





## *PRAISE FOR ADAPTIVE SYSTEMS*

Adaptive Systems is quite possibly the only person I have ever encountered who I can say is truly possessed by genius. And by possessed, I mean in the Linda Blair sense. AS, if these rants are truly your own and not copy/pasted from somewhere else, you are by far my favourite poster here. Posts like these should have a special part of the goldmine cordoned off... the maximum security part. - *Bolt Vanderhuge*

an exalted forum superstar...up there with the enigmatic GameQuoter and utterly hilarious Adventures of Jesus - *Visidan*

This guy is just incredibly gifted with language and I feel privileged to have read him and grateful for this post for bringing his work to my attention. - *goddinpotty*

that fantasy island post owns - *aryangoku92*

basically the post in question is the best post anyone has posted in the history of posting. read it. - *emeraldkies*

Bump for Adaptive System's post so as to be of some value for just one moment in my life. *Lunar Puppy*.

Must bump this thread. Everyone should read Adaptive Systems post, even if it needs a medical sciences major to understand it. *You Am I*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**adaptive system** *n.*... A system that can change itself in response to changes in its environment in such a way that its performance improves through a continuing interaction with its surroundings.

- *McGraw-Hill Science Dictionary*

**Something Awful**, often abbreviated to SA, is a comedy website housing a variety of content, including forums, feature articles, digitally edited pictures, and humorous media reviews.

- *Wikipedia*

**adaptive systems** is one of the most mysterious posters to ever venture on these here forums. All that is known is that he either disappeared or was banned sometime around 2005 and left behind posts that were... unusual, to say the least.

- *The Something Awful Forums SAClopedia*

Who is adaptive systems and where did he come from? How did he have an encyclopedic knowledge of everything from molecular biology to European intellectual history? Is it possible he was a famous author or an artificial intelligence? What is he doing now? Is he writing a book?

These are the types of questions that people ask about adaptive systems. His writing on the Something Awful forums between 2001-2004 elevated him to a mythological status. He is especially known for a 10,000 word post titled Fantasy Island, which is a bizarre, comical, and profound story of a young scientist's attempt to birth a new race of human beings from cloned cells. Since he dropped off the internet in 2004, he has been surrounded by mystery. For years, posters admired his creative and intellectual talent, but for all the speculation about the author, there have been few, if any, answers to the questions above.

In 2009, a poster named Spirited released two personal letters from adaptive. These letters are the keys to understanding him and his writing. He explains ways in which he has changed and his professional plans in the field of bioinformatics. According to Spirited, the poster who knew him best:

“Adaptive Systems said most of what he wrote on SA represented the worst part of him, and that he was in a formative period of his life. Everything is best read in that context, and he made it very clear he gave up creative writing of any kind but he confirmed that his two major influences were Nietzsche and Marx, specifically he said growing up "that's how I learned to think". Illicit drugs, fasting, and his love of post-modernist works like Bataille's Solar Anus can easily be attributed to the strangeness of his thinking at times, and he described his history like he was some kind of career college student. He started out in the humanities but gave up after a professor dismissed his attempts to inspire socialist action as "Marxist". Both Nietzsche and Marx wrote in a philosophical style that used appeals to emotion, and AS was not short on investing a lot of emotional energy into his ideas. Even when he spoke of his later genetics studies, at the heart his passion was in creating real change in the world, with an emphasis on socialism. We can use this information as a ad hominem, the dude was communist, which is not If at all yo'.” *Sep 11, 2009 07:48 - The Something Awful Forums > Discussion > Debate & Discussion > Laissez's Fair: HAHahaha. Former Terrorist Nelson Mandela says US threat to peace >Derrida, Deconstruction and DNA: Analysing the Adaptive Systems [serious]*

## **ABOUT THE EDITOR**

Hi, I'm Jason Roth. I edited this book for a blog post at [onlyevolutions.blogspot.com](http://onlyevolutions.blogspot.com) and you can reach me at [jproth@gmail.com](mailto:jproth@gmail.com)  
Cover image “Global Intelligence” used with permission by Mondolithic

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- Welcome to... Fantasy Island!!! -



**SKREWLOOSE:**

Dec 12, 2001 04:42

**OK, if you were going to Fantasy Island (and aren't we all...) what would you want your fantasy to be???**

First, you have to pick whether you want Malcom McDowell or Ricardo Montelbon as your Roarke. They were both in Star Trek movies, so they've got that going for them. Personally, I'd go with Malcom McDowell, despite the lack of spiffy orange and white station wagons, simply because he doesn't flaunt his pet midget. So, no, Ricardo, you're not getting my Genesis Device.

Then you have to pick a fantasy. Bear in mind this fantasy has to be completed in three 8 minute sketches, and can't contain any nudity or graphic violence. So that pretty much whacked all of my fantasies off right there.

But then I thought that most of the fantasies on the show were about fixing things in your past. So I'd like to go back to the day I got dropped off at the orphanage. Only instead of being 2 years old, I'd be 29, and instead of dropping me off, I'd get to kick box my parents into bloody pulp. But I think that violates some FCC regulations. And also, it's pretty heavy, and would probably get broken into 2 parts, and then when they syndicated the show, they would screw it up and show them out of order, or show the first part ten times, and never show the second part.

So my final fantasy (arf arf) would be to go back to that Game Show from the early '80s that was a competition in video games. The games would be: Vanguard, Elevator Action, Qix and Sinistar. My opponents would be: that Chinese kid that played pac-man for like 23 hours straight on one quarter, and a little black kid who's far too young for the show, and who doesn't really understand how the games are played (that's one of my memories of this show, was that there was always some kid that just didn't know what the hell was going on).

And when I win, they both have to do the truffle shuffle, and I get to go on Dance Party USA when Downtown Julie Brown was hosting it.

Yeah. That'd be fucking great.



## **adaptive systems**

Dec 12, 2001 23:37

Wow. Great topic, Skrewloose. I have so many memories of watching “Fantasy Island” as a very young boy. It was like the illicit money shot that followed the hour-long tease of “Love Boat” on Friday nights. Because of those memories, of course, I would have to go with Ricardo Montalban. I actually have yet to see Malcom McDowell in the role, however, so to be perfectly fair to him as well I have to admit that his English drollery and barely controlled, simmering prole rage might have won me over, had it only the chance.

Ah, so, what would be my fantasy? I know precisely what my fantasy would be.

I would receive Eighty Thousand Dollars.

Now, as we all know, “Fantasy Island” was never simply about a person experiencing his or her fantasy. No. It was about a guest arriving at this mysterious “Island of Fantasies” to receive what was clearly some kind of highly experimental and probably illegal form of psychotherapy to which they obviously hadn’t given any sort of informed consent. That aside, every guest on the island came away from their “vacation” having learned what mistaken insecurity lead them to think that their life was somehow lacking and thereby giving rise to their wish-fulfillment fantasies in the first place. So that we can all more fully appreciate the “Fantasy Island” dynamic at play in my fantasy, I need to give you some of the back story that surrounds my need for the \$80k.

It’s very simple.

I had a brilliant idea. A brilliant idea. All I needed to bring it to fruition was \$80k.

Although I’m still a little leery of someone stealing my idea, I think I can lay it out on the table for you guys in sufficiently vague terms; I think I’ve found a simple way to employ an off-the-shelf laser commonly used in fertility clinics to localize an electroporative field on the surface of a Human ovum, allowing rapid influx of  $Ca^{2+}$  through the zona pellucida, which should hopefully in turn cause the cytoplasmic re-arrangements that should lead to proper formation of the primitive groove, thereby overcoming the fear of teratological complications that have heretofore plagued research into human parthenogenesis. Or, in other words, for \$80k, I’m 90% sure that I can bring a genuinely parthenogenic human embryo to term. Yes, that’s right; I could create a human ovum that would grow to be a perfect clone of its “mother.” Now, once I realized this, I immediately

set about finding a way to raise money. Now, there's no way in hell that the NSF is going to give \$20k to an unaffiliated researcher, and certainly not one that caused that fiasco in '97, so there was obviously no chance of getting the money from them. (Also, there's that whole "unaffiliated researcher" part, which involves some arguments that are better off not being rehashed, and also as a tire iron, a full set of broken metacarpals, and a fully dismantled ABI 973 Sequencer) So where could I possibly get this money?

From you guys, of course.

I could easily imagine the obvious responses that a request for donations would elicit. Somebody would say "Use Google." Some hemorrhoidal hard-case would launch himself into a tirade that would go just like this: "When I was your age, I funded my illegal scientific research by working my way up from fry cook to burger chef. Now, it wasn't 'fun' and it wasn't 'glamorous,' but if you really want to accomplish something in life you need to be willing to make certain sacrifices, sometimes even including your own dignity and blah blah blah buh-blah blah buh-blah buh-buh-blah." First of all, if you're doing discovery-driven science, like I am, you're in a race, and there's no point in being in a race unless you're in it to win it. Can any of you name the first mammal cloned from a differentiated adult cell?

Yeah, if you guessed "Dolly," you are correct. Now, can any of you name any of the sheep, cattle, pigs, and mice cloned subsequently in the same way? No. Of course not. Do you see my point? If I were to work as a fry chef for ten years, I'll be beaten to the punch by some panty-waisted NIH apparatchik who'll use the technique to make droves of extra mice that he can kill through the "painless" method of cervical dislocation while he beats off furiously under his soapstone bench.

Don't think I'm coming to you guys just because I'm too lazy to seek out funds on my own. No. It's not like I haven't done absolutely everything I could possibly do to get that kind of money on my own. I've submitted applications to numerous different IVF Shared-Risk Financial Programs, both under my name, and under the names of the two young women that are going to help me in this endeavor (one donating eggs, and the other obviously serving as a surrogate). Now, the applications of the first young woman were all rejected because of her already large and outstanding medical school loans, and the applications of the other young woman were effectively disqualified on account of a string of arrests she had racked up for solicitation and flagrant public indecency. When my applications were rejected, for no reason at all as far as I could tell, I called each of the financial institutions only to hear the same lame excuse each time: Nobody wants to fund infertility treatment for single, unmarried men. Well, fuck.

Somebody could have told me that before I wasted all that effort applying. The process was a lot of work, because just to submit the application I had to submit a sperm sample to demonstrate that I was genuinely oligospermic. Since I lucked out (In that my mother was a vegetarian, and therefore didn't imbibe much of the bio-accumulating and highly efficacious estrogen mimic and pollutant, 2,3,7,8- tetrachlorodibenzo-para-dioxin, which effectively incapacitates the developing seminiferous tubules of any unlucky XY fetus that happens to cross it's path, thus leading to the amply documented epidemic of infertility among American males born between the late fifties and the present day) and have a slightly above normal sperm count, it was obvious that I was going to have to specially prepare a sample of my sperm that had been artificially weakened. This isn't exactly impossible, but it's not trivially easy, either.

First of all, have you ever tried to cum in a 750-microliter eppendorf tube? It's not easy. It's like trying to cum into a straw. You wouldn't believe how many attempts failed before I figured out the right way to do it, which is to put it in the reservoir tip of a smaller-than-usual condom (which holds the conical bottom of the tube surprisingly well) and make sure you get a really, really tight fit. Even then, difficulties still remained to be surmounted; it's pretty difficult to reach a sexual climax when you have what feels like a toothed lamprey trying to suck your urinary meatus inside-out.

I got myself out of this dilemma through the application of a very clever regimen of highly disciplined operant conditioning. Every night during animal planet's thrice-monthly shark week, I would religiously watch each program with my thumb on the VCR's record button, waiting for images of lampreys attached to sharks. I was very quickly able to assemble a 43-minute long videotape consisting of nothing but exciting, pulse quickening scenes of sharks shooting through the deep dangling long, black lampreys (My enthusiasm may sound a little odd, but if you were to see this video, I am perfectly confident that you would agree.)

Equipped with this behavior modification tool, I initialized an intense daily visualization program in which, while viewing the video, I taught myself to see my penis as a silky-smooth ruthlessly-efficient 80-million year old predator stalking the seaweed veldt of the Pacific basin. Suddenly, a trio of lampreys appear and attach themselves to me! At first, I am horribly scared! My little shark brain doesn't know what to do! I swim as fast as I can, trying desperately to throw off the lampreys that seem to feed off my pain, and suck and suck and suck on my flesh! I swim so hard that I nearly exhaust myself, slowing down, sinking down, while those little, circle shaped rows of teeth nibble on my sensitive dorsal regions, sending arcs of strangely exhilarating electric pain up and down my sleek, aerodynamic frame.

After approximately another week of this training I was not only capable of overcoming the discomfort of the eppendorf tube impinging on the delicate bulb of my glans, I was even finding somewhat arousing. Truth be told, it was actually difficult for me to return to what most of you would consider the “normal” procedure. (Some of you are probably asking, “But adaptive, why didn’t you use the established technique for acquiring sperm samples from men who are either dead, uncooperative, severely neurologically impaired, suffering from a catastrophic vertebral injury, or are actually horses? That technique of course being Electroejaculation (EEG), which involves the rectal insertion of an electrical probe that looks something like an electric hair-curler, followed by the application of increasing electric current until the probe either induces ejaculation or heats itself to the point that it threatens to inflict first-degree burns on the entirety of the anal cavity.

To answer your question, I want to be clear: I assure you that the reason I didn’t employ the obviously appropriate method had nothing to do with any unscientific, Freudian phobias about being anally penetrated. In fact, if there’s one thing I look for in a potential female companion, it’s an extremely advanced case of penis envy. The real reason that I did not use this clearly superior method, in addition to the fact that EEG would be more expensive, is that I have a pathological fear of allowing probes explicitly designed to discharge electricity into my body. This may seem cowardly, but if your third grade school nurse was named “Benny” and walked around in 5-inch-high rubber-platform shoes attractively complemented by thigh-high PVC boots, and one of the little games you played with “her” resulted in your being rushed to the emergency room in a state of cardiac arrest, you wouldn’t consider this cowardice either, goddammit. )

In any case, once I had a high-throughput method for producing suitably sterile specimens, reducing the sperm content was a simple matter of dropping the eppendorf tubes into my microcentrifuge, cranking the speed up to 20,000 rpm, and waiting a few minutes. It was fairly easy to calibrate the temporal duration of the centrifuge runs to produce the desired results. Running a series of samples for consecutively decreasing time intervals I was able to determine precisely how long it took to remove all the sperm from the ejaculate. I could tell all of the sperm had been removed from the ejaculate when the contents of the liquid in the tube changed from being a uniformly milky white to perfectly clear, with all of the sperm congealed in a snot colored pellet affixed to the outer side of the tube. Then it was a simple matter of deciding how much sperm I wanted to include, and I opted for way under the clinical definition of oligospermia, somewhere around 5 million sperm per ml. Given that I already knew my sperm count was just above 20 million per ml, I just spun 75% of the sperm out of the semen. Simple. Finally, I made sure the pH was still somewhere between 7.2-8.0 , and that everything else was kosher. Then I thought that I merely needed to hide three of the tubes on my person, sign in at the fertility clinic, wait for the nurse to take me back to the appropriate room, and then spend



ten minutes glancing with utter disgust at banal tit-porn. Then, uncap the tubes, push the “call” button, and voila! I would be proud recipient of instant “Infertility Financial Risk Insurance.” (Basically a kind of extremely low-interest loan that can be used for whatever kind of nefarious purpose you can imagine, provided you get a doctor’s signature at some point. Believe me, the doctor-patient relationship is the greatest money-laundering loophole ever created by man.)

But as you already know, all of this work was thwarted on account of my marital status. I was disqualified before I even left the gates. Before you raise the question of why I didn’t just marry one of my two female accomplices, you should know that I tried, and that neither of the comely young ladies would consent to enter even a sham marriage with me, for reasons that will become apparent before the conclusion of this post. (Actually, it won’t, because I’m not going to reveal the identities of my coconspirators. Take that, CIA. Just so that you know, however, the reasons that were tendered to me as explanations, as opposed to the real reasons, were that they were “busy that day, and couldn’t get to the courthouse.”) So before I had even started, I was out the \$50 I spent for single sterile bag of eppendorf tubes, as well as a great deal of time. Despite all that work, I had gained nothing of value, and learned nothing of value, other than the fact that a person can buy an entire bucketful of 2 to 8 inch lampreys at any adequately stocked fishing store, and that if you are prepared to supply an average sized aquarium filled with a thick stew of water, sand, and dirt, as well as a constant, willing blood supply, they make well-behaved pets. (Also, as a trivial aside, during my research on consolidated human ejaculate I read in a book that if a person were to hypothetically eat small chunks of dried and concentrated sperm, it would theoretically taste almost exactly like those red-dyed pistachios you can buy at sporting events and county fairs. I would give you the title of that book, but I lost it.)

Okay, so now that I’ve established that I did everything I could to acquire this money on my own (Note: I also attempted to attain the money through both credit card fraud and small-business-loan fraud. The long-term consequences of these actions are negligible (in taking away my right vote, the fuckers have done me a favor, frankly) and I don’t see them hindering the project in any way whatsoever. (Technically I need to register with the local authorities upon crossing state lines, but not if they don’t know that I’ve crossed state lines.)), I’ll sketch out the reasons that I need a whole \$80k:

First of all, the only possible location that we could hope to realize the aims of this project without incurring certain potentially hazardous legal complications is Ghana. Ghana makes extraordinarily liberal provisions under its reproductive law, primarily as a result of the fact that has no reproductive law whatsoever. Also, it’s the safest nation in

sub-Saharan Africa, and how shall I say this? Sub-Saharan Africa is not a place where health inspectors suddenly show up to make sure that all your tools have been properly autoclaved and all of your isotopes are kept in clean rooms. So it affords us a little bit of leeway in pursuing creative approaches to the problems at hand, and also has real benefits with respect to our bottom line, and as prospective investors I know that you value that.

So, in a stroke of incredible luck, the absolute safest place in Ghana, the Labadi Pleasure Beach, located just outside Accra, actually still has a number of yearly-leased properties available. I've spoken to a nice Ghanaian man, Victor Kisseih, about securing a lease for a brand new, three bedroom house intentionally built for westerners. He said that he'd hold it for me as long as he could, but that I need to confirm my intent to commit to the lease soon, because shortly into the new year, a fresh crop of those pretentious fucking peace core tourists will swoop into the real estate market and spoil it. Also, I told him I was Kenji Furuya, frontman of the world-famous J-rap group, Dragon Ash. (Dragon Ash is huge in Ghana. Huge.) It's \$4800 for a year, which is ample time to complete the entire program, if everything goes according to plan. But I need that money soon. Mr. Kisseih's number in Ghana is (021)248404, if you wish to call him to confirm that I've already set this up, but for the sake of Mitochondrial Eve, don't fucking outbid me and don't tell him I'm not actually Kenji Furuya; I have a feeling that could queer the whole deal.

Ok, so I'm explaining where all of this money is going to go. Well, that's actually kind of boring. Just know that the only reason that any of this is even remotely possible for the absurdly low price of \$80k is that, in addition to my working for free, I also bring to the table a fairly complete set of gynecological instrumentation. Over the years, I've built up an impressively complete collection, everything I think we could possibly need, from lateral vaginal retractors, to uterine vulsellum forceps, to some really ticklish-looking endocervical brushes, to uterine dressing forceps, sponge forceps, Russian tissue forceps, uterine tenaculum hooks, to pretty much all the basics you really need to be able to say: "I'm not technically a gynecologist, but I could probably solve your problems in a pinch."

(As an aside, for any potential hobbyists out there, you should know that you can get a surprisingly diverse array of gynecological equipment for extremely low prices, provided you are willing to purchase it used, and not to ask any questions about where it came from. In fact, much of this equipment is so cheap, that even if you weren't planning on performing unlicensed gynecological procedures, you owe yourself to look into acquiring some of this fine German quality merchandise if for no reason other than to have them available as conversation starters, or possibly for purposes of self-defense.)

Now, the obvious fund raising benefits of employing the once-famous former goon

known as “Random Lady” as the surrogate are off-set by the need to acquire a few pieces of equipment that might otherwise not be essential were we not to use her as the host. For starters, given her history, in addition to all of the obvious transvaginal ultrasound equipment that I already have squirreled away in my closet, I’d also like to purchase (or at least come into possession of) a laproscope. Ideally, I’d also like to have the ability to produce high-resolution hysterosalpinograms, as well, but given that the radioisotopes needed for producing hysterosalpinograms are not the easiest of contrabands to be transported, I realize that’s probably unrealistic. In any case, these tools will help me rule out any physical abnormalities in the reproductive system that “Random Lady” may be at a higher risk of due to uh, or that is, that may have been induced by infectious agents, gross physical trauma, and extreme self-abuse. You know, the regular. Also, since the endocrinological assays that are going to have to be run daily to monitor her human chorionic gondaotropin levels will require that I work in close proximity to batches of her fresh urine, you guys are going to have to spring for a battery of hepatitis shots. No, Seriously. Finally, I’m going to need test kits to screen her urine for metabolites of drugs of abuse. That may seem overly harsh, because presumably if she were to consent to carry what might be the most important fetus in the history of the planet, she wouldn’t risk it by ingesting any drugs. Still, just as a precaution, I think it’s worth it.

(Let me tell you a quick story that should clarify my insistence on this point. The first and only time I flew out to see her, we had planned to drive to the Grand Canyon. I rented a car and swung by her dorm around eight in the morning. I pick her up, she’s beautiful, smiling, filled with sparkly goodness, and when she hops in the car, she tells me that before we leave for the Canyon, she has to do an hour of volunteer community service at a clinic over on Indian School Road. I figure, no problem, I’ll just spend that hour with myself, busily avoiding scorpions. I have no idea where Indian School Road is, so she directs me onto West Grand, and we get there pretty quickly. I pull into a parking lot, pay the guy on the bench the entry fee, and prepare to wish her luck, when she tells me there’s no problem with me tagging along to the clinic. I’m pretty happy about this, because I think that maybe I can help with community service and prove what a nice guy I am.

We cross the road, and walk down to the front of the clinic. There are two benches outside on either side of the entrance. We each take a bench. Nothing happens for five minutes. I’m confused, but I figure that if I wait quietly for long enough, I’ll figure out what’s happening. A minute later, a person comes out of the windowed doors, the first person that had come out while we were waiting. The guy is medium height, already has his cigarette and lighter in hand, obviously planning to light up immediately. He’s got a shaved head (quite possibly to conceal the early stages of male pattern baldness) a cow-style nose ring, and wears a wife beater that reveals not only the beginnings of a pot belly, but also a number of tattoos that must have looked really cool in 1991. Everything

about him screamed “I was one of Fugazi’s original fans, but never embraced the straight-edge ethic; I am now slowly attempting to attain a modicum of respectability.”

Just as he comes out, “Random Lady” hops up off the bench, right into his path, and says in this unbelievably winsome tone of voice, “Can I give you a kiss?” The guy eyes her up for a second, eyes me up for a second, and says “Sure, why not?” He leans forward for a little peck, and “Random Lady” goes up on her toes, grabbing the back of his head with both hands, and just goes to town on him.

When she came up for air, the guy laughed, “We should party some time.”

“I’ll see you around, sugar,” She said to him, waving goodbye, and looking at me with all the smiles and pride of job well done. I started to feel this pit open up in my stomach, and even though it was about 80 degrees out, my skin is suddenly totally covered in goosebumps.

A few more minutes pass, and a woman comes out. She’s short, late forties, wearing a Harley-Davidson T-shirt with the Harley logo severely worn, and although an obvious brunette she’s suffering from a peroxide job that reminds me of the decade-old yellow popcorn you buy at the movies. Her face is a topographical map of wrinkles, presumably a result of spending a lifetime on the back of a motorcycle. She’s wearing those bright neon mirrored wrap-around Raybans and the sort of oddly-pleated acid washed jeans that pull the waist tight, but produce a strange sort of distended bun thing just below it. She has these marks on her lips that look like burn scars.

“Random Lady” does her little thing again; “Hey, excuse me, would like a kiss this fine morning?”

The lady spread her lips broadly, presumably intending to smile, but instead revealing a gap from which all of her incisors had fled. She says, toothlessly, “Shure, honey bring it on over, don’t be shy!” “Random Lady” cradles the woman’s head, just as before, but this time, the stranger-lady grabs “Random Lady’s” ass and gives it a solid squeeze, eliciting a happy squeal from her.

As soon as that happened, I reverted to the all-purpose-plan-for-hopeless-emergencies-and-certainly-impending-dooms, the plan I had hit upon in the process of barely surviving that hellish little acid trip I suffered through as an eight-year-old when that dirty fucking pedophile dosed my skim milk. This is what I learned: Sit quietly, rock very slowly, and wait for death. Once your neuroendocrine system lets you drop into the plan, time begins to simultaneously speed up and slow down. Your senses become acutely



focused, and everything you experience takes on a richness that it wouldn't ordinarily have. The way that man smelled of nicotine. The moistness of that dead lump of chewing tobacco. The heat coming off of the concrete. The looks of surprise and satisfaction that came across all those men's faces when she had finished kissing them. The way that look gave way to one of prurience. The way "Random Lady's" exquisite little pink tongue licked the lips of those people, like a puppy dog, and lustily licked her own lips, like a little girl finishing her first illicit taste of crème-de-mint.

I watched a parade of people come out of the clinic, although I thankfully forgot almost all of them. Probably the worst was the mother. She was the only one that didn't want to kiss "Random Lady". The suppleness of the flesh on cheeks indicated she was young, probably about 22. Bags under her eyes, and a certain haggardness that permeated her made her look much older. She was modestly dressed, wearing a dress-suit combo that seemed at least a decade out of style.

She was holding hands with an adorable little munchkin girl, probably about three, wearing a pleasantly poofy flower-patterned dress that had probably once been donated to a church and wearing her honey-colored hair up in pigtails sprouting out of each side of her head. They, the pigtails, were wrapped with those elastic band plastic ball combination things that I don't know the name for. They're not barrets; those are the folding kind. Her story seemed pretty clear. She was that sort of beautiful neighborhood sweetheart that wanted nothing more than to settle down as soon as possible with the neighborhood stud. She'd probably had the kid at 18 or 19, slowly got fed up with her moronic, provincial husband constantly demanding that she mother him, and realized there was a much larger world out there, one that her childish husband was not equal to.

"Hi!" she squeaked, in the friendliest way possible. "Can I give you a kiss?"

The mother demurred, feigning business, so "Random Lady" says; "Would a dollar sweeten the deal?" And she flipped a folded dollar between her fingers. The woman looks at her suspiciously, then leaned over to dispense a quick little peck while she snatched at the dollar. "Random Lady" was having none of that, of course; she grabbed her head and held on for all she was worth. The woman's eyes were open, darting around nervously the entire time that "Random Lady" was forcing her tongue down her throat. The little girl, all angelic sweetness and light, is suddenly afraid, and pulls on her mother's hand and says:

"Mommy?"

"Mommy, do you know that woman?"

At any given moment, when I think about that horrible hour on that bench, I can hear those words exactly as she spoke them, in a little voice, rising with a swelling fear.

“Mommy, do you know that woman?”

Like she thought something was going to take her mommy away forever.

“Mommy, do you know that woman?”

Like she’s scared she’s done something to make her mother angry.

“Mommy, do you know that woman?”

Like she’s suddenly even more lost in a world that was already far too complicated.

I looked away from the mother and daughter; I felt the sudden crazy fear that if I watched them for an instant longer I would lose my immortal soul, something I would consider laughable under ordinary circumstances. Turning away from them, I looked through the windowed doors into the building. The doors opened into an atrium that appeared to be shared by three different offices. I looked at the doors to each office. One was marked Radiography, but the lights were out. One was marked Pediatrics, but the lights in that office were also out. The lights in the last office were on. It must have been the only office that opened this early.

### Addiction Treatment & Recovery

That’s when I understood.

These people were all heroin addicts. They were coming in for their morning maintenance swig of methadone. “Random Lady” was sucking out the residual methadone, mixed with whatever sort of food and mucus was stuck in their teeth. I felt dizzy and flashed on a story about methadone clinics on 60 minutes I’d seen when I was a kid. About how they were run for profit. About how the methadone was artificially orange-flavored. That’s what she’s tasting. She’s tasting oranges.

When about an hour was up, I picked my soul up off of the concrete and followed her, as if in a dream, back to the rental car. We both got in, and as I was about to turn the engine over, I looked at her and, as if it made no difference in the world, asked: “Why do you do that?” She replied instantly:

“I just like to help people get their days off to a good start,” all sunny and chipper and full of good cheer towards her fellow man. I look at her sharply, like I’m not buying it, and ask again her again.

“No, really. Why do you do that?” She crosses her arms and leans back in her seat. She scowls at me like I’m some sort of pissy old fogey.

“College isn’t getting any cheaper, and neither is heroin.” she says, angry at me for my unspoken accusations.

I never asked her about it again.

I’m pretty sure that the trauma triggered some sort of psychosomatic blindness because I don’t even remember seeing the Grand Canyon, even though I’m pretty sure we made it there. Anyway, the point of that whole sorry story is that Methadone metabolite EIA tests come in packets of 5 for \$175. Over nine months that’s going to come out to more than nine thousand dollars, I think. Yeah, see? \$80k is a fucking bargain man, believe it.)

Ok, I guess that brings us to the other half of the equation:

The donor.

“Differential.”

Now, I imagine that the first question most of you want to ask me regarding “Differential” doesn’t concern the considerable technical prowess and biochemical sophistication that she brings to the project, but rather what the realistic odds are on getting her into bed with “Random Lady.”

I’m not going to tell you what those odds are. Not yet.

I will tell you that “Differential” was not selected because I thought the sight of “Random Lady” would have dropping her trousers. No, she was selected for other qualifications. Now, I’ve only met “Differential” once, but you only have to talk to her for five minutes to know that she’s the sort of person Maslow wrote about : a true self-actualizer. People like her are like those runners that compete in hurdle events, commonly referred to as “Hurdlers,” I believe. For them, life is clearly delineated, marked with obstacles that can be identified, measured, planned for, practiced for, and ultimately effortlessly cleared. People like this develop a sort of fearlessness. They may, sometimes, perceive themselves

as being driven by internal fears, but they banish those thoughts into bottomless pit of eternally repressed emotions that eventually reaches critical mass and propels them to become the fiery suns of all-conquering megalomaniacal psychosis. More important than the fact that they're never more than an emotional supernova away from either suicide or ubermenschen, they never turn down a challenge. That's the one thing that is always true about these people: They're game.

Ask them to help you swipe a box of cookies from the grocery store, just for fun, and they will never talk to you again. Ask them if it's possible to get a -70C freezer out of a room that was built around it, get it down four flights on the service elevator, get it on the loading dock and into a stolen U-Haul trailer and off campus in the fifteen minutes between the time the night watch leaves and the time the morning security habitually shows up late, and they will say: "Yes. I will show you how."

This is the devil-may-care bravado that we need behind us to achieve victory. This is why "Differential" was willing to come aboard and assist with the project. She knows that we all get only one crack at this marble block, and we have to make it count. I mean, fuck those billionaires trying to circle the earth in a balloons. That's penny-ante shit. You know those fuckers must be not only totally impotent, but also thoroughly brain-dead. I mean, never have there been men as rich as those that presently walk the Earth desperately seeking something to purchase so that they can inscribe their stupid name on it in an attempt to quell their fears of mortality, and never in the history of the world have there been so many avenues of research in which a suitably fat stack and a willingness to operate outside the normal strictures of peer-review could produce so much of meaningful, lasting importance, and what do these fuckers do? They try and win some race straight out of the seventeenth-fucking century. I mean, c'mon Mr. Richard "Virgin" Bancroft or Ashcroft or whatever your fucking name is, you want a thrill? You want to know you're alive? Spend twenty minutes with me in a pitch-black room. I'll chew right through your goddamn abdominal cavity if it means getting to the cool million you keep in that rectal money tube so you keep lodged up your ass so you can wear that great big yellow-toothed Limey "I'm a millionaire smile" every place you go. Yeah, after that, balloon racing will be about as interesting to you as getting hand-jobs from your mother.

Alright, back to the important topic at hand. Can I promise you hot sex between "Differential" and "Random Lady?" Well, let me tell you, I put it to "Differential" straight: Would she do "Random Lady"? Her exact words were: "Just because I have easy access to a lot of antibiotics doesn't mean I go around looking for new ways to catch gonorrhea, adaptive systems." Now, that would seem to pretty clearly put the kibosh on the whole thing. Trust me, though, in and of itself, this does not present an insurmountable barrier to uniting "Differential" and "Random Lady" in Sapphic bliss. I



can't even begin to tell you the number of sweet, God-fearing Catholic girls majoring in Education I knew in college that got themselves busily finger-banged by "Jamie the Women's Studies T.A." the second that their R.O.T.C boyfriends passed out on the couch. I mean, we are talking dozens and dozens. Easily. I know because Jamie was my girlfriend. Still, even though I secretly worry that deep down, when she ovulates, "Differential" thinks about rigid, blood-swollen cock, purple with anticipation and dewing with a single drop of pearly-precum, I can't help but see, maybe purely out of hope, slight indications of what my older, happily cohabiting, jeep-driving, golden-retriever owning, soft-ball playing woman friends call "the unmistakable glimmerings of a baby dyke awaiting guidance."

(Please note that I'm not stereotyping my older woman friends. They actually drive jeeps, play softball, etc. I'm not using those traits as a sort of shorthand to imply that they're lesbians; they actually do all of those things. They're good friends of mine, productive members of the community, run a successful independent business, and gush unbelievable puddles after the women's collegiate soccer games when all the fans have cleared out of the bleachers and the coach convenes an immediate post-game meeting, during which the sweaty soccer girls strip out of their adidas jerseys and trunks, revealing tight, black sports bras and bikini bottoms. Incidentally, that's how I met them; all three of us share a mutual interest in collegiate female soccer. Also in sloppy-wet pussy.)

Now, it just so happens that I happen to find that gleam of dyke-ishness insanely attractive. Pretty much every single picture of me with every single one of my ex's looks like someone took Morrissey, cloned him, shrunk both of them by a few inches, threw them in front of a camera and told them to hug. Many of my girlfriends have left me for women. That's a price I'm willing to pay. Again and again, if need be. There are just some amazing perks about dating lesbians working through a sexually confusing moment in their lives, or perhaps deliberately exploring what they're capable of responding to. First of all, you can learn how to do things with your hands and other people's pubic bones that no man or woman would independently discover in a lifetime of heterosexual practice. No shit. And when your girlfriend insists on giving you a haircut, you don't have to worry she'll try and make you look like Fabio; she'll give you a nice high&tight flat top, whether you ask for it or not. Also, you tend to develop a fuller appreciation of rugby. Those are just the advantages that come off the top of my head.

(I did happen to make the mistake of off-handedly mentioning my attraction to this to "Differential," which prompted her to state very unambiguously that that sort of thing would not be tolerated in any way, shape or form. (Her exact words were: "If you Fuh-King touch me, ever, I will kill you. With a fucking Hagedorn needle. In your left fucking nostril. IN YOUR LEFT FUCKING NOSTRIL." Now, I'm not exactly sure what a

“hagedorn” needle is, but assuming that it actually can be used to kill in the aforementioned fashion, I’m extremely frightened of it. Also, it bears noting that the way she said “fucking” was like she was discharging an Ithaca pistol-grip shotgun. The “Fuh” was an explosion of an anti-personnel flechette round, and the “-king” was the crisp, keenly-cocked re-admission of a shell into its chamber. It was, you know. You know. Chill. Back of neck. Rapid ascension of testicles. The whole bit. And she did actually repeat the “left nostril” part, I’m not making that up.)

Okay, all of that is probably tangential. What we’re really talking about here are two beautiful women in bed. That is, we’re talking about what the odds are that two specific beautiful women will wind up in bed. Now, with a basic understanding of probability, we can tell what the chances are if we know the probability that each woman will be willing to sleep with the other. Now, when it comes to “Random Lady,” we can confidently assume that probability is 100%. With regards to “Differential,” we are lacking some information, and have to use a special kind of number technically known to statisticians who subscribe to the “Bayesian” school of probability as “the Universal Prior.” In this case, the “Universal Prior” is 30%. Now, again, using “math” we can tell that the odds of these two young women making a love connection are obviously somewhat less than 100%.

Fear not. I have a plan for dramatically increasing those odds, and I can state it succinctly in one word: Liquor.

These women love their liquor. Especially those funny-colored mixed drinks with the I-have-no-idea-what in them, because I’m as dry as the Mojave. A few bottles of this, a few bottles of that, a couple of those blue colored ones with the umbrellas, maybe some of those coffee flavored milky Russian ones, combined with a few stretches and yawns from me, leading me to beg to be excused from the great game of charades we’ve got going for an early bedtime, and I can pretty much guarantee goon-girl on ex-goon-girl action.

In fact, if I come back the next morning and “Random Lady” and “Differential” are not an exquisitely braided tangle of fair-skinned thighs, mussed and knotted hair, sweat-soaked sheets, I will return all of your donations. In fact, I’ll go further. If this plan doesn’t result in “Random Lady” and “Differential” getting down to a form of grunting tribadism so pure, so suffused with a gleaming sublimity bespeaking a whole other order of evaluating the meaning of your life, so undeniably an eruption of divinity into this world that it could, and should, have been ripped from Greek myth, I will refund your kind donations in full.

In fact, if upon opening the door, and gazing upon the tableau of their naked, cotton

wrapped bodies, I am not struck down by fear, fear of something so incomparably ancient and yet so eerily new that an apprehensiveness does not slowly build within me, growing towards an absolute conviction that I am in the presence of something so indescribably beyond all human comprehension that it does not crush and shatter my consciousness in such an absolute and irrevocable fashion that I fall out this universe entirely,

...into the absinthe-soaked and sweat-drenched body of Arthur Rimbaud, in London, fucking that detestable orangutan, Paul Verlaine. What a spineless piece of merde. The way he let me, a boy of merely sixteen years, twist him around my finger and lure him away from his beautiful wife and luxurious home in Paris to this English hovel.

“Donne-moi ton foutre,” he grunts, “Donne-moi ton foutre!” SHUTTHEFUCKUP  
“Donne-moi ton foutre!”

While I’m digging my dirt-encrusted fingernails into the fat that hangs from his pelvis, he turns his head to me.

"Je veux lecher ton foutre," He says. Again, insistently, "Je veux lecher ton foutre."

FUCKINGPIECEOFSHITWHYHAVENTYOUBOUGHTMEANYNICEVELVETCOAT  
SYOUCHEAPPEDE

I pick up the lamp of the table by the swinging handle and whip it down on his pathetic balding head. A thick gash opens instantly, unleashing a satisfying red flow. He makes a hiccupping noise with the impact of the blow, but doesn’t lose consciousness. I hit him twice more, with solid arcing blows delivered with enough force to ensure that I won’t have to deal with his shit until sometime after the sun rises. I pull out of his hideously filthy oignon. I push his body off of the bed and make myself comfortable, preparing to settle into a deep sleep, knowing that despite all of this, he will still buy my breakfast in the morning.

.....until finally waking 12 hours later, to find the women gone, outside the compound, outside the security perimeter, out, gone, somewhere between Accra and anywhere. I search for them desperately, to no avail, and they return at their leisure the next day, bearing meaty shashliks dripping with grease and fat black Sangiovese grapes, neither of which could possibly have obtained anywhere in west Africa. I try and talk to them, but I find that I have trouble looking at them when I talk. When I look at them, my eyes hurt as if I’m looking out the window, into the glare of the sun out on the warm and inviting ocean that I have been too busy to visit.

And you must read faster now, much, much faster now. You must read faster to understand. Faster! Faster! You must read faster now, to understand. You must read faster to understand!

...I come in a matter of days to suspect that the course of events that has been set in place in that bed, wet with vaginal secretions and perspiration and even, (from where?) blood, will lead to a heedless violation of all natural laws, and open a fissure between this world and the over-pressured chaotic void of chattering dread that surrounds us, allowing an inflowing of radical indeterminacy into the painfully mechanistic world of the bankers the statesmen, with their trivial and boring ambition to manage and plan, that work endlessly towards realizing that ultimate crime, the murder of nature, which could never be brought about in truth, but only through a sort of make believe of control. The belief that everything is under control. That the economy is under control. That government is under control. That the schools are under control. That the prisons are under control. That the hospitals are under control. That war is under control. That disease is under control. That the environment is under control. That you are under control. That your life is under your control.

For the truth is that not one inch of this world has ever, or ever will be, subdued by the forces of control. This is the truth that shall finally capsize this boat, which has served us admirably, but is now our prison galley, sailing forever away from our home. And when this boat is capsized, when all become aware of the lie of control, when the sweet squirminess of two girls in simple, ecstatic, sexual love pull back all of the lies that we have so carefully matted against the windows of the world like lace doilies of some fearful, ancient dowager, whose betrothed died the day before our sacred matrimony was to take place, sparing us even the dignity of the widowed, when you understand that there are no guarantees, no promises, no second chances, that you are subject to death without warning...(admittedly, none of this quite makes sense. I swear to you, sixteen hours ago it did. I had some sort of vision of how all of this would unfold, and I can't quite recapture it now. Perhaps the things of which I now speak will only become truly clear when they come to pass. I'm fairly sure there was a lot of blasphemy, though. Great, heaping portions of it that would swell even the generally agnostic forum reading-public into an angry mob thirsty for my blood. Perhaps it's best I forgot it all)...

When you suddenly understand that just as you are subject to death without warning, so too are you free to live without warning, that you are free to love without warning, that you are free to love who you want, without warning. That you are free to love what you want, you are free to love how you want, without warning. When you take that and tattoo it on your heart, that you are free to live without offering warning.

YOU ARE FREE. TO LOVE. AND. TO LIVE. AND. TO WANT. WITHOUT WARNING.

When that supremely simple fact becomes clear, when it becomes as obvious as the pleasure those two women feel, in bed, drunk like only the holy can be drunk, as obvious as that endless series of undulating orgasms emanating outward from that small, sacred, central spot cradled between their bodies that wracks them with a shocking terror of release, of freedom, of something so fantastically, wonderfully beyond their wildest imaginings, that they can do nothing but cling tightly to each other's precious little bodies, it will produce an indwelling without parallel in human history.

It shall be an indwelling not only of all of the world's usual suspects, the creators, prophets, visionaries, junkyard warriors, tinkers, madmen, melon-fuckers, but also the The Synaesthesiacs, who see sound as color, the Shaughrauns, those who wander in error, the Tirshathas, disguised viceroys and prefects of Persia, and the Tirthankaras, forgers of passage in unknown worlds, the Physiolaters, slathered in dirt, the Beheminsts, who are both poets and lechers, the bleeding Penitents, the blameless Parasuicides, the Oudstryders, crippled in distant wars, the elderly Oubaases, ancient watchers of clouds, their brothers the Crambazzles, storied and dying, the proud Armigers, with their heraldry, the humble Cordwainers, in smocks and sandals, the Deforcians at the front, the German Cousins, given up so long ago for dead, the Pleionosists, who are mocked for wearing spiked helmets, but always enjoy the last laugh, the Polymaths, valuably voracious, the Psaphonics, full of ponderous plottings, the Vigesimators, who kill every twentieth person (keep count), the Adoxographists, arguing constantly with the Floccinaucinihilipilifications about nothing, the Antiscians, unknown, unknown, always unknown, the Apanthropiacs, alone, alone, always alone, the Apocatastasists, brave lovers of all the damned in Hell, The Water Bailiffs, playing their four-legged Virginalls, and well, the Gaberlunzie, toothless and kind, the Abacimates, bearing copper and blind, the Galligantusi, fearing the deaths they cause with each foot-fall, The Armomancers, scapula in fist, the Cheiloproclitics, who awake when their lips are kissed. The Tallow Chandlers, setting lit candles in the ground as they follow, the Gynotikolobomassophiliacs, forever nibbling on fair maidens' earlobes, the Geloscopics, cackling forth our only future, the Abderians, cackling forth nothing, the Ptochocrats, regal in sackcloth, the Gamomanics and Gamophobics, hand in hand, terrified and ecstatic, the Grapholagnists, eternal anus-gazers, the Cacospectamaniacs, who dream endlessly of shiny, shiny, shiny lumps of shit raining from above. The Carkers, lusty ripsnorters best avoided, the Pythogenists, that fell out of the dumpster this morning, unafraid and expecting love.

All of them, all of them, all of them and more will draw nigh to the most-high Bonecrafter and All-Provoking Mother. All of them, all of them and more shall desert the cities of Rome, Jerusalem and Mecca, leaving them windswept backwaters of no consequence, all of their supposed greatness reliquated to mute history books that will soon be burned, gladly, gladly burned.

Towards this great end there shall be a gathering of forgotten heroes, of the Pyrrhonists, who are frightened men, but sharp, the Pernoctators, who read through dawn, the Philoxenists, who speak only to strangers, the Dysteleogists, shouting “No Purpose! No Goal! No End!” The Dririmancers, faces mottled with blood, muttering dithyrambs as they do their deadly work, and finally the Accipitrines, hawk-nosed and effete, all and more shall surround those that must still be cleansed from the earth, those who cling stubbornly to the dead cities and the dead powers, the fearful Hadehariasts, tortured souls that seek to torture you by speaking endlessly of Hell, always of Hell, the Agiotagers, short-selling their mothers, the blattoid blodderers, gurrrrrrrgling forth their bletcherous botanophobia, the bowdlerizing Agapetae, flaunting their modest lies, the Adhocraets, who always sought to have their way with you, the Balatrons, with their nonsense, the Acrocephalics, pointing and pointing and pointing, the blandiloquent Blatherskites, cloying with you, but toying with destroying you, the Apeirophobics, who cover their eyes when it counts, the Brevirostrate bromidrosiphobiatic buffarillas, who never leave their bufoniform baths, the Autovoxiphilliacs, singing blissfully only to themselves, the Battologists haggling with the pleased Comprachico, who deforms children before he sells them, and all of the foul philosophasters, the third-hand criticasters, the Fysigunkus, the Malversationists, plotting powerfully for ill, and the Misoneists who vomit forth an endless stream of hatred, all shall be entombed with their books and their paraphrenal devices in the subterranean cromlechs from which they were spawned. And we, we who shall survive shall summon the babies born with crushed faces, the millions of expendable dead, the birds of paradise extinct without appeal, all of the lost, all of the drowned, we shall summon them all, and all that they lost, all of it, all of it, all of the invective, all of the accusations, all of the terror, all of the needless pain, all of the pointless punishment that we have borne on our splintering backs lo these many years, all of it, all of it, all of it, all of it and more, and it shall be as a noxious pestilence, a boiling tar of wasps and broken glass and flaming razor-wire, and we will bring it down upon all of them, all of your gyrovague monks, all of your lying masses, all of your fat idleness, and I can already see it filling up your mouths, evil mouths that have spoken falsely of blessings and curses, that have maligned the simple seekers-after-truth, and I bring it down upon your hands, so that your flesh may bake and crack, down upon your hands that sought so zealously to torture, to slice out their tongues in the name of love, and I bring it down upon your faces, so that they might melt, those faces that accused only the courageous will drip from your skulls, and I send it down to cook through every fissure

of your minds, the minds that you used to build penal carts to send around to collect your foul Gaol delivery. And I see it press into your ears as a burning ore to CAUTERIZE the foul fuck-holes that allowed such lies to penetrate you in the first place. Nothing shall escape save for the ascending smoke of your half-choked words, pathetic pleas for a mercy you never granted, and even those words shall be caught and set ablaze, and even they will be consumed, until nothing remains but the ashes of their ashes.

Then, only then, when the world is free of the old powers, the Abecedarians, held tight, tiny-toed and fresh, shall finally be carried forth by the Assankanites, who behold only the number ten raised to the sixty-third power, forever and ever, side by side with the Boustrophedonists, writing left-to-right, then right-to-left, and back again, followed by the baleful Kiyoodles, hungry dogs, nearly dead, and then the Kirkbuzzers, who steal from churches, but only to eat, yet also the edacious Mellisugents, ravenous suckers of honey, the Molendinaceous, who spin after the wind, the Entheates, whom even we fear, the Minimifidians, who say perhaps; perhaps not, The Eroteme, who asks, “?”, and receives meaningless meandering messages mfrom mthe Mytacisticist, mwho malways muses mthe mletter “m” meven mwhen mit mis mnot mcalled mfor.

All of them, all of them and more will follow, and watch as the All-Mother shall sit to dine with the last, lonely Apikoros, with whom she shall eat pigflesh, and consume it with him as if it were the last remnant of a long-dying god.

And then, sub-Saharan Africa, with it's lush jungles still defiantly intact, shall become home to the new people, a people arisen from a complete confluence of all genetic diversity, producing a new race of short, lithe, caramel colored, black haired, proud explorers with fearless obsidian eyes protected by sexy, elliptical epicanthic folds. They will hold nothing resembling “ideology,” and there will be no usury, and governing will not be the avocation of the professionally deceitful adhocacy, but a shared duty to be shouldered by all, united under a heretofore unimaginably uncompromising love of this life, and this world, and this body. We shall be witness to the birth of a fascism of clitoral pleasure, feral with an explosion of breasts, round, shaped like avocados, pendulous, arching, reminiscent of champagne glasses, eternally budding, and areolas that are elliptical, slender, great, wide, fat, and buttocks that are narrow, spherical, heart-shaped, sagging, cervixes tickled by fingers, cocks, and nipples that are tended by sucklings and fawns, and also free, and also severed, and labia that hang like curtains of velvet flesh, and that are drawn taught as tempest-blown sails, and the hallowed clitori, large like thumbs, small, like jellybeans. Some too sensitive to be touched, some that can bear only the warmth of a lover's breath, others that demand constant, vigorous attention and playful biting. Every woman shall be met at her menarche with a bath of rose petals and serrated blades. Each shall have the option of endless procreation, of extending her line

forward into perpetuity. Each shall have the option to be clean of all men, for all of time.

And what of the men?

They shall be freed from the manacles of the broodmare that have led to their long, sad atrophy, weakening and warping their originally god-like minds to the sorry, shallowly sensual and sessile state in which they presently pointlessly persist. The existence of men will no longer be guaranteed, nor taken for granted. The possibility of imminent extinction will propel them forward, beyond the insipid flaccidity of the those who ignorantly presumed to rule, blind to the long-ago erosion of their never-more-than-imagined sovereignty, and those would be rulers shall have their cocks split lengthwise and their scrotums removed with white-hot tongs in explosions of hissing semen and cooking connective tissue.

Each man will be free to find an ancient, never-spoken-of purpose, and each will be free to claw his way back from the syphilitic stupor in which he they currently lives. Men who find no purpose, men of no utility, will be ground underfoot and all shall be held blameless in their deaths. No longer will anything be assumed in the relationships between and within the sexes. There will be no unspoken assumptions. Fears and hatreds will rage as openly as wildfires, and will be spoken of as bluntly. There will be no coercion stemming from disparities in power, or weaknesses of affection. There will be no sentimentality. Everything will be negotiable. New words will be needed to describe entirely new concepts of relatedness. Polyamorous tribes of book-readers will run fucking, fisting, flaying, and fleeing into the depths of the forests never to be seen again. Some will burrow deeply into the earth until they encounter the dark mineral intelligence that hath hacked forth each new age, be it of bronze, be of it Iron, and the things that dwell within the rocks will whisper: "we have no more unimagined alloys for you. You are on your own." Others, through unsparing deliberation or unanswerable despondency shall scatter as celibates, and disavow the use of tools entirely, choosing to live off the grubs they rip from the soil with their fists, seeking to duel dangerously with the long dark lonely night of the soul. Others shall find a way to bear the fruit of man (impossible?) from the loins of men, and vast quantities of semen will bubble forth as if from undersea vents, giving birth to societies for which the Spartans could only have hoped, and they will hurry down deeper and deeper into the warm earth, and will wage endless wars of such savagery that Valhalla shall be emptied, and an ocean of blood and brains and sperm will swirl at the center of the earth, amidst the force of unholy thermonuclear concussions, blasting all the souls of men free, free, free to fight and die again.

And then. At long last.



A foudroyant boundary shall be riven between the time and place of that once-feared stasigenesis of the eternally crippled souls, and the new and perdurable order of the All-mother, one that shall be thick with the fougthy odor of menstrual effluvia and after-birth. We shall set the Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg the task of guarding this boundary, for it knows the power of all distinctions, and fears them too well to allow any other passage. (And if you have questions about its name you can ask it your own goddamned self. Frankly, I don't enjoy talking to it very much because it freaks me the fuck out. And if you want to make fun of its name, by all means, please march right up to it and make fun of its name. Good fucking riddance to you, man.)

...Each of us that has survived, that has endured the tests of the all-mother, that breathe the musky air of this, our newly born world, shall make of our umbilical cord a noose, and thereby never forget the foul smelling darkness of which we come, and the foul-smelling darkness to which we rush.

All of us, all of us, all of us and more, shall hearken unto to the All-mother as she croodles softly to her newborn plisky fawn. And we shall draw near her and lower our heads to lick at her ankles in fervent jubilation for her triumph, and to exalt her, and her infinite, infinitely wild progeny. And we shall worship her in all her slick, lubricated concupiscence, and through her we shall discover new kinds of love, new kinds of sex, new ways of living that will be measured in saliva-coated flesh, weighed by caterpillars, packaged in rotting carcasses, bought by the leaves, sold to the dirt, marked-down by the maggots, planned by the ants, and known across time for the howling cries we bark for the sexy bitch what born us so....

I can only put it thusly: if the heedlessly initiated and zealously pursued goal of producing womankind from womankind does not lead to a complete psychotic break with the whole of human history, if all of these events do not come to pass in the fullness of time,

I WILL REFUND YOUR DONATIONS IN FULL

And please, don't whine to me of the bioethicists, those pathetic philosophasters and mealy-mouthed mush-minded murders of my moral certainty. Do not complain to me that the creation of a new order of human life ought to be hijacked by a fearful people that say, ah, but what if the creation is an abomination? What if it is ugly to all who behold it?

WHAT OF IT? God produces a thousand crushedbabies a day, monsters that for the lack of a few flecks of cholesterol lose that essential ability to bind those few, crucial cell-

surface receptors and leave some new soul lacking ventral tissue fates, and almost always born dead, though the most unfortunate survive, and are born with single, cyclopean eyes, protonasal protuberances with no normal human anatomical analogue, but alive, nevertheless, gurgling, a blindness propelling them forward through what kind of shadowy existence you or I would not dare to guess at, for fear that we may adequately imagine it, imagine what it might be like to live as a half-brained Cyclops baby.

And for what reason are a thousand such afflicted girls brought into the world each day? For what reason is but one such afflicted girl brought into the world on any day? So that she might find the glory of resurrection, the self-aggrandizing sacrifice of God for his own glory? Shall we pretend that God brought her into this world to find the love of his only Son, shall we pretend that this girl will come to know and worship the Holy Trinity, when she can know neither light nor dark, nor speak nor listen nor move in anything other than a hideous sea-anemone like flopping? If this is not God's fault, than whose is it? Shall we blame her suffering, as God does, upon the disobedience of Adam? Shall we tell ourselves that all is right and good with her crushed face, because she must pay for the sins of Adam, her 6000-year removed Great-Grandfather?

If you believe that there dwells an eternal soul within this accursed child, where shall it make its home in the everlasting? If she cannot declare Christ her personal savior, confess her culpability for the original sin, how shall she enter Heaven? If God will make an exception for her, and admit her soul into heaven after the brief flickering that is all she shall ever know of life, then what possible purpose does subjecting her to this pointless torture serve?

Shall we accept the Calvinist doctrine of predestination, and comfort ourselves with the thought that, no matter how terrible the suffering visited upon this child, it is precisely what she deserves for having an evil soul? A soul created by God, with no prior existence of its own, to be evil and therefore have abundantly earned the agony of its existence? If we can believe that, and accept that, is there any lie too terrible for us to believe?

Those who believe this, those who worship these basest of lies, they are not fit for discussion. They are fit for consumption. When I turn on the television and see the electronic preachers condemn the paralytics, the malformed, the half-dead, the born-crushed, to an undignified death that could have been prevented but for their superstition, I do not become angry.

I become hungry. I think of boiling their fat jowls down for dinner. I dream of eating their quadriceps with drooling pleasure, thinking about how satisfying a delicacy their testes will make in stew. I view them as the Chimpanzees of the Gombe view the Red Colobus

monkeys. They may look like my people, but they are not my people. They are my people's food. I extend to them no rights, no recognition of personhood. I would happily forego a plate of the finest Angus beef for plate of their haunches. A Steer has at least the decency not to defame or inform on its own kind. There never was a steer that pushed another ahead, faster, to its execution. Every time I see the preachers on TV I get a raging craving for meat. I want it immediately, rare and juicy with blood. I want every bite of flesh to squeeze blood out of soft, gummy tissues, too much blood to swallow, flowing out of my mouth and running down my chin...

Do not misunderstand me; I have no interest in torturing these animals- that would be cruelty of the basest kind, of which I vehemently disapprove. I just want the opportunity to slip off their jackets, undo their ties, unbutton their shirts, unbuckle their belts, untie their shoes, peel off their socks, slip off their watches, and yank off their boxers. I want to hang them upside down from the rod that supports my shower curtain and slit their throats from ear to ear, and leave them to drain. I want to quarter them, deflesh and debone them, and cook them at 350 degrees until the insides of their arms and legs become slightly pink. I consider this gustatory impulse an essentially healthy one, but I will admit to nursing a slight macabre desire to eat their heads raw. I wish to decapitate them, draw their sightless eyes level with mine by pulling on the remaining wisps of hair on their balding heads, suck their tongues into my mouth and feel the back of their tongues split under my incisors, feel them pass through my throat whole, like strips of calamari. I want to slip my thumbs under their eyes, pop them out and gnaw them into a gelatinous mush. I want to crack through the thin layer of bone at the back of their orbital sockets, hold their heads up and drink their pink and custardy brains like one would drink milk from a coconut. There is perhaps the slightest inclination towards superstition here, I admit, some urge towards cephalomancy, a desire to imbibe and come to know the future through my consumption of their heads, as if every face so eaten allows a few instants to fly into the future, where they shall wait patiently to see me again, and thank me for their freedom.

Ok, finally, I just wanted to promise you guys that this isn't one of those deals where I'm going to hit you up for money to fund the silk screening and then go out and spend the money on a digital camera to be used to take pictures of my genitalia to post alongside stories about how I'll fellate any old strange man for a single can of beer. (Note: I do not fellate men for beer. That was Illfates. I'm making fun of Illfates here. I already have a digital camera, and I hardly ever take pictures of myself except for personal use with extremely expensive image analysis software to gauge the effects of my steadily increasing Deca-Durabolin consumption on the length, girth, and shape of various anatomical landmarks) Neither will I blow these precious funds on hookers and coke. Even if I were partial to those sorts of proclivities, I have "Differential" to keep me in

line. She's the trustworthy and responsible type, and if I waste so much as a nickel she'll slit my throat with a surgical scalpel with such speed that I'll never know what killed me. You can count on her to keep me in check; believe me, there is a very delicate and fearful détente between she and I, which I am very attentive to maintaining, all the more so now that I know about her problem with "lost time." Although, to be completely honest and up front, as soon as I have her eggs growing in "Random Lady's" wanton little belly, I plan on finishing her off with a two-handed sledgehammer while she sleeps. (I know that seems cruel, and I would personally much prefer to use a firearm, but the noise may alert the suspicions of the 24-hour armed guard.) Frankly, I don't need someone competing with me for the control of "Random Lady" and miracle that will soon pulse within her. Well, okay, that's harsh. Maybe I won't. Yeah, actually, now that I think about it, I won't. Once the child is born, they can do with it as they please. I'm just the midwife here. Once that creature opens its all-seeing eyes I'm fucking out of there. It's really the only decent thing to do. Yeah.

Anyway, now that "Random Lady" is gone, I don't think that people are going to have all that much interest in the project, much less be willing to paypal me all of the money. As an added incentive to donate, I had thought that if somebody foots the entire \$80k, they get to name the baby, ok? Otherwise it's up to "Differential" and "Random Lady." (Personally I'm pulling for the name "Phaedra," but it's not my call to make. Or maybe "Futanari," that's a pretty good name, too.) In any case I think the \$80k is a pretty good bargain, given that the name of this child, the sound attached to the unfolding of "Differential's" genome in the warm hormonal bath of "Random Lady's" womb, will be the only word from this, or any other language, that will still be spoken by human lips 10,000 years from now.

So, in conclusion, since I can't get that money in real life, my visit to Fantasy Island would somehow involve my coming into possession of \$80k. Now, the question is, what neat psychological insight can you offer me so that I can see I was already a perfectly good person before I got the money?

That's the real riddle of Fantasy Island.

Well, while you guys think about that, I have to be off to spend the evening in a minimum security lock-up, (it's really not that bad) so I hope you guys have a good one, and I hope to see you here tomorrow. Best of luck, and all that.



descriptors than the terms she has used with me, behind your back, to describe you. Draw your own conclusions as to what that means with regard to the question of which of us is more selfish, or the superior manipulator.

Okay, with that ugliness out of the way, here's what we're doing:

First, we formally constitute ourselves as an order. Any can be admitted to the order, the smart, the strong, the dumb, the weak, the man and the woman, but they must pledge themselves to a ten-year period of perfect celibacy. If you are not prepared to do that, walk away now.

If any should, at a later date, feel the need to abandon this pledge, they will be free to leave the order without any rebuke, but if they wish to return, the ten-year period begins again. Any that seek to circumvent the pledge in secret shall face expulsion, without the possibility of return. The future direction of the order shall be determined by those who are now present; that is, those of us that are founding members, and we shall decide all things through consensus. As each of us prepares to meet with death, he or she will select a younger initiate to take his or her position in the founding council.

Now:

Our first and only goal shall be to create a new space for human agency, a new, invisible and secret world in which we shall allow human life to flourish in all its breathtaking glory as an unanswerably sacred mystery, and unending work towards its sanctification will be our only task. We will set ourselves against all the false gods of this world that conspire to weaken and punish the will of man, the Moloch that humiliates us by valuing his gold above our lives, and his queen, the dog-faced, knife-concealing

It has always been admitted that before a new revelation can come, a generation must be prepared for it by first being driven into wilderness and brought to brink of madness and despair. And this has come to pass;

and the children of our age, so well aware of the long ago and far away death of God long for a spiritual awakening, long to be swept up in a frenzy of moral purity, to be awarded the light and clarity of which they are so bereft.

They lack the language to name their longings, they think that their feelings are doomed to be left inchoate, unspoken, never to be understood by another, for they are deliberately made ignorant of all the progress that men have made in the past two centuries in combating the baneful plague of alienation that defines our age. They do not hear in Radiohead the weeping agony of Kierkegaard, seeking absolution through absurdity, nor in Nine Inch Nails the Nietzschean admonition to make of one's self a hammer, nor do they hear in Nirvana the

unmistakable echoes of the infinite, angry despair of Schopenhauer, nor do they see in Tool's disaffected prayers for flood Feuerbach's estrangement from this world, and his longing for a new religious catastrophe. When their social superiors tell them that their enthusiasm for Fight Club is mere angst, they lack the words to answer them. They are victims of two illiteracies; the illiteracy of those-who-know-better (who think that terming something the product of angst is sufficient to dismiss it, and take the word to be a rough synonym for 'whiny,' when in fact its true meaning is fear, and it has distinguished history as kind of shorthand for the terror-filled freedom that accompanies the knowledge of the certainty of one's own death) and their own illiteracy, which leaves them unable to recognize that Fight Club is pure Nietzsche, both in its strengths and its weaknesses. The deliberate, intentional illiteracy of the teachers can not be helped; but the illiteracy of the children can.

This is our first message to the miserable teens of the world: They are more right than they know. Their questions have value. Their longings are meaningful, their search for a place in this world to which they are so alien is important; and their suspicion that they are different from the noisy throngs of hedonists that surround them is correct, to their great good fortune.

We must seek above all else to help these children, abandoned by their parents to wander in the deserts of institutionalized ignorance and mass-marketed vapidty. We must make the wisdom of the dead masters as freely available to them as are the mp3's of their spiritual descendants. Each day a trip to the library, each day hours over the scanner, each day another book of priceless wisdom sent forward into digital perpetuity, and placed in the hands of one more of the young seekers-after-truth that are treated so maliciously in our world, who receive nothing from their elders save contempt and derision.

As we spread this long-dormant knowledge, allies will be drawn to us, and more will accept the pledge of celibacy, and we shall move to the second stage of our plan, which is to carve out of our fallen a world a space in which our new world of hope can be made concrete. In the first stages of the Enlightenment, the men who sought the return of Roman rationality that had been destroyed by Christendom, adopted as the first strategic beachhead in their quest the right of The Sovereign, and sought to free him from the dictates of the theocrats, and in so doing, created a new space, a space of political exchange no longer subject to the rule of the Bishops. We seek a new space as well, a space to serve as a testing grounds, as a forward base of operations, from which to dispatch forward observes, so that we may more accurately target the . Our new space, our new space on which all our hopes for the future are necessarily predicated, shall be that of the diseased; particularly the diseased that our society most wishes dead, and we shall use this space to launch an assault on the most dangerous and grotesque lie that presently faces humanity, that knowledge is made more valuable through its scarcity. We must fight, tirelessly, for the truth that knowledge is not, and can never be property, for it has no existence of its own. Only in its application does it become real, and acquire value.

If I know how to save a drowning man,  
and I do not employ that knowledge when a man drowns in front of me,  
that knowledge is useless; it is of no value.

If I were to watch a man drown, and another would ask me why I stood idly by,  
and I answered that it would be unwise for me to have helped the drowning man

because he had not offered to pay me for my trouble, I would be universally despised.

Consider for a moment the insanity of my position. That knowledge must not be employed, because in not using it, that in not saving a life, it is worth more.

Consider the insanity that this is almost universally held to be unobjectionable, that men who call themselves Christians, who profess to love their neighbors, not merely as they love themselves, but as Jesus Christ loves them, defend the wholly avoidable deaths of children so that shareholders, rich and fat, may profit an additional 5% per annum.

We must pry the stranglehold of the powerful from the throat of knowledge, and we must begin by actively recruiting the young biochemists, the young doctors, and we must raise the necessary millions so that we can manufacture the most dearly needed of medicines ourselves outside the explicitly murderous strictures of the patent lawyers, the venture capitalists, and all who seek to profit from human suffering.

We must synthesize fluticasone propionate for the black asthmatic toddlers, who suffer morbidity at three times the rate of their white counterparts. We must manufacture clozapine for the homeless schizophrenics; donepezil hydrochloride for the abandoned Alzheimer's patients, barely surviving from one social security check to the next.

And we shall keep tabs on these, our new friends. We will visit them each month, and talk with them, and sit with them, and comfort them, and we will make sure the velocity of growth of our young asthmatics is not too markedly diminished by synthetic corticosteroid that allows their breathing.

We will monitor the schizophrenics for any signs of the agranulocytosis that clozapine unfortunately puts them at a heightened risk for. And if the donepezil induces insomnia, we will keep our new friends company through the night. And if they lose their appetites, we will cook for them, so that they will eat, if only out of guilt.

And we shall do all of this in perfect secrecy, and only the celibates will be privileged to know of the vast network of silent, criminal charity that shall metastasize from slum to slum, ghetto to ghetto, barrio to barrio, city to city.

Only the celibates can be trusted not to brag, not to risk putting it all asunder for of a piece of ass. We will take care of them, these people that our Christian society, the self-proclaimed greatest society in the world, sees fit to let die in humiliating agony.

And of course, this will only be the beginning; for we have an entire society to build, a society that even now gestates in the uneasy, haunted dreams of a million young men and women. It will be a world defined not by the sensual and fickle pleasures of Love, but by the abiding bliss of a Godless moral purity and an ascetic charity that is all the more dearly hallowed for the fact that it seeks no eternal reward, merely the possibility of continuing its work unto death, and the total dissolution and release that it promises.



But, I wonder, how will any of it be possible, if I have no grindstone on which to sharpen my sword? A man, his philosophy, his actions, are improved only by his struggles against his enemies, and I despair at the evidence, so amply present in this thread, that my enemies are so weak so without understanding. I come to you as the plainest and most obvious of liars, as an actor, a thief, I want to trick you all into believing things I know to be lies, but only because I want to challenge you, because I want to elicit from you something other than the endless recounting of baleful dirges celebrating your unending loneliness or, occasionally, your latest unfulfilling sexual conquest. Nothing is discussed on these forums more frequently than the bitter disappointments of love and the ubiquity of 'The Lonely,' (and that we have come to reify loneliness, to make of it a thing with its own will, greater than us and beyond our control, illustrates alone the severity of the pathology to which I refer) and there are many, many possible responses to The Lonely, and I want more than anything to offer those of you who are lonely my solidarity, for I know it better than most of you.

I've spent years of my life without a single friend, I've gone months on end without speaking a word to any save cashiers, and when I have been blessed with friends, I've had to watch too many of them, saints all, die in terrible torment never having once been loved. There was Shawna, the first girl who had ever been nice to me, raped by a mentally retarded man in her care, who turned to drink and fell down a flight of basement stairs, splitting open her skull, and yet somehow persisted for an hour or more in a half-dead state, only being found by her fellow tenants when they mistook her death rattle for the mewling of a cat, and went to investigate. And there was Christopher, the unbelievably sweet and kind and optimistic man, never once touched by a member of the opposite sex, Down's afflicted, dying at 35, but seeming so much younger, when the malformed heart he carried with him from the womb one day decided to rip itself apart and kill him. Oh, and Ben, who was horribly abused by his father, and I remember him coming into school, his cheek perforated by five neatly-spaced bleeding holes left from the place that his father had stabbed him with the fork he'd been using to eat his breakfast. Oh, Ben, Ben died unloved; he was a very, very ugly boy; slightly on the heavy side, stupid-looking, horrible acne. He died of a ( I think accidental) heroin overdose, at nineteen. He had never been loved. He had never been kissed. I remember finding him, several hours dead, and calling 911, and waiting outside the apartment, and noticing the imprints of his boots in the snow, left from his late-night return from his illegal job at the local bar, and I remember going completely fucking insane, because Ben was lying dead in bed upstairs, and here were his footprints in the snow, and somehow the footprints were still alive to me, and I wanted, I wanted, I don't know what the fuck I wanted to do, I wanted to fucking save the footprints, I wanted to tell the police to surround them with their yellow tape, I wanted to take fucking plaster casts of them, and it was so beyond hopelessness, and it was snowing anyway, and Ben's footprints were being filled in by the snow, and it seemed to be a sign that was all we were, snow covered by snow, and I didn't cry, but I? I laughed and snorted, and spit. I couldn't stop spitting and snorting... and Ben was on the gurney, and that was all of him, gone.

So believe me, I know the fucking pain of the lonely, and I know that, while it is an affliction apportioned by providence, and therefore liable to pass away, as all things governed by providence are, I know also that in many, many cases, it never passes, its pain never dulls, there is no rescue, there is no savior, no beloved to ease our passage into death. So when I kill time responding to the thrice-daily threads devoted to The Lonely, I cannot, I am unable, to comfort the lonely with fairytales, and I am not willing to tell them that Love is a magical other-worldly force that that they must have

faith in. And so I seek to offer them something else; something other than a choice between false hope and self-pity. I want to offer them a refuge in their own strength. I want them to test themselves, I want them to take stock in themselves, and I want to force them to justify their self-denigration, I want to murder Love in front of them, strangle that fucking bitch, so that they were forced to ask themselves if is this murder moved them, if it lead them to want to pursue the possibility of love more passionately, or if it left them unmoved, and indicated that their being alone was not a fallen state for them, but the appropriate state; the state they should embrace for the rare opportunities it affords them.

And in doing this, in raising a machete and attempting to hack out the beginnings of a new path that might, possibly, lead some out of their suffering, I inspired the most profound fucking hatred. And although I offered my thoughts initially merely as line of flight, as a set of suggestions, as series of hopeful nudges, the more I was hated for it, the more I found myself disgusted by the complacent satisfaction of those never-having-suffered comfortable souls that seek to make themselves blameless with regard to the suffering of others, who through ignorance or malice wish to disguise the suffering of the world by blaming it on those that suffer.

And so this post ends here for those who understand me, and the words I have just spoken. To my friends, to those who are disposed to think kindly of me, I beg of you not to continue reading. From this point forward, I speak no longer to my friends, or to any who understand that the root of all compassion is grounded in the experience of one's own sorrow. What follows is the basest evil, the most nauseating pretension, the most hateful accusations, the most slanderous blasphemy; but for those of you who hate me, I beg you to continue, because frankly, you need to learn the lesson I have come to teach you, and I want to provoke you, and I want to gather you close to me, as if you were my own flesh, and I what offer you below is, frankly, an opportunity for you redeem yourselves and your manifest failings.

Because that is what I find most sickening about you, my critics; your impotence in my presence. You are in love with Love, and I have come to kill her. Can you do nothing more than shrug and insult me? Are you really that weak? Are you truly that spineless, that you will not rage forth in defense of that fantasy which you hold to be the greatest distillation of virtue? Will you not defend love, when you have made her the sine qua non of your existence? When I, through seeking to demolish love, seek to demolish everything you hold dear? Please, critics, I beg of you, try again! For your own sake, for the sake of your own dignity, try again! But I plead with you, work harder at it this time. Be crueler. Be less afraid to speak your minds. Be less afraid to mock me, to slay me with derisive laughter. You can do better, friends!

I am admittedly an ugly, small, half-crippled man; I know that my life is of no value, neither to myself or to any other, and I no longer take any but the most passive of interests in prolonging it, save for the thought that I might be capable, not of creating anything of value myself, but of provoking in others something disquieting and not easily disposed of, that I might spread a contagion, that I might give aid to the spreading spiritual malaise of our time, that I may contribute in some small way to its increasing virulence, so that it shall spread like plague, and kill as plagues do, leaving the living inoculated, stronger, free to make a new world once all the chaff have been cleared away.

And yet, I have failed. I have brought out only the cranks and the naive and the spurned, and not the talented, the passionate, not those who burn, only the apathetic, the disinterested, and not a single one worthy of the title of adversary. I have given up the search for angels, but must I also be denied demons? Will none of you come forth to torment me as I deserve to be tormented? If I am a mental teenager, if all my words are as shit, hideously dribbling forth from my lips, surely one of you would be capable of something greater than the pitiful excuse for critique that has preceded me? I know you can do better; I insist that you do better. We do not extract the truth of a man by flattering him, but through torturing him, and I am no different. If the truth of my existence is unbearably humiliating, if I am revealed to be coward, a hypocrite, a slanderer, so be it! If I am so, reveal my weakness and punish me for it. Give me some hope that it is possible, those of you that love me, and those of you that, I pray, hate me! I shall make it so easy for you!. I shall pour out all my failings, my doomed aspirations, I shall confess all my vainglorious longings, I shall make of myself, and my views, such easy targets. I shall go even further, and attack my own views with a savagery none of you have evidenced any capacity to equal, I shall place dry faggots of kindling under my arguments, and light the first, small flames. Surely, this will be enough for you.

So, let us begin again, and let us judge love as we would any other thing. Let us ask, who has love? And to whom does love deny itself? We know that it leaves the fat girl for the thin, and the wholesomely plain girl for the conceited beauty, and the sad girl for the simple one. It leaves the ugly boy for the handsome, the humble boy for the braggart, and the poor boys for sons of the rich. We know that love seeks out the moneyed, those who are beautiful through no virtue of their own, the confidence men, the stuck-up women, the liars, the cheats. Upon any sustained reflection, we can see that love, as it is practiced in our time, is like a kind of high-risk financial speculation. As with commodity speculation, the goal is to sell when the commodity reaches its maximum value, which is to say, when the other participants in the game are still willing to pay a higher price for the commodity than you are. This is why, when she gains weight, we tell ourselves it's not our fault we are no longer sexually attracted to her, and we can hardly be blamed for falling out of love with her. So we tell ourselves that, when he loses his job, and the dreams of the three-car garage go up in smoke, that we never truly knew him, even if he is the father of her children, even if we swore upon our everlasting souls before our God to die with him, and we hold him responsible for the failure of dreams, and we tell ourselves that he is 'holding us back,' and put out the first, frankly adulterous feelers in the office for another man. And the failed speculator, the investor burned by his corporate partner, blames his faithless lover and seeks the sympathy of the victim, when in actuality, had the opportunity to betray only presented itself to him first, he would jumped unhesitatingly at the chance to move on to greener pastures. This, all of this, all of this is true. This is love as it really is, as it always reveals itself to be, once one has fallen for its lies and let oneself be seduced into a guileless trust of the beloved. We must ask ourselves, what sort of thing is Love, which rewards the devious, worships those that at sacrifice her on the altar of power, and forsakes the most pitiful, those who need her more than any other? And we can not judge her by her actions? Do we not know her for what she is, namely, a harlot, a slut, who wants nothing more than to sleep her way to the top?

[Ah, and here is precisely where you go wrong, Brian. Love can not be held to the same standards by which we evaluate this world and the all-too-human. We cannot judge the question of the justice or injustice of love, any more than we can judge the justice or injustice of God. Love is fundamentally superior

to this world, and to all its ways of understanding and critique. Even if all you say is true, even if Love flatters the powerful and ignores the pitiful, Love proves its innocence by its very refusal to defend itself. Like Christ before Pilate, it chastely bites its lip, for to defend one's self is to remove one's self from the realm of the eternal and unspeakable, and lower one's self into the world of conflict and unanswerable enmity. Love cannot defend herself from your accusations that she is absent precisely where she is most needed, nor can we, her beloved, do so on her behalf. Some things are so holy that they are beyond human comprehension, so that any attempt to fully fathom them is to unavoidably and irredeemably to sully them. This is why all attempts to capture the sublime beauty of love ultimately fail, and come off as mere sentimentality or the basest manipulation. Those that come closest, and yet still fail to approach her majesty, are the poets, for they are those most skilled in the artful use of words to suggest precisely that which is absent from those words, which cannot be contained by words. Think of Rumi, who said that love does not speak aloud, but speaks for the ears of the spirit ]

Here I feel I must respond to the critic within; for what he suggests is mysticism, and all the madness of mysticism, which worships blindly only that which is most flattering to the worshipper. Do things exist that are so in excess of all possible human understanding that their inability to be defended in human terms constitutes no failing on their part? Perhaps; if such things exist I can hardly think of way to denigrate them. But whereas we do not know if such things exist, we certainly know that men are capable of imagining them to, when they very well may not. There are some redoubts which need no defense, for they are impregnable, but so too are their fortresses left defenseless because they cannot be defended, of which no defense would be adequate. But my critic does well to extend to love the cowardly immunity of divinity, for the comparison of Love to God is a profitable one.

For love is dying, as God died, which is to say: slowly, and screaming, but for the greater good of man. God cried, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" pleading with all his might to his very own vast absence, begging to be spared, hoping such that so bitter a cup might pass from him. His great accomplishment is his failure to return, which puts the lie to God. Christ's great glory is his falsification of God, his failure to return, his failure to establish a temporal kingdom, and the perfect evidence that God does not save, that god does no longer watches, that he does not sustain us, that

He was the foulest of hypocrites, the Christ, who thought that the misery of humans was beneath him, who coldly told the son mourning the death of the dearly beloved father that heshould abandon his funerary duties to father, and 'let the dead bury the dead.' Who taught his followers to hate their parents, who insisted they love him more than they loved their children or their wives. Who would break with Mosaic law one day, and then rage against the Pharisees for doing so the next. And yet, that was his only living genius, that he had the vast pathological megalomania that he could attack his followers savagely for crimes of which he was himself most guilty. It was this hypocrisy that was the necessary prerequisite of his preaching, which demanded of men a purity he himself could not obtain.

[Are you not this same kind of hypocrite, Brian? And if you are, is it not possible that the greatest lesson you could hope to impart is of the same nature He imparted, that is to say, a cautionary and demystifying one? When your delusions of grandeur lead you to the brink of your doom, will you be so quick to argue as you are now? Or will you be mute before your Pilate, and falsely pretend your silence conceals profundity, sealing your fate out of a

stupid will towards martyrdom? Those of us unfortunately cursed with the inability to do other than follow your sad career hope most desperately that it might be the latter. We have seen so many facets of your stupidity, Brian, and may we not therefore allow ourselves the hope that, through this stupidity, you might accidentally achieve something of true value, and finish yourself off, along with this dreadfully pathetic, and worse, boring parody of a philosophy?]

Critic; you contradict yourself. Is the silence of Christ before Pilate holy and unanswerable, or is it the last refuge of a mute scoundrel?

[It is the right of the critic to contradict itself. I come to drag you off the altar of your making; not place myself upon it]

In any case, my readers ask, don't I misunderstand the plan of salvation through Christ's sacrifice? And didn't Christ succeed? And is that not why churches cover the world with his praises? I tell you, the churches misunderstand their role, and are blind to their true purpose. For the purpose of the Christian church is to produce atheists; to be the foundation of atheism, to preach endlessly that the death of God is the greatest good that ever befell man, without understanding the depth and the profundity and the truth of this teaching. For Christianity has produced more atheists than any other religion, more than any Greek Stoicism could have hoped to; it without parallel in all of history in terms of the sheer numbers it has driven to denounce any possibility of a loving God. (Excepting, of course, Buddhism, which has the unfair advantage of doing so intentionally.) That is the eternal destiny, indeed, the duty of the churches, to be an abiding witness to and reminder of the failure of God, of the absence of God. This is why the churches exist; to deepen the failure of God. As they explain away the unexplainable, they are like the schoolchild that insists that in fact, they did do their homework, only... it's not here for-- That is... there is a very good reason that the homework is not here... and... and.. And all the while, digging a deeper, darker, more inescapable hole in which to bury the corpse of God. This is what the churches do, and that is why, every time I pass the local church, I feel a deep stirring of thanks for the unending butchery of God that is ceaselessly pursued within and that is held by all to be of the greatest and most holy good.

Returning to the topic at hand, I note that Love lives on, as does God, only as displaced hatred and fearful memory. You look at her wistfully, and think: 'But for her, I would be alone.' You glance from afar, and think, 'with her, I would never again be so lonely' Your love for her is the fear you feel of her absence, or her unattainability. There are only two emotions that seize at the heart, that reach under our ribcages and establish a firm and inescapable hold on us; love and fear. This because they are same emotion; for love is the transubstantiation of the fear of being alone, and ultimately, the fear of one's own self, and the fear of one's own freedom. You hate that freedom, and you hate her even more for showing you that it is an unescapable freedom; for she shall never love you as you wish to be loved, and your destiny is to always be alone, and you do not see this as the blessing that it is, but as a curse of infinite despair.

But I tell you, our fate to live in eternal solitude is most precious, for if we confront it without attempting to escape it affords us the opportunity to discover a greater ecstasy than be found in love, indeed, the muted source of all Love's ecstasy, which is hopeless assent to utter surrender. The reason we feel glimmering intimations of ecstasy when we submit ourselves to the cruel rule of Love is that, in this submission, we surrender ourselves to

another, and entrust them with our most precious secrets, and we luxuriate in our ability to feel the ecstasy which only surrender engenders, while simultaneously feeling safe, safe and abiding happily, until our beloved betrays our secrets and crushes us utterly. Here is where the true ecstasy of surrender becomes possible, for ecstasy is only complete when our surrender is complete, when we have surrendered everything, even unto the last, even unto our lives, and find that nothing remains; no hope, no recourse, none to dry our tears, none to salve the pain, not even ourselves. When we see ourselves clearly, and take the measure of our souls with baited breath, and see that, inside, deep, deep down, where we take the greatest of pains never to look, we are nothing; we are ashes, we are transparent, formless, an epiphenomenal assemblage of ephemeral and contradictory impulses that we do not control. It is here, when we see ourselves as we truly are, as an emptiness awaking from a long slumber, that everything becomes possible. It is here, having escaped the tyranny of Love by having gone through it in embracing that becomes

Some of you are questioning: 'Is love truly gone? Might we not hope that it will come again?' Those of you who do so have missed the point. We should be happy to see the evil crone dead, and all should crowd round to tamper down the dirt of her grave; for what has Love ever profited us? All the peoples of the world, all the countless men and women, all of them, scurrying to and fro, desperately seeking nothing other than to die (or to kill) for love. And what has all this effort led to? What have these countless millennia of agony led to, but this, this, this world with all its pettiness and violence and bitter struggle? Love is the word on the lips of all people; Love is worshipped more widely than any god could ever have hoped to be; it is the unopposed regent of this world. In truth, it has been Love, always Love, that has governed this world. Love does not seek to create another, greater world. Love has created for itself precisely the world that it most wants for itself, that most flatters itself, that holds it up as the most high. We live now in the world that the power of Love, wholly unopposed and infinitely persuasive has forced us to fashion for it. This is the world that the search for love has resulted in and it is destroying us. This is the world that the will of Love has created, this is our only reward for all the heart-break we suffer and inflict in her service.

I want more than anything to save you from this world, those of you that can be saved, I want to discover with you a new way of surrender, a new plan for our lives, something greater than love. I want a new path, I want new ways of pledging ourselves to each other, I want us, the most maligned, the least able to countenance lies, to see the void that which yawns before us not as a barren desolation, but a bare canvas, freshly primed, empty, but fertile. We can make a new world, one where we no longer let Love set us against each other, where we no longer prosecute the war of all against all, of each brother against one another, in which each sister eyes the other jealously. We can leave Love behind, we can let it die in obscurity like the pagan god that it is. We be like angels, working only to ease the pain of others, transforming all the evils of our fallen world from within, we can be blameless, without guilt, without sin. We can be a new people, fierce, unyielding, and we will be prepared to risk it all, to destroy all that has come before us, or be destroyed by it.

[This is insanity, Brian, and you know it needs no criticism; it impeaches itself. Perhaps you are aware that insanity is rare in individuals, but that it spreads like wildfire through a mob? Is why you seek a crowd? Do you not seek an audience out of a desperate search for a comfort from, and validation

for, the philosophy you nurse, which you know yourself not strong enough to endure? I predict you shall not answer me on this point.]

Have I not yet confessed enough? Have I not given you all the ammunition you need to massacre me? I assure you, I am ready for it, I seek it, I have nothing left to lose, I pray for it, for I am so much not a stranger to the cruelty of men that I have come instead to welcome it. I carry scars from being fag-bashed with steel pipes, I've had my nose broken by men stomping on my face, I have a degenerative bone disease leaving me four, maybe five years before it's crutches or a wheelchair, and I hate myself more than any of you could ever hate me, for I am granted no escape from my failings and weaknesses, no respite from my stupidity and vanity. Help me, I beg of you, help me deepen this loathsome condition! Make me ashamed! My hands already tremble with a will towards self-mutilation, and need you to steady them with a conviction forged in the fires of your hatred. Help me pierce my flesh, help me cast off the last line that secures me to this harbor that passes for life?

[Oh, woe is you, Brian. How nauseatingly trite and predictable. Yes, you would have us weep for you and your unequalled suffering, when it's nothing but the painfully clichéd self-imposed misery and self-pity of all the world's bitter young men. That was how Nietzsche explained away the rage of Christ, as that of a young man, who, if he had merely lived, would have renounced his own hatred of the world and all the ways he felt it had failed him. Won't you be the same, Brian? If these views are, as all things are certain to be, merely temporary, why do stubbornly insist on carrying on like some sort of Hamlet, some sort of Raskolnikov, when it profits you nothing? And is this not merely a new form of vanity? For where, where in your life the great injustice that equals the one visited upon Hamlet, and where is the courage towards crime, which distinguished Raskolnikov as a man who capable of his own convictions, however foolish they may have been? Isn't it true that you are only a reflection of their weaknesses, and not their strengths? The impotence of Hamlet, without the willingness to die, and the bitterness of Rashkolnikov without the strength to follow it to its logical conclusion?]

And I must answer myself again, here. The injustice? Too horrid to be spoken of, far surpassing that of the murder of Hamlet's father and you, alone, know that. And the crime? The crime shall be terrible, and soon in coming. But I turn again to address my readers, the men I hope shall be my critics, and I beg of you, convince me that you are greater men than I, so that I may be rescued from my ignorance, and follow you on your path of righteousness! This entire post is nothing but a huge, fat, ripe, juicy, undefended target. Come attack me, prove me wrong. This is what I want, above all other things; I want you to prove me wrong. I am not afraid of the possibility, and indeed; I relish it. I want to witness the miraculous resurrection and redemption of your bitch-goddess, you miserable whelps and curs. Show me that your way of loving is Truth, show me that love is Light.

I want you to drive me to failure. When I am in the gym, straining under the unyielding, eternal will of the metal plates I struggle to hold aloft, I think to myself of how similar are the tasks to which the philosopher and the weightlifter set themselves; for the thoughts of men, like the muscles of men, improve only when driven to absolute failure. It is only there, where all possible effort has been expended, that a limit is obtained, a limit which once demarcated the greatest extension of strength, or truth, a sacred boundary hallowed by all as the measure of our greatness, and in obtaining it, it is destroyed, and a new, stronger and more unreachable limit replaces it. In this way, every deed done in the gym is done to destroy muscle, so

that it will be replaced by a strength that it lacked, (this is why, even if I were not privileged with the knowledge that Skrewloose is a fugitive hero from an incomparably ancient and superior time, the knowledge of his weightlifting would alone suffice to earn my awe) and in just this fashion, to search after truth is to plot the murder of truth, for all knowledge is unavoidably and inescapably negative. We can never know that anything is true. We can only know that some things are not; for they have failed, and demonstrated their inadequacy. But once an idea has failed, it has failed for all time, and we are free of its falsity. And in this way, we must not speak hopefully of Love, we must not say quiet, secret prayers for the resurrection of the departed tyrant that has ruled our world unopposed lo these many years. We must not mourn Love. We must ask a new and holy question:

What shall we live for, in the fearsome fullness of its absence?

Might it not be something entirely new?

Something greater?

...Unspeakably greater?



-

## LETTERS TO SPIRITED -



### **spirited**

Time might lead me to nowhere; Fate might break me apart; I'll always be thankful that once, along life's journey I found the unchanging Imperishable in you.

### **AlexHat posted:**

What happened to Adaptive Systems? I would totally buy his book if he made one...

I had a few e-mail correspondence with him shortly before he fell off the planet never to speak to me again and he wrote some very strange, almost insane shit to me. I don't know if posting them are considered "Something Awful Quotes" but if there's interest, I might post them. None of them give out personal information about him but still, they were e-mails to me, intended for me, so I'd have to considered what kind of invasion of privacy they are. Oh fuck it, I'll post excerpts from one of them because some of them were incredibly fascinating reads.

I'll give you guys some emails from him to analyze, to show what opinions have changed and to give some perspective about adaptive systems as he sees the world now and what he's doing. The skeleton key to all his posts is ultimately going to come out of interviewing him.

Title: Re: Hello Brian!

Dear Sir,

First, I must thank you for such an incredibly kind letter, and confess that I'm slightly taken aback by your effusive praise. I'm not entirely sure what sort of person you imagine me to be, but I assure you that I'm really a very prosaic, subdued sort of gentleman. Or at the very least, I try to be a gentleman. I suppose, in that regard, I'm a little bit like Bataille, in that I lead a outwardly staid life, but write of little else other than obscenity and blasphemy. I feel guilty comparing myself to Bataille at all, of course, being as he is one of my heroes. Have you read him? I recommend as a point of departure, his "Solar Anus," written, unbelievably, in 1927. You can find the text in a number of places online, for example at:

[http://www.antiquillum.com/glor/glor\\_010/solar.htm](http://www.antiquillum.com/glor/glor_010/solar.htm)

I wish I could write a piece like that. I sometimes think that if I could be anything, I would be the kind of poet-philosopher that Bataille was, or perhaps in the way that Czeslaw Milosz was (Although I disagree passionately with much of what Milosz believed, he could write the most sublime lines: "...Terror and sweetness of a final dissolution / Let the bombs fall without delay"). Most of the time, though, I distrust the written word, and fear that all the work done by philosophers is wasted. It's just as Marx puts it in that famous quote of his: "Philosophers seek to understand the world; the point is to change it." All effort is useless unless it is directed at effecting that change. And I have always been dissatisfied with the severity of affect that writing is capable of realizing, in any case. Only a few men in history have been able to wield words in a manner adequate to evoke within me that holy fervor, the heightening of tension and blessed release, and the sense that I have become larger than my former self. You mentioned Nietzsche; he certainly one of those select few, and he's been a constant companion of mine since I was twelve, when I first started reading him. Him and Marx; that was how I learned to think, by comparing their radically divergent but persuasively argued positions side-by-side. As you might imagine, this process rendered me an unusually skeptical boy.

As a result I have always been, until very recently, a fiercely committed materialist; I have always despised the supernatural. Weeks ago, however, I had what might properly be described as a mystical experience. I awoke from a dream into an all-suffusing awareness of love, of its grandeur, of

its munificence, and most of all, of its mystery. There is something in love that seems to me, now, to be realer than what we think of as real... Something that exists under and above the world that we can know through our senses. I now suspect that every form of love, from the transcendental to the romantic to the familial, is \*real,\* and has an existence independent of the lover and the beloved and is con-substantial with all the love that has ever existed. I still consider myself to be fundamentally a materialist, and hold it to be a truism that we are made of matter, and matter is made of energy, and energy is comprised of heat and motion, which radiate through waves and particles, which are made from raw information, but from whence does this information arise? I suspect that it is an effect of love. I do not know whether the world is the intentional \*result\* of the action of love, or if it is an ungoverned, ephemeral effervescence of love, a side effect. I do not know if it is even possible to answer this question. When speaking of love and it is of course all too easy to lapse into cliches and easy platitudes, but I hope, in my future writing and personal work, to do precisely the opposite; to underline the alien nature of love, to accentuate the fact that it is a strange faith, not of our fathers, to which we must convert if we are to find the power to survive in this world, and more importantly find the power to work for change, the most difficult form of change being, of course, the changing of the self...

Then again, I might be drifting into insanity here; I know I have in the past nursed ideas that are affronts to the workings of rationality itself. For a time I was convinced that the true path to revolution, to transforming humanity ( and it is impossible to communicate exactly what I wish to here) was to kill the book. The book, it seemed to me, was the tool, the technology of order and control that ultimately under girds all oppressive powers. Gods have always, from the time of the Egyptians and the Babylonians, been depicted as carrying books, books that record the rewards and punishments to be allotted to all the humans who have ever, will ever live. And the first books that humans produced, in every culture, are always books of proscriptions, of laws. There is, it seems to me, much to be reflected upon here. Further it seemed to me, somehow, that eliminating every last book from the face of the earth, (or at least bringing about the transformation in human consciousness that would render them obsolete) would make it impossible for the spiritual imperialism that has been the history of the last two thousand years to function. But I am not sure of myself; for I also think that there is still some potential in writing, if the power of the book is seized more decisively by the forces of productive, transformative change... What I should really like to see, is a book of laws written by poets. It seems so odd to me that, in an age

when writers and poets write in so many styles and across so many genres, no poet, no writer, writes laws. (I suppose Vaclav Havel is the exception) Yes, I should like to see a book of laws written as poetry.

And besides, I felt a little bit like the scientists who detonated the first atomic bomb full of fear that it might ignite the atmosphere and leave the whole of the earth a charred husk. I had some fear that destroying the book would destroy humanity utterly; leaving nothing in its wake; for the history of humanity and the history of the book are coterminous. There is no history without the book, so what would become of humanity deprived of its own history? Of course, one could take the position that all of history is a fiction in any case...

That reminds me that I'm glad that you mentioned the "abrupt flaws" in what I've written; those flaws are so painfully evident to me. I would be a little wary of you, frankly, if you were not aware of the faults in much of my thinking. In any case, I've already said far too much, so let me conclude by saying that we can discuss anything you wish... Or if you would rather, you could introduce yourself in something like the elliptical, liminal manner that I have. I'll admit that I'm very curious as to who you are; what sort of person would go to what they describe as "lengths" to find me? What was it in my posts that resonated strongly enough with you to reach out to a stranger?

I'm going to be particularly busy in the coming weeks, so I can't promise I will always be able to reply as promptly as I have this time.

Finally, I apologize if this missive has been meandering or in some places inscrutable; I haven't slept in some time. I'll try to be in a more lucid state the next time we converse. In ending, I'd like to thank you again for your letter; it's always nice to be appreciated.

-adaptive systems

**quote:**

Title: Beauty = Simplicity = Information Redundancy?

Sir-

I'm increasingly pleased to make your acquaintance. You seem like a very rare sort of individual yourself. I've had other "fans" contact me before, and they've generally been a disappointing lot. You are clearly different. I'd like to write you a lengthy response, but I presently lack the time, so the following rushed and semi-lucid letter will have to do, at least until the weekend...

You liken the substance of my writing to "teenage conclusions" and compare me to Hitler. I'm not at all surprised by this; I'm fully aware that the posts I've made at the Awful forums reflect the most unsavory parts of my personality. They have always been acts of self-betrayal, exposing my most revolting characteristics to the world. Regardless, these are qualities of mine. By way of apology, I note that the peak of my adolescence was an unusually formative time for me. When I was about your age, I was working in the Humanities, began taking graduate courses from people like Henry Giroux and Ivan Illich (neither famous but both eminently google-able), two men with very powerful ideas about how the world should be transformed. I fell in love with a woman I have never fallen out of love with, although she has never loved me. (My inability to "get over" her is probably the most severely adolescent trait of mine.) I also, partially as a result of playing Soccer for hours a day and partially due to genetics, developed a degenerative (but not disfiguring) disease of the knee, seriously limiting my ability to do fun things like run and jump. Resultingly, My eighteenth year casts a shadow over the rest of my life that has not diminished in the intervening years.

Then, we have Hitler. Again, sadly, I don't presently have the time to treat this issue fully, but I will say that the comparison is not entirely lost on me. The Humanities, at the post-graduate level, are pretty much entirely populated by scholars and researchers with a strong leftist bent. I am a committed leftist, and when I was working with professors and grad students, I was constantly disappointed by what seemed to me to be the absolute failure of the best and the brightest of them to muster the courage of their convictions. I left the Humanities as a result of an experience with Dr. Giroux. I was taking a class with him that was held around his breakfast table, and he made a perfectly astute comment: "The Left addresses itself to theory, the Right addresses itself to action." I

thought at that moment that I had found in Giroux a true fellow traveler, someone committed to bringing about real, lasting change. The next week I brought in an article for the class to read, a very incisive article on urban zoning laws, and how they work to the detriment of the poor. Giroux peremptorily dismissed it as "unreconstructed Marxism," and wouldn't discuss it further. That day I quit the Humanities and went into the Sciences. But I retain, very strongly, the view that the route to change, to transforming the world, lays not in theory but in action, and as Camus says: "Revolutions come first; justifications come later." This is absolutely correct.

Now to the topic of your message that greatly intrigues me: Your own work. Your description of your own work was extremely elliptical, but nevertheless, I think that I understand you perfectly, and might have a few avenues of investigation to suggest to you. I have never heard of Dr. Stephen R. Marquardt, but the sort of work on the the page you linked to is something I'm generally familiar with. I know about the work that Jürgen Schmidhuber

(<http://cogprints.ecs.soton.ac.uk/ar...ewlocoface.html>)

has done on the fractal nature of facial attractiveness, and his concept that an object is beautiful to the extent that there exists a simple algorithm for producing it. (This is also a theme that Stephen Wolfram develops in "A New Kind of Science," a brilliant, if somewhat flawed book that I think you might want to read.)

You say you work with "soft mathematics," and I'm not entirely sure what you mean by that. I would encourage you, though, to look into the mathematics of Information Theory. If you aren't familiar with the concepts of Shannon Entropy or Kolmogorov Complexity, an excellent (but somewhat technical) introduction can be found here:

(<http://www.cwi.nl/~paulv/papers/jolli.ps>) If you find that at all

interesting, I also recommend checking out G. Chaitin's homepage, (<http://www.cs.umaine.edu/~chaitin/>) which is overflowing with lucid

explanations of very sophisticated, cutting-edge work. A more gentle introduction to Kolmogorov complexity and Shannon Entropy can be found at

(<http://nms.lcs.mit.edu/~gch/kolmogorov.html>) and

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Information\\_entropy](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Information_entropy)), respectively.

(You may also want to look into the work of Matthew Brand, a young mathematician who develops algorithms for generating styled drawings and mobiles. In my opinion, his best paper is:

(<http://citeseer.ist.psu.edu/brand98pattern.html>), which concerns not art, but to borrow a phrase from your letter, a "triumph over complexity"

through building learning machines capable of deducing the most informative aspects of a given data set.)

Hearing about your work excites me, for I have long suspected that some really exciting work could be done through the combination of "Shape Grammars" (<http://www.algorithmicaesthetics.org/page128.htm>) or possibly "Process Grammars" (<http://www.rci.rutgers.edu/~mleyton/homepage.htm>) and the concepts of Shannon entropy and Kolmogorov complexity. As far as I know, no one has done any work along those lines. A short, evocative hint of what I think could be done can be found in the paper: "Kolmogorov complexity, statistical regularization of inverse problems, and Birkhoff's formalization of beauty" (1998), available at: (<http://citeseer.ist.psu.edu/86356.html>)

The work that I do now intersects slightly with this kind of thinking. I'm designing and implementing a "cellular programming language" for biologists who want to simulate embryological, developmental processes, and a 3-D visualization platform for the language. The entire purpose of the software is to enable researchers to speak about very complex morphodynamic events with a simple language. I had not seen the correlation between what I am presently doing and my suspicion that there exists a connection between beauty and simplicity until I read your last letter, and for helping me see my work in the light of beauty, I thank you.

Now, It seems to me that if beauty is simplicity, or at least the presence of redundancy, then an obvious corollary is that beauty can be explained, and that explanations are beautiful. The best explanation is always the truth, and the truth is always beautiful. It is intuitively very attractive for me to think that truth and beauty are one, and that truth and beauty are \*possible\* and \*understandable.\* If it is true that to capture beauty is to derive the simplest algorithmic description of an object or process, then it seems to me that maximal beauty is the algorithm we call "evolution," (which is what I am trying to devote my life to studying) for it is the simplest algorithm for generating apparent complexity and diversity of form. I'm being extremely inexact here, but I think I'm communicating the gist of my thinking...

Are you familiar with L-systems? They are very simple recursive rules for generating recursive structures (resembling plants, smoke, and other "fractal" things). They might be of some interest to you as well. A good beginner's link is: (<http://shakti.trincoll.edu/~cschneid/lsystems.html>)

With that, I'm afraid I have pressing work at hand, but if you have any thoughts on the ideas I've suggested, or more importantly, if you can tell me more about the formalization of beauty, I would be very excited to learn from your expertise on the subject.

-adaptive





insist on smashing yourself upon the never-loving jagged rocks that are the hearts of others. For you are presently living your life like a watchmaker who works painstakingly all day on impossibly tiny gears and then rises from his desk at every twilight to smash his half-finished creations underfoot. Every day he returns to his desk and wonders why he is making no progress in his labor, and pulls out his hair in frustration. Do you understand the folly of that? Stop pouring out your blood into ancient porcelain vases that you can not help but see destroyed before your eyes.

Seek out something more enduring, some part of yourself as yet undiscovered, and your suffering shall cease, and you will no longer be slowly dying in a world of spoken words, aloft in the air for an instant and eternally gone without appeal, and instead make your home in the endlessly expanding sphere of electromagnetic radiation that takes alight through our thought and emanates outwards into eternity.

We are only brought into this world as seeds, knowing only what it is to be subject to cast about on a frothing sea of never-willed forces and only some of us shall have the good fortune to be washed far enough ashore to know what it is to bloom, and discover our original purposes unfathomable to those that are endlessly adrift.

It is a blessing. A gift. Do not make the mistake of taking it lightly.

## - SINGULAR UNIQUENESS-



By all means, spend your one brief moment above the dirt toiling for the satisfaction of your imaginary biological teleology, as an earlier generation toiled for its imaginary god.

By all means, cradle your woman in bed, and do not think about the treachery that beats in her heart, so close to your own.

Do not think about the way she will forsake you, after the many years you spend drying her tears, for a perfect stranger whose smell she finds more enticing, or whose clothing peaks her curiosity, or who has nothing whatsoever to offer her other than the simple fact that he is not you.

Do not think about the truth that the mother of your children, the woman who pledged before her god to die with you, will find reasons to blame you for her unhappiness the moment she has her chance to make a life with a man of greater material means. Do not think about the fact that she will be happier in her new and larger home, and that she will not think of you alone, nor will she feel remorse.

Do not think about the way your children, to whom you gave the gift of life, for whose education you expended the best years of your only life in soul-killing drudgery, will institutionalize you without regret the moment you become any sort of emotional or financial burden, just as you did to your own.

You spend the balance of your life tending to the pain of a stranger, to whom you are a stranger. You believe that this will make your pain bearable, that your acts of mercy towards another will be returned in kind.

They will not.

You rebel against this truth, because you are too young, and too naive, and too untested by life to understand it.

Say whatever you wish about those of us who see the folly of this agony, for we are not concerned by your fear of us, and understand your need to pretend that it is you who have found that better end of this bargain.

Resist the fact that you are not loved, as an earlier generation resisted the fact that it must die.

Eventually, the considerable time you spend alone in miserable solitude will grant you opportunity for detached observation of humanity, something people who run around giggling with their lovers never get. You will find it depraved and bestial. You will turn your hatred outwards to all of humankind and loath both women and men; You will become purified by your hatred, morally invincible and free from the bonds imposed by human companionship, free to wage the unwinnable, glorious war of reprisal on an intrinsically twisted and brutish ethnos ever-sodomized by the universal order of eternal injustice.

There is a reason that all the world's religions have insisted on dragging down the possibility of love between humans and made it subordinate to the love of an Other that is perfect, precisely because that Other is beyond our reach. The best of lovers is the one that is far, far away, to whom you write love letters in fervent anticipation, and who is not besmirched by the endless disappointing humiliation of contact. And that is why it is those who truly love best, the forsaken soldiers dying in distant lands, suffer the most, for they love the most, and the most sincerely.

That perfect lover, the one that patiently dries all of your tears, that knows all of your fears without thinking less of you, that comforts you in the long nights that precede those most desperate of trials, cannot, and does not survive contact. That is precisely why the greatest lover cannot, must not, be met. And that is why the most desperate of lovers call their beloved God and say to themselves that were He to be seen, were merely His name to be spoken, it should mean certain death.

And that is why for the lovers of God heartbreak is always merely a prelude to an even more passionate reconciliation, because their beloved always takes them back, always accepts them back into its bosom, for that beloved which those penitent lovers seek to draw near is permitted one ultimate, unconquerable strength denied to all other things of which we can have thoughts. It does not exist. And in not existing, it does not suffer as a lover does, when the pain of its beloved is inflicted upon it. And it does not become frightened, when it sees how much its beloved has to fear. And it is not wounded by the infidelities of those who swear eternal love, for it has no heart, and no mind, and no presence, and no existence, and no way to hurt, and no way to suffer, and it cannot lie awake at night in your arms, thinking about how foolish it once was to believe in your perfection, and feel those first timid thoughts of escape into the arms of another, one that shall remedy your failings. As the perfect lover does not exist, so the perfect love is that of what does

not exist. And that is why, unlike the soldiers abandoned by those that sealed their treachery with solemn kisses, the priests suffer not at all, for they love nothing at all, and are not kissed, not by any, forever, for all time.

Some of us are destined to never find companionship, never find lasting solace in the arms of another, and the sooner we accept this, the sooner a new world of previously unimagined dangers opens up to us.

In the exploration of these dangers, we become living testaments to the virtues of struggle, and gain a stamina that others shall never have the privilege to know.

Rather than drift into slumber in the bed of an eternal stranger, we seek a bed of flames, and with no partner, no pair, no twin, we attain a singular uniqueness and inflict upon ourselves a solitude that is the unhealing wound from which all our strength flows.

We alone know that all flesh is grass, that all promises are fantasies, that all dreams are narcotics.

We alone live without lies, without the need to enslave or to be enslaved.

We write the stories of our lives patiently, and from the other side of death. The realm of eternity is ours alone.

## - FIRST FIST FIGHT -



I shall be utterly truthful in every respect and summarize the existential dilemma presented by one's first fist fight.

The instant you become aware that are you inescapably confronted with an imminent, intentional act of severe physical violence, an animal fear exactly like the kind kittens feel knowing they are about to be maliciously drowned builds within you towards an unbearable crescendo. The instant his fist strikes you square in the nose, the fear breaks utterly and you become suddenly aware that you are not dead. In the instant that follows, you come to know that not only are you not dead, but you alone, among all the men that have lived, cannot be killed by any means whatsoever. Then you see his head snap back savagely as if pulled by a hangmen's noose around his neck, and you realize that you did that, and you are overcome with a feeling that is simultaneously profoundly healthy and deeply obscene, like the first time you watched your cock slide into a woman's sloppy pussy and felt the waves of euphoria and nausea cascade over your body and until you know that you were born a living god, for whom the satisfaction of all desires is the greatest possible moral good.

## - YOUTH -



**"Rage, fear, ballistic acts of free will.**

**It is, at one moment, wooing the young girls with tales of Rome and the feeling of lying inside a mild steel cage, driven simply by traction and gasoline. The next it is ramming energetic fists into the face of no one at all. It is unease. It is the passing shadow of a sacred time, with no man to be held accountable to. It respects neither the Father nor the Police.**

**It contemplates night in the shadows of dim starlight and vows to “change the world” in whatever fashion. It bends curves in unjustly tampered cars; always screaming into another day, and without regard for change. It burns. It occasionally twists motorbikes into lumps and spires of metal in an act of vengeance against nothing in particular. It abuses both drink and drugs, and it sprawls on the hallowed grounds of its musical heroes, enjoying simply the notion of art. It worships the fight and the prowess of those who don’t care. It does not wait, it does. It acts. It screams and makes exaggerated hopelessness gestures to the skies above. It is profane. It snarls and bites and plays the dog. It becomes sad and full of rage without reason. And also, it ages.**

**It begins to grow into an era of both Law and Order, and it is far too big for either. It cannot subside, for the rage will grow stronger. But also it grows without outlet. It cannot purge. It festers, dying slowly, until only a shell of it’s brilliance lingers. It is talked about in small towns and revered by those that have not had a taste of it. It is electricity. It is hatred and love, with nothing in between. It is without respect for the detriment of nature, or the perils of chance. It fears only it’s own timeline, and becomes all too aware of it’s own frail existence, without turning an eye to the existence of its master...or slave.**

**It is youth, and it is all that we have. And now it fades."**

## - THE GREAT WAR -



My father's mother recently died, in her late nineties, after two solid decades of fervent, daily, devoutly Catholic prayer for release from her increasingly humiliatingly decrepit body. I remember sitting with her in the dead of winter, in a shitty seafood restaurant, a few miles from the Atlantic. It wasn't too long before her mind went, and almost as if she knew she didn't have much time, she talked hurriedly, pausing only to sip her mineral water, and then returning to all the wondrous things she had the great good fortune to witness, from hearing the news that Peary had made it to the North pole, to actually seeing the Spirit of Saint Louis in person.

She remembered very keenly an afternoon spent doing the laundry in the alleyway with her mother in the Irish ghetto of Philadelphia. While they washed, they each kept an eye on her two younger brothers Frank and Joseph playing at war. A neighbor woman stopped in passing and said that she thought it wasn't proper, to let kids play at war, what with the American boys dying over there, nowadays. And plus, it wasn't Christian to encourage that sort of thing, now that we knew how horrible it could be, what with the mustard gas and the machine guns.

My great-grandmother nodded, she understood perfectly. But, she said, since there was really no danger of these children ever having to go to war, she couldn't really see the harm in it. Might as well let the little ones play, without scaring them by telling them that it wasn't a game. She thought it could hardly do any harm; everyone knew there wouldn't be any wars after this one, this war to settle all disputes, to settle the course of human civilization for the next millennia. Humanity simply couldn't afford it, and all the leaders of the Great Powers knew it, finally. The Neighbor saw her point, and confided in her how she too felt so lucky to know that her children would never have to sail off and fight in a distant land, but that she also felt guilty, knowing that Missus O'Shea's son had been born too soon for her to enjoy the same comfort.

Two decades later, my grandmother was living in San Francisco with her husband, a structural engineer who quit his practice designing skyscrapers and went to work for the military designing battleships. She heard the news of the Pearl Harbor attack while her husband was out boozing with his floozies. He came home late, and she clutched at him in a fearful frenzy the instant he came in the door. Assuming she was on again about his living in mortal sin and all that shit, he slapped her in the mouth and called her a crazy bitch before passing out. She went out to the bank that week, and remembered seeing all the pretty Japanese girls in the city all made up like movie stars, but so scared they trembled and looked like they would burst into tears at any moment.



And then, a few short years later, her brother Frank was leaning out of a tank hatch, not too far from Berlin. He was in the middle of a small town, one that had been cleared of Nazis, listening to an officer in the street, who was directing tanks forward. While he was trying to hear the officer's voice over the din of the engines, he caught a glimpse of a man appearing in the open doorway of the ruined building across the street, and saw him instantly unleash a Panzerfaust directly at the center mass of the tank that he precariously balanced from. The Panzerfaust sparked across the street, and the officer, shouting orders, never seeing it coming, took it squarely in the back. It exploded through him, sending a shower of shrapnel and flesh cascading off the tank and through Frank's torso, neatly slicing his left arm off just below the shoulder.

After the war, even with one arm, he was still able to find good factory work, and being a purple heart helped, though not as much as you might think, given that everyone was busy trying to get in on the rising tide and join the middle class. Frank's brother Joseph spent the war doing clerical, rear-echelon work. After the war, he became an accountant and did well for himself. Each brother silently knew who had gotten the better end of the bargain.

Frank suffered a stroke in the bathroom at eighty. Three more the next week, and a drooling but largely lucid death that I am sure he thanked his loving Catholic God he had lived long enough to enjoy. Losing your arm as a kid teaches you a few things, I think. Like, "Better to die flat on your back in bed than cut in half on the cobblestones," and don't let the liars fool ya, kid.

Everyone is sad to see the greatest generation go, and rightly so. The wars of the past century are myths to us; we all want to draw near the old veterans sitting around the dimming campfire and be regaled by the tales of their heroism, and fanaticize about the acts of courage we would have been capable of, if only history had seen fit to grace us with the chance. The simplest of us mourn openly for lack of an opportunity to prove ourselves, though most of us, even the most decent, will find some similar longing if we search honestly enough .

But none of us is too eager to have been the wives of some of these heroes, trying to understand why they could only sleep on the floors for years after coming home, or deal with them sinking into Alzheimer's, limping around the house shouting. Where are you? Where are you? Sergeant, Donny's in the street! Sergeant! Get out of my way you German bitch! Sergeant! Donny's hit! And none of us fantasize about being the mothers, getting the telegraph with the details of our only child's death. And none of us, honestly, is too eager to have died at Iwo Jima, no matter how much fun Hollywood makes it look.

Instead we imagine what it must have been like, wearing bomber jackets, flak flying by on our left and our right, having no fear, knowing we were as pure as Arthurian Knights. We relish the thought of outflanking our enemy and taking vengeance for poor, poor Kowalski's death, because we always imagine it'll be our best friend to go, and never us. We comfort ourselves with the compliment that it will be us that stays coolly, crucially detached in the heat of battle while the blood of our fellow teenagers is hacked brutally into our faces, between hideous pleading sputters.

For some, the fact that I should merely pause to reflect upon these truths is disgraceful; a sign of cowardice and shameful slander on the dead, if not outright treason. For them, for those brave souls unencumbered by dread of slaughter, who weep not for broken cities, who see shallow corpse-strewn puddles as a paths to glory, who see war coming to them as a sacred calling, a chance to make prideful sacrifices and secure a lifetime's worth of valor, for them I bring this consoling reassurance:

Have no fear. There is still time to be a war hero. The Great War is still coming. It's there, over the horizon, and its sails are full with the wind that beats from the wings of the angel of history on her endless journey to escape us.

That ghost ship rushes towards you every bit as fast as you could hope.  
Faster than you might have wanted, in hindsight.

Assuming you get to enjoy that peculiar wisdom of the living.

## - A COLLECTION OF POSTS-



Funny story.

A number of years back, when I was in college, I was dating this girl who was, and always will be, the love of my life. She was a smart, interesting, but extremely self-contradictory girl. She had this unbelievably strict and controlling father who, from the time she was in first grade, would give her birthday presents like “America’s top 50 medical schools” and various other completely inappropriate high-pressure gifts. He wanted her to be the top female tennis player in the state. He pushed her to excel at an unreasonably large number of activities.

As a result, she developed into an extremely active individual; in college she was in about 20 different clubs, most of which were political in nature. She was committed to women’s political issues (and a vice-president of Womyn’s Concerns) organizing “take back the night” marches and pro-choice events and other like-minded activities.

One summer, she took part in an experimental program designed to ease the transition to college for undergraduates by providing current upper-classmen as academic mentors. As a mentor, my girlfriend would live in the same dorm as the new students, but unlike a resident assistant, her responsibilities to her charges were wholly concerned with making sure they were getting all the help they needed to survive their first semester of classes.

In any case, there were a handful of other upperclassmen filling the same role that she was, and they all attended bi-weekly meetings together to talk with various do-nothing administrators and their ilk. So, one day I swing by her dorm (McKean Hall, if you’re reading, artfag) to pick her up and as we were about to leave her dorm room, one of her fellow mentors flagged her down to talk. So I stand their while they’re speaking about various boring details about the program that don’t concern me. Her co-worker was a chubby bespectacled computer geek, and there’s nothing wrong with that, but he also had this strange egotism problem that afflicts some of the more naive geeks; he seemed to think that because he knew HTML and a few UNIX commands (this was the pre-linux era, kids) he was somehow THE MAN.

So, as they’re wrapping things up, out of nowhere, he asks her: “So, are you gonna be out on the street corner tonight like usual? Ha ha. And hey, what’s she charging for

blow-jobs these days, anyway? Ha ha. I keep hearing everybody say you're the best whore in town, ha ha, and cheap, too, ha ha.

She laughs uncomfortably along with him.

I can't fucking believe it. My blood immediately boils over. For a second everything goes red. I can't believe he's talking to her like that. I can't believe she's laughing about it.

By the barest of margins, I restrain myself from just cold-cocking him. Instead, I fucking explode on him: "What the fuck are you talking about? You think it's cool to call my girlfriend a whore? You better shut the fuck up with that shit right now, you disgusting piece of shit! "

Suddenly, he's completely mortified. He tries to play it off like, hey, he's just joking.

I say: "No you're not. You're being fucking insulting is what you're doing and if you don't apologize to her RIGHT NOW, I will fuck you up and down this fucking staircase, motherfucker!"

He then tries to laugh it off and act like I'm the one that's overacting.

He says: "Offending people is what this country is all about, right? Ha ha. Hey, let's just shake hands, ok?"

"Not a fucking chance. Apologize RIGHT NOW, or I'm fucking taking your fucking teeth home with me." I am shaking with rage.

He laughs nervously. He turns even more beet-red. He apologizes. My girlfriend tells him not to worry about it. He turns to me as if to say something, and I cut him off:

"I don't want to hear another word out of your mouth. Just fuck off."

He says he'll see her later and walks hurriedly off.

My girlfriend and I step back into her dorm room. There is a moment of silence. And here's the punch-line: just as I'm about to ask her, Christ, can you believe the nerve of that guy? And tell me, have you been putting up with this for long? (It was clear she had been.) And why didn't you tell me? She starts screaming at me. She was livid with me. She started yelling at me: How could I embarrass her like that? Didn't I know that this was just going to make it more difficult to work with him in the future? And how could I be so mean to him? Couldn't I tell that he was harmless? Didn't I know that now he'd just talk that way about her behind her back, now, and that would be even worse?

I was completely dumbfounded. I asked her: What was I supposed to do? Ignore it? Wouldn't that just make me a tremendous hypocrite and a coward? How could you ignore it? How can you run Womyn's Concerns and talk about the evils of sexual harassment in the workplace when you just put up with it from him?

Then she just started bawling.

Anyway, two years later she left me for a woman.

None of you believe me, but love's a big lie, no good deed goes unpunished, etc. etc.

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Miss Bitch, I understand perfectly and empathize and send you tender feelings of solidarity and plead with you to hold out, hold on, cling to that better part of yourself that the world wants so much to kill, to humiliate, to incinerate and to forget.

I want you to know, with all my heart, that someday, someday soon, all the lost, maimed, weeping children of the world will find one another. And in each other, we will find refuge, and come to rely on each other, and we will, all of us, all the siblings of the diaspora, find solace and hope and sanctuary, sanctuary in which to nurse each other's wounds, nurture each other's talents, and devise plots, and lay plans, so that we might find the birthright that was so cruelly stolen from us.

Presently, like alley cats, we wait and wander and think ourselves the detritus of the world, left to fend for ourselves in the dumpsters, eating garbage and huddling under newly parked cars, desperately seeking out that warm spot under the still-hot engine, praying that for another night that we will not freeze to death, and we blame ourselves, and we think we deserve our fates, think we belong out here, hoping our next meal has not been deliberately poisoned, watching each other die off one by one.

But we are mistaken in our self-hatred. We are wrong about our destinies.

We are not forgotten, we are not doomed, we are not accidents, we are not fuck-ups. We are the very reason this world exists. We are the very race that sustains life, that gives it shape and form. We are the forward observers of humankind, and it was us, always us, us alone, who fought for mercy, fought for grace, it was us that let our precious blood be shed in the place of others, it was us that rescued the orphan king from the river, us that are not content merely to speak of danger; us alone that must best it; must risk everything, must invite the enemy legions into our homes, into our very hearts, into our souls, and there, where we are most vulnerable, vanquish them.

My advice to you is to enjoy washing dishes while you can. Soon, everything will change, without any warning whatsoever, and you'll be swept away, excited, suddenly breathless, and up to your neck in vast, complex, challenges that you will find deeply, deeply trying and truly, truly, satisfying.

You will be exhilarated, but exhausted, and you'll look back on your brief sojourn laboring in the kitchen as a simpler, and in some ways, easier sort of life. Not a time you would particularly care to revisit, but oddly, your memories of it will be comforting. You will come to think of this time as a sort of calm before the storm, the storm that you were born to fight. The first clouds of that storm are just now forming, off over the ruddy horizon, and that storm builds in rage, in ferocity, and it will not spare you, nor show you any mercy. You must match the storm, Miss Bitch. A skiff, tethered, too-long tethered, drifts uneasily in its port, and its oars call out to you, and even now, energy chatters imperceptibly within your bones, silent but growing, and if you can but persist, if you can

merely survive, that energy will transform you; it will clothe you with passion and fashion your tears into the most holy jewels of your glory.

Rest now, for a time; let your strength gather, let your hands prepare themselves for their duty. The dishwashing? It's just toughening your hands up for the oars. That's all.

You are valuable, Miss Bitch, and the whole world will come to know it.

One day.

One day soon.

You and I will never meet, but I am pulling for you all the same. So are ten thousand other, invisible allies, silent but waiting, waiting for you, waiting for the day you find them, waiting for the moment just before dawn when you break the spirit of the tempest, and for one moment, one seemingly eternal moment, the sun and the stars and moon are all present in the sky. Witnesses. Witnesses to a miracle of endurance against an implacable foe, a miracle that you have wrought.

Hold on, Miss bitch. Don't envy the rock stars. Don't envy the simpler dishwashers.

You were made for greater things; and there are greater things that were made for you.

I promise you the best is yet to come.

You see the truth, and do not follow. You cling to one last lie, when the path is clear. You remind me of a man that lived long ago, a man who had toiled half a lifetime to secure his place in the world, and marry a beautiful woman who bore him a boy and a girl, all of which were burned to ashes one evening when he forgot to snuff his reading lamp. Burned so horribly that his face was a twisted mass of flesh unbearable to any who saw him, he left his village and repaired to a monastery. Sadly, even the monks were incapable of being in the same room with such a hideous monster, and so this novice monk had to build a small hut outside the monastery on the side of a hill. For many years, he lived in that hut, coming out only at night to pray with the monks, and only after he had wrapped himself in many layers of sackcloth. In time, he came to feel safe in his tiny hut, and even to forget what he had lost, and in the fullness of time came to love his little hut as if it had been the place of his birth. After twenty-five years of his new life in the hut had elapsed, the abbot died, and was replaced by another monk, chosen by signs, just before dawn, as was the custom. Immediately after his new responsibilities were bestowed to him, he said a prayer, and left the monastery. There was no moon that night, and thick dark clouds, and so the monks, confused, took care to follow close behind so as to be able to see by the light of the torch he carried. Leaving the bamboo gates, he marched straight towards the monster's hut and unhesitatingly set it ablaze.

The monster, asleep, escaped moments before nearly having been burned alive for the second time in his cursed life. Wailing inconsolably, his entire mangled body shaking as if set upon by a storm, he shrieked: "Why!? Why!? Why have you done this!? How could any man be so cruel, let alone a man who has sworn on his life to love me like a mother!? You are the most evil man I have ever met! How can you do such evil?"

The young abbot answered calmly: "I have set fire to your hut so that by its light you may see the world as you know it to be; bathed in blackness, without refuge. You have built yourself a fortress against this world without hope, and thought yourself safe. Not only has your fortress failed to bring you safety, it has become your prison. This morning, for the first time in twenty-five years, you will see the dawn. When the light of the sun touches your flesh for the first time in a quarter-century, you shall know that in losing this hovel, you have gained an entire world!

In an instant, the clouds were lit with a blood red glow and the first beams of light broke free and struck the monster, and he saw himself as he was, without protection, without a sackcloth mask, without protection, without the ability to curl up and sleep in his hut and dream of better days. He saw himself without lies, and without that most horrible lie, the lie of hope, and for the first time ever, he was unafraid. And he went into the monastery to live with the others, and to dress as the others, and he was afraid no more.

You think that you need one last, little lie to survive, but it is not the last lie that makes life livable; it is that which makes it impossible. Brush free that one last mote that blurs



your vision, so that you will no longer be a man of flesh, but a man of fire, for whom all things shall be possible.

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Oh, I know you think that love exists. I know its existence is commonly held to be axiomatic, as obvious as the existence of air and water and dirt and fire, or as obvious as the existence of God once was to a simpler people. And I know that I once felt that way as well. And I know that I wish that it were still so, fag.

Enjoy the happiness that such belief affords you, but I caution you, as I caution the drunks that wander out of the bar under my apartment and stumble into traffic. I caution you, fag, that whatever happiness you have found in love is yours only for a heartbeat. You will leave your girlfriend, or she will leave you. You will stop loving your wife, or she will stop loving you. You flatter yourself to think otherwise.

There is a reason that all the world's religions have insisted on dragging down the possibility of love between humans and made it subordinate to the love of an Other that is perfect precisely because that Other is beyond our reach. The best of lovers is the one that is far, far away, to whom you write love letters in fervent anticipation, and who is not besmirched by the endless disappointing humiliation of contact. And that is why it is those who truly love best, the forsaken soldiers dying in distant lands, suffer the most, for they love the most, and most sincerely. That perfect lover, the one that patiently dries all of your tears, that knows all of your fears without thinking less of you, that comforts you in the long nights that precede those most desperate of trials, cannot, and does not survive contact. That is precisely why the greatest lover cannot, must not, be met. And that is why the most desperate of lovers call their beloved "God" and say to themselves that were He to be seen, were merely His name to be spoken, it should mean certain death. And that is why for the lovers of God heartbreak is always merely a prelude to an even more passionate reconciliation, because their beloved always takes them back, always accepts them back into its bosom, for that beloved which those penitent lovers seek to draw near is permitted one ultimate, unconquerable strength denied to all other things of which we can have thoughts. It does not exist. And in not existing, it does not suffer as a lover does, when the pain of its beloved is inflicted upon it. And it does not become frightened, when it sees how much its beloved has to fear. And it is not wounded by the infidelities of those who swear eternal love, for it has no heart, and no mind, and no presence, and no existence, and no way to hurt, and no way to suffer, and it cannot lie awake at night in your arms, thinking about how foolish it once was to believe in your perfection, and feel those first timid thoughts of escape into the arms of another, one that shall remedy your failings. As the perfect lover does not exist, so the perfect love is that of what does not exist. And that is why, unlike the soldiers abandoned by those that sealed their treachery with solemn kisses, the priests suffer not at all, for they love nothing at all, and are not kissed, not by any, forever, for all time.

Sir, I have loved harder, and better, and risked more in the name of love than any man I have ever had the fortune to meet, and I assure you that I know exactly what you will find once you sacrifice all that you have to reach the pinnacle of love. When you reach the peak of that mountain, the mount Olympus of our age, thought by all to be the home of the holiest and most sacred, when you surmount the final ridge, exhausted, with no more provisions, legs useless, back splintered, face scabbed over with frostbite, snow

blind, you will fall to your hands and knees and paw around in terror for any evidence of your desiderata, that object of the search for which you have made a sacrifice of your own life in perfect undoubting faith, and you will find nothing.

Your words to me were meant to imply that I live the life of a coward, and I do not hold your spirit of enmity against you. Rather, I seek to make a gift to you of the only thing which I can in all sincerity gainsay from the blood I shed on the altar of my heart's vivisection. As ye love, so shall ye be tortured.

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It appears that one of us has learned a lesson, and one of us has not. Each thinks the other to be the lesser, and in truth, firm resolution of the matter would require evidence of things unseen and unseeable. I do not presume to imagine that I can know thee better than thy can know thine own self, nor that I have foreknowledge of what shall become of thee, fag; we pass as it has oft been said, merely as ships do in the night. Still, if indeed thee think it is I that is mistaken as to the ways of the world, I bid thee Godspeed on thy journey, for the hue of the sky suggests that rough water, and poor winds lie in thy direction, and frankly, I fear for the strength of thy hull.

We might attempt a passing wager at each other's odds, though, by casting bread from each one another's bows and making rough fancy of the number of knots that should be the fortune of each, our blessed vessels. Perhaps it is merely a trick of the light, yet I must admit to nursing a humble hope that the calculations prove the wind to be in my favor. Could it be otherwise, in truth, when I have learned the wisdom of letting the wind set my course, and thee insist upon setting thy sail against it? Thee, fag, accuse me of bitterness when I offer no laments for the achings of my heart for another. And thy accusation might be thought by some to be in rather poor form, as it is thee, some brief hours of late, that has declared thyself disconsolate at the cruel twist of fate that love has visited upon thee. Call me world-weary if thou wish, but I lack the investment that is the necessary predecessor of all bitterness, whereas thee, fag, are highly invested in this thine venture after love, and seem already to understand and make astringent comment on your fate.

Again, I bear none of you ill will. It has been said that bitterness and wisdom have so often been mistook that each raises the other's child. I have honestly offered thee the kindest advice I can muster, and further still, hope thou save your oranges, and do not cut loose thine life boats for the benefit of a knot.

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Oddly, I still feel a need to respond.

As you know, this discussion began in the context of romantic love, and you apparently cede to me my point that it is merely a fantasy, whereas before you felt a sufficient argument for its existence was: "Nuff said." Our culture is poorer for the fact that we use the same word to refer to both romantic liaisons and filial pieties. In any case, a good materialist such as yourself is well aware that the filial loyalty to which you make reference is perfectly explained as the action of self interest, tempered only by the coefficient of relatedness. Then, you also accede to me my characterization of your epistemology as frequentist by admitting its unavoidably probabilistic nature. You attempt to score points by noting the lack of adequate theodicy in the face of the manifest reality of suffering. I will not in turn that religionists side step all of them by insisting that all wrongs are righted after death.

There is a far superior riposte to those who hold God's existence to be as yet unfalsified, and therefore believe that subscription to faith in His existence is as logically sound as subscription to the truths uncovered by science. Until you know what that riposte is, you don't really understand science, or falsification.

---

No offense whatsoever is taken, I assure you. I apologize for my meandering but to tell you the truth, I have been fasting as an experiment for quite and extended run now, and I find myself, free of food, drifting in and out of a number of literary personas, not all of whom agree with each other. I may well be entering the initial phases of a psycho-affective episode, and I apologize if I am, in the first throes of madness, irritating to any that read me.

Still, I persist, because there is something to be gained in this line of discussion, something like a tool, or perhaps a knife. A very sharp knife. You know that Aztecs made swords by embedding knapped shards of obsidian in wooden clubs? You know how a fresh obsidian fracture edge is sharper than most steel blades? When the Spaniards sought to conquer the Aztecs, the Aztecs had no fear of their cannons or muskets. Those were merely implements of man. What they were terrified of was the cavalry. Not only were the horses larger than any animals indigenous to the Yucatan, they thought that they were four legged monsters with two heads; one human, one hideously elongated and unspeakably ugly. The Spaniards used the horses to great effect, until one warrior, equipped with only his obsidian sword, decapitated a horse in a single blow. No Spaniard had ever witnessed such a feat. That's the nature of the gift I bring to you, one that can change the way you see your greatest fear with a single strike:

Enjoy that love you feel for your beloved, who lacks even the capacity to reciprocate it. What is this love, that its blessings upon you are destined only to wilt, without laying seed? What spirit is this, that steals into the world only to seek its own suffering? Imagine what your beloved must think of your attraction. Let that warm feeling settle in your stomach. Enjoy the glad betiding that love has brought you. Then think about that feeling stretching forward for all your days. That is the path you walk, and if you continue to follow it, you shall search without surcease for a day that shall not dawn.

Again, I employ too many words. It's just that they flow so freely at the moment. Regardless, I know you understand my meaning perfectly, and I know that you do not truly believe that my words are just the fallow product of heartbreak, when it is heartbreak that seeks love most voraciously. No. I bring you something altogether more strange and alien and essential: The obsidian sword and all the blood you could ever need to quench its thirst. Sir, enjoy that pining

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You ask, so I shall answer for any who seek to follow. As you draw near the blessed extinction of love in your heart, the final task is to locate that last clinging shred of hope for love that has attached itself to your flesh like a beautifully iridescent beetle. The final task that confronts you is to fearlessly slice that bloodsucking abomination free, just as the skoptsky, ten-thousand strong, burned off their genitals with red hot tongs in the belief that they were the literal remnants of the fruit of knowledge.

The instant the deed is done, the knowledge that love and its longings are gone forever will burst through you as if you were a dam holding back reservoir of cleansing laughter. You will laugh longer and harder than you have ever laughed in your life, without pause, until your sides ache, and you are so full of joy that you beg to pull back from the drink.

You will not sleep for days, and you will spend all your hours wandering the streets of your city, smiling to each you meet, looking them in the eye, and wishing them a good day. For you shall see them as they are for the first time; lost, alone, terribly frightened and clinging to all sources of distraction. You will sit down with calculus books, or great literary works, and you shall find all there perplexity has vanished. They will frustrate you no longer. All of the world's truths, so difficult to penetrate before, will fall loose from books upon their opening as if they were a smuggled jewels in cut-out compartments. You will have lasting clarity and freedom in abundance for all your days.

But you and I are meant to part ways here, apparently, and so I wish you the best of luck. Honestly. But I take my leave of you knowing I have the better end of this bargain.

---

I think Integral's in the clear.

That is, I think Integral's in the clear.

Call me crazy, but the last time I checked, about five years ago, chimpanzees' posterior crural compartment was innervated by the tibial nerve. The lateral crural compartment was innervated by the superficial peroneal, and the anterior crural compartment by the deep peroneal. That's right, right? I can't imagine that the innervation would be any different in humans. I mean, no; it couldn't be.

Of course, I haven't touched that stuff in five years, so I could be wrong. Also, I only picked it up in passing, 'cause I was only actively pursuing an osteological line of inquiry at the time. Also, I could be deliberately feeding you disinformation. Also, I could be high.

If I'm wrong, I'll mail you my left shoe. (It has a hole in it, anyway.)

And personally, I always thought that memorizing cell-cycle mediated transcription factors was more fun than memorizing soft-tissue anatomy. (Latin gets boring after a while, especially if you were forced to take years of it in high school.) But I'm probably in the minority there; I tend to find myself in the minority in a large number of respects.

For example, I'm a homosexual.

So you could call me a homosexual and I wouldn't be offended. Or gay. You could definitely call me gay; that's perfectly okay with me. Or even, say, "cockgobbler." You can call me that, I won't mind. It's not quite as apropos as preceding descriptors, though, as I don't happened to enjoy that act as much as do some others. Now, you probably shouldn't call me, oh, let's say, a "butt-pirate," because I don't actually like to penetrate other men. So thematic variations of that, like "fudge-packer" also go straight out the window. "Pillow-biter," though, actually has a sort of affectionate familiarity for me, and I'm not at all uncomfortable with the image that that invokes; of me, ass in the air, masticating silk-covered 100% feather pillows in desperate, shuddering ecstasy. Yeah, that's a pretty nice idea, actually. I have no problem with that.

My shoes are adidas, by the way. So you could potentially score yourself an adidas shoe. It's not a gazelle, unfortunately. I don't know how to score gazelles anymore without promising the people at foot locker a blood sample and presenting them with signatures from local indoor-soccer league presidents attesting that I am, indeed, a participant in the sport. No, unfortunately it's the closest possible model, the "campus." It's a pretty poor substitute to my mind, however. The soles are entirely too stiff. You



know what I'm saying. Yeah, you. No, I'm not going to name you, you know who you are.

Still, it's kind of a sad thing, really. Gazelles got me all the way through college.

EDIT: Hey, if anybody knows where to buy Gazelles, let me know, okay? The more I think about them, the more I'm really finding myself strangely distraught over my inability to locate any. Like, I might cry. Please tell me where to find them. Please.

---

Integral, I want to assure you that after you and I are married, I will never ask you do anything as disturbing as what Skrewloose is suggesting. I may ask you to investigate your latent penis envy, however. And by "investigate your penis envy," I mean "familiarize yourself with an array of leather harnesses featuring complex sets of overlapping brass buckles and ergonomically positioned mounting studs."

Also, it's "Bacchanalian" as in Bacchus, Greek god of wine and merry-making, later known as Dionysus to the Romans, held by Nietzsche to be the counterpoint to Apollo in his refiguring of the concept of tragedy.

I only correct you because I love you, just like your father did.

What? What's this now?

What are you sayin' to me, Dolex?

What?

LOOK, MY MOMMA DIDN'T RAISE ME TO TAKE NO LIP FROM NO UNGRATEFUL LITTLE PLUMP-WITH-PIE WHIPPERSNAPPERS LIKE YOU!

Maybe I was wrong about you Dolex! I thought you were on the American side here "vee-sa-vee" these hoity-toity "European Intellectual" types, but now I can see I was mistaken. Sheeeit, I was all set to give you a free ride what with respect to that shameful little drug habit you used to nurse, but if you are going go and get all uppity and disrespectful to your elders, then let's just put it out into the open:

YOU CAN'T TRUST A DAMN THING DOLEX SAYS BECAUSE HIS BRAIN HAS GONE BEEN EATEN AWAY BY MOTHS ON ACCOUNT OF ALL THE HIPPIE-DIPPY L-S-D THAT BOY HAS GONE AN' EATEN.

I am gonna come out and say it right now, from now on that boy is no friend of mine. Hell, he and me may share some rightful hatred for all the goddamned communists and tree-huggers all about in the world, but that's it. And that ain't much. Anybody with half a brain knows he should be busy hatin' himself some commies and tree-lovin pinkos, and hell, Dolex ought to know since he has half a brain left after drinkin' all that "acid" or whatever it is.

Gosh, Dolex, I wonder how you feel about the Drug Laws currently gainin' momentum across this fair land to deny both academic aid and tenure to anybody with a history of usin' schedule I classified narcotics? I shure as hell support that fair legislation, and I look forward to the date that it will advance and worthless fucking leftist hippies like yourself will get thrown out of the academies of this great nation. Sheeeeeeit. You sit there in your office and get fat, thinkin' about "Math." Ooooh, that's pretty American. Most of the Mathematicians I've heard of were Europeans. Why don't you run off an' join 'em? Huh? If you're so smart?

And you know what? Your knowledge of Human behavior is pathetic, and that's even after discounting the fact that you're a mathematician. Goddamn mathematicians. There's a reason you professors make so little money and work such long hours, you know that? It's BECAUSE YOU'RE FUCKING WORTHLESS to our beautiful capitalist system. Shit. You want me to respect your views? Go make some money, nancy-boy. Get off your fat ass and walk down to Wall Street and show me you have half a clue how this country works. I'll tell you how it works; it works like a huge, self-cleaning oven. We take the useful people, put 'em to work doing useful things and makin' money, and

we take the useless people, divide 'em up into smart and dumb. Then, we send the smart people down to the welfare office where they relax and laugh at the dumb people, and we take the dumb people and tell 'em to get tenure, and they sit in their offices and look down on the people on welfare, while everybody just laughs at their sorry asses!  
HAW HAW!

I know that nothing wakes me up better in the morning than seeing some high-and-mighty Professor such as yourself waking up ahead of me, sacks under his eyes droopin' down to his ankles, and draggin' himself off to a sensitivity meeting. HAW! HAW! And when I send my kid to your school, I'm gonna make damn shure he gets his A in calculus in your class whether he deserves it or not. You think I'm lyin? You wanna bet on who has more free time, and more money, to hassle the provost? I got a fat kitty what say's it's not you. Shit, when I get done with you, you'll be lookin forward to a life with even less sex than Erdos enjoyed. You know what? I'll buy a few mathematical journals just to make sure a few key papers don't get published, just to make sure that your Erdos number never even gets above 23. 'Cause I know you Math-types love your numbers more than you love your shriveled little dinkies.

SO DON'T you mouth off to me no more, or I will shove this GODDAMNED (forgive me, Jesus) Hickory stick so far up your ass you'll be havin' some of your free-love hippy flashbacks.

And don't you ever call me typical, or an ass, you fuckin' leftist-pussy-boy, or Rush Limbaugh and I will crack your little number-lovin skull. He don't hear too well, Rush, but he still weighs a little bit more 'an you, and I know he loves to beat up on drug addicts such as yourself as much as I do.

You best consider yourself warned, sparky.

---

Yeah, we didn't pull your logs out the fire twice so we would have to sit hear and listen to your lip, frenchy.

Don't go makin' fun of us now, or we'll make ourselves a whole new European map a lot easier for us Americans to understand. We'll call it "Euro-Commu-Land" and me and Dolex will sit here and laugh at your starvin' asses begging for some of our good, Christian, Capitalist grain products.

So don't you go pullin' no internet-comics on me.

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Well, consarn it, that's what I was saying! I don't recognize North Korea as no rightfully-constituted nation in the first place, what with them not recognizing South Korea's right

to exist, neither! North Korea, as far as any red-blooded American is concerned, is just another wacko terrorist group that can't be reasoned with. That's one of the things I'm so proud of my great president for; the instant he took office he put an immediate stop to all of that dangerous "dialogue" and "diplomacy" with the North Koreans that that communist whoremonger slick Willy was up to. Now listen to me closely, all you young-uns, the North Koreans want nothing so much as to start a nuclear war that will kill us all, so that they can go to that precious communist afterlife they believe in, where they get to eat caviar and sleep with an endless supply of round-eyed women. That's all they want, and that's for damn sure. That's why we need our missile umbrella technology to protect us from their expansionist tendencies.

And why do they have these expansionist tendencies? Just listen to that good young boy Dolex. He tells it like it is. America is hated by all of the evil people in the world because of all of the good we do. They hate us because the only thing we want to do is bring perfect freedom and happiness to all the world's peoples. That's the only reason they hate us, and that's why we have to constantly be prepared to bomb all of them, at any given instant.

And don't go picking on Dolex about none of those Kyoto accords, neither. It is a simple God-darned fact that those accords are just a cover for all of the communist, anti-American regimes the world over that want to attack our industrial genius. There is nothing that those totalitarian communist regimes, like England, Germany, Japan, Canada, and the whole lot of them want more than to strangle our industrial might so that they can crush our economy and take away our baby Jesus! Just listen to Dolex, and he'll tell you the truth. He hasn't been brainwashed like the lot of ya.

Look, it's simply impossible for mankind to damage the enviroment to the extent that all of those evolutionist meterologists claim we can. Jesus would not allow it. It's all perfectly laid out in unimpeachable and purely factual terms in Genesis, and if you don't agree with the Lord's word the way it's spelled out in Genesis, then we don't have nothin' to discuss, no-how.

But you best be layin' off Dolex, or I will come give your limey-kraut-chink asses a mighty fierce whippin' that you won't soon forget.

Alright, I've said my peace. Go ahead, Dolex, educate these ignorant bastards somethin' fierce.

---

Ah, Jesus. You liberal pansies.

How can you not support a ballistic missile shield? I mean, do you actually favor the deaths of innocent American civilians? Who really cares if the Chinese bitch that it

upsets 50 years of established MAD doctrine by equipping us with a de facto first-strike strategy? Maybe the slants are that crafty, but not us Americans. We would never use an unfair advantage against an enemy, so those chinks can just shut their little rice-lovin' mouths. Damn. Where was I? Oh, that's right...

In any case, as the Bush administration has said over and over again for those of you that are especially slow, we're not building this missile shield to defend us against valuable trading partners like the Chinese, or other nation states whose number of nuclear warheads is admittedly already vastly larger than the number of warheads we could hope to intercept. No, read our lips: We're building this missile shield to protect America from rogue groups who aren't afraid of our retaliatory strikes. Can you get that through your mushy liberal skulls? We're only building this shield to defend ourselves from fearless, suicidal terrorists!

And if there's one way we can be sure suicidal terrorists will attempt to attack us, it's with intercontinental ballistic missiles. I mean, think about it. How else could they possibly hope to cause sufficient casualties to satisfy the bloodlust of their evil fire-god, Allah? It's not like they can just mail us biological weapons, is it? Of course not. And I am sick and tired of hearing pie-in-the-sky stories about terrorists with "suitcase-nukes." 'Cause here's another thing to get into your mushy liberal brain, Percy: Terrorists are cowards. They are not willing to die for their cause. That's why they are so interested in using intercontinental ballistic missiles in the first place. Maybe in "BleedingHeart-istan" there are terrorists that would blow themselves up with tactical nukes in downtown Manhattan, but in the real world, there aren't any suicidal terrorists with the guts to do it.

I mean, feel free to live in some sort of liberal fantasy-land if you want, but in the real world, real men have to think about realistic scenarios and real threats. And there is no threat more realistic than terrorists launching intercontinental ballistic missiles at us. None. For the simple fact that there is no other way to deliver weapons of mass destruction to our shores. None. And that is just plain fact, and I don't care how you choose to distort it with your liberal "fuzzy math." So don't even try it.

Plus, it's just foolish not to spend more money on missile intercept technology, after we've already invested 3 trillion dollars into it in the '80's without reaping any significant return. The only prudent thing to do is to keep on investing in that technology until it delivers a return. Anything else would just be wasteful.

Yep, that's what America needs, an anti-terrorist missile shield. That, and more deregulation, so for-profit utility ventures like Enron can continue to lead this brave nation forward!

And you liberal pussies need to remember that if you aren't helpin' us fight them terrorists, you are a terrorist. And we got a couple of nice hotel rooms you can visit for an extended stay, if you catch my drift, you lily-livered faggots.

Dammit, Ethel! Quit botherin' me when we've got company!

I'll take my heart medication when I damn well feel like it!

Dolex came out of the closet to say:

Also, why won't people stop to think that maybe we don't have enough data to know exactly why the planet is heating up. It makes more sense for the planet to go on cyclical periods of heating and cooling. Anyone remember the Ice Age?

In 1896, Swedish chemist Svante Arrhenius (who won the Nobel Prize in chemistry in 1903 for his ground-breaking work on the nature of acids and bases) published a paper entitled "On the Influence of Carbonic Acid (CO<sub>2</sub>) in the Air upon the Temperature of the Ground" (<http://web.lemoyne.edu/faculty/giunta/ARRHENIUS.HTML>) In this paper, Arrhenius summarized and expanded upon the considerable body of evidence that already existed in the 19th century demonstrating that atmospheric CO<sub>2</sub> levels have a direct effect on global mean temperature.

Science proceeds by a process of hypothesis and falsification. If you wish to believe that we lack a very sound hypothesis explaining the rise in global mean temperature, you have some very basic chemistry to falsify. Honestly, if you can show that the past hundred years of progress in chemistry has been laboring under incorrect beliefs about something as basic as the nature of heat absorption, there's got to be a Nobel Prize in it for you somewhere.

That industrial progress has led to increased CO<sub>2</sub> production is unquestioned. That global mean temperature has been increasing is unquestioned. That CO<sub>2</sub> is intimately entwined with global temperature has been known since the 19th century and follows from very, very basic science. That this basic science is as widely disbelieved by the American public is as much a testament to the scientific illiteracy of the American people as it is to the large quantity of money fighting to ensure that it remains disbelieved.

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Sir, I continue to maintain that my ability to compartmentalize, focus on the single-minded realization of a goal, identify potential barriers to success, and proactively deploy solutions to overcome those barriers, combined with my zealous determination to bring paying customers the truth about their unfaithful spouses, clearly makes me the right man for the job.

Also, this might be a good time to point out that I bring a practiced assurance to the task of simultaneously balancing a telephoto lens from the front seat of a car while pissing into an improvised 40 oz. receptacle that few applicants for the job could hope to muster.

In conclusion, I won't let you down, fag; I'm worth every penny of that weekly ten-spot.

Now, where did that little molly make off to? I don't think she understands what's at stake in a really good game of Irish-rules footsie.

[N]ot all of us females will be evil and eventually hurt you.

Perhaps, but it shall not be for want of trying. While it is obviously true that not all lovers forsake their mates, this is so merely for the fact that not all treachery succeeds.

As Wilde put it:

Faithfulness is to the emotional life what consistency is to the life of the intellect--simply a confession of failures

He also quipped:

I am sick of women who love me. Women who hate me are much more interesting.

I am not the least bit interested in any woman who claims to love me. I want nothing to do with any woman who does not subdue me with an electroshock device, strip me naked, force me to french kiss with her Irish wolfhound "Douglas" while she goes out to play lacrosse with a semi-pro men's team, returns drenched in sweat, forces me to remove her shorts with my teeth, fucks me brutally while still wearing full lacrosse gear, including helmet, shoulder pads, armored gloves, and pinning my head to the ground with her lacrosse stick. Only when satisfied she's pounded me raw will she unmount, remove her helmet, flip onto her stomach, splay her legs open, bury my mouth between the muscular hemispheres of her ass, watch Andrei Tarkovsky's "The Sacrifice" in it's

entirety and freebase cocaine. Who, after the Russian philosopher burns down his house and runs off in ravening madness, will turn to me and laugh, "Ah, pretty boy, can't you show me nothin' but surrender?"

No need for Valentine's day cards, no need for willfully false fantasies of marriage and children, no need for long summer nights tenderly caressing her while she dreams of her other man. No need to waste time writing love letters to her when she's away, in another city, fucking him.

---

You are laboring under a very common misunderstanding of the goals of nihilistic thought. Nihilism is not pursued for the sake of embracing nothingness, nor for the sake of destroying hope, nor for the sake of convincing one's self that all is lost, and that therefore the most noble of actions is to dash one's self against the rocks.

Nihilism is practiced as a discipline of self-abnegation, a divestiture of all the comforting lies that permit you to wallow in your present state of dissatisfaction, meeting each day with a faint sense of dread, but grinding on, without sustenance for your soul, maintaining yourself with the fiction that the next job will satisfy you, the next woman will satisfy you, the next degree will satisfy you.

Nihilism does not seek to shrink from the world, but to embrace it, in all its baroque grotesquerie. It is the most life-affirming of philosophies, for it does not submit to believe in any self-satisfying myth, such as the burial of the dead, a hollow trick of the priests to support belief in transmigration, and their power over it, but rather celebrates death through the leaving bodies to be consumed by vultures, jackals, lions, flesh eating beetles, so that the greatest leaders of one generation shall become the bone tools of the next before our eyes. So that none that witness the consumption of their mothers in such a fashion could ever possibly doubt the finality of this life, the impossibility of appeal to another, and above all the need to drink madly, fight fearlessly, and fuck senselessly. (I feel a need to point out that I am speaking allusively here, for fear you will read me too literally.)

Nihilism is the declaration that nothing will be held back, ever. That all power and effort should flow into expansion, expulsion, consumption, the expending of energy, the hardening of minds, muscles, the strengthening of bone and tendon, the licking of wounds and nuzzling of blood-smeared cheeks.

I do not deny myself the solace of love so as to spare myself, so that I may live in a crypt in of cowardice, but so that I may live without belief in false idols, (of which love is surely one) and seek a life based in truth. I deny love, renounce it, for the only way I know to do justice to life is to live it with my muscles always burning, my lungs always empty, and my heart full of want.



But by all means, continue to believe that I am the one living under a veil of self-delusion. However, before you confidently judge me a self-deluded proponent of a philosophical disposition that I do not understand, you might try reading Zarathustra over again, or perhaps Nishitani Sato's Nihilism and the Self-Overcoming of Nothingness, should you be so lucky to find a copy.

Or be smug. Your choice.

---

Ah, yes, call the gift that I have brought you "angst."

You, of all people, whose girlfriend assured you that you need not accompany her to the prom, who assured you that the male friend who was accompanying her was only that, when all the while she was luxuriating in the life-giving thrill of his glans against the back of her throat, and lustily lapping his slimy residue from her chin the way a five year old finishes the last delicious creamy coating of her first mint chocolate ice cream cone.

Rank me off your ascii angst-meter, but you know that I bring you the truth.

---

Some of us are destined to never find companionship, never find lasting solace in the arms of another, and the sooner we accept this, the sooner a new world of previously unimagined dangers opens up to us.

In the exploration of these dangers, we become living testaments to the virtues of struggle, and gain a stamina that others shall never have the privilege to know.

Rather than drift into slumber in the bed of an eternal stranger, we seek a bed of flames, and with no partner, no pair, no twin, we attain a singular uniqueness and inflict upon ourselves a solitude that is the unhealing wound from which all our strength flows.

We alone know that all flesh is grass, that all promises are fantasies, that all dreams are narcotics.

We alone live without lies, without the need to enslave or to be enslaved.

We write the stories of our lives patiently, and from the other side of death. The realm of eternity is ours alone.

fasting

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What I am currently enjoying is so superior to any illicit high I have ever experienced that I cannot even draw any comparisons between “fasting” and “being high.”

This, the fourth day without food, is something like a God Speed You Black Emperor song brought to life. The world is positively filthy with well-meaning frivolity and patient abidings, and I am completely incapable of being frightened of anything. The thought of my imminent death elicits about as much of an emotional reaction as the doorknob to my closet.

(I'll admit that the first two days were difficult, though.)

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haven't consumed anything other than water in the past four days. I highly recommend it. The colors are unbearably brighter, and music sounds so miraculously good it's almost painful. I have the most utterly infinite patience with everything.

You should try it sometime.

I had heard a lot about Belle and Sebastian from the circle of highly-incestuous hipper-than-thou record-and-clothing store fashionistas with whom I had long maintained a loose familiarity. For the longest time, I had no desire whatsoever to actually hear them, simply for the very fact that they were universally acclaimed by the trendmongers. I have an instinctive dislike for that sort of thing. That's why, even if The Strokes weren't a bunch of pussyfied rich kids, I'd still hate them.

Then, several years latter, after my first (shitty) year of grad school, I was off to a restaurant for an end of the year celebration amongst the grads and the faculty, which would be a painful two hours of carefully planned cocktail conversation as students competed with each other for the title of the brightest, most clever, most shining star of the department.

I arrived early, (wouldn't want to look bad in front of the prof's by showing up late) and noticed a record store by the restaurant. I wandered in and absent-mindedly made my way along the racks. The selection of Belle and Sebastian caught my eye. (By that time, none of my fashionista friends would ever have admitted that they had ever listened to anything as popular and so obviously over as Belle and Sebastian. They were all singing the praises of Sigur Ros at that point, I think.) I remember trying to pick one of their albums at random, and a cover with a naked, short-haired woman in a bathtub cradling a stuffed tiger to her breast caught my eye, because that's right, now I remember, the album was "Tigermilk." I snatched it up, and headed for the door. While she was ringing me up, the lesbian clerk took one look at the woman on the cover and said: "This looks good. What kind of music is this?"

"The good kind," I said, smiling in an incredibly winning way, and secretly wishing that my rare flourish of wit could have been mustered in front of a woman with whom I might have had some chance, however distant. As I left the store, the skies opened up, a real downpour. It was strange, because the sun was still out. I ran to my borrowed car, and slipping my new CD into the stereo, reclined the seat all the way back, looked up, and listened.

I was surprised  
I was happy for a day in 1975

I was puzzled by a dream  
That stayed with me all day in 1995

My brother had confessed he was gay...  
it took the heat off me for a while.

He stood up with a sailor friend ...  
made it known upon my sister's wedding day.

Got married in a rush  
to save a kid from being deported  
and now she's in love.

Oh, whoa,  
I was so touched  
I was moved to kick the crutches from my crippled friend

She was not impressed  
'Cause I cured her on the Sabbath.

I went to confess.

When she saw the funny side,  
We introduced my child bride to whiskey and gin.  
To whiskey and Gin.

The priest in the booth  
Had a photographic memory for all he had heard.  
He took all of our sins and he wrote a pocket novel called "The State That I Am In."

And so I gave myself to God.

Their was a pregnant pause  
Before he said "Okay"

Now I spend my days turning tables round in Mark's and Spencer's  
They don't seem to mind...

I gave myself to sin  
And I've been there and back again

I gave myself to Providence  
The state that I am in.

Oh love of mine, would you condescend to help me  
I am stupid and blind.

Desperation is the Devil's work, it is the folly of a boy's empty mind.

Now I'm feeling dangerous, riding on city buses for a hobby is sad.

Why don't you lead me to a living end?

I promised that I'd entertain my crippled friend,  
my crippled friend.

And I fucking melted into the seats, out of the car, onto the wet pavement, mixed with the rainwater and was carried off, down into the drains and off into another world, of painfully shy, sickly sweet but never sentimental souls, decent men and women, working at grocery stores, secretly writing poetry, baking each other cakes in cramped apartments.

I was lost amid agnostic catholic waiters, crippled brides, among all the lost, the fallen, the accursed, the unheralded, the tear-stained, and they were all waiting patiently, eyes trained upward, looking for, and more importantly expecting, a golden hand of grace to reach down and part the clouds of their personal darkness. Yes, something that corny. Something precisely that corny and stupid, but therefore all the more desperately to be desired.

Their lives spent toiling through vast and sundry daily humiliations, knowing there was little hope for love, and yet, there, no, there! There it was! There goes love! In the boy with the unkempt hair on the rusty bicycle! There is love! The girl in the second-hand dress! It is there! In the quiet coffee-shop clerk, the disciplined writer with perfect foreknowledge of his own failure, the girl drinking herself old, the boy who can no longer speak for the bitterness of his words. It is there! It is there! Seek it! Be still, and wait! You cannot match its wiles, but be still! Be still! You shall find it!

In all its sadness, it was a vision of heaven.

When the appointed time arrived, I took my seat at the table, and displayed my encyclopedic knowledge of 20th century intellectual history in a seemingly effortless series of perfectly-timed epigrammatic quips, competing with the curvaceous breasts of the insipid but politically savvy aspiring paleoanthropologist seated adjacent to me.

Off, somewhere I knew not, there were kind souls, living simply, full of resignation, yet crying out for signs and wonders in quiet, supplicating prayers.

By their existence alone, they had answered mine.

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Mark my words, if this kid isn't on medication, we will watch his webpage become increasingly bizarre, and then utterly vanish.

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adaptive systems

There is a tremendous amount I wish to communicate to you, those of you who continue to maintain an interest in this thread, but I have already been up for more than 36 hours, and although what follows does not embody everything that I wish I could tell you, I hope that it will at least contain intimations of something that I believe is very, very interesting. But first, I want to offer you the diagnostic symptoms of Schizotypal/ Schizoaffective Personality Disorder, which follow presently:

quote:

The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, Fourth Edition (American Psychiatric Association, 1994, pg. 645) describes Schizotypal Personality Disorder as a pervasive pattern of social and interpersonal deficits marked by acute discomfort with, and reduced capacity for, close relationships as well as by cognitive or perceptual distortions and eccentricities of behavior, beginning by early adulthood and present in a variety of contexts, as indicated by five (or more) of the following:

ideas of reference (excluding delusions of reference);

odd beliefs or magical thinking that influences behavior and is inconsistent with subcultural norms (e.g., superstitiousness, belief in clairvoyance, telepathy, or "sixth sense"; in children and adolescents, bizarre fantasies or preoccupations);

unusual perceptual experiences, including bodily illusions;

odd thinking and speech (e.g., vague, circumstantial, metaphorical, overelaborate, or stereotyped);

suspiciousness or paranoid ideation;

inappropriate or constricted affect;

behavior or appearance that is odd, eccentric, or peculiar;

lack of close friends or confidants other than first-degree relatives;

excessive social anxiety that does not diminish with familiarity and tends to be associated with paranoid fears rather than negative judgments about self.

...All of which pretty obviously fits our boy like a glove. He's not autistic, he's not merely socially maladjusted, he's technically, quantifiably, certifiably, bug-fucking nuts.

Now, like many of you, I'm becoming obsessed with this young man. I am coming gradually to believe that this boy's psychosis is of an all-together special order; and I think that he merits continuing(ethical) surveillance and study. I propose that those of you who feel likewise join with me in maintaining close tabs on him, on his web site, and

his deteriorating mental health, and continue to share our speculations regarding the nature of his universe.

Through no intention of his own, this boy has come to embody something extraordinarily profound.

I believe that those of us continuing to contribute to this thread are doing so out of more than simply morbid curiosity. We recognize that there is more to the unfolding tragedy of this young man's life than simply a hideously ugly psychiatric car wreck to gawk at, but we have been at a loss to describe precisely what inspires this excess of interest. That is, we lack the language. Scanning this thread, I'm struck by the number of people who described the eeriness of this man's world, who relate their reactions to this young man in visceral terms, as an uncomfortable sense of malaise that settles into one's bones and disturbs oneself. We seek recourse to this description of the physical symptomology that this boy induces in us, because the body has a language that each of us knows intimately, and to which each of us instinctively relates, and that language therefore suffices when language operating at a higher level of abstraction fails. In our collective reaction, I am struck by two things: the commonality of our fear, and of our sympathy. (Emotive qualities which are rarely in evidence in this forum, incidentally.)

The fear and the sympathy are deeply intertwined. The boy frightens us because each of us can see in him (as some have explicitly noted) the still-born twin of ourselves; the undead doppelganger that haunts us with thoughts of the power of the innocence we once embodied, but an innocence which, when prolonged, leads to a kind of psychic deformity, a castrated, sexless, eternal child, living life as if it were trapped in the body of plastic doll. If we were given to psychoanalytic speculation, we would attribute the roots of our fear to the fear that we, in recognizing the curious freedom from sex, and the freedom from responsibilities of adulthood that sex engenders, and which this boy embodies, we thereby come dangerously close to identifying within ourselves a certain envy and a shared resonance with his castrated nature.

There is a "technical" psychoanalytic term for this fearful compassion, this repressed recognition, and it was coined by the father of psychoanalysis, Freud. In his essay *THE "UNCANNY"* (1925) Freud writes of the legend of The Sandman, a half-mythical, half-real creature that, it is implied, murders a boy's father and later, at the cusp of adulthood, causes the boy to fall in love with his "daughter," who is revealed to be a literally sexless automaton. In Freud's interpretation, the Sandman becomes the repressed double of the child, and represents a psychological maneuver by which the son can murder the father (every son's duty, in Freud's universe) without assuming the father's (sexual) responsibilities. But this is simultaneously a blessing and a curse, and so the child vacillates between a loving worship of The Sandman's incomparable power and a deep, foreboding fear of that very same power. The Sandman is thus the protector of the child, but it protects too well.

And I'm telling you right now; Knuckles is Nick Smith's Sandman.



But there's more, much, much more, but you have to trust me, for the time being,  
CONTINUED SURVEILLANCE AND DOCUMENTATION IS THE ONLY OPTION.

squeegee  
Jul 22, 2001

Bright as the sun.

Jesus Christ, adaptive, you're giving me goosebumps. You are the ultra-poster. I think  
you need your own forum.



binary digits, we can say that we have satisfied the requirement of “speaking of an information that is too complex to exist,” provided that I can subsequently show that it does not, in fact, exist.

Certainly, we can describe such a number, apply a symbol to it, and perform some fairly impressive mathematics with it. We could ask ourselves how many other, different strings would also satisfy those criteria, and show that that number itself would in turn be maximally complex, as Chaitin once did. (Probably while brushing his teeth.)

Now, perhaps we could say that since we can talk about the number, it has already satisfied all the requirements that number needs to satisfy, in order to exist. The numbers “2,” “3,” and “5” don’t actually exist in any concrete sense, obviously, but our familiarity with manipulating them allows us to think of them as if they do. If I said to someone that the number “5” doesn’t actually exist, they would say that I was crazy, and then write the number “5” on a cocktail napkin and shove it in my face. I would reply to them that that was a symbol, and that I could write “F-L-Y-I-N-G-C-A-M-E-L” on the napkin, and that wouldn’t mean that flying camels exist. Then, frustrated, they would hand me two one-dollar bills, and ask how many dollars I had. I would answer “Two.” Then, they would give me three more one-dollar bills, and ask me again how many dollars I had. I would then say, “Oh, yes, of course the number five exists in that sense, as a descriptor of something else. I would then pocket the money. Then, thinking that they had convinced me to come around to their view of the world, I would say to them that there is an  $n$ -bit string with maximum possible program-size complexity that represents all possible existing  $n$ -bit strings with maximum possible program-size complexity, and that I like to call that number “Fred.” They would of course say that such a number didn’t exist. So I would write “F-R-E-D” on a napkin, and they would be unconvinced. “Give me Fred dollars,” they would say, “and then I’ll believe you.” I would tell them that I didn’t have Fred dollars on me. They would then ask me if I could give them Fred of something, anything, anything at all. “Sure,” I would say, “I have Fred  $n$ -bit strings with maximum possible program-size complexity. You can have those, if you want them. Then they would beat me with a lead pipe and take back their five dollars over my bleeding unconscious body.

So, if you read all of that, I think you’ll see that you and I are in agreement with what makes a number “exist.” But I wasn’t explicitly talking about numbers with The Artificial Kid; I was talking about information. Instead of using the number Fred, I’ll use the number Sally, which is an infinite string of bits in which 1’s represent heads and 0’s represent tails from the series of coin flips that I am going to initiate now. Okay, the first bit is a 1. Hey, so is the second. The third... It’s an 0. Oh, and another 0. Okay, now does the number Sally exist? Yes. But what information does Sally contain? That is, what is the specific, presumably patternless, one-after-the-other sequence of specific bits in specific places that we do not presently know, beyond the first four? Certainly, Sally contains information. So far, we can say that her Shannon entropy is .5, and assuming I’m flipping a fair coin (not a fair assumption, if you know me) her Shannon entropy will fluctuate fairly closely around .5 while I continue the infinite process of enumerating each of her bits. The fifth bit is 1, incidentally.

Now, I think we can all agree that Sally is a number. Hopefully, we'll all agree that Sally exists. We also know that Sally refers to a sequence of bits that, together, are a form of information. Now we come to the difficult question.

Does that information exist?

That is, does that specific sequence of bits to which Sally refers presently exist? If you say no, because I'm still flipping it, what about if we were to take an infinite number of demons and ask them all to flip one coin, and generate the number that way, so that we can have access to it in a finite time. (Presumably the demons would only be interested if they could flip over something interesting, like, whether Skrewloose or Integral is damned for all time.) So the question of whether the information Sally refers to exists is reduced to: Can we fit an infinite number of demons into this, our finite universe?

It's my contention that we cannot.

If I'm wrong, let me know. But don't bring that Damn hippie Dolex into this; I don't trust a damn thing that comes out of his LSD-eating mouth.

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The Artificial Kid came out of the closet to say: To me the riposte has always been that no definition of God that stands up to our understanding of the universe ever turns out to have any meaning, in the sense that a universe without him is functionally identical to one without. What else?

Yes, that's the observable fault of the theistic view, which results from the counterargument that I had in mind. Religionists often state: "As it cannot be proved that God does not exist, therefore it is reasonable to presume that He does." In doing so, they unwittingly believe the absurd, and not in the noble sense that Kierkegaard did.

The reason that science advances to new hypotheses, whereas religion does not, is that science confines itself to evaluating tests that have meaning. What this means in practice is that scientific hypotheses are possible of being proven incorrect, and are therefore falsifiable. So, for a concept/hypothesis to have any meaning, we must be able to imagine tests which it might fail. As God is presumed to exist, and is presumed to be infallible, religionists cannot offer a test of the existence of God capable of being falsified. Therefore, "An infallible God exists" is a statement which, quite apart from and above the question of whether or not it is right or wrong, is simply meaningless. Religionists make the mistake of thinking that this means that the question is in some way profound. If all of mankind's mighty McDonalds Hamburger bun manufacturing power has not proven that God does not exist, then by golly, he probably does. What they fail to see is that with respect to meaning, believing that the answer to the question,

“Does an infallible God exist” is “Yes” is equivalent to believing that the answer to the question, “Dragoons bucket whale power-line glue” is “saucer.”

However, it is not the apparent material utilitarianism that justifies science. Material utility does not “prove” that science is correct. We are justified in the practice of science because of its ability to eliminate untruths. In this negative capacity, it is superior to faith, which not only cannot prove anything to be true, it cannot even prove anything to be untrue. Utilitarianism has nothing to do with it. At least, it shouldn't.

In the trial balloon you float in the last part of your message, you might be skirting close to making a similar error in combining quantitative and qualitative elements. Can we speak of an information that is too complex to exist? Yes, we are doing so now. Does that mean that it does exist? No; if the binary program needed to produce the information expressed in binary is larger than the number of possible binary states in the universe, then there is no possible way for the information to exist.

This may seem profound, but the result reduces to simply meaning that no object can fit inside a smaller object, which reduces to meaning that if an object is a certain size, it is not smaller.

Many seemingly profound thoughts turn out to be trivial on inspection.

In any case, if you are interested in almost unbelievably shocking philosophy of mathematics that is perfectly mathematically rigorous, you should read some Gregory Chaitin.

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leave you. (A lie.) But I did not want a woman who would smell me with a fake nose, think sweet thoughts of me with a brain made of fake sugar.

Your blood is all over me. "Let them come," your long-haired brother said. Where is your brother now? Your lips are still so sexy. You could still go down on me without your arms, if you weren't dead. If only the shell had blown off one of your legs, instead; I have always had a thing for one-legged girls. When I was a boy, I read a book about the teen-aged detectives of the future. One of them was girl with one whole leg, and one that terminated at the knee. She wore a prosthetic leg, one with a special computer inside. The teen-aged detectives were always getting into jams, and in the worst spots they would calculate their way out with the talking computer that lived in her leg. Oh, how I love you, my dear. I would love you even more if you only had one leg, and one leg that was a talking computer. But no arms! What good is that?

Remember that night at La Discoteca? You wore those new heels that you were so in love with. They made you taller than me. I hated them. I said: "Your shoes regrettably posit sex to be univocal and indeed casual as regards personal identity." Your behind was particularly beautiful that night. I remember thinking: What is so shameful about my fascination with your behind, your anus? When you go down on me, you always start by kissing my navel. It is like a rule. Then you follow the line of fur that leads from my navel to my shame. When I follow sulcus of your behind, I find your anus. It is not my fault. You sprained your ankle, twisted your knee. I carried you home. I was exultant.

A foreign news reporter takes my photograph. Your blood is all over me. It's a money shot. I want him to take a picture of you-- you're the one that's dead. But I don't want anyone to see you like this, either. You are laying in the street, in your wedding dress. Perhaps you could grow your arms back, like a starfish? We would joke about your little arms while they were growing, I would tickle you and you would have to kick me away. I stack your arms on your body; how else to move you, take you away from the danger? Over and over again, I say: "I do, I do, I do, I do, I do," but everyone thinks I am saying "adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu."

## Solar Anus

**By Georges Bataille**

It is clear that the world is purely parodic, in other words, that each thing seen is the parody of another, or is the same thing in a deceptive form.

Ever since sentences started to circulate in brains devoted to reflection, an effort at total identification has been made, because with the aid of a copula each sentence ties one thing to another; all things would be visibly connected if one could discover at a single glance and in its totality the tracings of Ariadne's thread leading thought into its own labyrinth.

But the copula of terms is no less irritating than the copulation of bodies. And when I scream I AM THE SUN an integral erection results, because the verb to be is the vehicle of amorous frenzy.

Everyone is aware that life is parodic and that it lacks an interpretation. Thus lead is the parody of gold. Air is the parody of water. The brain is the parody of the equator. Coitus is the parody of crime.

Gold, water, the equator, or crime can each be put forward as the principle of things.

And if the origin of things is not like the ground of the planet that seems to be the base, but like the circular movement that the planet describes around a mobile center, then a car a clock, or a sewing machine could equally be accepted as the generative principle.

The two primary motions are rotation and sexual movement, whose combination is expressed by the locomotive's wheels and pistons.

These two motions are reciprocally transformed, the one into the other.

Thus one notes that the earth, by turning, makes animals and men have coitus, and (because the result is as much the cause as that which provokes it) that animals and men make the earth turn by having coitus.

It is the mechanical combination or transformation of these movements that the alchemists sought as the philosopher's stone.

It is through the use of this magically valued combination that one can determine the present position of men in the midst of the elements.

An abandoned shoe, a rotten tooth, a snub nose, the cook spitting in the soup of his masters are to love what a battle flag is to nationality.

An umbrella, a sexagenarian, a seminarian, the smell of rotten eggs, the hollow eyes of judges are the roots that nourish love.

A dog devouring the stomach of a goose, a drunken vomiting woman, a slobbering accountant, a jar of mustard represent the confusion that serves as the vehicle of love.

A man who finds himself among others is irritated because he does not know why he is not one of the others.

In bed next to a girl he loves, he forgets that he does not know why he is himself instead of the body he touches.

Without knowing it, he suffers from the mental darkness that keeps him from screaming that he himself is



the girl who forgets his presence while shuddering in his arms.

Love or infantile rage, or a provincial dowager's vanity, or clerical pornography, or the diamond of a soprano bewilder individuals forgotten in dusty apartments.

They can very well try to find each other; they will never find anything but parodic images, and they will fall asleep as empty as mirrors.

The absent and inert girl hanging dreamless from my arms is no more foreign to me than the door or window through which I can look or pass.

I rediscover indifference (allowing her to leave me) when I fall asleep, through an inability to love what happens.

It is impossible for her to know whom she will discover when I hold her, because she obstinately attains a complete forgetting.

The planetary systems that turn in space like rapid disks, and whose centers also move, describing an infinitely larger circle, only move away continuously from their own position in order to return it, completing their rotation.

Movement is a figure of love, incapable of stopping at a particular being, and rapidly passing from one to another.

But the forgetting that determines it in this way is only a subterfuge of memory.

A man gets up as brusquely as a specter in a coffin and falls in the same way.

He gets up a few hours later and then he falls again, and the same thing happens every day; this great coitus with the celestial atmosphere is regulated by the terrestrial rotation around the sun.

Thus even though terrestrial life moves to the rhythm of this rotation, the image of this movement is not turning earth, but the male shaft penetrating the female and almost entirely emerging, in order to reenter.

Love and life appear to be separate only because everything on earth is broken apart by vibrations of various amplitudes and durations.

However, there are no vibrations that are not conjugated with a continuous circular movement; in the same way, a locomotive rolling on the surface of the earth is the image of continuous metamorphosis.

Beings only die to be born, in the manner of phalluses that leave bodies in order to enter them.

Plants rise in the direction of the sun and then collapse in the direction of the ground.

Trees bristle the ground with a vast quantity of flowered shafts raised up to the sun.

The trees that forcefully soar end up burned by lightning, chopped down, or uprooted. Returned to the ground, they come back up in another form.

But their polymorphous coitus is a function of uniform terrestrial rotation.

The simplest image of organic life united with rotation is the tide. From the movement of the sea, uniform coitus of the earth with the moon, comes the polymorphous and organic coitus of the earth with the sun.

But the first form of solar love is a cloud raised up over the liquid element. The erotic cloud sometimes becomes a storm and falls back to earth in the form of rain, while lightning staves in the layers of the atmosphere.

The rain is soon raised up again in the form of an immobile plant.

Animal life comes entirely from the movement of the seas and, inside bodies, life continues to come from salt water.

The sea, then, has played the role of the female organ that liquefies under the excitation of the penis.

The sea continuously jerks off.

Solid elements, contained and brewed in water animated by erotic movement, shoot out in the form of flying fish.

The erection and the sun scandalize, in the same way as the cadaver and the darkness of cellars.

Vegetation is uniformly directed towards the sun; human beings, on the other hand, even though phallic like trees, in opposition to other animals, necessarily avert their eyes.

Human eyes tolerate neither sun, coitus, cadavers, nor obscurity, but with different reactions.

When my face is flushed with blood, it becomes red and obscene.

It betrays at the same time, through morbid reflexes, a bloody erection and a demanding thirst for indecency and criminal debauchery.

For that reason I am not afraid to affirm that my face is a scandal and that my passions are expressed only by the JESUVE.

The terrestrial globe is covered with volcanoes, which serve as its anus.

Although this globe eats nothing, it often violently ejects the contents of its entrails.

Those contents shoot out with a racket and fall back, streaming down the sides of the Jesuve, spreading death and terror everywhere.

In fact, the erotic movements of the ground are not fertile like those of the water, but they are far more rapid.

The earth sometimes jerks off in a frenzy, and everything collapses on its surface.

The Jesuve is thus the image of an erotic movement that burglarizes the ideas contained in the mind, giving them the force a scandalous eruption.

This eruptive force accumulates in those who are necessarily situated below.

Communist workers appear to the bourgeois to be as ugly and dirty as hairy sexual organs, or lower parts; sooner or later there will be a scandalous eruption in the course of which the asexual noble heads of the bourgeois will be chopped off.

The erotic revolutionary and volcanic deflagrations antagonize the heavens.

As in the case of violent love, they take place beyond the constraints of fecundity.

In opposition to celestial fertility there are terrestrial disasters, the image of terrestrial love without condition, erection without escape and without rule, scandal, and terror.

Love then screams in my own throat; I am the Jesuve, the filthy parody of the torrid and blinding sun.

I want to have my throat slashed while violating the girl to whom I will have been able to say: you are the night.

The Sun exclusively loves the Night and directs its luminous violence, its ignoble shaft, toward the earth, but finds itself incapable of reaching the gaze or the night, even though the nocturnal terrestrial expanses head continuously toward the indecency of the solar ray.

The *solar annulus* is the intact anus of her body at eighteen years to which nothing sufficiently blinding can be compared except the sun, even though the anus is night.

## INFRATEAL'S EXCELLENT ANALYSIS OF FANTASY ISLAND



### **Infrateal**

*It is imperative to exercise all-round dictatorship over the bourgeoisie and impermissible to give it up halfway.*

Nostalgic Cashew posted:

I remember reading an analysis this AS post some time ago, and it mentioned that the post came about 19 hours after the thread was started, and that the most likely scenario was that he wrote it, then found a thread it might fit in, and adapted portions of it such that it fit the thread. Which is why he periodically comes back to the op.

..Or he wrote it in a fit of psychosis in one long stretch. I'd say the odds are probably about even for either scenario.

this is actually really helpful, especially the 19 hour part, thanks. the post is so superbly wrought that some degree of adaptation of preexisting text seems likely, although the references to the forums are extensively ingrained and the overall structure is quite well-framed by the Fantasy Island conceit, particularly considering AS' introductory interpretation of Fantasy Island as "some kind of highly experimental and probably illegal form of psychotherapy" that "every guest on the island came away from [...] having learned what mistaken insecurity lead them to think that their life was somehow lacking and thereby giving rise to their wish-fulfillment fantasies in the first place."

The considerable overall unity of a text that is schizovocal in its narrative mode (compare the dumbed-down voice of the lamprey-ridden, aroused shark, the thorough and precise instructions on how to use a centrifuge to adulterate a sperm sample, the evocative, queasily erotic description of the methadone makeouts, the sheer creative typhoon of the absurdist mythological litanies) and not only wide-ranging but intricately distinct in its content makes me suspect that, contrary to a whole story being decanted into a post, the OP of the thread was the catalyst for assembling disparate anecdotes and ideas into a single manifold text.

It's the forums framing device and the aspect of Fantasy Island as mechanism for psychoanalysis that drives and connects the story; i would go so far as to say the story is *primarily* a vicarious Fantasy Island experience, where AS recounts his fantasy, dissects and explores it, for the purpose of reflecting on what it says about his own psyche. That he becomes caught up in (or places priority on a preexisting fragment where he gives) an impassioned paean to what certainly appears to be a sincerely-held philosophical belief in the goodness of biologically annihilating binary sexuality is both the most uniquely compelling facet of the text and its greatest structural anomaly; he has transcended his own sexual self-analysis by exhaustively, technically and poetically, and above all *plausibly* positing a physical totalization of human sexuality wherein his own self-analysis becomes infinitely insignificant.

This would represent an extravagant failure or abandonment of the self-reflective strain of the text if it were not beautifully executed and, again, rendered surprisingly plausible by AS' blatant intelligence and familiarity with medicine. Instead it truly performs a narrative transcendence whereby the use of Fantasy Island as a mechanism-mirror reflecting AS' mind gives way to AS' image, his transcendent vision, outshining its duplicating machine and shattering it; the inversion is directly narrated in the conclusion:

quote:

Now, the question is, what neat psychological insight can you offer me so that I can see I was already a perfectly good person before I got the money?

That's the real riddle of Fantasy Island.

AS has used his specular image to reflect its own mirror, and found the mirror wanting. Fantasy Island cannot account for his utopia.

# Josh Lerner's "About Lines of Flight"

I offered my thoughts initially merely as line of flight  
- *adaptive systems, Pledge to Celibacy*

"Lines of flight are everywhere. They constitute the available means of escape from the forces of repression and stratification. Even the most intense strata are riddled with lines of flight." – Miguel Rojas-Sotelo

Lines of flight are creative and liberatory escapes from the standardization, oppression, and stratification of society. Lines of flight, big or small, are available to us at any time and can lead in any direction. They are instances of thinking and acting 'outside of the box', with a greater understanding of what the box is, how it works, and how we can break it open and perhaps transform it for the better. The concept of lines of flight was developed by the French philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari. It serves as an inspiration and challenge for my work, amongst other things. Below is more explanation and discussion of lines of flight, or at least one interpretation.

For Example

Let's look at skateboarding. Since the 1960s, youth (and others) have used skateboarding as an escape from boredom and a different way to enjoy public spaces. They have used sidewalks, ledges, and steps as playgrounds – places to experiment with new creative activities. These activities, however, often have not conformed to the standard uses of public spaces. Some cities have outlawed skateboarding in public spaces, or tried to deter skaters by adding spikes to ledges, dividing steps with handrails, or building ridges on railings. Cities have also built separate skateparks, confining skateboarding to regulated spaces and isolate skaters from the rest of the city.

At the same time, skaters developed new forms of expression, for example through music and clothes. Skatepunk bands and baggy pants may have become popular initially as escapes from the mainstream, but soon the recording and fashion industries began to redefine them. Corporations discovered new ways to turn skateboarding into a profitable business, through video games, magazines, high-profile tournaments, and TV shows.

For Deleuze and Guattari, skateboarding would be an example of deterritorializing lines of flight being captured and reterritorialized as striated space by the state apparatus!

First, youth seek to escape from the standardization of everyday life through a creative new activity – a line of flight. Originally darting off in any direction and place, these lines of flight challenged some of the boundaries and constraints limiting what people can do in public spaces. They helped to deterritorialize skateboarding. By removing boundaries and constraints, skaters promoted spaces where any sort of action is possible and unobstructed – smooth space.

These lines of flight are often captured, for example within skateparks and corporate industries. In these regulated spaces, skateboarding is redefined as a certain type of activity that should occur in certain places by people wearing certain clothes and listening to certain types of music. Skateboarding is thus reterritorialized within new boundaries and constraints. Rather than smooth space where anything is possible, skateboarding is forced into striated space, where options for movement are limited to rigid strata and uniform lines of thought and action.

Reterritorialization is not a passive process. Governments pass laws limiting skateboarding in public spaces, schools ban skateboarding on their property, developers build physical obstructions to skateboarding, corporations market must-have skateboarding products, and media promote skateparks and skateboarding-related consumption. Together, these institutions govern and control social activities, societal order, and even people's desires. Deleuze and Guattari refer to this entire structure as the state apparatus.

Diagram courtesy of Professor Sue Ruddick.

Why might this matter?

Lines of flight, and the other concepts described above, can help us critically understand our social, cultural, and political experiences. Through the lens of deterritorialization and reterritorialization, we can learn how government, media, schools, and corporations limit our possible actions. We can also understand why the state apparatus tries to capture flows of money, commodities, people, and ideas, by exploring how the surpluses extracted from these flows maintain and strengthen state power. For example, how the capture of immigration flows provides corporations with cheap immigrant workers that reduce labor costs.

How to Embark on a Line of Flight

To embark on a line of flight, start from where you are. First, find a stratum or sphere of thought within the existing system and familiarize yourself with it. In the process, search for available lines of flight from within the stratum. When you find an enticing line of flight, explore it. In the skateboarding example, the stratum could be the range of acceptable behavior in a public square. Ordinarily, you would perhaps read, eat your lunch, sit and talk with a friend, or people-watch. After exploring these standard options and the characteristics of the space, you might also decide to skateboard on the central fountain... or perhaps have a swim in it... or have a barbecue... or play a game of checkers... or practice public theater... or start a book club... or...



### Quotes about Lines of Flight

“This is how it should be done: Lodge yourself on a stratum, experiment with the opportunities it offers, find an advantageous place on it, find potential movements of deterritorialization, possible lines of flight, experience them, produce flow conjunctions here and there, try out continuums of intensities segment by segment, have a small plot of new land at all times. It is through a meticulous relation with the strata that one succeeds in freeing lines of flight...” – Deleuze and Guattari

"From lines of division and separation to nomadic lines of flight - lines that carry us away, a flow of deterritorialization" – Deleuze

“One will bolster oneself directly on a line of flight enabling one to blow apart strata, cut roots, and make new connections.” – Deleuze and Guattari

“Territorialities, then, are shot through with lines of flight testifying to the presence within them of movements of deterritorialization and reterritorialization.” – Deleuze and Guattari

“Find your black holes and white walls, know them, know your faces; it is the only way you will be able to dismantle them and draw your lines of flight.” – Deleuze and Guattari

“Withdraw allegiance from the old categories of the Negative (law, limit, castration, lack, lacuna), which the Western thought has so long held sacred as a form of power and an access to reality. Prefer what is positive and multiple, difference over uniformity, flows over unities, mobile arrangements over systems. Believe that what is productive is not sedentary but nomadic.” – Michel Foucault

“How can sense and meaning be oriented differently or organized in alternative, coherent communicative apparatuses? How can we discover and direct the performative lines of linguistic sets and communicative networks that create the fabric of life and production?” – Michael Hardt & Antonio Negri