increased as a result such that presidential candidates like Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump were seen as valid; a problem that's doubly compounded by the fact that information which should be read is sealed behind paywalls at campus servers, such that people communicate with tweets and memes instead of these vital essays. Triply baffling is the fact that we can conceive the national benefit for providing citizens with these educational resources because having the people educated would mean fewer people without a purpose and hence fewer people committing crimes. Now the world has become a boiling pot because we ruthlessly attacked the neurotic instead of defending him; we lied to ourselves that artistry is neurotic, that progress is neurotic, that any and all scientific advancements are neurotic, that happiness is neurotic, that depression is neurotic; indeed, we may still have slaves were it not for the neurotic depression of Abraham Lincoln, yet we've systematically destroyed our depressives with our pharmaceuticals and our moral compass to boot. We claim to prevent suicide but what we actually do is crush sensitivity and foster national psychopathy. We have

watched this situation unfold before our very eyes; how young children capable of making the inferences above may feel hurt by them, even assaulted at the psychic level by pharmaceutical drugs. If they did not feel assaulted, they would not have entered into classrooms armed to the teeth in a suicidal attack against the schools, which to them represent the power entity responsible for this psychic assault. But I do not need to murder my professors directly, since I have rendered them obsolete; like every would-be benefactor, I have now become a great malefactor to man.

By compressing his syllables and dislocating his speech and containing it in a mechanism that he needs for daily life, I have increased the burdens on man by a factor of four. Admittedly this was not my intention; on the contrary, my intention was to give man the mechanism by which he would fly high above the great books he had written, so that he could see that they are small. It is only when you rocket over our words by the thrust of this reading machine of which I speak that it is possible to personally discover that all our so-called great minds and so-called great writers are merely shameless word accumulators. Not one of our writers have written a book that was perfect; not one has written anything that has resulted in world peace; not one of our so-called great minds has done more than demonstrate our absolute helplessness in the face of a nature that is existing us and hurting us and killing us. When we see people anchor themselves to representatives and political writers they only anchor themselves to discontent. Our political texts are printed up and pointed to by politicians who use the existence of these texts as their justification to command a crowd, but nothing is done to dispense with the systemic inequalities created by this relationship between the speaker and listener here; on the contrary, by executing a code as an officer the inequality of the system is enhanced as the people are "executed." In truth the only reason why slavery was possible is because suicide was not unanimous among the slaves. For the human animal there will always be slaves, because humans derive mutual benefits from obedience and mutual subjection: a Christian scheme. This demand was made by Peter and later protested against by hatred accumulator Jonathan Swift, who went insane. The reason why this mutual subjection is necessary is because humans are powerful animals that are in each other's way. We do politics, but this is a mistake.

The reality is that none of our political governors have or are capable of giving everyone what they want, namely a license to everything natural. On the contrary it is certainly beyond dispute that to survive the death of our star man must build a space ship state for himself; a space ship state that will have the dual purpose of prison and oxygen mask for keeping himself alive as prisoner. Since money is the residue of obedience, and perhaps even the symbolic representation of the caloric

loss suffered by this obedience, since the existence of the poor population follows from the mass failure to commit suicide, whatever actions that are done to benefit the poor can in fact do no such thing and only harden the demonic walls of their respective national prisons. The very notion of the “good act” is a lie. My good intention to compress everything such that the worlds words could be passed over in a matter of days can in truth do nothing good for man besides increase the force his demands. How long can this compressing go on? As we move along this path of thought we see that this compression ends at the point in which the apparatus of compression melds with the artificer such that the plurality of others are no longer recognized in the fiery stream of information. I use the word fiery here because humans are only living weapons directed against an outer reality that can do no good. It's the Socratic concern. How should a teacher teach their students for them to be good? But how do you escape from the grip of this questioner? Will humans ever find a way to escape this “hook” this question mark? Socrates asks: Is this good? Is this good? Good?! Apparently to Socrates what is good is sinking your question claws into others! Prometheus is sorely deluded. Prometheus gives fire to man with the hope that he will improve him, but he burns himself in the flames.

But what am I doing here, in these flames? Let it again be noted here that I am telling the story of man. Man is a weapon who speaks a physical force. He writes something to traumatize his own because it aids himself: his quest for power. By virtue of the fact that the written advertisement is itself a sign projecting light to affect a mind, it carries with it a force which elicits a response in the organism it affects: the human being. No animal on Earth is as tyrannized by noise. Indeed it may soon become a common practice for the Chief Executive Officer to point at his employees a talking gun by which to manipulate them into maintaining himself as executor, since every company, if it is not an individual contractor, operates as a machine whose existential continuity depends on the obedience of its members. A company whatever the kind is fundamentally a company of obedience which will collapse if its members do not respond. Human governmental structures also share this problem. Humans use humans, and humans hate that humans use humans, so humans use humans to compensate for humans using, and therefore misusing, the humans who use, and therefore abuse, the humans, by forming an institution called the government, which uses humans, too. However this human-using government also carries with itself the same problem of using, and therefore misusing, humans; for it directs human activities in response against the waves of human complaints, which are endlessly pouring out a billion mouths and silenced by a representative who has but one speaking and therefore thought and action-directing mouth. It's in this way that human beings install themselves by agreement into a system shell for

their protection. The phonic complaint is given written form which hardens into a paper trauma for maintaining human molecular chains of obedience. Western politics operates by oscillating between the worlds of paper labor and manual labor, such that when one of these groups becomes uncomfortable, a shift in political power occurs which compensates for the discomfort of the system. The American system of government breathes in this way, as aggregates come together and disperse like the ceremonial meetings of the Iroquois league. I do not have the time here to enter into a hard analysis of the differences between the motion of the Iroquois meetings and American meetings, but my hypothesis is that the motion done by the Iroquois league was not as tightly constrained by paper. In a quest for pure truth; for universal understanding; we should find ourselves wanting to enter into the viewpoints contained within thermodynamical system brains, which I only describe as a “system” because of the boundary thrown off by the word. Still the brain decays in accordance with entropy. Indeed, the arrow of time may not even be an arrow but a decaying totality, meaning that there would be no disorder to be found because there is no order to be found. Popular thought today says that humans have order, that there is such a thing as disorder, as mental disorder, when in truth there is no purpose for which we are ordered, as proved by our piles of landfills; indeed even Marx lacked the forethought necessary to envisage a future of technological developments generated by the neurotic mind; for he considered communism to be the final stage of social history, without of course considering a future life among the stars in which the gravity regimes respectively generated by the mass of the heavenly bodies would tear his communism apart. This is what the Marx of our time would have to believe: that humans are the process by which the universe becomes “communist” becomes “whole” becomes “spherified” becomes drawn into a (so-called) being which is everything: a constant becoming. Indeed if I may venture to speculate further while simultaneously speculating backwards in this two-pronged attack aimed at understanding life and the big bang I'd say that since we've already attributed the big bangs explosion to “pressure” that God was unable to tolerate the pressure of being a sphere. Of course, such a story is hardly inspirational, hardly able to excite human beings into entering a space ship state.

Popular thought today says that humans are humane. How long will we continue to speak on others behalf? How long will we continue to misuse the word “man” in this emotional way? Humans have books on torture, yet they do not call torture humane. So what, exactly, is meant by humane? If a human does something that something is humane. Humans enslave their own. Vivisect their own. Murder their own. Sacrifice their own to God. Humans may have guns that from a distance can stop the heart. Humans chain humans to beds so they cannot move as their blood is

withdrawn and sold for money. Humans can pick and choose what earns the title “humane” because humanity does not even exist. Humans say “We put a man on the moon.” but they do not say “We sexually tortured a small child and killed it with fire.” when they should. We always speak in lies and hypocrisy because when you speak you cannot do what you speak because speaking is word trauma noise. For a person to do what they speak they would have to stop speaking and live by example. For a person to practice what the preacher preaches they would have to practice the practice of preaching. So the professor installs himself into a position of professorial and instructional power by exploiting the impatience of his listener. Fundamentally all of us are Socrates; we all know nothing; and yet, no one is ever able to use their status as “know nothing” as a license to access nature so they may cure themselves of their ignorance. Instead to gain knowledge the human is forced into the un-nature world of the paper world, which becomes his interface, so that the human mind for centuries looked, not at nature, but un-nature; an interface of paper which was but the prelude to the interface of the computer screen. This new interface carries with it the possibility of its becoming a wall, which man would be sealed behind. Quite like today, the humans contained inside these walls would be given rights: legal rights, which are threats: legal threats. The legal right is a word trauma that triggers desperate human beings into acting auxiliary to a law pretending to provide a freedom, which is selective, which denies access to the natural world, which, by virtue of it being a law, that is a paper law, forces us into reading the paper law, forces us into its interface in the motion of its force and by the strength of its enforcement officers, such that the modern paradox becomes a choice between choosing the safety of this human-governments legal interface and rejecting it. Humans long to understand the universe constantly, they long to know what it's like to be a plant; a black hole; a star. How is this done? They come to “know it” not through experience, but description: by interfacing with the wall: the paper wall. But what of the wall: the psychic wall? I am here alluding to the cave of Socrates. It's by interfacing with the paper interface as an existential need that gives men cause to value the word truth above the experiential truth, which is strongly condemned as a dangerous conflation because words are indispensable to human activity. But human activity is the activity of using words and, therefore, is the activity of using people. I may not use a plant with my words; I may not use a rock with my words; I may not use the sun with my words. And still humans take their mutual use of words against their own as explanatory proof positive that the words used mathematical or otherwise are universal in some way. If an alternative interface makes the universe easier to use than mathematics then mathematics will be discarded in the instant of its use. An important consequence of our interfacing with the paper world, and the computer world, and the biological world, is that the

government as an institution is established as punishment against the wealthiest is itself limited by the problem of interfaces and the problem of socializing. Indeed it is hard if not impossible for the government to fully compensate for what humans agree to do. For example the poor may write a law to punish the rich, only for the rich to socialize in private; an issue which at present threatens to choke human life from the globe as companies utilize the interface of lawyer power to dominate our lives by technological means. I say this as a double reference, to paper technology and computer technology. There is a surprising lack of forethought in the area of human planning; pseudo legal freedoms block access to space; nations don't plan for tectonic plates; Israel does not plan for the death of the sun; indeed, the Jews claim that their God, an eternal God, instructed them to exist in a state on Earth, a temporary Earth. Why is this done? If an eternal God grants you a territory where should that temporary territory be localized? Perhaps, a name: a word? I predict that after the sun explodes there will be a long bewailing period for the loss of the Israeli state; thence, the Jews will come to my conclusion: that God intended for Israel to be a space ship all along. And what will happen to this space ship state when it expands to fill the cosmos? God said to Abraham that his descendants would be as numerous as the stars, after all. And what about the gravity regimes generated by these heavenly bodies? Will they not warp the identity of the state? Into what? Into a plurality of life forms, and not a state completely unified? But enough about the idiocy of an individual unifying a universe that's broken apart!

As a consequence of the power of words to direct and dominate thought, we will always be able to induce our interlocutor into acting auxiliary to us through word flattery: presenting agreeable hooks for them to agree to be aggregated to at their own free will. A politician speaking to a crowd tries to seduce it with a verbally constructed past, present, and future which can never come by any means. But the statement is repeated, because this is the means by which this verbally constructed promise can enter into the world: a mental world. We are given the mere story of success; we are supposed to enjoy this story by hallucinating it, nodding along; we listen, injecting ourselves into a story we are not; a story agreeable to our tastes to the extent that the listener becomes the receptive partner in this social relationship, gaining enjoyment by proxy by mentally injecting itself into the promises told by the insertive partner in this social relation: the speaker. Indeed now the world has been encased by this spoken material later calcified by written law and machines; signs, whatever the kind, are constantly being inserted into our minds, because we no longer have the option of exile, because this state of total encasement is the human condition. We cannot divorce ourselves from the state with the statement anymore than we can tear a vital organ from our bodies without dying: the verbal

death throes we make in protest against existence impact it as scratch marks on the walls of existence create existence anew, enforcing it with the creation spun from itself, so new boundaries are created; complaint, encrusted, masks the whole world over, while, behind that mask, the artificer responsible for its construction speaks it back into existence. The political leader, the seducer of the crowd, demands he claim the title of the people's representation, but there is only the empty pretense of representation, just as there is only the pretense of communism; either way, an entirely rhetorical, verbally constructed tale is inserted by him into the ears of the crowd that is endlessly enraged by their state of mental possession by sounds. The representative comes to represent, pretends to represent, but in fact does no such thing; he is elected, true, but that is all, and that is all the politician knows to do; for it's an observable fact that the people are never together and never united! All the politician does is ride the waves of rhetoric until they deposit him into office. Just as there is only the pretense of representation, so too is there only the pretense of communism; the purported communist can only tell the tale of classlessness, because classlessness is not the same as existing in a state confined by this speaker and listener relationship; indeed, the very act of being an active speaker, that is an "informer" or "educator" is what constitutes all "class struggle" which is merely a way to put down interpersonal relations, as the dichotomy of the insertive speaker and receptive listener is the fundamental framework constituting the very division of classes the communist talks about. The promise of communism is advertised, manifesting only as an endless promise which is never fulfilled. Baudrillard has suggested that information in the sense of data processing would someday put an end to advertising; and yet, contrary to this, is the biological fact that we cannot dispense with being affected, as minds, and hence we (as human speakers) cannot dispense with advertising; for just as bodies pang us with hunger advertisements, so too would the information system proposed pang us for maintenance. So as we anchor ourselves in this way, as we pull words out of our minds, we build a world around us in response to it that resembles the body, and we question it; for we feel ourselves turning inside out; silently, wordlessly, we sense ourselves participating in an activity that results in the endless recreation of the body and hence this same activity. If only Nietzsche had experienced a world gleefully feeding on his papers: the publishers illegally circulating tens and thousands of copies, capitalizing on a product they hadn't made! What would he say to this? Miss Zimmern wondered, as she recalled what Nietzsche said about the professorships: they were bad; all of them were bad. "Professorships, professorships!" Nietzsche had said, "What good can come out of a paid mouth?" he asked. "What if he was right? And what would it mean if he was?" she wondered, reflecting on his concerns, his moral concerns. "Well," she said "we have not reached that point yet. . . Thank God, not yet."