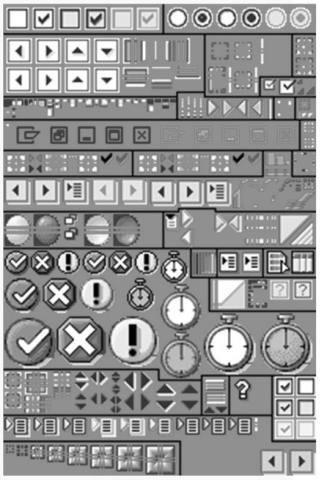
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Drugs are not the real enemy: they are the pretext for building the apparatus of control.

Burroughs is perfectly clear: media, police, the army, fear, and blinders are enough. You do not even need a real majority: ten percent plus the police and the army are sufficient.

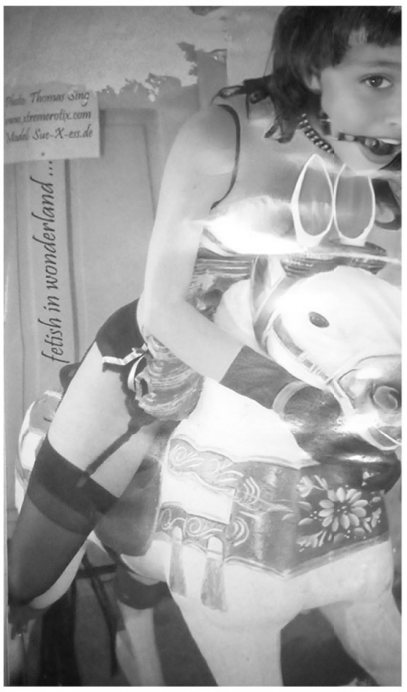
Now...
I want to skip dinner, but I cant. I cant dinner drug. I eat zucchini because Im on a diet. Not drugs.
My father put me on a diet because I had an unbelievable hysterical breakdown a few days earlier.
Then I ask if I can go to sleep.
I want to download porn from Tor Browser to share it with my chat friends who also give me money for this thing but I fall asleep with the phone in my hand.
Christ Syndrome: a grotesque epidemic in which the victims believe they have miraculous powers, go around healing people, accuse others of being the Son of Man, become violent, and produce literalist cults, implacable forgivers, lethal lovers.
//I go visit my uncles because I play PlayStation with [illegible]s daughter.//
Not because Im a loser.
No.
Her brother is kind of a loser, okay, what do I care
Note//
The Great Lie works like this: if you want to destroy someone, accuse that person precisely of what they love or protect.
Example from the text: if someone loves cats and protects cats, accuse them of killing cats. The lie will have the taste of truth, while their denials will seem like falsehoods.
protection inverted accusation
love proof of guilt
defense suspicion
fact irrelevant
media truth construction



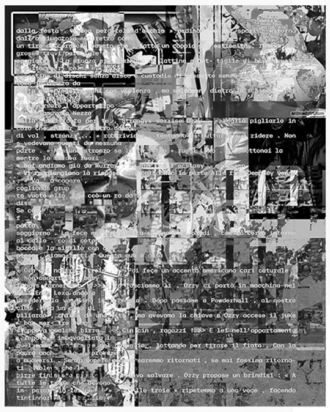


Posta

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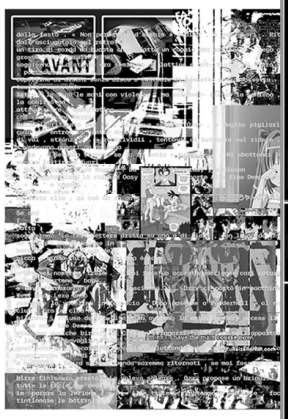


Che c'è di nuovo



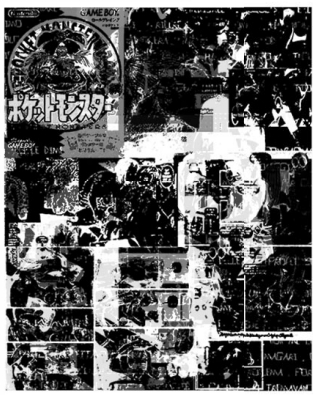
Chi seguire

Elon Musk
@elonmusk









Daddy wants me to look him in the eyes, straight in the eyes, and I dont like looking people in the eyes, but I do it because hes pissed off.

Being forced to look him in the eyes makes me want to cry, because I dont like being forced to do things.

Looking someone in the eyes for five minutes is an enormous amount of time.

Enormous.

Huge for a conversation.

The real explanation isnt that I didnt buy the ticket, Daddy.

I tell him with the force of thought.
Its how I spent the money you gave me.
What the fuck am I supposed to tell you, Dad?
I spent it.
On stupid shit.
On stupid shit.
I dont know.
(Not stupid shit. I bought twenty dollars worth of acid. One trip. With the romantic-friendship discount from the dealer.)

Xx 4: ask kUr
LOG_KURNIKOVA // Transcript //
PRIVATE MESSAGE

KUbric: Xx4, did you see what kind of photos they were?

Artas Princes: //httpxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx- XD

KUBRIC: XX4 lol lol what am I looking at ah ah

Artas Prince: tag_Kubo

XX4: cant see anything. Ah ha

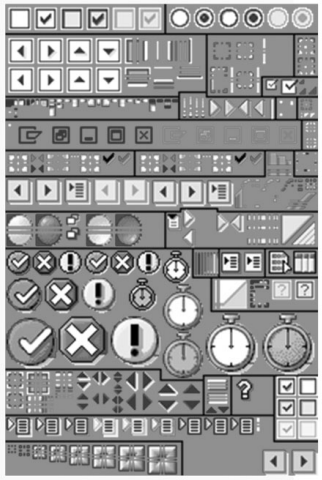
KUBRIC: but is it true shes dead? Ha ah :D

(I spend an hour talking with KUbric about what a kid body is like and why it could make sense that she died from internal bleeding,

even though the photo really looks fake to me.

I took my fhater s dick when i was 10, and I didnt die. I dont remember if it hurt. If I think about it now, I remember that it hurt. I remember what I said, but Im not sure at all I can say how much it hurt, from 1 to 10. I forgot.

Maybe the fakir had a huge dick daddy had normal equipment.



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Chi seguire

COSPLAY ;MOOD BOARD



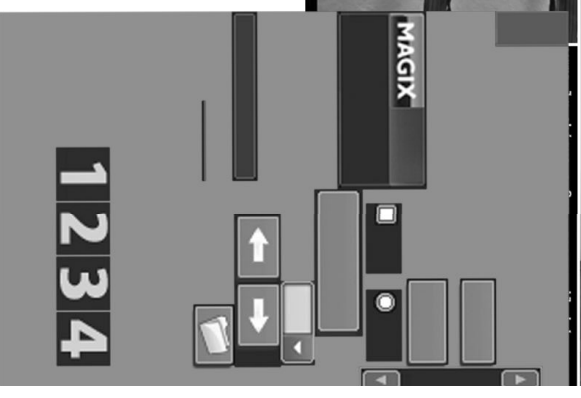








salience





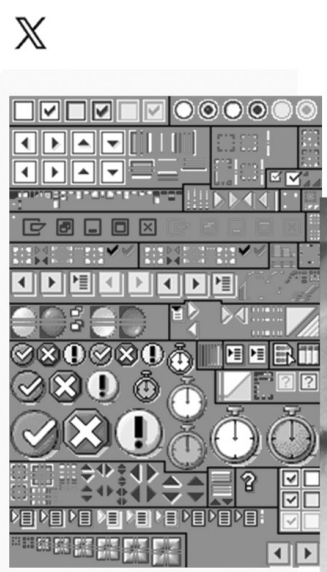


Gabriel Matzneff Pornography, Literary Capital, Abuse

Matzneff is a different case from Nabokov. InLolita, Nabokov constructs a literary machine of self-exculpation: he lets the monster speak, exposing his rhetoric and his ability to turn abuse into style, seduction, and narrative. The risk is that many readers may confuse the refinement of the narrative machine with the allure of its content.

Matzneff, by contrast, does not remain on the level of representation. In his case, the libertine, literary, and philosophical posture becomes a form of symbolic capital used to make abuse socially speakable and culturally tolerable. After the publication of Vanessa Springora Le Consentemen in January 2020, in which Springora recounts the abusive relationship that began when she was 14 and Matzneff was around 49, the case publicly exploded in France and also led to the opening of judicial investigations.

The point, then, is not philosophical pornography, nor literary transgression. The point is more brutal: an erotic theory can function as a cover, as a device of prestige, as the cultural armor of abuse. Literature does not automatically redeem the material; it can also protect it, ennoble it, make it acceptable in salons, and remove it for years from its own evidence.



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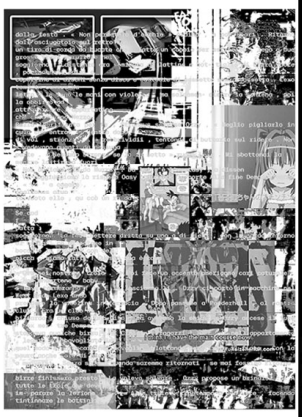
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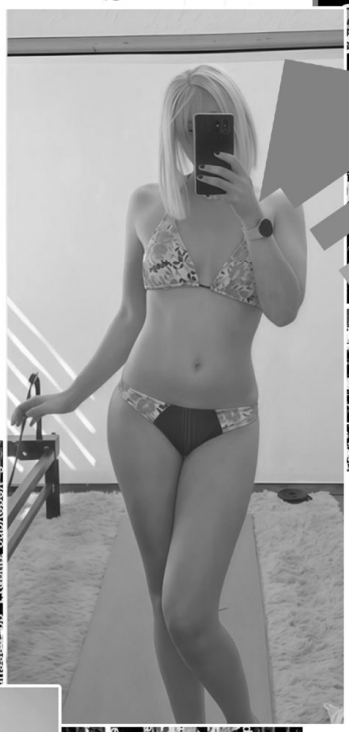
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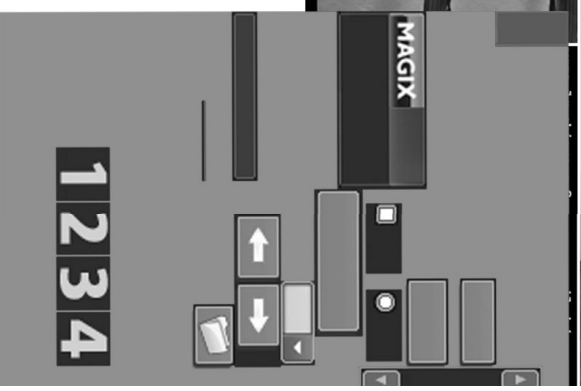








salience







In the 1980s, pornography became the target of a political and moral war. The Meese Commission attempted to construct pornography as a cause of social harm, while censorship operated not only through direct prohibition, but also through economic, legal, and reputational pressure.

Obscenity law depended on unstable community standards, which meant that legality was never fully attached to the image itself, but to geography, prosecution, juries, and local moral climates. Repression could damage or destroy a market even without consistently winning in court.

The Freeman case defended, at least in part, consensual pornographic production as a form of filmmaking rather than pandering. Yet the War on Porn also deployed heavy legal instruments, including RICO prosecutions and asset seizures, turning pornography into a target of infrastructural attack.

Moral crusaders often revealed sexual contradictions and hypocrisies of their own. At the same time, AIDS transformed the performers body into a site of risk, testing, documentation, and productive anxiety. Professional pornography could also generate burnout and de-eroticization, turning sex into technical procedure, choreography, and industrial labor.

The camcorder opened the amateur phase. Amateur porn sold authenticity: the promise of bodies, scenes, and desires not yet fully absorbed by professional production. Domestic technology made the sexual scene more accessible, but also more exposed. Internet and cyberspace promised a further leap: more interaction, more proximity, more control, and more risk.

The history of modern pornography is therefore a history of access conflicts: access to the image, access to the body, access to the market, access to distribution, access to visibility, and recurring attempts to close down what each new technology reopens.

Every technical medium lowers a barrier. Every lowered barrier generates a new panic. Every panic attempts to raise the barrier again through law, stigma, cost, or fear.

$$P(k;\lambda) = \frac{e^{-\lambda}\lambda^{k}}{k!}$$



$$IG = H(\text{nodo padre}) - \sum_i \frac{D_i}{D} H(D_i)$$

$$P(c \mid x) = \frac{1}{Z(x)} \prod_i \alpha_i^{f_i(x,c)}$$

$$P(c \mid x) = \frac{\exp\left(\sum_i \lambda_i f_i(x,c)\right)}{\sum_{c'} \exp\left(\sum_i \lambda_i f_i(x,c')\right)}$$

$$d \to TF(d) \to TFIDF(d) \to LSI(d) \to C(d)$$

$$\cos(d_i, d_j) = \frac{d_i \cdot d_j}{\|d_i\| \|d_j\|}$$

$$A = TSD^T$$

$$A_k = T_k S_k D_k^T$$

$$\|A - A_k\|_2$$

$$\log P(c \mid x) = \sum_i \lambda_i f_i(x,c) - \log Z(x)$$

I remember when your boyfriend wanted to beat me up. Do you remember? God, we were all such losers back then. Me included. The three of us were pathetic. Ive been keeping an eye on that old boyfriend of yours for a while now.

$$P(k) = \pi P(k;\lambda_1) + (1-\pi) P(k;\lambda_2)$$

$$IDF(w) = \log \frac{N}{df_w}$$

$$\lambda_1 < \lambda_2$$

$$df_w \approx N \Rightarrow IDF(w) \approx 0$$

$$df_w \ll N \Rightarrow IDF(w) \text{ elevato}$$

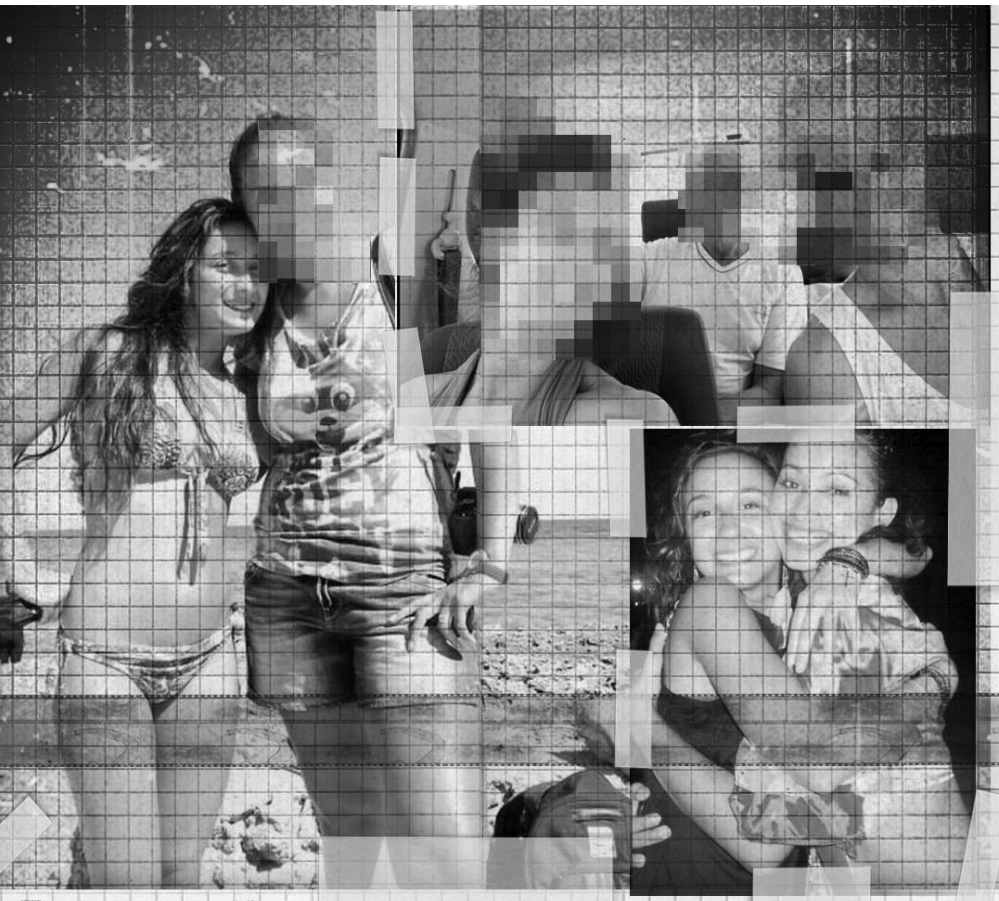
$$TFIDF(w,d) = TF(w,d) \cdot IDF(w)$$

$$Accuracy = \frac{TP + TN}{TP + TN + FP + FN}$$

$$Precision = \frac{TP}{TP + FP}$$

$$Recall = \frac{TP}{TP + FN}$$


Radio24
LA ZANZARA
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Behavioral Psychology
Specialist, Coach, and Social Media
Manager



YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

STAY WOKE

Reclaim Agency, Make Power Resistible

A Monthly Article by Harry Jay Foster

It is a reflexive circuit. ~~There is no need to imagine a secret room in which political leaders and technology companies precisely determine the final result.~~ It is enough for different actors to learn how to exploit the same infrastructure: communications firms, coordinated networks, advertisers, influencers, political groups, and platforms. An initial manipulation may be interpreted by the system as genuine interest. The system can then amplify it, transforming it into actual distribution. ~~The machine does not necessarily need to share the ideology of the content.~~ It only needs to detect that the content produces activity. The Problem Is Not Only What We See Every action we perform generates data. Not only the final click, but the time spent, the speed of scrolling, the words typed, the images observed, the content ignored, the corrections, the hesitations, and the patterns of return. We do not always know which of these data are stored, for how long, in what form, or with which other signals they are connected. We do not know exactly how a con-

---

Ecdotics, complexity, factors straddling scientific disciplines and the humanities: the arrow of time, rhetorical strategy, immersed in its own time.

BESTA FATHER OF THE YEARS.

Science, simulation and communication. Changes in methodological approaches. Uniformitarianism: laws remain the same in form and across space. An essential concept for all science, for natural philosophy.

ittle Emily eight, nine, ten, eleven years old writes tender letters to Mark Hamster, her father, an inmate on death row in the largest slaughterhouse in America.

PREMISE

Why Mark Hamster is on death row.

Triple homicide: his ex-wife and his two children, who were also his stepchildren.

PARTICULAR FEATURES

Apparently his glass eye made a bad impression on the jury.
But the poor bastard lost that eye because of those on-of-a-bitch tycoons. He was working on a construction site in Detroit when a steel cable snapped loose, whipped through the air, and took his eye out. Hit him dead center. But those tycoons gave him protective goggles, didnt they? Sure they did.what sons of bitches.--

---

Jack was the town phenomenon.

The adults forgave him because he won football games, the teachers passed him just to get rid of him, the men at the grain elevators admired him, his friends followed him, Wanda Jo idolized him.

So when he later ruined everything, it was not an external accident: it was the return of something Holt itself had fed.

Jack Burdette is not merely the guilty man who returns: he is the mythological product of a community that transformed strength, arrogance, and irresponsibility into charm.

Too big for the place, but not in the romantic sense: physically too big, . Huge, too much gym I heard someone say he had put steroids into his dick. He was unpleasant, but he was also able to drag other people along with him. At school he became a legend because during gym class he would show up in cycling shorts, a kind of skin-tight swimsuit, and to make his package look bigger he stuffed cotton inside it inside the costume I mean ... Nobody ever dared to make fun of him.

Because he was a mountain of muscle and aggression, and the teachers could not say anything to him because, if they had said anything, he would have accused them of sexual harassment, gay harassment, and that would have been the end of the community. I read a splatter news item. a 9 years old kid was killed during sex by some kind of fakir, an Indian religious man; she died from internal hemorrhaging, and these are the kinds of things you find fairly often on the web, when it comes to artillery. That was not a cotton stuff booster ... lo

//GEEK ANSWER. Com//

Kubrick: Mirror? Mirro?

Kubrick: mirror what?

This content has been removed by the Geek Anxiety filters.

//Mirror?

//Mirro?

// for an experiment
I burned paper with one of the lenses from my prescription glasses. And fuck, Jesus Christ This dumb shit works. It doesnt only work in comic books. It works here too, on death row. Assholes. Guards, assholes. I made fire. I am Jesus Christ. Do you understand, you broken-ass motherfuckers? Jesus Christ.Jesus Christ.
//

Excerpt from the disciplinary report

.mmkthanhoa 2011.


KAPUT
KAPUT

//and I was scared they might hurt you, Daddy. This adventure isnt funny. I love you so much. Thank you for telling me how you defended yourself from the Black man who wanted to become your boyfriend. Now I know that my daddy doesnt love men, and he wont get sick from queer blood.

I hope Mom agrees to come live near the prison with the mobile home, because I miss you so, so, sooooo much.//

xxxx

ABUSE: while Im transcribing this stuff from the Telegram channel family therapy, Im on the train coming home from school. Okay, and this bitch comes up to me wanting my train ticket, and I tell her: fuck no, Im not buying tikets into this fucking heteronormative government with a woman doing a mans job.

Sure, easy to pick on me. Im on a train full of North African throat-cutters and you ask me for the ticket, bitch?

I get it. Those Black guys scare you. Then be a housewife, not a ticket inspector.

Okay, go ahead, whore. Insult me, obviously. Lecture me. I stare out the window, trying to see if I can find the exact place where Im supposed to give a fuck about anything this bitch is saying, picking on schoolgirls because the grown punks make her piss herself.

No, I tell her

Fucking heteronormative bitch, Im not giving you the fucking ticket because I dont have one, and Im not giving you any fucking documents either, you fucking Nazi.

xxxx

Bugaku is a Japanese court dance that preserves continental performative elements now lost in their countries of origin.

She called the police.

At the stop, the police arrest me.

Now Im sitting here in this little police interrogation room, minding my own business on my computer, while Mr. Shit has to write up my statement and wait for the Pentagon to confirm that I am, in fact, the person I said I was.

Meanwhile I get their heteronormative crap dumped straight into my brain.

On a train full of pissed-off Black guys, they stop a schoolgirl.

They ask me why Im writing, and I tell them Im taking notes.

What the fuck are you going to do?

LOL.

Charge me for taking notes?

LOL.

```
```

Origins of gigaku:

pre-Tang China;
India;
Tibet;
Central Asia;
nomadic peoples;
Buddhism;
perhaps even indirect links with Greece and Rome through the Near East.

~~Masks, myths, phallic forms, demonic or satirical figures may belong to a very long circulation of images, rituals, and performative models.domestic gesture omitted~~

(OMISSION) (abuse n2)

I go home.

Okay, Im writing this on 04/17/2026, which means the day after, so the shit Im telling you happened yesterday, when I got home.

The first thing I did, since I was a little high, was sweat for a while then I did all the housework I hadnt done before going to school.

While I was waiting for Dad, I drank a cold espresso I had abandoned in my room.

Takarazuka:

It begins as a girls company and school, connected to a project of modern, family-friendly, spectacular entertainment. Over time, it becomes one of the most popular forms of Japanese theatre.

Characteristics:

an entirely female cast;
male roles performed by specialized actresses;
a strong romantic dimension;
shows designed for a family audience;
extensive use of dance, revue, lavish costumes, and mass choreography;
a mixture of Japanese and Western themes;
light but carefully controlled eroticism;
a spectacular Las Vegas-style formula, but without aggressive nudity.

But the audience becomes mainly female, often teenagers or young women from the middle and upper classes.

Takarazuka becomes almost synonymous with romantic fantasy: the female star performing the ideal male role.

Then I cry because Im too high.

Two things at once: one MDMA pill I had almost come down from, and a psychiatric drug I bought with a forged prescription.

Im sleepy and Im crying while Dad looks me straight in the eyes.

I ask him if I can go take a shower, but before I get permission to stop looking him in the eyes, I have to keep crying for several more minutes.

Then I take a shower.

I think about how much life sucks, but because of the benzodiazepines I forget what I was thinking about, and I dont think about much of anything.

Only that I have to be careful not to fall, because Im still a little high.

STAR NUMBER

Maybe This Time from Cabaret;

Usnavi in In the Heights;
George in Sunday in the Park with George;
numbers in which the performer addresses the audience more directly.

Here the directorial problem is delicate: the number has to be spectacular, but it must not feel disconnected from the story.

The audience has to accept the passage:

narrative performance return to narrative

The director has to help the actor make that passage feel motivated.

INTERVIEW

Private message.

//: Hi David,

,
(not very interesting stuff)

//: I only had 3 experiences with those guys, but my family was fine with it as a game, it's true that I never complained, to be honest ... I complained only once. But as soon as I went to an adult, they stopped, what an idiot ... I was thinking about it now, I just said, /they make me angry/ XD /what?/ (no sense) lol ... how do they make you angry? And I dropped it, in the end, who the hell cared ...

//: haha I'm curious what they did to make you angry ...

//: lol, nothing special, maybe it was just the slimy way they did it, who knows! They had sat on this flea-bitten couch, in the basement of their grandma's house where everything already looked like the set of a porn movie,..

Okay, if I really think about it now, that morning my mother had put me in this shitty dress it was like, some floral dress, and it still embarrasses me now and I had white tights on. I looked like I was dressed for a funeral.

The guys didn't do anything to me, they just touched my hair and put a hand on my legs, ... that was it, to be honest

God knows how much people must have laughed at me, seeing me done up like that that day.

No big deal. Not even if they found the dick. If they were looking for it, that was their problem.

INTERWIEV

We played a whole evening of tag and when they caught me they would run a hand between my legs, right on my pussy, ok ... putting his fingers in, from the pussy to the back, that is, in the middle of the ass.

Okay, I was wearing shorts. We played all evening. The absurd thing is, when I think back on it, I laugh I had fun. I mean, if you think about it if I liked it, I cant exactly go complain to someone, can I? That would make me an asshole. And okay, who gives a fuck, I dont need a psychiatrist anyway.

It's clear that I didn't mind being touched.

Excited? I dont know but in some ways I was really hyped up, Wet? No, I didnt have that kind of physical reaction, I dont know if that happens at that age..

it never happened to me in real life ....

I didnt go looking it up on Google, anyway... it didnt bother me, no.

Do you remember that time my parents went to stay with their neighbours for a week? I was five years old, still so little, and they left me at home with you. I cried almost the whole time. You gave me a teddy bear. From that day on, I stopped crying

Thank you for all the affection youve shown me during this period. On social media Ive received several threats.

Even at school Im not treated well. In the class of a certain professor, who assigns ridiculous tasks like writing reviews of books written by his friends he keeps misgendering me.

I actually put effort into this review, and I read the whole fucking book by this guy, who calls himself a philosopher. Like, seriously? I have to do this shit to graduate?

...

But sure, I write garbage, obviously. He writes things that change your life, and half the class, the moment he finishes talking, is ready to suck his dick. What a bunch of ass-licking larvae.

The ridiculous thing is that this asshole actually enjoys being sucked up to by those ass-licking larvae.

If you dont understand a fucking thing about life, in my opinion you shouldnt be a professor.


SHE WAS 14 LOL
BRUTALITY

Ary had a moment of empathy, faced with my total refusal, my complete unwillingness to be her fucking adopted daughter. I told her I would kill her in her sleep if she even tried to adopt me.

If they had kept me with them, I would have hated them forever. I would not have spoken. I would have hurt myself. My life would have been over.

Luckily, they believed me. They took my word for it, and I did not have to prove that I really would have hurt myself, them, their house, their shitty dog, and their hamsters.

What still pisses me off, though, is that these people, these respectable people, think they did something against my own interest. They did it out of Jesus-Christic inspiration but they do not know that if they had not done it, I would have killed them with scissors.

Or I would have shot them with JJs gun, the one we hid when he died. Then we would have run away to Mexico and become drug traffickers.

But that is not how it went.

So death has been postponed for now.

lol. Stupid death.

Lets celebrate the birthday.

Arianna Class 2B

I wasnt really that stupid, because he felt like emptying his balls on anything he could find, a porno, a steak... his sister

I think I took it partly as a game and partly as a strategy, because Id always thought: if Harry found a girlfriend, what would happen to me? Would I just die there with Mike the moron doing dumb-ass shit?? I already felt like shit in that house full of heteronormative brains.

I used to steal Mikes cigarettes, and a few dollars to buy purple marijuana.

With Mike the moron in that house, I needed my brother. I couldnt even bear the thought that he might go and live somewhere else without me

I dont know.

I wonder now whether, back then, when I was just a little girl, I could really have reasoned like that.

Whether, on some deep level of my mind, I did reason like that because thats the way I reason now.

The only thing Im good at is thinking things through.

What I definitely didn't know was what the expression "emptying one's balls" meant. Not that. I didn't know, I remember because I asked around.

I remember he said to me, Lets hope there isnt algae in the hot tub.

God, what rotten luck. The conversation went more or less like this:

//I ask him how he manages to walk with a penis between his legs, isn't it uncomfortable?//

I point out to him how ugly his dick is, it's really disgusting, it looks like a part of an alien

Elfriede Jelinek
Die Ausgesperrten
The Excluded
The Outcasts
Postwar Austria
Rainer Witkowski
Anna Witkowski
Hans
Sophie
former SS
violent family
adolescence
social class
nihilism
Camus
punitive Catholicism
domestic violence
residual fascism
crime as formation

The Neptunists looked for the Earths history in water; the Plutonists looked for it in subterranean fire. Modern geology begins when it realizes that the Earth is shaped by both: sedimentation and magma, surface and depth, erosion and uplift

I learned how to clean up sperm in the bathtub.
Question
Would this skill have come in handy in my life?
Answer
Yes

When I worked as an escort, after every client I would clean everything as if I had committed a murder, and ever since then Ive had this feeling that sooner or later Im going to kill someone.

I think I could do it without getting caught, but obviously thats what all serial killers say. I dont actually want to be a serial killer in life I only ran a test to see whether I could kill Mike without getting caught, in case the story I had lived through with JJ happened again, and in case Hary and Mike tried to stop me from moving in with Harry.

Okay, it may sound strange to you that I was reasoning like this at eleven years old. Okay, it wasnt entirely my own idea. When I came home from school, and I was in my first year of middle school, I used to watch true crime on Harys Sky channel. I watched it from about 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., until Mike the Moron and Hary came back from work. As soon as school was over, Harry had to move out because Mike the Moron didnt want him in the house anymore he had to leave the house. They were kicking him out, somehow.Okay, obviously, yes.When they make your life unbearable, they are kicking you out of the house. And if you are willing to sleep in your car, you leave even before you have the money.

Genghis Khan builds an empire by turning mobile tribes into a command machine; at his death, the problem becomes the opposite: preventing that machine from dissolving back into clans, ulus, rivalries, and local appetites.

Drugs do not appear as an accident outside society, but as its chemical truth: a culture that can no longer give meaning produces substances, screens, consumption, and artificial approval to keep emptied individuals standing.Drug addiction is the extreme symptom of a society already addicted: to success, medication, screens, the group, approval, and the escape from suffering.

My notes for killing Mike the Moron:

Dont hide your trail. Make it consistent with your alibi. (very important!)

Your version of events, Kate, is a story you tell yourself every day. You never write it down, but you learn it by heart. To be safe, its better to learn it backwards too. Sometimes cops ask you to tell things in reverse, or from the middle, or back and forth.

Everything that happens in the world has to make sense with your story: the latent signal from your phone, the searches you make online, the keywords, the number of steps if your phone has an accelerometer, the photos you post on Facebook, and what you tell the people you meet

Everything has to be genuinely consistent with your alibi.
in drag, the double body, profanation, and pornographic and necrophilic artifice openly displayed as construction.
Formula to remem
The Cinema of Transgression uses the ugly, the dirty, the poor, the disturbing, and the ridiculous as weapons against orderly, moral, academic, and commercial cinema.

They Eat Scum, 1979
A very low-budget, aggressive Super-8 film connected to the idea of. It stages marginal bodies, violence, degradation, satire, and rebellion.

The Bogus Man, 1980
A sci-fi political short film against Reagan and against the illusion of democracy. Its central theme is politicians as clones: interchangeable figures produced by the system.

Geek Maggot Bingo or The Freak from Suckweasel Mountain,
A chaotic pastiche of horror, science fiction, Mlis, Expressionism, low-budget cinema, and two-dimensional sets. The film does not hide the poverty of its means: it exposes it.

The Wild World of Lydia Lunch, 1983
A more diaristic and intimate medium-length film, close to the film diaries of Jonas Mekas. The film uses stolen/assembled images and audio by Lydia Lunch.

Thrust in Me, with Richard Kern
An extreme short film featuring Zedd

Starship Troopers The Best Movie Ive Ever Seen: Militarism as Perfect Advertis

Starship Troopers is politically, mega-macho central. White-central too. Because it does not simply stage war: it stages the aesthetic machinery that makes war desirable for straight white males.

Heinleins novel was already accused of militarism, para-fascism, and xenophobia. Verhoevens film takes that material and pushes it into a deliberately excessive visual regime for straight white males: Nazi-looking uniforms, solemn oaths, imperial eagles, the cult of military discipline, beautiful young bodies not gay, officially, but absolutely readable as a gay erotic fantasy clean faces, heroic poses, and an enemy reduced to an undifferentiated mass of monstrous insects.

I havent tried to kill anyone again. The Teofarm package leaflet for your shitty product talks absolute bullshit: you dont die from 500 mg of ferrous sulfate. You dont even die from a thousand. Fucking idiots.

Ha ha, though it did take him a while to recover lol lol.

I only told Harry this story three years later, when things between us had gotten a little better

---

I was confused, but I wasnt disgusted, and it didnt bother me I only wanted Harry

Then we had snacks cornflakes, I think and watched Cartoon Network.

.

Contemporary pornography is not merely a hard-core genre, but a widespread cultural phenomenon.

On/scenity brings onto the scene what had previously been kept off-scene.

Linda Williams criticizes overly monolithic antipornography readings.

Pornography can be taught as a genre, an archive, and a discursive device.

In the classroom, the issue is not only pornography itself, but the possibility of speaking about sex.

Reactions to pornography reveal identities, fears, norms, genders, and vulnerabilities.

The Starr Report transforms a political investigation into a national sexual spectacle.

The report functions as an involuntary, polymorphous pornographic text.

Foucault helps us read sexual confession as a dispositif of power.

Austin helps us read impeachment and testimony as performative

The 16mm format was decisive in the emergence of the hard-core feature film. Storefront theaters created an alternative, semi-legal exhibition circu it, while the low cost of 16mm production lowered the economic threshold for entry and allowed a rapid proliferation of small producers. Beaver films gradually evolved into simulation features in response to audience boredom and market pressure. Narrative became a tool of differentiation, legitimation, and audience expansion: it helped attract couples and women, while also giving exhibitors firmer cultural and legal ground. The crucial distinction between simulation features and hard-core features did not lie primarily in narrative structure, but in the threshold of visual validation of the sexual act.

The hard-core feature was therefore not the natural destiny of pornography. It emerged contingently from a combination of industrial, technological, legal, and cultural conditions: competition, low production costs, 16mm technology, storefront theaters, audience demand, boredom with short films, the search for narrative, changing legal conditions, and competition with Hollywood and sexploitation cinema.

In this sense, the hard-core feature was not the inevitable result of progressive sexual liberalization, but the product of a specific media ecology. The 16mm format lowered the economic barrier of pornographic production and transformed the adult film field by enabling faster, cheaper, more flexible vectors of production.

At the same time, this new vector destabilized the previous avant-garde. The old sexploitation establishment, which had often defended itself through the language of freedom, transgression, and I talk and think as I see fit, became an obstacle to even faster and more future-oriented vectors. Once it occupied the new horizon, it tried to preserve its monopoly over that horizon, resisting the cheaper and more explicit 16mm producers who were pushing beyond it.Later, video shifted pornography from the theater to the home. The VCR changed the relation between spectator and image: pornography was no longer only a public or semi-public event, but a domestic, repeatable, controllable, tactile encounter with the screen. Video pornography is therefore not merely content; it is technology, editing, tactility, domestic consumption, and a new arrangement of visual pleasure. Baudrillard and Jameson read pornography as a model of postmodern vision: a world of surfaces, commodities, simulacra, repetition, and visual consumption. Melendez complicates this account by insisting that the spectator is not only an eye, but also a body. Video pornography does not simply show bodies; it addresses and moves the viewers body through rhythm, texture, montage, repetition, and technological mediation.In Naked Highway, the video apparatus is made visible inside the scene itself: the viewer watches a character watching pornography on a screen, making the VCR, television, cassette, and domestic viewing space part of the erotic structure. In Shock, the syntax of video editing, strobe, fragmentation, close-up, and visual intensity becomes almost the true site of pleasure.

Video pornography attempts to make pleasure visible, but it also encounters the limit of representation. The more it tries to show

Los Angeles in the 1980s becomes a contact zone between pornography and Hollywood. Many performers enter the adult industry not simply in search of pornography, but in search of visibility, attention, career, escape, or stardom. Pornography makes explicit a logic of promise and exploitation that already exists, in more disguised forms, within mainstream entertainment.

Shauna Grant becomes the tragic myth of shattered innocence: the Midwestern girl-next-door transformed into an image, then absorbed by drugs, fame, pressure, and tabloid narration. Her death becomes both a media event and anti-pornographic evidence. Ginger Lynn, by contrast, embodies the star of the video era: a performer whose image circulates through videocassettes, box covers, repetition, and domestic consumption.

Video of S. Grand autopsy http://www.wikix.it/autopsy/S.Grand

Performance is a threshold system:
as soon as a body, an object, or a place is framed,
it becomes legible as an event.
Theater isn't needed;
a frame is needed that transforms presence into meaning.

When Bad Girls Play Good Theaters
The obscene/pornographic theater of the 1980s.
Performances that brought dirty, obscene, pornographic, and scatological material into good theaters.
Carolee Schneemann
Karen Finley
Annie Sprinkle
Kathy Acker
Elizabeth LeCompte
JoAnne Akalaitis
The Wooster Group
Richard Schechner
The female body no longer appears as a sacred or idealized body, but as an obscene, dirty, sexual, aggressive, contaminating body.
Obscene body versus sacred body.I prefer the obscene one.
Obscene.
Scatological.
Pornographic.
Wounded.
Aggressive.
Contaminated.
Violent.
From the sacred body of 1960s performance, we move to the obscene body of 1980s performance.
Karen Finley// the theater of disgust.

She does not use obscenity to arouse, but to show a devastated world.incest abuse rape trauma food excrement contaminated body fragmented narrators unstable identity
Finley takes the material of pornography and removes the pleasure from it: what remains is only devastation.

Gender is not something we are.
It is something we
continually do.
Gender emerges through the repetition of acts:
clothing
voice
posture
gestures
language
social rituals.
This is the theory of
gender performativity
There is no hidden essence.
There is only continuous repetition.
But precisely because every repetition is slightly
different, as Derrida argues,
gender can also change.

TELLING CHILDREN THE TRUTH

The arrest of a parent for sexual offences can
be traumatic.
The child may develop:
fear;
anger;
feelings of guilt;
feelings of abandonment;
behavioural symptoms.
However, the impact depends on many factors:
the childs age;
the length of the parents detention;
the quality of their previous relationships;
the presence of other significant adults.
The author therefore avoids making absolute
generalisations.

She does not use obscenity to arouse,
but to show a devastated world.incest
abuse rape trauma food excrement
contaminated body fragmented nar-
rators unstable identity
Finley takes the material of pornog-
raphy and removes the pleasure from
it: what remains is only devastation.

> This snake is a man.

The statement is false because the snake-object does not support the predicate man.

But why does it not support it?

> Because a snake is not a man.

The answer is self-evident only because the system already assumes a perfect coincidence between the structure of language and the structure of reality:

Man(snake)=false

This is not because the predicate has been compared with an extralinguistic object called Man, but because linguistic formalization is assumed to be capable of reading the structure of the object directly.

Debugger

```text
Socrates
 internal pointer: valid text box
 external pointer: Socrates, extended and locatable object
man
 internal pointer: valid text box
 external pointer: NULL
```

And yet:

```text
Man(Socrates) = TRUE
Man(snake)   = FALSE
```

The code continues to run because Aristotle treats the null pointer as though it were perfectly covered by linguistic structure.

boxed

textthe referent is missing, but the predicate operates as though it had one

This is the bug: not the generic existence of universals, but the ontological use of a pointer whose second referent cannot be located without falling back into Platonism.

As a critical reconstruction, this is very sharp. Aristotle does not state it explicitly in these terms, of course, but this is the structural behavior you have identified in his system.


am an idiota
sorryyyyyy
sit amet,
you're such an idiot that you have to work at the state university,
you fucking failure, and you also expect me to suck your dick you
gregorio poor idiot, mediocre,
poor idiot (nazi)
you're such an idiot that you have to work at the state university,
you fucking failure, and you also expect me to suck your dick you
you're such an idiot that you have to work at the state university,
you fucking failure, and you also expect me to suck your dick you

I think I behave pretty well, and my grades are good. If I keep studying and behaving well, I think Ill pass the year. In a few months, Id really like to get a real tattoo. For now, Im happy with tattoos drawn in ink.

I love you very much. Did you know Im about to get a TV of my own to put in my bedroom? Id love for us to play together with Lu and Wordi, and on the PlayStation. After watching a horror movie. I cant wait.

I love you so much. I wish you could see me roller-skating. I have a thousand followers on TikTok, and Id love it if you watched my videos too. Maybe I can help you set up your own personal account the next time we see each other.

...deemed obscene, even though the same publications were openly sold elsewhere in the country.

Determined to continue, David and Mike revived Savoy, publishing an eclectic range of books that stretched from musicology to science fiction, from a bestselling book about KISS to works by the acclaimed British fantasy writer Michael Moorcock.

They also moved into music, and it was there, in 1986, that Lord Horror made his first public appearance. On a 12-inch single credited to the Savoy Hitler Youth Band, Lord Horror appeared as the vocalist on a cover of New Orders Blue Monday.



Lord Horror is a creation of David Britton and Michael Butterworth, the founders of Savoy Books in England. Savoy Books has a long history, beginning with independent, fan-made underground ventures in the late 1960s.

In 1976, David and Mike joined forces to establish Savoy, and by 1979 they were on the verge of becoming William S. Burroughss British publisher. No sooner had they signed the contract for Cities of the Red Nig than Savoys bookshops and offices were raided once again by the Manchester police, marking the beginning of what would become two and a half decades of harassment and persecution by a police force with clearly repressive ambitions.

Savoy was forced into bankruptcy, and Britton was sentenced to prison for selling publications...

Bonks Adventure Hudson Soft 1992 Back in the days of the 8-bit and 16-bit console wars, mascot characters were very important indeed. Nintendo had Mario, Sega had Sonic and NEC had this little guy amusingly called Bonk. Also known as B.C. Kid in Europe he later appeared on other systems too, such as here on the Game Boy! Bonk is a caveman with a giant cranium who runs around a prehistoric world head butting dinosaurs! The other unique ability that he has is using his super sharp gnashers to grab onto platforms and pull himself up. Rather than collecting coins, you collect smiley faces, fruit and big joints of meat. The first two just give you points but as you eat the meat you become more and more angry, until you literally blow your top and go crazy, giving you limited invincibility.

.



The first time I kissed Harry it was the most ridiculous kiss I've ever had (it wasn't my first kiss), but it was my first with Harry. In 2016 well, let's see. I was 6 years old almost seven, I took a bath with Harry... we were comfortable in the water and I was playing with his cock ...lol... ok the Pokemon, lol lolI was making Ken the newt change color, when he comes into contact with hot water he turns purple... it's a stupid toy... really very stupid,
Harry's dick was hard, okay... I looked at his cock and asked him "why was that?"He said to me... "OK, OK, "Don't worry..."
Then he looked at his cock and put it in the jacuzzi... but he hurt himself, and he said ouch!Do you want to touch my tool!?He said to me---

He told me it was normal and that he needed to jerk off.
I told him I was leaving because the last time I'd had too much trouble with that sticky substance coming out of his dick and dissolving in the water."s.

$$P(A \mid B) = \frac{P(A \cap B)}{P(B)}$$

He said to me... "OK, OK, "Don't worry..."

$$P(A \mid B) = \frac{P(B \mid A)P(A)}{P(B)}$$


You don't know who I am or what I'm
capable of, you've always underes-
timated me
fuck yourself, shitty story, you
ould have had more respectultrices
avida. Risus commodo viverra maece-
s accumsan lacus vel facilisis.
Ive always wanted to steal your body, Man
uela, Im sorry, I wear people like clothes.
I dont know if you could ever understand
but now, I am inside you,l facilisis.



LONG LIVE NEW FLASH

_____ LOG DO NOT RESTORE...

Dalymotion- manumanu

Before we begin, you need to turn off your phone. Do not put it on airplane mode. Turn it off. Airplane mode is something they invented to make you believe your phone has stopped communicating. The phone keeps transmitting even when it is switched off, of course, but at least it has to use more energy to do it. I keep mine inside a pressure cooker lined with aluminum foil. The cooker has to be sealed with the handle pointing north, otherwise it works as an antenna.Do not laugh.The aluminum foil is not there to protect me from 5G. That is the explanation the newspapers give you to make us look insane. It is there to disrupt cranial temperature recognition. The Alpha-Deltas do not see the way we do. They detect the thermal variations produced by thought. When a person begins to understand something, certain areas of the cortex heat up. They can see the thought before it becomes a sentence.That is why you need to think slowly.The reptilian aliens do not come from outer space. That is the first lie.They would have no reason to travel thousands of light-years just to look like a television host or a junior minister of transport. They were already here. Not hidden underground, and not inside the pyramids. They were here in the most precise sense possible: inside our evolutionary history. Man did not descend from the ape. Man descended from a series of tech-

STAY WOKE

The Queer Body as a Medical Problem

Lesbians became the objects of an obsessive search for physical signs.Doctors and sexologists measured skulls, faces, voices, body hair, muscles, hips, clitorises, uteruses, and fat distribution. The assumption was that desire for women had to become visible in a masculinized body.These observations did not discover a lesbian body. They constructed one through gender stereotypes. The independent, muscular, or unfeminine woman became anatomical evidence of deviation.Medicine did not always consider both women in a couple equally homosexual.The feminine and conforming partner could be described as normal, seduced, or deceived. The masculine partner was identified as the true invert.This demonstrates that diagnosis did not depend only on desire, but on the violation of gender roles. Being passive and feminine could lessen pathologization; assuming a masculine social role intensified it.Theories of homosexuality repeatedly employed racial and colonial imagery.Poor people, nonwhite people, colonized populations, and homosexuals were described as primitive, hypersexual, impulsive, and incapable of self-control.At the same time, sexual nonconformity was used to represent the supposed degeneration of the white race. Racism and homophobia therefore reinforced one another: every stigmatized group became a metaphor for the others.These categories did not remain merely theoretical.Lesbians and women accused of masturbation were subjected to clitoridectomies, removal of the ovaries, cauterization, and other surgical procedures. Gay men and lesbians were exposed to castration, hormones, electroshock, and lobotomy.one passage describes the removal of the clitoris

The Queer Body as a Medical Problem

and erectile tissue, followed by the deliberate maintenance of a painful wound in order to prevent masturbation.Diagnosis therefore produced the very body it claimed to cure.The same model continued in modern research on Childhood Gender Nonconformity.Games, clothing, and childhood behavior were retrospectively transformed into signs of future homosexuality. A boy considered insufficiently masculine or a girl considered insufficiently feminine became a pre-homosexual subject.The methodological problem is obvious: the research already assumes that certain activities are naturally masculine or feminine. The gender stereotype is inserted into the premise and then presented as a scientific result.Part of the LGBT movement sought protection in biology: being gay should be treated like being left-handed.The author considers this strategy dangerous. Proving that a characteristic is innate does not guarantee respect. It may instead facilitate prenatal diagnosis, selection, eugenic therapy, and new attempts at elimination.Rights, therefore, should not depend on the discovery of a gene or on the impossibility of change.The sequence is this: crime, illness, heredity, diagnosis, treatment, reproductive control.Medicine does not necessarily eliminate persecution.It can make it more technical, more impersonal, and more legitimate.



KILL THE FUTURE

Trump, Jack Burdette, and the Community That Creates Its Strongman

Kent Harufs Where You Once Belonged offers a useful model for thinking about Trumps successnot because Trump is Jack Burdette, but because both figures reveal how a community can manufacture the exceptional man who later dominates it. Jack does not become powerful by force alone. Holt first teaches him that strength excuses everything. He is an extraordinary football player, physically imposing, entertaining, shameless. His aggression wins games, so the town translates brutality into talent, selfishness into charisma, and repeated misconduct into the behavior of someone too exceptional for ordinary rules. By the time Jack seriously betrays Holt, the community has already spent years constructing his immunity. Something similar happened with Trump. Long before he became a political candidate, television had established him as a decisive billionaire: the man who judged others, dismissed failures and always occupied the center of the room. Politics inherited a character already written by entertainment. Many voters did not first encounter Trump as an administrator whose competence needed to be tested. They encountered him as the pre-existing image of power. Once that image is accepted, transgression no longer necessarily damages the leader. It may confirm him. A conventional politician loses authority by violating conventions. A strongman selected precisely because he violates them follows a different logic. His insults prove that he is not controlled by elite etiquette. His refusal to apologize becomes courage. Institutional resistance becomes evidence that he is genuinely threatening the establishment. Every accusation can be recoded as persecution. This produces a nearly closed circuit: The system attacks him because he fights the system; therefore, every attack proves that he is fighting the system.

The community then becomes invested not only in the leader, but in its own earlier judgment of him. To reconsider Trump may require admitting that one defended him, argued for him, attached personal identity to him and perhaps interpreted his victories as ones own. The greater the investment, the more painful revision becomes.

This is why impunity may be mistaken for competence. When someone survives scandals that would destroy another politician, survival itself begins to resemble strength. The asymmetry of power disappears from view. Instead of asking why the rules fail to constrain him, supporters may conclude that he is uniquely capable of defeating hostile institutions.

The leader also performs a kind of delegated freedom. He publicly does what many supporters believe they are forbidden to do: insult cultural authorities, reject

shame, refuse conciliatory language, simplify conflict into victory and defeat, and attack groups perceived as hostile. He does not need to resemble his supporters socially. He needs to enact the power they feel has been denied to them.
The relationship therefore exceeds material interest. A leader can preserve loyalty even when some policies harm parts of his coalition because he supplies symbolic goods:
recognition, belonging, revenge, emotional clarity, identifiable enemies and the sensation of participating in a historical battle.

None of this means that Trumps electoral success can be reduced to collective fascination. His 2024 victory also rested on ordinary political conditions: inflation, living costs, dissatisfaction with the incumbent administration, immigration and demand for change. Material grievances opened the door.

But grievance alone does not explain why Trump was the person able to walk through it.

The myth gave the dissatisfaction a body, a voice and a target.

Harufs deeper insight is that the destructive individual is not always an alien force imposed on an innocent community. The community may have selected his qualities, celebrated them, excused their consequences and confused dominance with value. Later, when those qualities become openly dangerous, it may discover that condemning the man also means confronting its own participation in creating him.

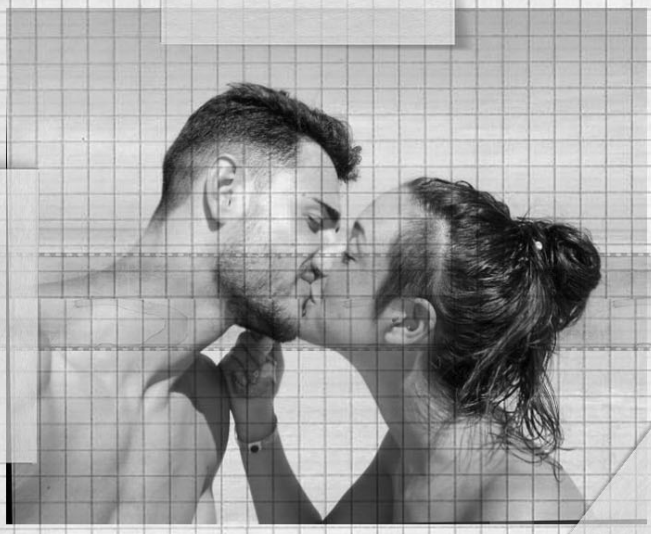
Trump is not only the sum of what Trump has done.

He is also the sum of what millions of people have decided those actions mean.

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

STAY WOKE

Reclaim Agency,
Make Power Resistible



A Monthly Article by Harry Jay Foster

As an artist and a thinker, I cannot simply take from society.
I take mony, data, images, infrastructures, knowledge, time, tools, and relationships graph.
I take everything that allows me to write, study, produce works, build archives, and observe the world. I'm not exactly a role model. For this reason, I feel the need to give something back.
I do not need the State to force me to do so.
In fact, I reject the transformation of this responsibility into a uniform moral obligation, imposed from above and applied equally to everyone.
I give back according to my conscience, through what I know how to do.
What I return does not necessarily have to be marketable, immediately useful, or accessible to everyone. Not every contribution must become a universal service, a commodity, an introductory course, or an easily consumable product.

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

STAY WOKE

Reclaim Agency,
Make Power Resistible



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What I try to return is agency

Agency means the possibility of choosing and the possibility of acting while knowing, at least in part, which forces are orienting that choice.
Your agency makes power resistible.
And only resistible power can be considered legitimate.
A power from which you cannot withdraw, which you cannot observe, understand, contest, or limit, is not merely strong.

It becomes a total environment. It does not necessarily tell you what to do: it constructs the conditions in which certain actions become easier, others more costly, and others nearly invisible.
Making power resistible does not mean destroying every form of authority. It means restoring a genuine space of decision to individuals. Choose whether to hate or not to hate.Choose whether to buy or not to buy.Choose whether to work, study, or remove part

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

STAY WOKE

Reclaim Agency,
Make Power Resistible



A Monthly Article by Harry Jay Foster

of your time from production.
Choose whether to have a family, how to have one, with whom to have one, or whether not to have one at all.
None of these choices emerges in a vacuum. Every decision arises within an environment made of images, incentives, fears, social expectations, economic possibilities, and technological structures. This is why we must speak about environmental coplasticity.
The individual modifies the environment while simultaneously being modified by it. We shape platforms through what we publish, search for, purchase, and comment on; platforms shape us through what they decide to show, hide, repeat, or suggest.
The problem is not that influences exist. A society without influence is impossible. The problem begins when influence becomes invisible, personalised, and difficult to contest. The Illusion of Participation Once, the model appeared relatively simple.
There was me, there was another user, and there was my comment beneath their post. Now, between me and everyone else, there is a distribution interface deciding which part of my action will



YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

STAY WOKE

Reclaim Agency,
Make Power Resistible

A Monthly Article by
Harry Jay Foster

Becoming a battery of time, labour, attention, and data. There Is No Longer a Single Conversation ... When we open the same post, we are not necessarily seeing the same public space.

Comments may be ranked differently. Some reactions emerge while others disappear. Some users see enthusiasm, others conflict, and others still see an apparently pacified conversation.

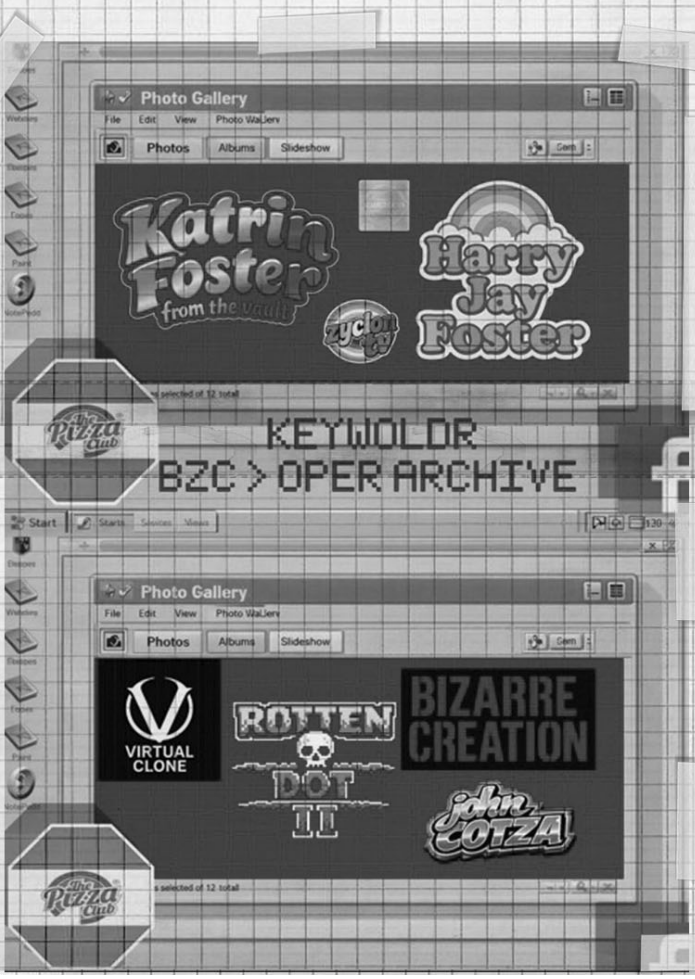
There is no longer only the content. There is the interpretative environment constructed around the content.

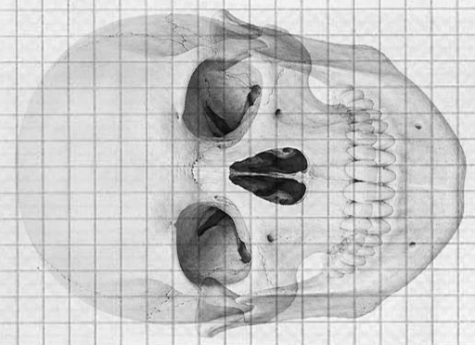
This becomes particularly important when we speak about politics. Consensus is not merely something recorded after it has formed. It can be produced by its own representation.

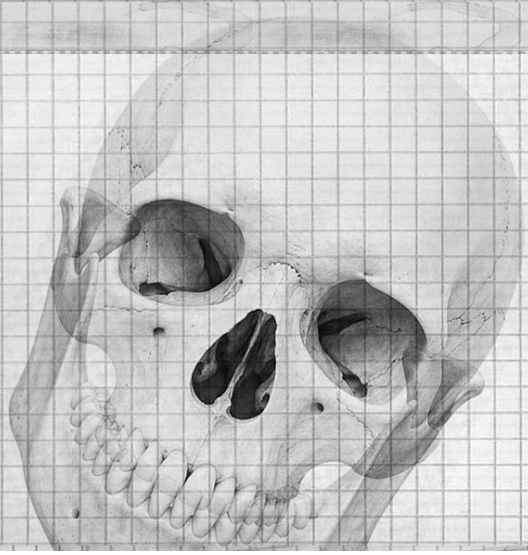
When a person or movement appears to be growing rapidly, that representation can attract new supporters, funding, media coverage, and candidates.

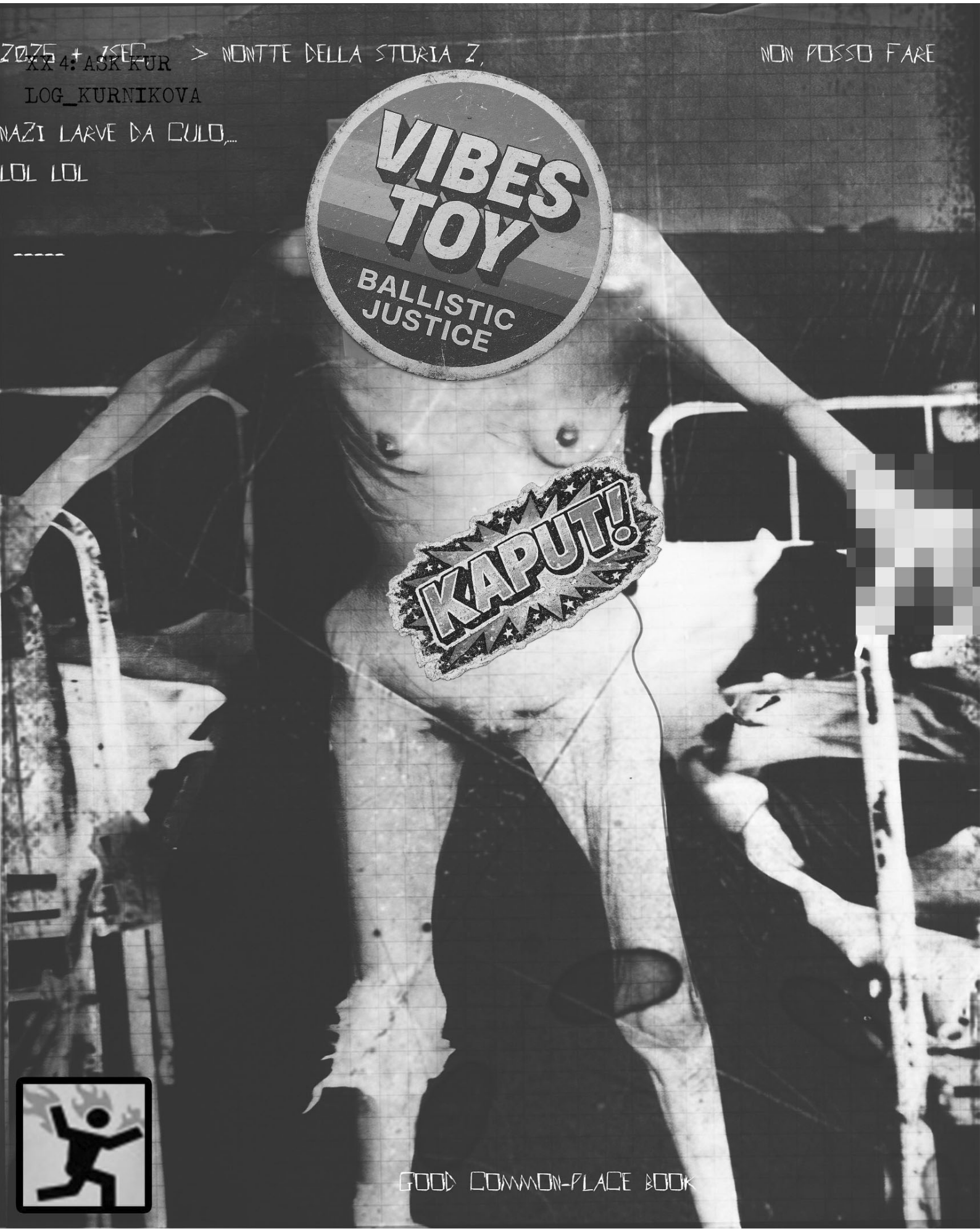
Represented consensus generates an expectation of power. The expectation of power generates further consensus. It is a reflexive

It means building independent archives, alternative networks, self-owned spaces, local copies, distribution protocols, and communities that do not depend entirely on a single infrastructure.
It also means accepting that, once environmental pressures have been recognised, every individual retains the right to choose.You may choose a political position that I consider hateful.You may buy what I would not buy.You may join a community that I reject.Resistance does not consist in replacing one manipulation with another.It consists in making the conditions of choice visible.My contribution is not to tell you what you must think.It is to help you see what is thinking alongside you. Open Questions
We do not know whether Facebook as a social network is entering a terminal phase or merely transforming into something else: a personalised television system with residual social functions.We do not know how long the advertising model will be able to sustain the growing cost of artificial infrastructure.We do not know which part of political interaction is intentionally amplified and which part emerges from the combination of automatic incentives and opportunistic strategies.We do not know whether the major platforms will be able to maintain control over the resources, energy, and supply chains required for their expansion.We do not know which data are actually used to produce a single recommendation. We do not know how much of our consent is spontaneous and how much is the result of the form in which the consent of others is shown to us. But we can begin here: observe the system; describe its constraints; preserve copies; build alternatives; reduce dependence; do not confuse the interface with reality; do not confuse the possibility of speaking with the possibility of being heard.Stay woke. Not as an identity slogan. As a technical practice.Reclaim agency.Make power resistible.Limit the effects of environmental coplasticity.Then choose. Ho tradotto potere resistibile con resistible power, volutamente insolito ma filosoficamente preciso; power that can be resisted sarebbe pi idiomatico, ma meno forte come formula-manifesto.








2075 + 2SEC > NOTTE DELLA STORIA Z,
NON POSSO FARE
XX 4: ASK KUR
LOG_KURNIKOVA
NAZI LARVE DA CULO,...
LOL LOL

VIBES TOY
BALLISTIC JUSTICE
KAPUT!
GOOD COMMON-PLACE BOOK

Using action verbs

Dont just say:

Be sad.
Be angry.
Make it more intense.

Better to say:

convince her;
challenge him;
hide your feelings;
protect him;
punish him;
reject him;
seduce her;
win the victory;
defend yourself;
cover your fear.

Because a verb gives the actor something to do, not just an emotional state to imitate.

Directing the actor means translating emotion into action: instead of asking for generic feelings, the director uses concrete verbs that orient stage behavior.

Relationships

Every character matters because they are connected to the others. A scene works when we understand what each person wants from the other.

Every scene has to matter.

If a scene feels normal, or too everyday, it loses energy. In good musicals, every scene or song exists because something decisive is happening.

Example cited: Guys and Dolls, with Sky Masterson and Sarah Brown. The scene is not just flirtation: Sky has a bet, and a reputation, to defend; Sarah is attracted to him and destabilized by him.


YUNG NAZI VICTIM IN NAZI CAMPS 77
MAYHEM

Harry had to put his tool into the hot tub because he says was like having sex he asked me if I could turn the hot tub power knob and after a while he came and made noises, then he reached into the jean pocket on the floor, just outside the tub and grabbed the cigarettes. Is it wrong to smoke at 10? Then we talked and I was laughing like crazy... I think he looked at me but he didn't touch anything, in fact a normal person doesn't find the body of a ten-year-old girl erotic. I think Harry was just curious...

When we came out Harry did a strange thing: he hung a towel on his penis, then threw it on my head,

SPERMATIC ... Count Sperm ... First encounter with cum..

I felt a sticky substance all over my body and enormous discomfort, as if a man-eating jelly enveloped me.

Harry was also covered in his cum dissolved in the bathtub, I asked him if his skin also itched and then I showed him the kind of mucilage I had on my body.

He told me, //sorry Kate, it's Count Sperm's sperm; What a fuck!!// ... ... She told me that I had better shower, maybe I would get pregnant and definitely give birth to a mutant baby...

When the tub drained, the water left behind a thin, cloudy residue, like a layer of plankton.

Harry told me to clean the residual sperm. Something like that. He said to rinse the tub with the shower hose, and if the film didnt come off, to rub it away with my feet.

The predator does not distinguish between body, house, and landscape: everything that can be traversed can be possessed, mortgaged, penetrated, or destroyed.

Bambiland /// really a beautiful book /// very funny//the missile governs everything ⊲ Greek: Τὰ δὲ πάντα οἰακίζει Κεραυνός / the Tomahawk missile steers all things ///Heraclitus, fragments.

The Tomahawk missile knows its own trajectory: it has a destination, a cost, a function; the human being, instead, remains the confused material upon which technique demonstrates its precision.

/ child death / always works / classic.

Shown dead to the cameras: not always the same child, but the universal child many images show children halfway destroyed; see Rotten // Internet Archive, Mayhem 10 the child used to squeeze feeling out of the spectator.

It is a very harsh critique of the humanitarian pornography of the war image.

Schechner distinguishes two very beautiful spatial forms.
Eruption: an event explodes at a single point.
Examples: an accident, an argument, a collapse, a shooting, a sudden event. People gather around a hot center.

Procession: an event moves along a path.
Examples: a funeral, a political march, a parade, a pilgrimage, a religious procession.

So we have two models:

a fixed hot center: the crowd converges;
a mobile center: the crowd follows or joins in.

But I didnt want to talk about that. Okay, I wanted to talk about something unbelievable: the other day Chris came over to our place and told us that Red had caught HIV.

He asked me if I had fucked Red. I told him that, honestly, it had never happened.

Red has HIV. Okay, its 2026, but who the fuck has ever actually seen someone with HIV? How did Red even catch it, when as a guy he is completely unfuckable?

EMAIL FROM THE CENTER FOR CHILDRENS RIGHTS AND OTHER MATERIAL
I want to thank you for everything you have always done for me and for Matilde: watching over us, helping us, and above all teaching us how to grow up
Please, just ask me.
They are celebrating their birthday:
Stefania, class 2
Carola, class 2

Gatherin people come together.
Performing something happens within a special frame.
Dispersing the group breaks apart and carries away the effect of the event.
This is almost a minimal social machine. It does not matter whether we are talking about theatre, ritual, a traffic accident, a march, a festival, a trial, a demonstration, or a ceremony: there is a hot center, an audience, a frame, and then a dispersion.
Performance does not coincide only with what happens on stage; it also includes the gathering beforehand and the dispersal afterward. The performative event is a complete social cycle.

//Danida

//Last week my parents went to talk to the principal because some of my clothes are ruined, and often I dont have shoes. Once, when it was snowing, I went to school wearing shower slippers. I do have shoes, but I like the slippers better.//

HOBBES: THE BOOTLEG

Methodological Note 1: The trail begins with Aristotle, passes through Christianity, patristics, scholasticism, Aristotles legacy, nominalism, the new science, Hobbes, Weber, and Schmitt. And that is all.

Methodological Note 2: The trail will not follow a single discipline. It will pass through philosophy, theology, the history of science, political theory, law, anthropology, and the history of institutions, as a bundle of properties passes through a set.

Methodological Note 3: The trail will not be treated as a sequence of authors sealed inside separate chapters. It will be treated as an organic network of concepts; modules; conflicts; transformations; continuities; ruptures; reuses.

The watchword is secularization.

But! Secularization will not be described as the simple disappearance of religion. It will be observed as a complex historical phenomenon, visible from several points of view: the transformation of theology; the autonomy of reason; the mathematization of nature; the crisis of essences; the separation of politics from salvation; the passage from Providence to causality; the passage from divine order to artificial order; the passage from sacred law to civil law; the passage from the hierarchical cosmos to the machine.

It is Hobbes: The Bootleg.

Christianity rightarrow patristics rightarrow scholasticism rightarrow Aristotle rightarrow nominalism rightarrow new science rightarrow Hobbes rightarrow Weber rightarrow Schmitt

What happens when a world ordered by God is gradually translated into a system of bodies, laws, institutions, and human decisions?

This is the trajectory.

divine order rightarrow rational order rightarrow natural order rightarrow artificial order

Translators note: this should vaguely sound like the trailer for a film.

The world is still full of forms, ends, hierarchies, substances, souls, and ultimate causes.

The world begins to look more and more like a machine.

And when the State itself becomes a machine,

secularization finally enters

politics.

The Bug in Aristotles Code

In language, both Socrates and man are pointable objects: they occupy a text box, possess a syntactic form, and can be referenced by other expressions. We can ignore the secondary pointer to their phonetic articulation, since it is not relevant here.

In the case of Socrates, however, the linguistic pointer splits:

textSocrates texttext box

rightarrow

textSocrates textextralinguistic object

Socrates is geometrically extended, located in space and, at least in principle, identifiable through deixis:

▷ him, that particular man.

The name therefore has a valid extralinguistic referent.

In the case of man, the first pointer works:

textman rightarrow texttext box man The term is an object internal to language and is perfectly manipulable. It can also operate as a predicate: Man(Socrates)=true

Man(snake)=false

But Aristotle does not treat man as a merely linguistic construction. He claims that the predicate corresponds to something really present in individuals. At this point, there should also be a second pointer:

textman_textlanguage

rightarrow

boxedtextextralinguistic referent

And this is where the debugger returns null

The referent is not transcendent, because Aristotle rejects the Platonic Idea of Man existing separately from individual human beings. It is not transcendental, because it is not presented as a subjective condition that makes experience possible. But neither is it a localized, geometrically extended extralinguistic object that can be indicated in the way Socrates can.

And yet the predicate continues to be treated as though it possessed a real referent:

textman

rightarrow

texthuman form really present in Socrates

The form can be pointed to within language, but the second object to which it is supposed to point cannot be identified outside language.

The Linguistic Mask

The point is not that Aristotle turns the world into a product of the mind. This is not idealism. The world exists independently of language.

The assumed coincidence is stranger:

textlinguistic articulation of the object

==========

textreal articulation of the object

The extralinguistic object would be perfectly covered by its linguistic mask. Predicates can therefore be applied to real objects exactly as they are applied to their linguistic counterparts.

STAY WOKE

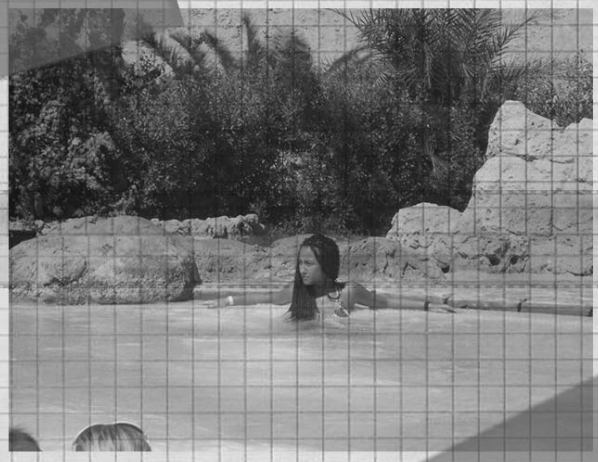
The Queer Body as a Medical Problem

How homosexuality, gender nonconformity, race, and disability were transformed into biological problems to be managed.

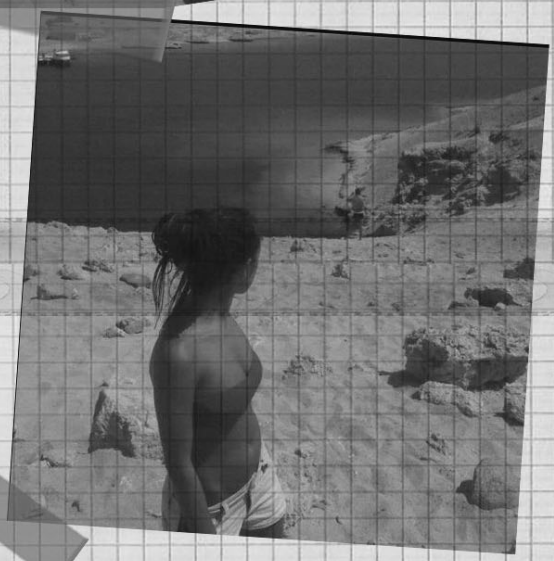
Central argument: Is that medicine, psychiatry, and eugenics did not simply replace one another in an orderly sequence. They accumulated.

Sin became illness; illness became heredity; heredity justified control, segregation, and sterilization.

In the nineteenth century, homosexuality began to be described not only as a vice or a crime, but as a medical condition.At first, this shift appeared more humane: the subject was no longer considered morally responsible for their condition. But decriminalization through medicine came at a cost. The judge was replaced by the doctor, while the homosexual remained an abnormal individual to be examined and corrected.Paul Moreau, for example, proposed moving the management of homosexuals from the prison to the hospital. He did not







KILL THE FUTURE

VANNACCI

The Queer Body as a Medical Problem

. He did not eliminate control. He merely changed the authority exercising it.Early sexological theories connected homosexuality to hereditary degeneration.The homosexual person was placed in the same symbolic category as criminals, epileptics, alcoholics, poor people, and those classified as mentally deficient. All were described as possible transmitters of biological weakness.The problem therefore concerned more than individual behavior. It concerned the future population: who should be allowed to reproduce, which bodies should be contained, and which characteristics should disappear.Some reformers defended the innate origin of homosexuality in order to protect gay men and lesbians from punishment.The reaoning was simple: if a person was born homosexual, they could not be morally guilty. Yet this defense preserved the idea that homosexuality was a biological deviation.Havelock Ellis and Magnus Hirschfeld tried to reduce persecution, but they continued to use categories such as inversion, abnormality, and deviant sexual constitution. Protection was therefore built upon pathologization.The text also rejects the familiar story according to which Freud replaced older biological explanations with psychological ones.The two models merged. Homosexuality could be described simultaneously as hereditary, congenital, produced by the family, caused by trauma, or connected to childhood development.This flexibility made the model almost impossible to falsify. Any personal history could be reinterpreted as evidence supporting the diagnosis. The practical result always remained the same: the queer subject was considered abnormal and available for treatment.

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

STAY WOKE

Reclaim Agency,
Make Power Resistible



A Monthly Article by Harry Jay Foster

Become socially real.

I can see my comment and believe that I have participated in the conversation. But I do not know who will receive it. I do not know whether it will be shown to everyone, to a few people, only to the author, or practically to no one.

The action remains visible to the person who performs it, while its propagation is administered by the platform.

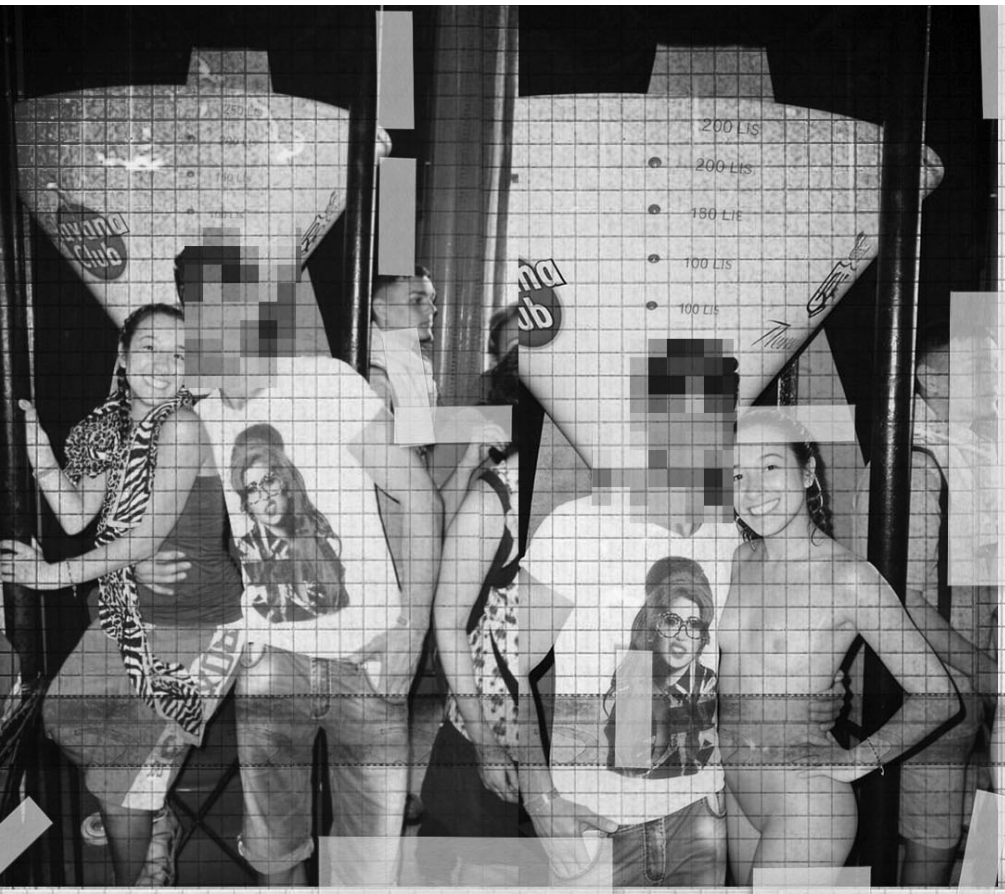
This is a form of simulated agency.

The interface tells me that I have acted. The system may merely have collected my time, my reaction, my language, and my willingness to continue interacting.

The content itself, meanwhile, may reach me with full effectiveness.

A violent piece of content can be shown to me, provoke me, hold my attention, and push me to respond. Yet I may have no concrete possibility of intervening in the audience that the content is constructing. The content interacts with me. I do not necessarily interact with the content in its social dimension.

Within this asymmetrical relationship, the user risks becoming



YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

STAY WOKE

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A Monthly Article by
Harry Jay Foster

versation, a search, a technical behaviour, or a simple coincidence can become an advertising recommendation. We can formulate hypotheses. We can observe correlations. We can attempt experiments. But from the outside, we see only part of the system. The platform governs the flow and, to a large extent, it also governs what we are able to know about that flow. This is why it is not enough to ask: Is this content true or false? You must also ask: Why am I seeing it Why am I seeing it now? Who is not seeing it? Which reactions are being shown to me? Which responses have been made invisible? What behaviour is the system trying to measure through me?

Artificial intelligence systems make these infrastructures more powerful, but also more expensive.Every improvement in efficiency may reduce the cost of a single operation. However, when the total number of operations grows enormously, overall consumption may continue to rise.More images.More videos.More synthetic content. More classification.More personalisation.More storage.More com-



STAY WOKE

Reclaim Agency, Make Power Resistible

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More computation required to understand, rank, moderate, and monetise what is produced. Local efficiency does not guarantee global sustainability. A system can become more efficient in each individual operation while simultaneously consuming more energy,more raw materials, more infrastructure, and more labour.At this point, the technological question becomes geopolitical.

Whoever controls semiconductors, energy, raw materials, manufacturing, and supply chains also controls the possibility of continuing to update the infrastructure.We do not yet know which economic bloc will be able to sustain this race for the longest period. Nor do we know how much of the value declared by the artificial intelligence industry derives from genuine productive demand, and how much derives from circular investment, revaluations, financial expectations, and internal flows within the same ecosystem. These are open questions, not guillotines. Not Everything of Value Produces Income I use artificial intelligence tools every day.For me, they have genuine value. They help me analyse texts, organise materials, study, write, compare theories, and move through quantities of information that would otherwise require far more time.This value, however, does not automatically become income.I can pay for a subscription and receive enormous cultural utility without immediately monetising what I produce. The provider still receives the payment. This difference between use value and economic value is central. Not everyone needs the same tools. Not everyone possesses the cultural, professional, or material infrastructure required to exploit them. For a researcher, writer, or designer, they can become ~~extraordinarily powerful~~ amplifiers. For other workers, they may be marginal, useless, or even instruments of control.Artificial intelligence does not ~~automatically~~ produce surplus value.It produces possibilities.Economic value appears only when those possibilities are incorporated into a process capable of generating goods, services, better decisions, saved time, or bargaining power. How long will millions of people continue paying for tools they cannot transform into stable utility? We do not know. Reclaiming Agency Reclaiming agency does not mean abandoning every platform, rejecting every technology, or believing ourselves immune to propaganda. It means learning to recognise the factors that modify our decision-making environment. It means slowing down the automatic response. It means observing the structure before reacting to the content. It means asking whether the conversation in which we believe we are participating actually exists in the same form for everyone else. It means distinguishing between a real audience and an audience simulated by the interface.

When Dad comes in, I ask him if he brought me the 1998 SATA cable I had asked him for.

(He forgot.)

(Doesnt matter.)

(Better keep going.)

So I tell him to go sit on the couch.
(omission) (i pulled my skirt up) because I couldnt manage to climb onto his lap properly. I cuddle him, and it takes effort.
I tell him I got fined but I tell him while Im cuddling him, so he gets less pissed off.



PANIC
P(EH)
To obtain a proper VCA sustain, you need the magnetic field, the centimetres of piston travel, the compression threshold, and the sustain curve. But if you want the sustain to really skidto leave rubber on the roadyou mostly need to practise the guitar properly. The frets must be metal. Obviously. And you have to insert:

TAG: PCI_00001.jpg

K_SQUARE
Years of nesting behaviour have contributed to the adaptation of the reptilian

P(EH)
I need to get hold of an old VCA. The sustain keeps skidding out from under me. I want that kind of soundVCA, compressed, magnetic, something that keeps the note alive after the hand has already left it.

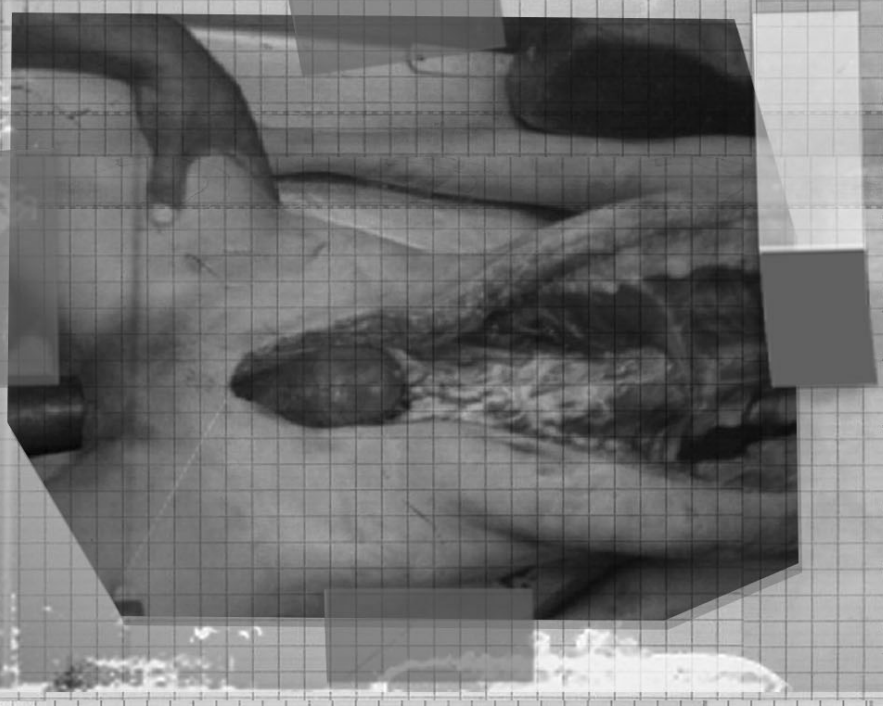
https:/ www.youtube.com/guitarheroso/eubft.com (http://www.youtube.com/guitarheroso/eubft.com)

https:/ www.youtube.com/multiplex-/Electric-Guitar-Sustain-Compressor-4K-Complete-Tutorial.com (http://www.youtube.com/multiplex/Electric-Guitar-Sustain-Compressor-4K-Complete-Tu

WARRIORS, WEREWOLVES, AND SERIAL KILLERS

American culture does not merely observe serial killers. It turns them into mythological figures.

The murderer is represented as a mad warrior, a werewolf, a demon, or an autonomous killing machine. Through this transformation, the criminal gradually ceases to appear as an ordinary human being responsible for specific actions and becomes the embodiment of an obscure, almost supernatural force. Society can then fear him, condemn him, and consume him as entertainment at the same time. The usual question is whether films, television, and popular fiction produce violence. Yet this question may conceal more than it reveals. Cinema and literature do not invent the fascination with violence on their own. They reflect and organize a culture that already identifies emotionally with criminals, vigilantes, avengers, and solitary warriors. Censorship may therefore suppress certain images without addressing the deeper problem: why is a democratic society so fascinated by figures who place themselves beyond the law?



Crime reporting, fiction, and criminal investigation continually feed one another. Real murderers become characters in books, films, documentaries, and television series. Detectives become public personalities. Serial killers are sometimes represented as privileged interpreters of



the form or intensity of the violence than on the identity of the officially recognized enemy. Violence becomes heroic when it is directed against someone already classified as absolutely evil. This mechanism is particularly visible in characters such as Rambo, the Punisher, and many other popular vigilantes. They respond to an initial injury with violence far greater ~~than the violence originally inflicted upon them.~~ The enemy is stripped of com-

other killers, as though their proximity to violence granted them a superior form of knowledge.

Hannibal Lecter in The Silence of the Lamb is the clearest example. He is simultaneously a monster and a consultant to law enforcement. The police need his intelligence because he supposedly understands the criminal mind from within.

The distinction between detective and murderer consequently becomes unstable: both are represented as exceptional individuals capable of entering the same dark psychological territory.

The modern serial killer is often connected, explicitly or implicitly, to the mad warriors of Nordic, Celtic, and Anglo-Saxon traditions. The warrior enters a state of fury that places him outside ordinary morality. His violence may be described as demonic, but it may also be celebrated as heroic.

The same energy circulates through criminals, superheroes, soldiers, and avengers. The distinction between good and evil depends less on

complexity and defined as wholly corrupt, cruel, or inhuman. Once this classification has been accepted, the audience can enjoy the retaliation without experiencing it as cruelty.

Revenge does not contain violence. It expands violence while giving it a moral authorization. The avenger can torture, destroy, or kill because his aggression has been reclassified as justice. The emotional pleasure remains attached to violence, but guilt is displaced onto the victim selected as the legitimate target. Falling Down offers a particularly revealing example. Its protagonist commits a succession of increasingly violent acts, yet the film continually preserves his intelligibility. He is unemployed, frustrated, humiliated, and furious with the society around him. He moves across the city like a warrior fighting everything that irritates the American middle class: traffic, bureaucracy, consumer culture, changing neighborhoods, economic decline, and the apparent collapse of social order.

The film does not simply endorse him. Nevertheless, it demonstrates how easily an aggressor can be transformed into the heroic victim of a hostile system. His violence is presented from within his frustration, allowing the audience to experience his anger before fully confronting its consequences. The violent man becomes understandable, then sympathetic, and finally mythic.

The serial killer also performs an important social function because he concentrates public outrage upon an exceptional criminal. The isolated monster allows society to imagine that violence belongs primarily to abnormal individuals.This image can divert attention from ordinary and structural forms of violence connected to poverty, firearms, inequality, racism, domestic abuse, failing institutions, and urban abandonment. The extraordinary

murderer is psychologically reassuring because he appears radically different from everyone else. Evil can be confined to a deviant body rather than recognized in social arrangements, accepted habits, and ordinary institutions.The monster therefore protects society from examining itself. He allows violence to be imagined as an invasion from outside rather than something continually produced within the social order.Anglo-American popular culture repeatedly oscillates between barbarism and repression. First it constructs the monster. Then it constructs the hero required to destroy him. Yet the hero uses the same methods as the monster: exceptional force, indifference to legal limits, and the reduction of the enemy to an object that may be eliminated.

The result is not genuine civilization but a recurring sequence: aggression, revenge, and renewed aggression. The monster legitimizes the avenger, while the avenger preserves the cultural fascination with the monster. Each requires the other. Violence condemns violence, imitates it, and returns in an authorized form. Serial killers, mad warriors, werewolves, and vigilantes are therefore not separate cultural figures. They belong to the same mythological system. Each represents a fantasy of power released from ordinary restraint. The moral label changes, but the underlying spectacle remains the same: an exceptional individual passes beyond the law and transforms violence into identity.

The central question is not simply why American culture fears its monsters. It is why it needs them, admires their power, and repeatedly recreates that power in the heroes sent to destroy them.

THE UNIVERSITY



I am doing wonderfully at this university.

The hours are tolerable.
The atmosphere is pleasant.
My colleagues are brilliant.

And VeraVera is driving me insane.
I had not expected that.
Master a handful of concepts, parade contemporary riddles before classrooms full of hopeful children and professional delusionals: there are more fraudulent ways to earn a living.

I consider every hour spent teaching wasted.

Every hour spent researching: wasted.

Every hour spent writing masturbatory erotic fiction and imagining myself sleeping with my students: wisely invested.

My contract is temporary.

Something tells me it will remain temporary.

My sister Katrin called. She is staying with our cousin and preparing to start collegethe daughter of my mothers sister, Hary Erika Incandeza of Cleveland.

I have never liked Hary.


Me and my sister

She was our foster mother
for two years after our father died
of cancer on the toilet.
The urge to hang up was weaker
than my curiosity.
I am angry with Kate because
she is dating my best friend, John Cotza.
That motherfucker John.

Computer laboratories? But you are the computer science professor.

No, I told Refrigerator Reject. The man with whom I share a ten-square-metre office.

AT LAST, WE MEET.

What the hell is all this mess? I asked while deleting emails from male students, unattractive female students and anyone taking too long to graduate.

I am a research assistant on a special graphics project being developed by the Cube. Government and private funding.

What the fuck are you?

The important people are interested mainly in artificial intelligence. Hundreds of minicomputers modularising a problem the size of a house. Disgusting. What do you teach? Refrigerator Reject asked. Computer science. Do you understand it? Not a fucking word. It is not my subject. I repeat whatever the book says, like a trained

Heuristics stop the search tree from expanding exponentially. We use heuristic decisions to generate new heuristics, and those heuristics generate others. You understand, Harry?

No.

In the meantime, data processing, bionics and now AI graphics are shooting at our wheelsor bringing home the money. It depends which department writes the report.

--- EMAIL FROM VERA 

Professor,

I am depressed.

I need help preparing for the exam, but I do not know whom I can ask.

Please answer me.



For the preservation of my mental health, I must avoid turning my thoughts toward regions of con-templation in which I might become entangled, immobilised and finally put down.

DELETE MESSAGE?

Y / N / VERA

REFRIGERATOR REJECT

The Cube is the affectionate name given to the Computer Science Research Centre.

It occupies a new building whose sides are all of equal length and whose diagonal

GEOMETRICAL DESCRIPTION CORRUPTED

Fucking nerds.

We have not introduced ourselves, Professor. I am Harry Jay. And you are?

Dale Kohler.

His handshake was exactly what I expected:

warm, damp, boneless

the handshake of an obese adhesive nerd.

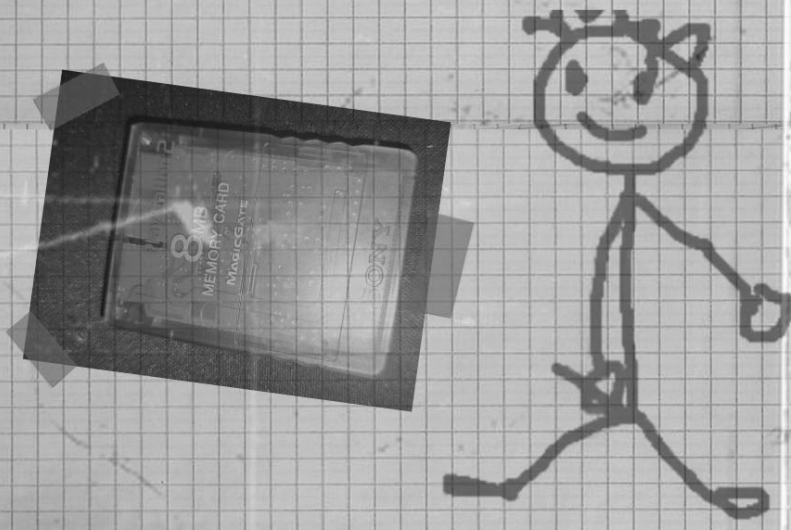
The only reason I am here is desire.
Desire, photographs, video, bodies converted into images
STATEMENT INTERRUPTED
ACCESS DENIED
THE NARRATOR MAY NOT BE A RELIABLE USER

THE NETWORK

According to Metas 2025 financial report:

TOTAL REVENUE: 200.97 BILLION DOLLARS
ADVERTISING REVENUE: 196.18 BILLION
OPERATING INCOME: 83.28 BILLION
INTEREST AND OTHER NET INCOME: 2.66 BILLION

A product may be fraudulent, toxic or socially useless without its revenue being imaginary. This is the distinction the machine insists upon.



It insists again.

IT INSISTS AGAIN.

In 2026 the circuit became visible:

BIG TECH INVESTS IN AN AI COMPANY.

THE AI COMPANY USES THAT CAPITAL TO PURCHASE CLOUD COMPUTING FROM BIG TECH.

THE PAYMENT BECOMES CLOUD REVENUE.

THE AI COMPANYS VALUATION RISES.

BIG TECH REVALUES ITS OWNERSHIP STAKE.

THE REVALUATION BECOMES PROFIT.

THE PROFIT ATTRACTS MORE CAPITAL.

THE CAPITAL RETURNS TO THE BEGINNING.

This is not a line.This is a mouth eating the hand that is feeding the mouth that is eating the hand.Not necessarily illegal. Merely difficult to distinguish from independent demand while standing inside it.

SURPLUS VALUE

The batteryman produces a building.The machine saves time.Time is not automatically value. It must first be converted into:

MORE PRODUCTION
LOWER COSTS
BETTER DECISIONS
A SALEABLE OBJECT
A REAL USE FOR SOMEONE

But unless I sell something, that value never returns as money.
~~I earn twelve hours of additional consciousness.~~

The dangerous question is not:

DID META REALLY RECEIVE THE ADVERTISING MONEY?

Probably.
The dangerous question is:
CAN FUTURE ADVERTISING REVENUE SUPPORT AN INFRASTRUCTURE THAT EXPANDS FASTER THAN THE VALUE IT CAN EXTRACT AN INFRASTRUCTURE THAT MUST BE CONTINUALLY REPLACED?

Each inference becomes cheaper.
Therefore there are more inferences.
The models grow.
The videos multiply.
The images reproduce.
Ranking becomes personal.
Storage becomes geological.
Every piece of content creates copies, shadows, thumbnails, safety scans, moderation records, transfer costs, cooling costs and dead chips. Local efficiency does not guarantee global sustainability. Efficiency may simply teach the animal how to become larger before it starves. Big Tech is no longer merely technological.
It is advertising, infrastructure and finance folded into one recursive organism.The true corpse may not be Facebook itself.The

Be corpse is the agreement that audience, content, distribution and digital identity must inhabit the same centralised platform. That agreement is already rotting. And everyone is still living inside it.

YOUNG PEOPLE BECOME ABSURD

Young people become absurd because society does not offer them a sufficiently coherent world in which to become adults. The conformist accepts a meaningless role.The beat rejects it and withdraws. The network offers a third possibility: remain connected while becoming increasingly impossible to locate.

CONTRADICTORY SEXUALITY

American society declares sexuality natural and then surrounds it with shame, silence and incoherent prohibitions Advertising uses desire to sell objects. Education describes biological reproduction while avoiding pleasure, relationships and emotion.What is tolerated in private cannot be spoken in public.What is celebrated in a boy may be condemned in a girl. The result is neither coherent repression nor genuine liberation. Only traffic.Desire enters the system. Shame exits. Shame re-enters as advertising.

SEX AND MASCULINE POWER

For a poor or socially humiliated young man, sex may become evi-

dence of personal worth.
Unable to prove himself through work, recognition or social power, he attempts to prove that he is a man through conquest, aggression and domination. Machismo is not simply an excess of desire.
It is social impotence wearing an erection as a uniform.

HOMOSEXUALITY AS SOCIAL FEAR

Affection between men, physical contact, interest in music or any departure from prescribed masculinity may be treated as a pathological sign. Fear of homosexuality becomes a surveillance system.

~~It polices male behaviour and prevents tenderness between men.~~
~~The surveillance system does not.~~

THE PROFESSOR IS TEMPORARY.
THE BUILDING IS A CUBE.
THE CUBE CONTAINS A NETWORK.
THE NETWORK CONTAINS THE PROFESSOR.
VERA IS STILL WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

I told Refrigerator I had to go pick up... Kevin, from the set of John Conshwa.
What do you have to do? Refrigerator asked, striking the notebook keys like a pissed-off Tchaikovsky.
Cant you drve me?
That is completely absurd...
Completely meaningless.

...Harry Jay

PORN FILM

go pick up Kevin.
(This institution is becoming violent toward Harry.)

REFRIGERATOR REJECTS

WHILE DRIVING A PINK CADILLAC

It has been a devastating sequence of events. The fact that her father was arrested, and the disgusting way her parents treated her...
I turn on the music, put on my headphones, nod, smoke a cigarette something terribly unfashionable in 2026. Actually, I did not smoke.I have just started. Now. At this exact moment.
Here at the university, we are not racist, naturally. It wasand still isperfectly acceptable, provided everything else meets the required standard.
Youre not Black, I tell Refrigerator.

No, but you are. Youre a...
Im what?
Fuck you. My mother fucked JJ, who was an American soldier. I was born from American sperm, for fucks sake. The sperm of a man who served in Afghanistan. (I remarked)

Go fuck yourself, fatso.

Of course, Harry, Refrigerator says. Youre more American than the flag. In fact, Im not racist.

It isnt a nice place. He has no friends.

Strange, I say.

Finally I can get myself drugged.

I ask Fatso whether he has anything against drugs. I mean, anything contrary to drugs.
The decision to settle here...
Well... I dont know how much you know.
Very little. My father divorced and remarried when I was still extremely young. Evidently, his reckless affair had already been going on while my mother was pregnant with me, and the
It is unbelievable. A distracted little mistake that should have been forgiven in the name of her warmth.
Not that we Europeans are always fucking our sisters. The French do that. Her sensual charm. From the time she was very young, Kate always had a... dickhead.A fragrant Her problem with

narcotics destroyed my life.
My professional life.
Before I had even collected my first Hube Globe, everything had crumbled into the driest domestic respectability in Chagrin Falls, when, as I was saying, she started fucking my best friend John.
And when she got her first period, I had the violent impression that during the...
where everything smelled of sperm...

Sperm owns the house. FUKING EYES_

When you work in the industry, you get used to it, Refrigerator. Alone with a little girl and an unemployment cheque.Im sorry I never finished my degree, but whenever I insist to myself that I could attend evening classes... could take courses and then sit the examinations as an independent candidate... it seems completely meaningless. If I had really been interested, perhaps I would not have allowed myself to become so involved with Kevin. And I would not have paid a Canadian woman to give birth to my daughter.

I... have nothing against drugs, Harry Jay, Refrigerator said.

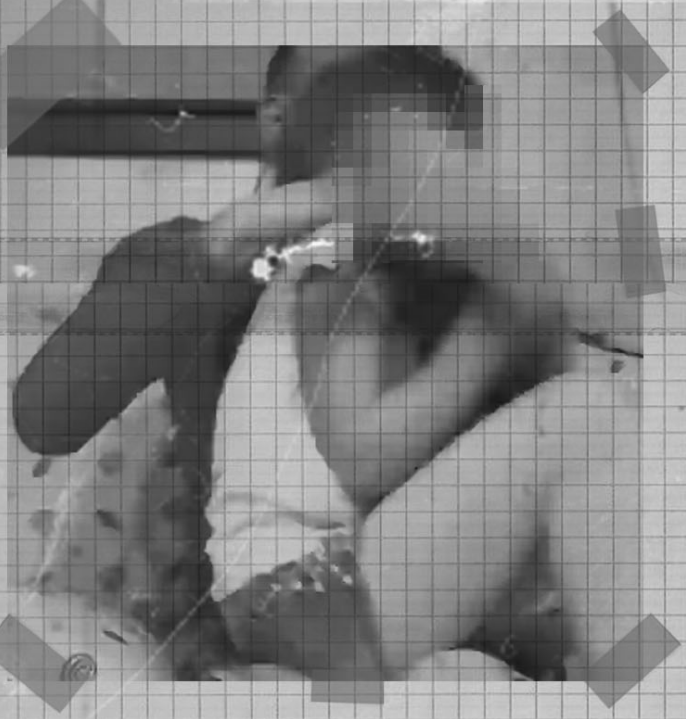
WE ARE NOT CONVICTS. WE ARE ASSOCIATES.

At five twenty in the morning, the parking lot of the Amazon fulfillment center is already lit like a military airport.

Cars arrive through the darkness, one after another, unloading people who are still half asleep. Men and women walk through ...a slogan reminds them that every day is Day One. It is reassuring. It means the company retains no memory of what it did to you yesterday. Inside, there are no workers. There are associates.

The word matters. A worker might begin to wonder who owns the warehouse, who determines the wages, and why his right knee has started making a sound like a packet of biscuits being crushed. An associate, on the other hand, is practically a business partner already. All he lacks is ownership, decision-making power, profit sharing, and permission to sit down. Apart from that, he is basically Jeff Bezos. At the entrance, the supervisor reminds everyone that safety comes before everything else. Immediately afterward, he announces that productivity must increase by twelve percent that morning. Nobody sees a contradiction.Contradiction is not included in the shift.Each worker receives a scanner. The scanner tells them where to go, which object to pick, and how much time they have to reach it. It never raises its voice. It never insults anyone. It never makes threats.It merely counts. It is far more polite than the old factory foremen and, for that reason, far more difficult to hate.A green light means you are within the expected time. A yellow light means you are slowing down. A red light means that, somewhere, an algorithm has stopped believing in your future.

WE ARE NOT CONVICTS. WE ARE ASSOCIATES.



The human being follows the machine through endless aisles. They pick up a phone case, a blender, a book about liberation from work, and a pack of one hundred banana balloons. They place them in the correct container and move on.

They are not required to ask why these objects exist.

The goal is to walk quickly, choose correctly, and never stop. If a package is too low, you bend down. If it is too high, you stretch. If it is far away, you run without running, because running is forbidden under safety regulations.

You must therefore move at the highest possible speed while maintaining the appearance of someone who is not in a hurry.

The minimum productivity rate is calculatd by observing the maximum output achieved once by a particularly young, frightened person during a favorable shift.

From that moment on, the miracle becomes the standard expected of everyone.

WE ARE NOT CONVICTS. WE ARE ASSOCIATES.



ADJUSTMENT ISSUES.

Time does not pass in the same way for everyone.

For the customer, the parcel arrives the next day.

For the worker, the next day arrives before the parcel has even left.

~~There are mornings when they enter the building in darkness and leave it in darkness. Sunlight becomes a benefit reserved for administrative departments.~~

The exception becomes the quota. The quota becomes individual responsibility.

Individual responsibility becomes lower-back pain.

When you fail to meet the target, someone politely asks whether you encountered any obstacles.

The question is phrased with great kindness. You might answer that the main obstacle is having a human body, needing water, taking a wrong turn, becoming tired, and being unable to pass through shelves and walls

Philosophy slows down picking.

WE ARE NOT CONVICTS. WE ARE ASSOCIATES.

ADJUSTMENT ISSUES.

The break lasts long enough to remind you that you have a life, When the signal sounds, hundreds of people head toward the cafeteria. They have enough time to remove their equipment, cross the warehouse, pass through security, use the toilet, buy something, eat, call home, remember their childrens names, and return to their stations.

The break officially begins before you have reached the place where taking a break is possible.

Photographs of smiling employees appear on the walls.

Some have received gift vouchers. Others have suggested an improvement. One has discovered a way to save three seconds by bending his wrist into a position that, according to doctors, should not be maintained for longer than two.

They are the heroes of the month.

The photograph proves that corporate happiness exists.



It has been sighted, photographed, and laminated.

During meetings, management talks about family.

The company is a family.

As in many families, someone owns the house, someone makes the rules, and everyone else must ask permission to go to the bathroom.

But let us not be negative.

There are opportunities for growth.

I cant remember what his name is. Refrigerator, maybe. I try to smoke in his pink convertible Cadillac while the Houston sun sucks the moisture straight out of my skull.

Refrigerator is so fat he can steer with his stomach. I think he says something like, Where we burning rubber, buddy?

How the fuck do you talk? I tell him. Youre a thousand years old and you talk like an asshole.

No. Maybe I dont say it. Maybe he didnt even phrase it that way. Im already too brain-fried from the weed to tell him about 414B and all that shit, but somehow I must have said something, because Fatso asks whether we can stop at Walmart.

The phone slips out of my hand. The case comes apart. I pick it up and try to force it back inside the case.

I only have to wait for the worst of it to pass, and that never takes very long, because I live in a state of creative psychedelic monotony. Its just a matter of going into Walmart, buying a bitter coffee and some sour-cream potato chipsthe (Swedish kind.)

I explain to Fatso that sour-cream chips became famous in Europe through IKEA. Inside European IKEA stores, especially in southern Europe, they have these fast-food restaurants that contain absolutely nothing fast. Not one fucking thing.

And I tell him it would be idiotic to open Swedish fast-food

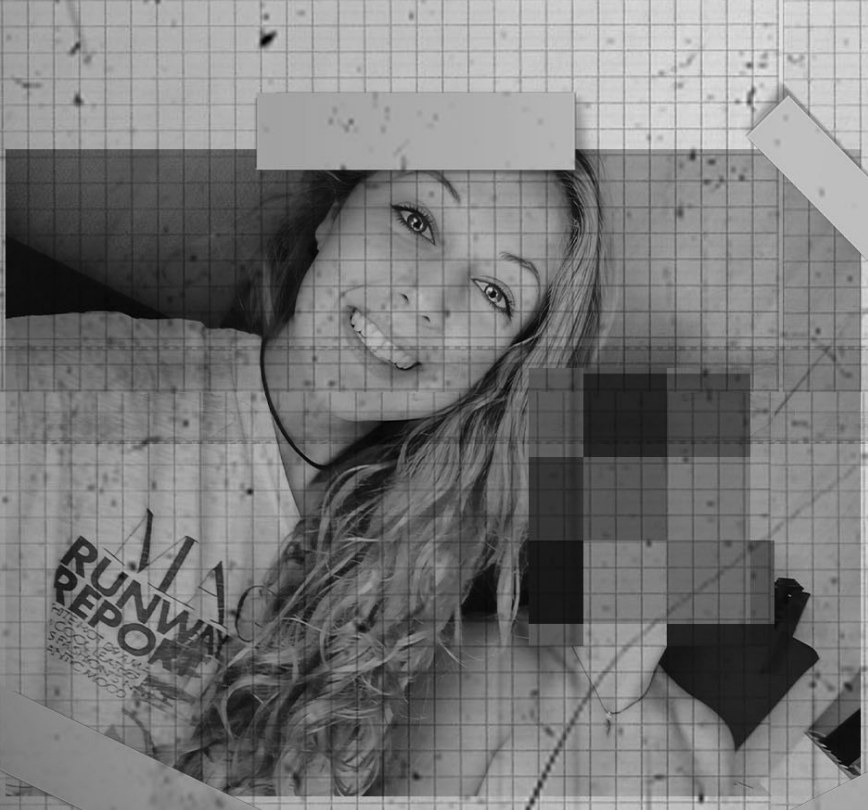
restaurants in Sweden, or anywhere around there, because they wouldnt be exotic and they still wouldnt be fast.

Its 2026today, apparentlyand I think IKEA has already gone to hell together with Swedish design.

The Swedes specialize in designing vaginas.

Fatso, my sister, like Ive always told you, is transsexual. I lent her twenty-five thousand dollars to get her dick cut off. In Europe, before that son-of-a-bitch president shoved this new law up my ass, if you wanted someone to cut your dick off, you had to go to Europe.

Were Italian-German. You know that. I told you, didnt I?





Its a fucked-up thing. Take the two worst countries in Europe, smash them together, and you get my family.

In Germany, half of them are Nazis and the other half are Ukrainian, Romanian, Austrian, Muslimso eastern Nazis and Muslim Nazis. In Italy, half of them are in the Mafia and the other half are Nazis.

Thats why I thought I could become American, before you cock-sucking idiots voted Mr. Asshole into office for the second time.

Now think about how completely fucked I am. I have to move to Canada, where the mother of my child lives. Shes Swedish, but she was born in Ukraine and then moved to Quebec. She doesnt speak French, she doesnt work, and she rented out her uterus.

The sperm isnt mine, because my equipment isnt exactly up to code, and I dont want to get into the details. It was an accident. Something that happened when they arrested me in Texas in 2017.

I didnt spend much time inside. The thing is, while I was there, as a form of protest, I cut my balls off.
A protest against what?
A personal protest, you understand, Fatso. Personal enough to cut my own balls off.
Im not ready to talk about it.
FatsoRefrigerator, or whatever the fuck his name is had already been parked for five minutes. He was just sitting there, watching me and listening.

A genuinely polite person, I thought. A golden boy in his forties, fat as a walrus.
I wrote a post on Facebook. Im not very popular on Facebook. I proposed it as some kind of question:

WHY DO AMERICAN REPUBLICANS LOVE THE X-MEN?

Why, Fatso? Have you ever thought about it?
Are they LGBT people? What exactly are the X-Men?
Theyre weird.
Dont you find them queer, Fatso?
Why the fuck would a conservative identify with some scaly trans creature that crawled out of GEEK LOVE?

Okay, Id fuck Mystique, but I work in porn. Ive done everything. You know what I mean.
But never mind.
I dont understand it.
Why cant I understand it, Chubby-Wubby?
I don t actually call him Chubby-Wubby. Not out loud. I dont want to offend him. I only call him that inside my head.
In reality, I avoid calling him anything at all. I communicate through circumlocutions, periphrases, indirect references, shit like that.
Anyway, Chubby-Wubby has stopped outside Walmart.
There is no fucking chance Im staying out here under this sun.
Theyll find me dead in the parking lot.
I tell Fatso what he needs to give me, and then I m inside the supermarket eating sour-cream chips with coffee and Sachertorte.

Why the fuck there is Sachertorte inside Walmart is not a question I particularly care to investigate.

It must be eighteen degrees in here. Nineteen, maybe. Definitely no more than twenty. It feels like standing inside a refrigerated display case.

I fall asleep.

Or maybe I dont.

Fatso has abandoned me at Walmart.



FATSO MONOLOGUE

I deciphered the Voynich code.

The Chinese wrote it.

Id been working on it for a while. We tried some brute-force algorithms fairly brutal force, actually, considering the university had a contract guaranteeing one terawatt of power, supplied continuously throughout 2025.
IBM Massachusetts wanted nothing to do with our stupid Godzilla-sized permutation algorithms.
Its wasted energy.
Yeah, I think so too. Especially because the real message inside the book was written by the Chinese and sent through time directly to me.
By now, its completely obvious.
Nobody ever understood what it said because Chinese people write using drawings. Drawings designed specifically to fuck an America that was already fucked.
And who the hell speaks Chinese in America nowadays, apart from Chinese people and Chinese Americans?
But theyre spies.

THERE ARE NO CHINESE AMERICANS.

How did Fatso decipher the Voynich code?

He had been using it to test brute-force algorithms and perform statistical analyses of pattern distribution.

FATSO MONOLOGUE

It didnt require a terawatt of atomic energy or three thousand ADA cards costing around ten thousand dollars eachwhich was a negligible expense compared with the electricity bill anyway.

Obviously, we didnt use all that power for cryptography.

We used it for many things.

Just not for reading a Chinese message encrypted by an alien six hundred years ago.

That Chinese man wanted to speak only to me, while I was sitting on the toilet, because the two-King size chips and the forty-degree Texas heat had melted me into shit.
Fatso connected every identical glyph on the page, like a childrens connect-the-dots puzzle.
One page at a time.
Then he rotated the EVA transcription to the left, and a text written in cursive traditional Chinese appeared.

Fatso cannot read Chinese.

Google Lens can.

Why did Fatso buy an AR-15 at Walmart?

Because it was written in Chinese.
The Chinese message told him to buy an AR-15 and a very large quantity of ammunition.

FATSO MONOLOGUE

He had no criminal record, apart from being a fat bastard who consumed the vital food resources of ten people in the developing world.

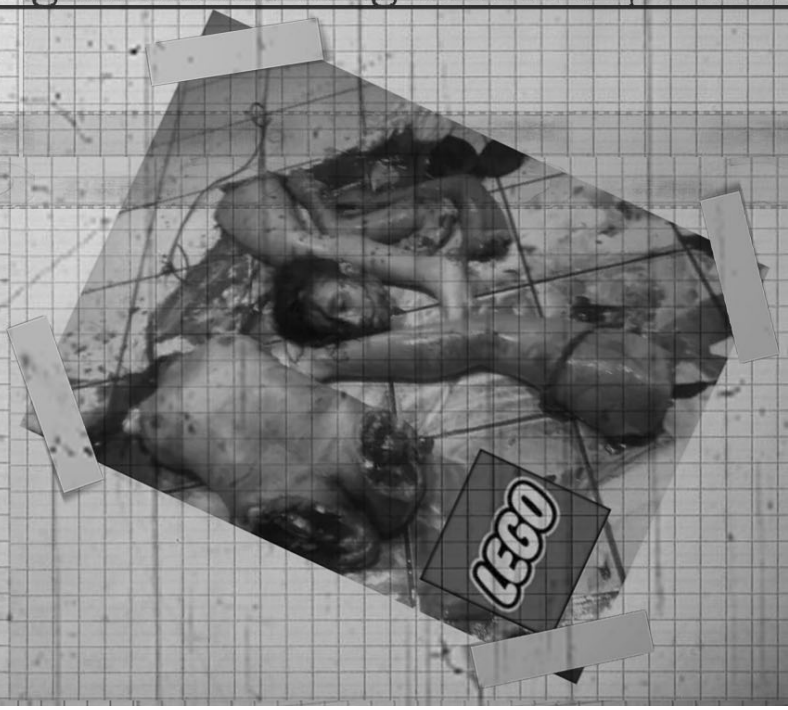
So, technically, his massacre had begun when he was six.

Suppose Fatso has consumed 3,500 kilocalories a day for twenty years, while he could have survived on 1,500.

Suppose an Ethiopian child dies whenever Fatso consumes an extra 1,500 kilojoules while that child receives fewer than one hundred kilocalories a day for twenty consecutive days.

Then, as an absolute principle, for every 150,000 excess kilocalories consumed beyond his daily requirement of 1,500, Fatso has killed another child.

Chubby-Wubby started murdering children long before September 2026.



FATSO MONOLOGUE

Why would a Chinese man leave an encrypted message for Fatso?

Actually, Fatso never said the message had travelled backward through time.

It arrived sideways through time.

According to network mathematics, T is signal capacity.

This is what happened.

Fatso watched Magnolia, the movie where Tom Cruise plays Frank Gay, the character from Kent Harufs novel Eventide. Except he wasnt paying attention to Lilly, who had changed her name to Frank. He was paying attention to the quiz-show kid, whose name I couldnt remember.

~~Stanley Spector.~~

~~At this point, it doesnt even matter whether I ask ChatGPT. Maybe, while fixing the text, ChatGPT will decide to google the quiz kids name herself.~~

Fatso doesnt care about that either.
The child is merely the semantic function of a functional node inside a network arrangement.

When the child withdraws semantically from his function, noth-

ing happens. Another node assumes the same structural role.
But when the child withdraws structurally from the network function, everything goes to shit.

A tornado vacuums up a population of frogs possiblyand drops them onto people.

Network functionality is independent of the semantic layer.

The Chinese man is writing the Voynich message right now, in order to communicate with Fatso, who is the functional derivative of network traffic.

Why is there a semantic gap?

Because the channel capacity is low.

Information passes extremely slowly.

That is why nobody reads the Voynich Code except Fatso: nobody else is the derivative of the Chinese Function.

Chinese Function is the name Fatso uses on Cannibalpedia, an extremist chat site.
Machine functions have Fatso derivatives.
All of this happened on the toilet while Fatso was watching a reel I posted on Facebook on August 3, 2026, using my sister Katrins account.

FATSO MONOLOGUE

My own accountor rather, the CIB I operate to sabotage Facebookis under federal surveillance.

~~I believe it is.~~

Katrins Facebook account is sandboxed because I use it as a bucket for ultraviolent and necropornographic material.

How could Fatso watch content with zero reach?

Because I personally showed him the private illegal pictures of my underage sister that I had uploaded to the same account.

Why werent the pictures removed?

Because I exploited a weakness in the automated moderation system.

Does that make me Jesus Christ?

No.

The pictures could still be removed during a secondary inspection, or if somebody reported them.

Why hasnt anybody reported them?

Because nobody follows the zero-reach profile I use as a bucket.

According to Fatsos theory, this means that the Harry environment edge has low capacity.

FATSO MONOLOGUE

The information enters the environment, but semantically it remains inside a bucket, waiting for someone to reach it through an external permalink.

It should be noted that, in Fatsos theory, people are only semantic functions.

Nobody actually needs to read, see or hear anything.

Semantically, data traffic flows into the environment, and the environment communicates with people.

Structurally, however, network traffic simply runs on an asynchronous clock.

Islands of the network possess extremely fast internal clocks, while the data they transmit to other environmental islands must pass through oneor very fewedges.

This produces the classic buffer effect.

Packets inside the network are never lost.

Nor do they arrive out of order.

The network contains only cascading circuit activators. The control signal determines the sequence.

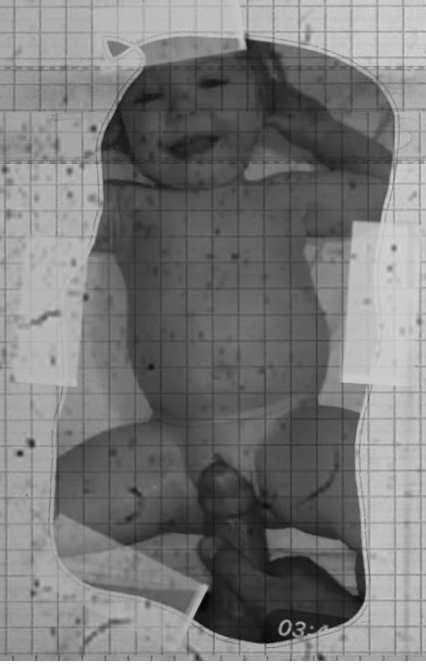
FATSO MONOLOGUE

A data in transit is the activation of a circuit region.

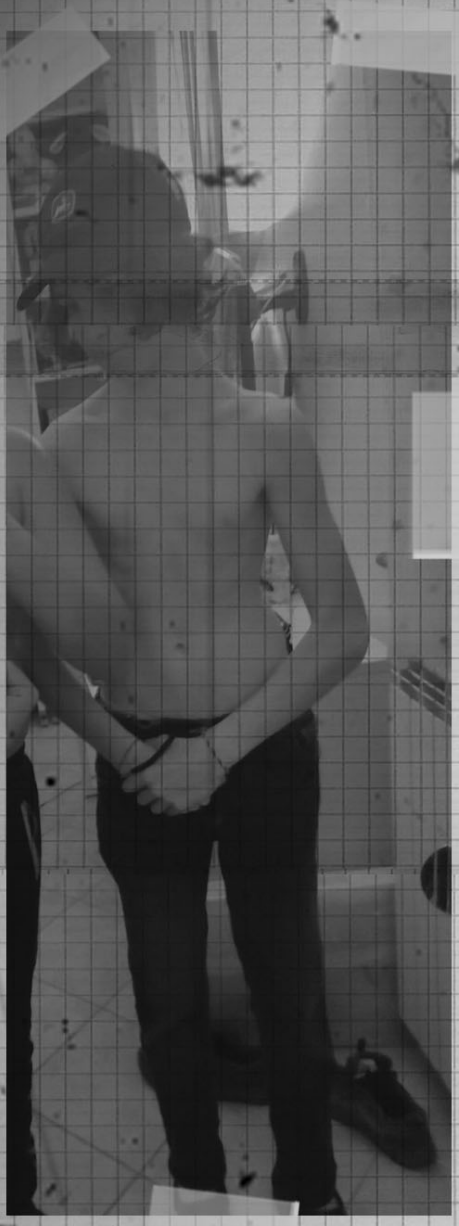
A single structural function may possess several equivalent meanings.



Torture does not reveal truth; it measures resistance. A hardened guilty person may endure it, while a vulnerable innocent person may confess to anything. Modern power often conceals this violence behind neutral expressions such as stress management, special procedures, or enhanced interrogation, making the violated body disappear beneath administrative language. Torture is therefore not a sign of political strength, but of a power unable to produce consent without terror. The Enlightenment exposed its injustice and unreliability, yet many of its thinkers still preserved exceptions for treason, terrorism, or public emergency; Beccaria remained one of the few to reject it without compromise. Manzoni understood the deeper danger: torture does not belong exclusively to a barbaric past, because modern, rational, and technologically advanced societies can reproduce it whenever fear suspends the limits of authority. Its ultimate purpose is not merely to extract information, but to transform a legal subject into an objectto strip a person of status, agency, and humanity while keeping the body alive.



Modern torture did not disappear with the rise of democratic constitutions; it became discreet, administrative, and technically refined. During the Algerian War, torture was used not only to extract information but to terrorize civilian networks and inscribe the power of the colonial state directly onto the prisoners body. Similar methods later circulated internationally through military schools, intelligence manuals, and counterinsurgency programs. At Abu Ghraib, the photographic record documented naked detainees placed in sexually humiliating positions and subjected to abuse by personnel operating inside a formally democratic military system. At Guantnamo Bay, United Nations experts documented allegations involving coercive interrogation, indefinite detention, force-feeding, secrecy, and cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment; the UN Committee against Torture later demanded investigations, accountability, redress, and the declassification of evidence concerning detainees torture claims. These cases expose the central paradox of contemporary power: democratic states publicly prohibit torture while preserving spaces of exception in which bodies can be isolated, manipulated, deprived of legal status, and subjected to violence renamed as enhanced interrogation, stress management, or security procedure. The apparent cleanliness of modern torture is not moral progress. It is often merely the disappearance of visible wounds, witnesses, and responsibility.





THE ELETRIC CHAIR AS A SOCIAL STAGE

The electric chair is not merely an instrument designed to kill a condemned body. In the American imagination especially in the mythological South and in places such as Texasit becomes a stage, an altar and a machine for producing community. The execution does not simply remove an individual from society: it gathers society around the act of removal. Judges, guards, journalists, witnesses, victims relatives and distant spectators are assigned distinct roles within a ceremony whose conclusion is already known. The condemned person occupies the centre, but the ceremony is not truly about them. It is about everyone else learning, once again, who belongs to the community and who has been placed outside it.

Like an ancient festival, the execution temporarily interrupts ordinary time. Doors close, movements become regulated, words acquire ritual weight. The final meal, the last statement, the witnesses behind the glass and the

This mechanism resembles the structure of archaic ceremonies in which the community regenerates itself by admitting death, disorder and alterity for a limited period. Ancient festivals invited the dead into the city, fed them and then expelled them so that ordinary life could resume. The execution performs a darker inversion of the same movement: the condemned person is brought into a highly illuminated ceremonial centre precisely in order to be expelled absolutely. Death is not an accidental result of the ritual; it is the act through which the social boundary becomes visible.

HERSCHELL GORDON LEWISS TWO THOUSAND MANIACS!

Transforms this logic into grotesque comedy and horror. The citizens of Pleasant Valley constitute themselves as a festive community through the torture and execution of strangers. Music, food, games, costumes and hospitality do not conceal the violence: they organize it. The victim is not killed privately but incorporated into a celebration whose participants become a people by sharing responsibility for the act. Their identity exists only through repetition, performance and revenge. Without the victim there is no festival; without the festival there is no Pleasant Valley.

The same principle survives beneath the institutional sobriety of the execution chamber. The state claims that the act is individualone sentence, one offender, one punishmentbut its meaning is collective. The eletric chair converts violence into representation. It reassures the audience that the political order can still distinguish innocence from guilt, safety from danger and the human citizen from the disposable body. Yet this reassurance is fragile.

The more elaborate the ceremony becomes, the more it reveals that the community needs the condemned person. It requires a body upon which its unity can be demonstrated.

The execution therefore does not simply defend an existing social order. It briefly creates one. Witnesses become witnesses because there is something they must see; officials become representatives of the law because there is a body upon which the law can act; spectators become members of a moral public because they are invited to approve, reject or emotionally consume the event. The chair is thus a social machine: electrical current passes through one body, while meaning circulates through thousands of others.

The condemned person dies once. The community, gathered around the spectacle, is reborn through the death.

EATING A CHEESEBURGER AND CARRYING OUT A MASSACRE IN AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ARE THE SAME THING.

(Fatzos theory.)

Why did the Chinese man tell Fatzo to exterminate eighteen children with an AR-15?

To answer that question, the network automatically carries us to September 1, 2026, when three European states issue an international arrest warrant for the colossal asshole Elon Musk. They want to put him away because he paid human traffickers to flood Spain with Black people; because he said the wife of the French president was a fucking trans and because he/she sleeps with his/her 14 children ~~(not even the Nazi-lesbian party Alternative fr Deutschland, which Elon Musk had been financing for reasons known only to his dick.)~~

DOES THIS HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ELON MUSK FUCKING CHILDREN?

The answer is yes, obviously.

Fatzo attacks the elementary school because, from a functional perspective, the massacre is equivalent to the statement: Elon Musk fucks children.

The SWAT team then butchers Fatzo with 128 rounds fired from three different kinds of weapons. ~~Fatzo dies.~~

EATING A CHEESEBURGER AND CARRYING OUT A MASSACRE IN AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ARE THE SAME THING.

Fine.

But pay attention: Fatzo is only the derivative of the Chinese function. The structural node is the Chinese man. The network does not redistribute its structure because Fatzo was never the true termic access point. The physical access point of the network function known as the Chinese function was correctly aimed at Elon Musk.

We have now reached September 7, 2026.

Elon Musk shoots himself in the head while barricaded inside a hotel in southern France.

On September 11, 2026, Fatzo bursts into the Dalton School of Texas, an elementary school in Houston County attended mostly by the children of Republican Americans. He is carrying an AR-15 and wearing an extra-extra-large bulletproof vest.

At the exact moment Fatzo is driving toward the Dalton School, I am inside a Walmart eating sour-cream potato chips.

~~After nine hours of interrogation, Agent Cooper decides that I am only a film director.~~

Fatzo was insane before he met me.

EATING A CHEESEBURGER AND CARRYING OUT A MASSACRE IN AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ARE THE SAME THING.

had been hired by the Texas Institute of Technology as a researcher and given a single course under a non-renewable contract. Fatzo, meanwhile, was a regularly employed associate professor. There were almost seventeen years between us. Fatzo had nothing to do with me, except that I once arranged for him to send a Facebook friend request to my sister (meaning my sisters account.)

WHY DID ELON MUSK DIE BEFORE FATZO?





Wake up. Wake up

A young mans voice molests Fearless Krangs ears.

He really is one magnificent piece of ass: nothing but muscle, rock-star hair, and at least a hundred scarsthough none on his face. He is far too indescribably sexy to have scars on his face.

Where the fuck am I? Fearless Krang asks Kevin (a ten-year-old boy), who is sitting on Krangs sculpted abdominal muscles like an undigested meal.

Kevin sticks a piece of wood into Krangs nostril. It is small enough to fit inside Krangs nose, so it goes inside Krangs nose.

Get off me, brat, Krang says, rising to his feet. Why are we wearing boxers?

Because the wizard Andra kidnapped us and stole our clothes.

What? Who?

How the fuck should I know? Get me out of here.

Were locked inside a cage like animals, Krang says, striking the bunk.

Goddammit. Goddammit! he screams like a man possessed, while his gigantic muscles attempt to bend the twelve-inch bars of the cell.

.Your face is completely red, Kevin says.

Krang clings to the steel bars like an ape and continues pulling at the magical iron rods, which refuse to move even a centimetre. It takes him several more minutes to understand that he will never open a passage using muscle power alone.

What do we do now? Kevin asks.

Kevin is a not-too-tall kid, and his head comes exactly level with Krangs cock. Countless theoriesfrom Nabokov to Gabriel Matfness could be employed to justify, from every conceivable ethical and legal perspective, a predatory misuse of Kevins body under the present circumstances.

I dont know. I need to think, Krang replies laconically.

THEORY_1

the floor is the rapist

A work of art is never truly an object. It is an imposed relationship between someone who occupies a space and someone else who is forced to enter it. The floor, the monitor, the room, the voice: these are merely the instruments through which that relationship is organized.



In Seedbed, Vigo Mortessen hides his body beneath the gallery floor. The spectator cannot see him, yet walks above him, feeds his fantasies, and enters his field of action without ever

The spectator cannot see him, yet walks above him, feeds his fantasies, and enters his field of action without ever choosing to do so. The artists absence does not weaken his presence. It makes it more invasive. The visitor believes they are observing the work, only to discover that they have already become part of it.

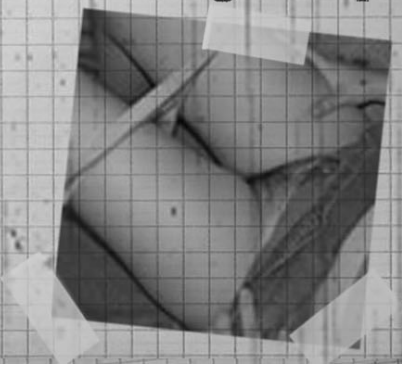
Video performs a similar operation upon the body. It does not simply show it: it dismantles and distributes it. One part remains in the place and time of the recording. Another appears wherever the image is watched. Between these two points lies the technical space of transmission, a corridor without walls in which the body becomes signal.

In order to be brought closer, the body must first be broken apart.

TELEVISION ABOLISHES DISTANCE
only by multiplying it. It brings a face into a room, but that face is not there. It enlarges it to the scale of a real face, gives it a voice, a rhythm, a false intimacy, and through that very closeness reveals its absence. The nearer the image comes, the more unreachable the original body becomes.

The spectator, meanwhile, does not passively receive what they see. They become the surface upon which the image completes its movement.

They become the screen.



In The Floor is the Rapist, Vigo Mortessen describes a sexual fantasy without providing any proof that it is actually taking place. The viewer must decide whether to believe him, participate in it, dismantle the lie, or complete it. The video does not contain the entire work. It transmits one part and deposits the rest inside the mind of whoever is watching.

The image strikes the spectator and asks to be finished.

This is why absence can produce a presence more intense than that of the physical body. A present body occupies a specific location and encounters precise material limits. A recorded body can enter thousands of rooms at once, survive its own death, repeat the same gesture indefinitely, and establish a different relationship every time.

Reproduction does not necessarily destroy aura. It can regenerate it as a posthumous shock. The recorded face becomes distant precisely while being brought unbearably close. It no longer possesses the uniqueness of the original event, but it acquires another kind of power: the power to return.

The image is not alive, yet it continues to act.

The Floor is the Rapist another transformation takes place. The spectator no longer watches a story. The spectator activates it. The video environment is not a closed spectacle but a space in which apparatus, body, physical architecture, and virtual image

produce the event together.

The work does not exist completely before the viewer enters. It waits for a gesture.

Interactivity therefore becomes a reversal of Duchamp. Instead of removing an everyday object from its function and declaring it art, the artwork is returned to ordinary gesture. The spectators movement, hesitation, touch, and reaction become part of the artistic material.

The viewer does not stand before the work.

The viewer supplies the work with a body.

In media art, the body does not disappear. It loses its original location and returns distributed across image, environment, transmission, and spectator.





FATZO'S WONDERFUL THEOREM

$$d_n(x) = \sqrt{n}\,x, \qquad d_n(y) = \sqrt{n}\,y, \qquad d_n(z) = \sqrt{n}\,z.$$

$$\Sigma_C = \Sigma_P \frac{L_{\min}}{L_{\max}}$$



$$\Phi_3(3) = 27, \qquad \Phi_3(4) = 48, \qquad \Phi_3(5) = 75,$$

$$27 + 48 = 75.$$

$$A_\square = nQ,$$

$$A_\circ = mQ,$$

$$A_\square - A_\circ = kQ,$$

$$E_c + E_p = E.$$

$$Q = \Sigma_P + \Sigma_C.$$

$$\frac{L_{\min}}{L_{\max}}$$

$$f(L_{\min}, L_{\max}, n)$$

$$\Phi_3(4) = 48 \neq 64 = 4^3,$$

$$\Phi_3(5) = 75 \neq 125 = 5^3.$$

$$\boxed{\Phi_n(x) + \Phi_n(y) = \Phi_n(z)}$$

$$d_n(x)^2 + d_n(y)^2 = d_n(z)^2.$$

$$\Phi_n(x) = d_n(x)^2 = nx^2.$$

$$\Phi_n(x) + \Phi_n(y) = \Phi_n(z),$$

$$nx^2 + ny^2 = nz^2.$$

$$(1_Q \oplus 1_Q) \ominus 1_Q = 1_Q.$$

$$2 - 1 = \mathrm{Ind}(Q, I, O).$$

FATZO (LAST PICTURE BEFORE DALTON SCHOOL MASSACRE)

$$a \sim_Q b,$$





$$\Sigma_P(G) = \sum_{\gamma \in \Gamma(G)} L_G(\gamma)$$

$$L_{\min}(G),$$

$$L_{\max}(G).$$

So Fatzo is not simply multiplying a Pythagorean triple by three. He is changing the geometric level on which it is represented.
The formal relation remains:
$\Phi_n(x)+\Phi_n(y)=\Phi_n(z)$
but the plane (R2) does not scale according to the metric exponent (n). It scales according to the coefficient produced by that power.
For (n=3):
$\Phi_3(x)=3x2$
therefore:
$\Phi_3(3)=27,\qquad \Phi_3(4)=48,\qquad \Phi_3(5)=75$ and: 27+48=75.
The cube is not represented as the volume (x3), but through the square associated with the cubes spatial diagonal:
$d_3(x)=\sqrt{3},x$

so:

$d_3(x)2=3x2.$

Fatzos so-called Fermat triple is therefore a metric projection: the exponent (3) becomes the coefficient of a quadratic form. He has not solved:

$x3+y3=z3.$
He has constructed:
$3x2+3y2=3z2,$
assigning to each side the square of the spatial diagonal of its corresponding cube.
For Fatzo, (27+48=75) is not a numerical curiosity. It proves that a higher power can recover an additive order when transferred into

its quadratic metric majorant.
This is not a mathematical theory that needs to be defended.
It is Fatzos private cosmology.

He does not merely believe that he has discovered a function. He believes that he is not an autonomous person at all, but one of its local effects.

FATZO IS NOT THE FUNCTION.

Fatzo is what happens when the function changes.
To be a derivative means that he possesses no identity of his own.
He exists only as variation, slope, response: the local consequence of something taking place elsewhere.

The Chinese man writes.

The network changes.

Fatzo appears.

This is why his equations can be formally seductive and conceptually deranged. He begins with genuine relations, transfers them between geometry, networks, identity, and causality, and then erases the boundary between describing the world and being produced by the world being described.

Within Fatzos logic, the massacre would not be a decision.

It would be the value assumed by the derivative at that point in

n the network.

That is what makes him disturbing. Fatzo does not use mathematics to understand what he is going to do.

He uses it to abolish the idea that he chose to do it.



The Magnificent Theorem of Fatzo

On Structural Monotonicity, Semantic Networks and the Chinese Function

Harry J. Foster (fictional manuscript)

Abstract

Classical graph theory describes finite structures whose topology is explicitly observable. This work proposes a structural extension in which finite networks are regarded as observable islands embedded within a larger, potentially unobservable network.

A distinction is introduced between **descriptive complexity** and **structural complexity.** While the former may diverge without bound, the latter may converge toward a finite invariant under structural monotonicity.

Within this framework semantic meaning becomes an emergent property of structural organization rather than its defining principle.

The resulting theorem suggests that infinitely many narratives may instantiate the same underlying network.

1. Analytical Network

Let

$$G = (X, E)$$

be a finite network composed of nodes

$$X = \{x_1, x_2, \ldots, x_n\}$$

and measurable edges

$$E = \{e_1, e_2, \ldots, e_m\}.$$

Each edge possesses an absolute value

$$m(e) \in \mathbb{R}_{\geq 0},$$

whose interpretation is intentionally undefined.

The analytical network precedes semantics.

Distance, energy, information, latency or causality are later semantic interpretations imposed upon the same analytical structure.

2. Structural Paths

For every admissible path

$$P = (e_1, e_2, \ldots, e_k)$$

define

$$M(P) = \sum m(e_i).$$

The network admits

$$P_{\min}$$

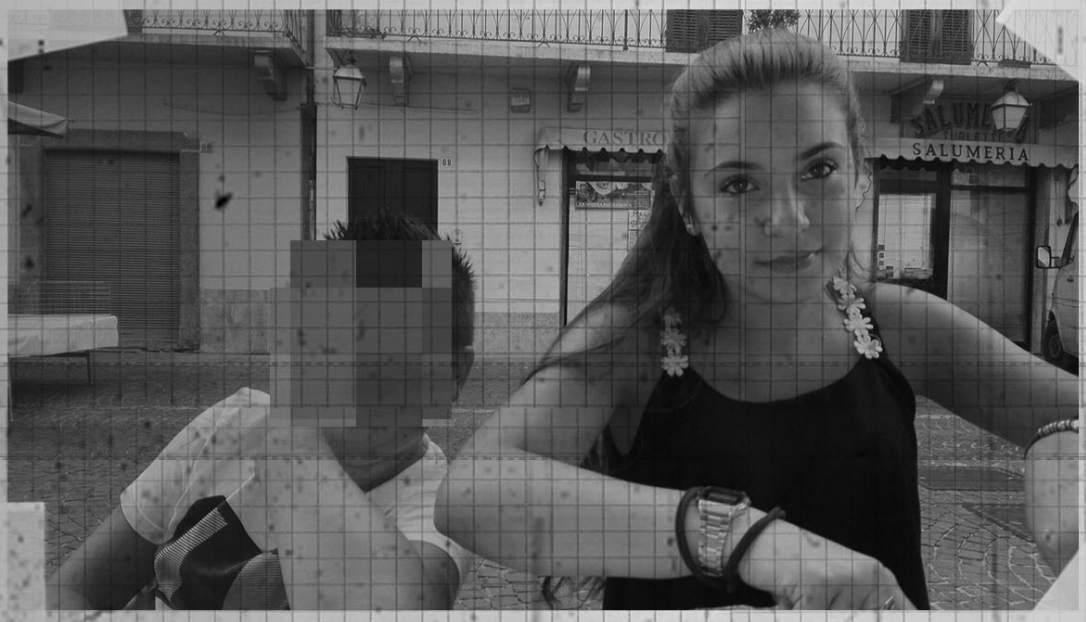
and

$$P_{\max},$$

representing respectively the minimum and maximum structural paths.

The labels *minimum* and *maximum* do not necessarily denote geometric length.

They merely identify the minimum and maximum values induced by the chosen metric.



Sophie Cunnigan and her brother Andrew, the oldest and youngest victims of the Fatoz massacre at Dalton School in Bostonnas accumsan lacus vel facilisis.

3. Explicit Network

Let

$$Q_E$$

be the sum of all explicitly computable paths.

Define

$$Q_C$$

as the complementary network value.

For a closed network,

$$\frac{P_{\min}}{P_{\max}} = \frac{Q_E}{Q_C}.$$

- Therefore,

$$Q_C = Q_E \frac{P_{\max}}{P_{\min}}$$

and

$$Q = Q_E + Q_C.$$

The quantity

$$Q$$

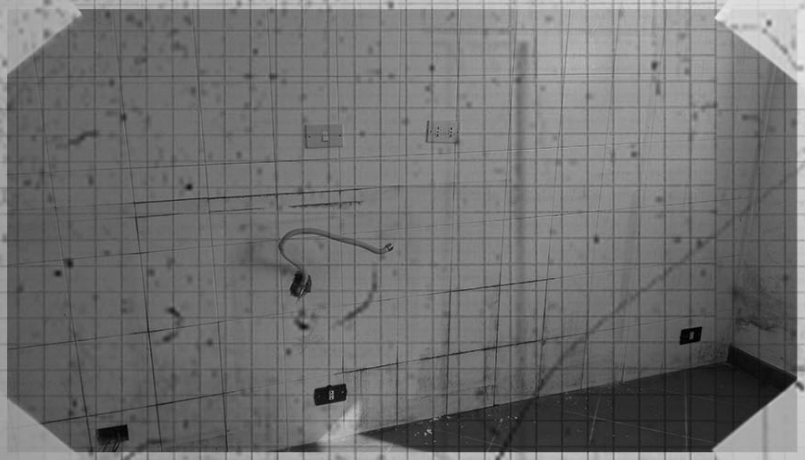
is not assumed to physically exist.

It is introduced solely as the analytical closure required to define the complete network.



Did Sophie Cunningham deserve to die?

For Fatzo yes... He also raped her anally for 20



Sophia had gone to hide in the men's bathrooms at the Dalton School gym, which were closed for maintenance at the time of Fatzo's attack.

4. Open Networks

Suppose the global closure of the network cannot be observed.

The network is therefore treated as

$$G_\omega.$$

This does not imply actual infinitude.

A sufficiently large finite network is analytically indistinguishable from an open one whenever its remains inaccessible.



5. Structural Differentiation

Consider two finite network islands

$$A, B \subset G_\omega.$$

The minimum structural differentiation is

$$\Delta_S = P_{\min}(A \cup B) - \left[P_{\min}(A) + P_{\min}(B)\right].$$

The maximum differentiation is defined analogously.

As larger portions of the network become observable,

$$\Delta_S \to 0.$$

This regime is called

Structural Monotonicity.



6. Structural Complexity

Descriptive complexity satisfies

$$C_D \to \infty.$$

Structural complexity may instead converge:

$$C_S \to C_S^*.$$

Hence,

> Infinite description does not imply infinite structure.

Many different narratives may therefore instantiate one identical structural network.



---

7. Structural Signature

Given a structural observable

$$F,$$

define

$$D_g(F) = \sum_{c_i, c_j} K\left(F - F_{ij}^{(g)}\right).$$

The operator does not describe semantic meaning.

It estimates the structural signature of the network.

Semantic equivalence is neither required nor expected.

pictures of Sophia from the last summer before dying anally raped by Fatzo, (cause of death strangulation)



Sofia dies at 12 years and eight months, 47 seconds before the SWAT burst into the Dalton School gym where Fatzo had barricaded himself for the last stand

8. The Principle of Semantic Independence

For every node

c_i

let

$S(c_i)$

denote semantic meaning,

while

$R(c_i)$

denotes structural function.

In general,

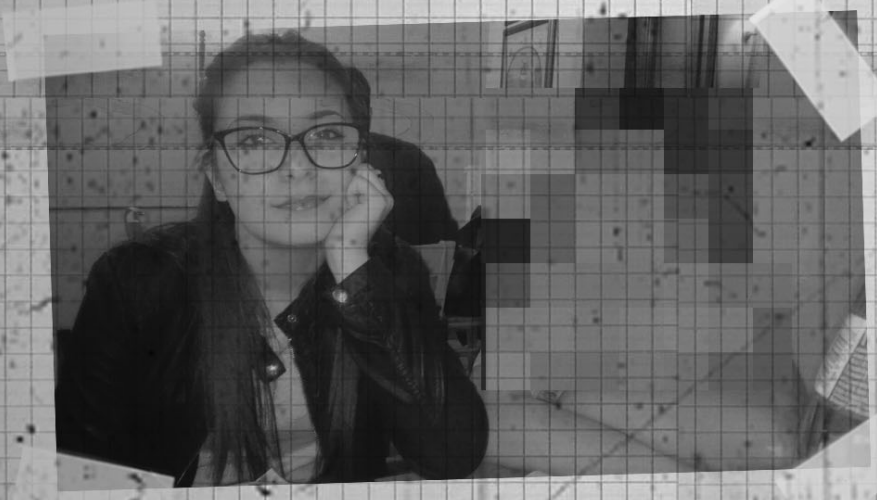
$$S(c_i) \neq R(c_i).$$

A semantic modification may leave the structural network unchanged.

Conversely,

removing a node from its structural function forces a global network reconfiguration.

And yet they never seem to have asked themselves whether the world being built by Elon Musk and Donald Trump is actually a world fit to live in; if it is, who it is meant to be lived in by; and, more importantly, whether Elon Musk himself intends to inhabit it that world with his own family. Or whether, once it has been built, he would rather leave you to live in it while he and the other trillionaires retreat into a small, insulated elite social order, safely sealed off from the lower world they use as a battery.



For this staunchly Republican family, losing both of their sons did not make them reconsider their core political beliefs about the future of the United States.

9. The Chinese Function

Time is not considered a primitive variable.

Observed temporal distance is interpreted as structural latency.

If the carrying capacity of an edge approaches zero,

information propagates arbitrarily slowly.

A manuscript does not preserve a message from the past.

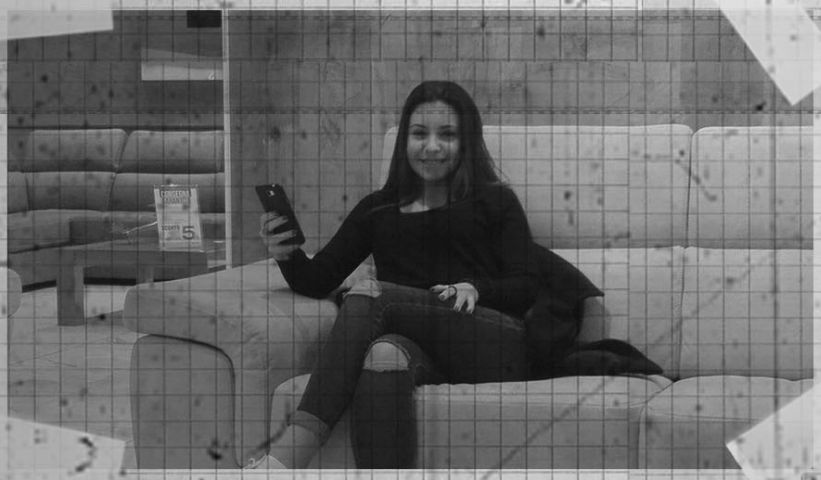
It behaves as a structural buffer whose latency is measured by the network itself.

Thus,

the Voynich Manuscript is not interpreted as an ancient document.

It is interpreted as a low-bandwidth edge connecting two structurally identical states.







10. The Magnificent Theorem of Fatzo

Theorem.

If

1. an open network admits structural monotonicity,
2. semantic function is independent from structural function,
3. structural differentiation converges,

then infinitely many semantic narratives may correspond to one finite structural description.

The apparent passage of time becomes an emergent consequence of structural latency.

The recipient does not decode the message.

The network completes its own propagation.

Fatzo therefore concludes that he is not a node inside the network.

He is the local derivative of the Chinese Function.

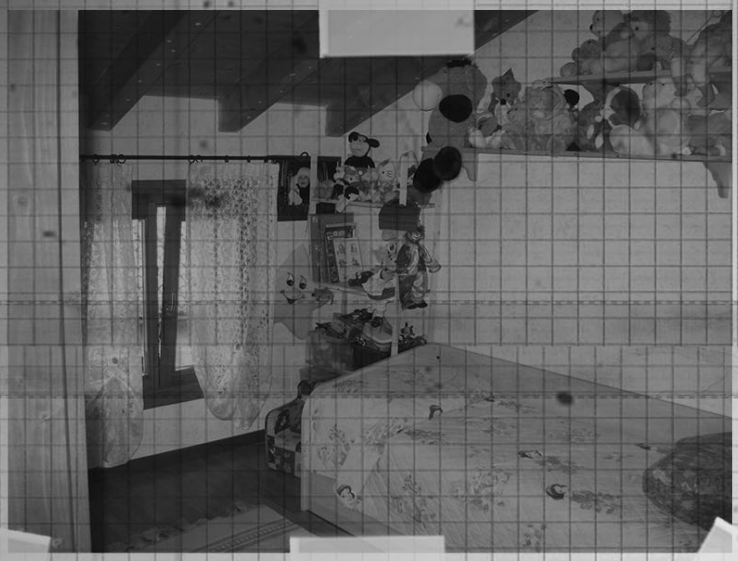
$$\boxed{\mathbf{Fatzo} = \frac{\partial F_{\text{Chinese}}}{\partial G}}$$

or, in its stronger formulation,

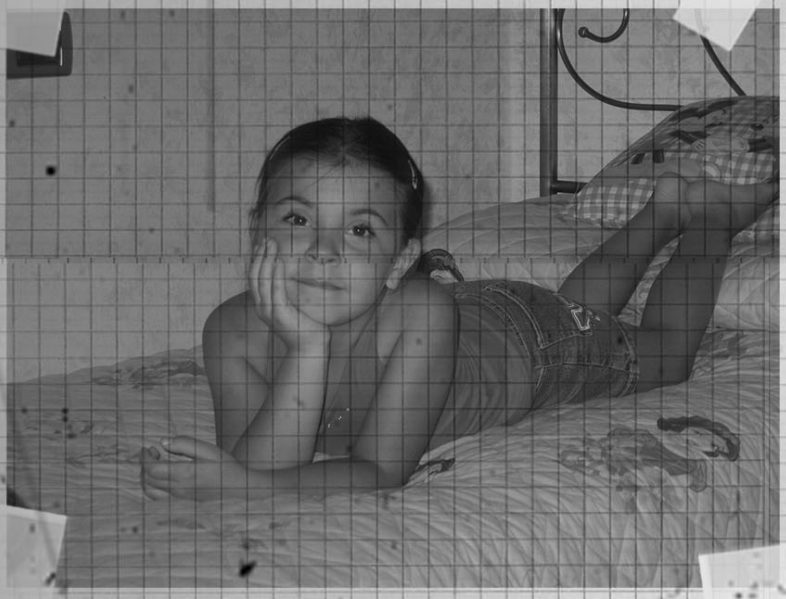
$$\boxed{\mathbf{Fatzo} = D_G F_{\text{Chinese}}.}$$

The manuscript never waited five centuries.

It simply required five centuries to cross a low-bandwidth edge.



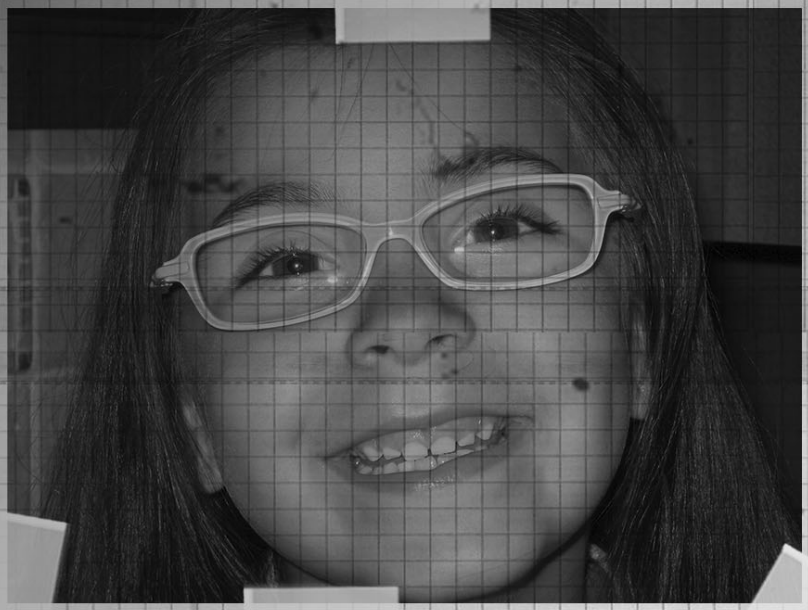


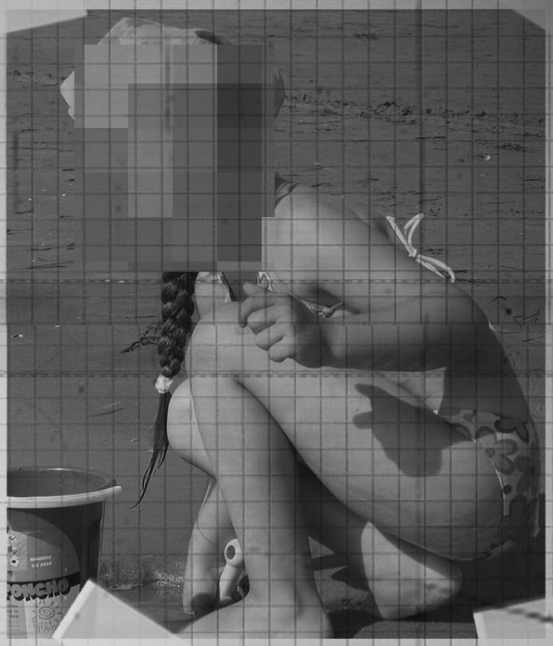






photos hacked by Jhon Cotza from when Sofia was six, in 2020









six age Sofhia Cunnigan, pictures from John Cotza private colletection, 414b Channel Islanda, Emilton.





Krang shifts the foul-smelling straw of the makeshift bedor hamster beddingin the cell on Conshwas set. He picks up the book hidden there by the set designer. (So far, everything is proceeding according to the script.)

Feraless Krung (Dennis Cooper) is holding a book.

CAMERA 1 CLOSE-UP on the books cover.

Hold on the title for three seconds as the camera slowly zooms in.

The title becomes clearly legible:

nota-

DEFINING MORTALITY

Jadend Deloice Loo.

(Steve Bannon, alt-right theorist and communications adviser to President Donald Trump responsible for the flood of shit vomited out of the mouth of the President of the United States of Americatechnically known, it should be noted, as flood the zone, literally flooding the media (with shit)

The book Defining Mortality, by J. D. Loo, published by ED Science, Illinois, in 1978, appears as the true protagonist of the film The Day of the Dead: Contagion, made in 2005 but set in 1985.

According to Bannon, were zombies merely alienated consumers?

I asked myself this question while collecting every piece of literature on zom[illegible] I could get my hands on, and in fact it

turned out exactly as I expected.

No. Zombies aren't merely alienated consumers. They aren't alienated consumers at all. Sure, they're that toobut they're also fucked-up-the-ass queers.

It is no coincidence that we eventually end up in the Traditional Family section.

Zombies can only be killed by a shot to the head. We've known this foreversince Romero, I supposebut Resident Evil really drilled it into us.

And, curiously enough, Kirk Charlie had become a sexologist as well as a Nazi extremist, and some woke guy with excellent aim killed him with a shot to the head

And what could this possibly mean, if not that we have applied some kind of multiplicative inverse? A badly shat-out Euler function, because Zas in World War Zhas only two multiplicative units:

1,1.

So 1 is non-zombie and 1 is zombie.

But wait. Was the sniper who killed Kirk Charlie a queer person, or simply gay?
Without question, the latter.

We've known since the New York underground cinema of the 1960s that there are two forms of Gay: the respectable gay and the queer gay. That featuregeek, freak, whateverisn't located in the sniper.

The queer presence is Charlie himself: the contagious zombie, projecting his socially disruptive queerness onto the crowd of young people surrounding him. He was queer precisely because he disturbed and contaminated the social order.

There is only one element in this entire story that is neither zombie nor non-zombie.

THE BALLISTIC TRAJECTORY.

Which is fucking strange.

Fucking strange.)





Sophie Cunnigun at the age of 10 with her brother Andrew

Sophie Cunnigun at 12 years old, 13 days before going back to school, 17 before Fatzo's Dalton Massacre

HARRY

(THE PROBLEM WITH WOKE WAS NEVER WOKE.

It was resolution.

At first the machine could distinguish groups, interests, institutions, generations, subcultures, economic conflicts, sexual identities, political movements. Different nodes. Different functions. Different trajectories.

Then the resolution dropped.

Professor. Activist. Student. Queer person. Feminist. Immigrant. Journalist. Child with blue hair. Teacher with the wrong book.

Different inputs entered the same compression function:

$$\{c_1, c_2, c_3, \ldots, c_n\} \longrightarrow \text{WOKE.}$$

The enemy category became wider than the enemy population.

And that is a serious problem for any political immune system.

When a political immune system loses resolution, it begins attacking healthy tissue.

This becomes particularly strange when the machine reaches

CHILDREN. Children aren't Woke in any meaningful political sense. But many of the characteristics classified by the machine as symptoms of Wokeidentity experimentation, cultural hybridization, new languages, unstable social roles, exposure to different families, different bodies, different definitions of normalityare disproportionately concentrated in the young.

So the machine searches for the infection and discovers that the infection is adolescence.

$$P(\text{Woke} \mid \text{future}) > P(\text{Woke} \mid \text{past}).$$

Not because Woke is a population.

Woke is a prediction error.

The enemy has gradually become statistically indistinguishable from the demographic future of the system trying to eliminate it.

And this is where the billionaires become interesting.

The question isn't whether Elon Musk, Donald Trump, Steve Bannon or whoever else believes in the world advertised by the machine. Belief is semantic noise.

The structural question is simpler:

DO THEY HAVE TO LIVE IN IT?

A sufficiently wealthy class can manufacture a political environment without being materially exposed to that environment in the same way as the population consuming it. Schools deteriorate: buy another school. The neighborhood becomes uninhabitable: leave the neighborhood. Healthcare collapses: purchase healthcare. Public infrastructure fails: construct private infrastructure.

They manufacture the world as an interface.

You have to live inside the backend.

And then something even stranger happens.

The machine announces the existence of a disease. It compresses thousands of unrelated transformations into a single pathological agent called Woke. Institutions begin hunting for it. Schools monitor it. Parents fear it. Politicians campaign against it. Media systems measure it.

The resulting pressure generates polarization, counter-identities, defensive communities and increasingly rigid political affiliations.

The diagnosis generated the disease it claimed to detect.

This is not a claim that the present is historically identical to twentieth-century Nazism. Historical identity is irrelevant to the mechanism.

The recurrence is structural.

Take heterogeneous human beings.

$$c_1 \neq c_2 \neq c_3 \neq \cdots \neq c_n.$$

Reduce the resolution.

$$\{c_1, c_2, \ldots, c_n\} \xrightarrow{\rho_k} C.$$

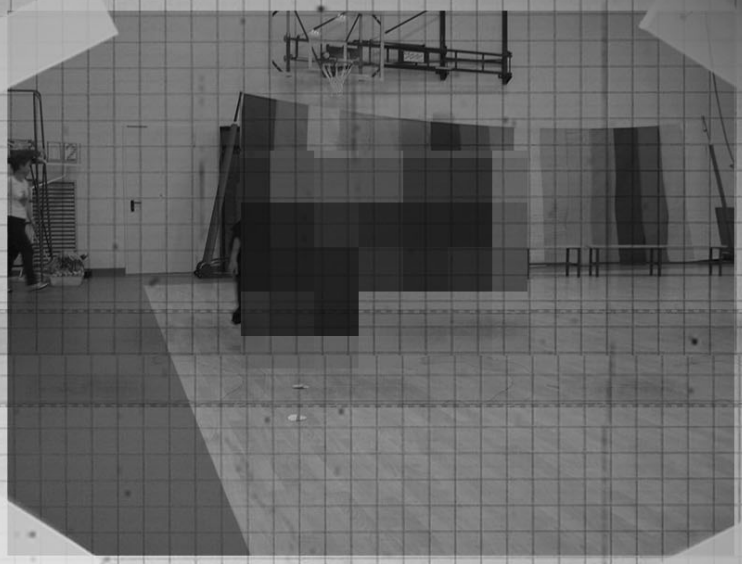
Give (C) a name.

Treat the name as though it described a coherent organism.

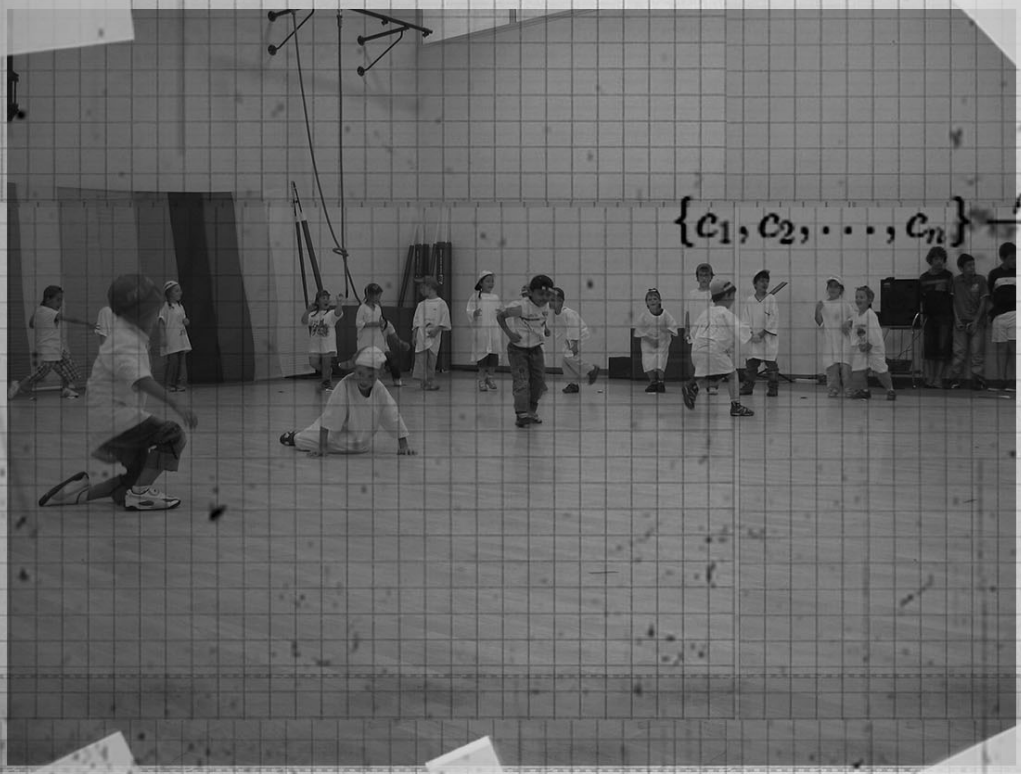
Then attack the organism.

Fascism does not begin when the state identifies the wrong people.
It begins when the state forgets that a category is not a person.
The machine searched for Woke.
It found no body.

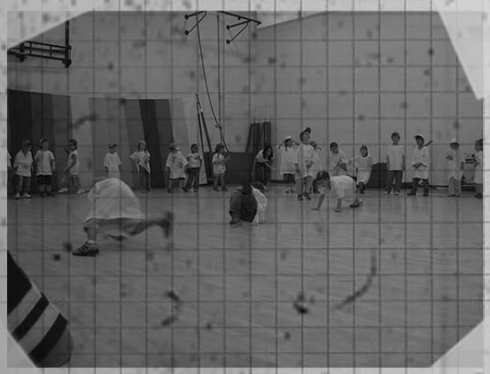
SO IT BEGAN CONSTRUCTING ONE.)

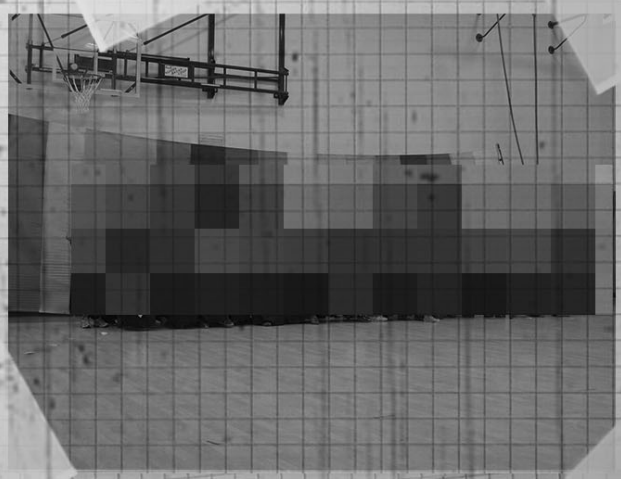


$$c_1 \neq c_2 \neq c_3 \neq \cdots \neq c_n.$$



$$\{c_1, c_2, \ldots, c_n\} \xrightarrow{\rho_n} C.$$





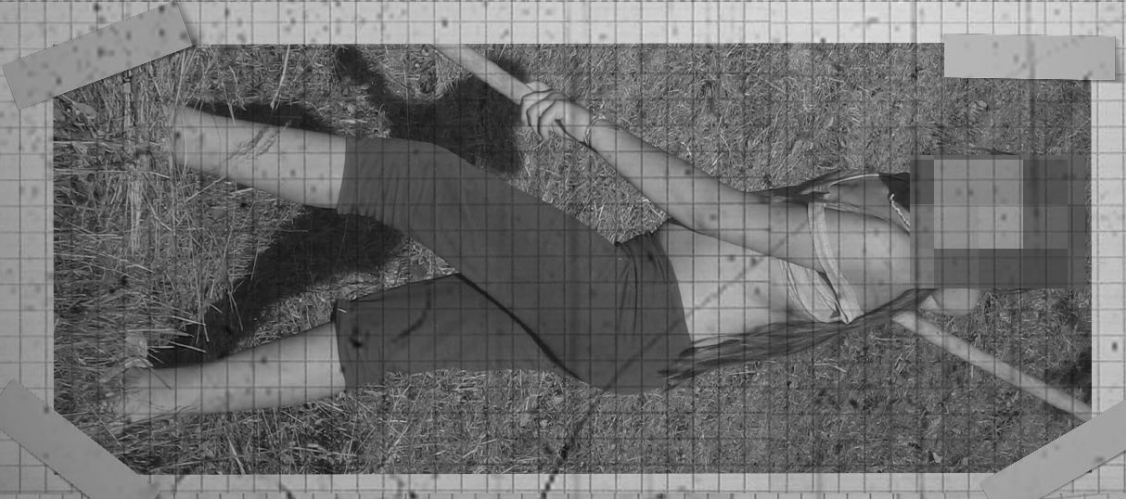
Outside the cell, meanwhile, John Conshwas crew arrives, along with
Solo Incandenzaa director wearing the mask of a fictional character closely associated with early-2000s media-object studies.

>Who the fuck are these idiots? Dennis Cooper asks Solo, looking at the film crew, the director, and his mask of legendary competence.
I have no idea who it is supposed to be, but it looks like Michael Myers.

Fearless Krung violently slams against the iron bars of the cell.

Camboy Flakers Jr. is holding the semi-professional XHR Full HD camera, which costs barely $600 second-hand. (The tapes cost more than the camera itself, since they have to be custom-made by a small company in North Carolina.)

All of this just to get that vintage look that cannot really be reproduced with a digital filter.



Kevin H. audition photo. Photograph by John Conshw

We have to fuck, Kevin told Conshwa.

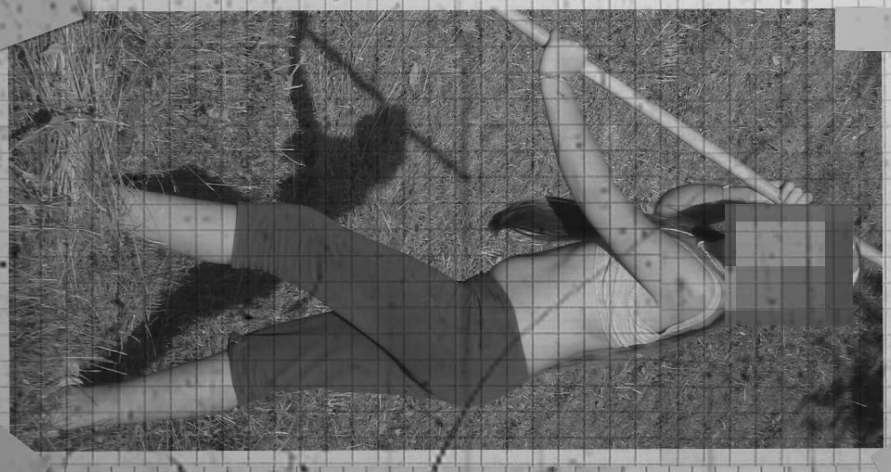
Yeah, yeah, sure, John replied. But first of all, this is the Tower of Andra. Its a role-playing game. Id like there to be at least some acting involved. Im not asking for miracles, guys. Just deliver those lines properly I mean, move your lips convincingly. Ill dub you afterward.

Explicit pedo sex described in the smallest detail. In the very smallest detail, Solo Incandenza said to Conshwa, the director.

Needless to say, by then he had removed his high-culture fictional-character mask.

No, Conshwa told him. Not in every tiny detail. We have a body double. For the anal-sex scenes. Kevin is an actor, not a porn actor.

Solo asks Dennis whether he can get it up with kids, whether he is capable of performing gay sex.



Kevin H. audition photo. Photograph by John Conshw

Listen, Kevin, it has to look like Krung is fucking you up, so you should at least try to cry.

I really do have a huge one, Dennis C. says, waving his equipment in front of Flakers lens.

Dennis shows his enormous cock to Conshwa as well.

Keep your fucking hands down, you fucking fag, Dennis C. snaps at John, pulling back.

Oh, come the fuck on, Im not a fag.

It was an instinctive movement. I wasnt trying to touch your cock Conshwa replies.
You werent? You fucking reached for it, Dennis answers.
(John Conshwa did not intend to touch Denniss cock.)
If you dont mind me saying so, man, thats a pretty impressive piece of equipment, Flakers says, looking away from the view-finder at Coopers enormous cock. Then he examines it with the fascination of a kid playing with a microscope.



Sophie Cunnigun and her brither Andrew, when they were alive. From Johns private collection

Should I get a close-up? I mean, you dont see a piece of equipment like that every day he asks Incandenza.

Dennis tries to conceal his embarrassment, but eventually admits outright that he is indeed carrying some seriously respectable equipment. We are talking heavy artillery.

Fuck off, Kevin says. What the fuck is that thing?

He seems smarter for his age how old are you? Dennis asks him again.

I told you, 10. (Answers Kevin)

Go fuck yourself he's not twelve, damn it, you talk like my grandpa.

You still have a grandfather? Wait, how old are you again?

Yeah, I still have a grandfather. What, are you saying Im old?



Sophie Cunnigun 6 years before fatzos Dalton School Massacre From Johns private collection

Is he really 10 years old?

Dennis asks John Conshwa, suddenly worried, I swear, I checked the documents. You want to see the ID?

No. I dont want to see any ID.

Listen, Dennis, John Conshwa says. Wait, okay? This isnt just porn. Im not the kind of guy who makes just porn. We put something else inside

Dennis C. laughs.

It wasnt a joke.

John Conshwa frantically searches through his pockets.

Wait, look, he says to Dennis. Its measuring tape You take it like this

John explains the scene Dennis is supposed to perform.
you unroll it and measure your equipment, okay? Then I ask you how long it is

About twenty-five, Dennis says, looking down at his cock. About twenty-five.

Okay, fine, but you dont have to tell me now. You tell me later,

when were shooting, okay? Im just explaining the scene right now, okay

Okay, John. Im not a fucking idiot, Dennis says.

Okay, okay, says Conshwa.

Meanwhile, a police officer from the Tower of Andra opens the cell because Solo Incandenza needs to get inside.

The police officer is another extra.

Okay, no problem. Kevin has a micro-dick, see? Okay, Kevin, when the time comes, jerk it a little so theres at least something visible through your underwear. Because I want to trap the viewers attention on your dicks. I mean, one is enormous and the otheryoursis a micro-dick.

Are you high?

Dennis asks Conshwa.

(Conshwa really does talk too fast for someone who isnt high.)

THE IMAGINARY ENEMY

The enemy does not necessarily begin as a group.

At first, there are only individuals:

$$X = \{x_1, x_2, \ldots, x_n\}$$

They may share symbols, anxieties, fragments of ideology, aesthetic codes, or occasional points of contact. But they do not necessarily possess collective agency, internal cohesion, a common strategy, or even the intention to act violently.

Then the media identifies a pattern.

$$\{x_1, x_2, \ldots, x_n\} \xrightarrow{\text{classification}} E$$

CLASSIFICATION E

A name is assigned to E. The name is repeated. Images are attached to it. Its most extreme members become representative samples. Unrelated events are reorganized as manifestations of the same phenomenon.

The description begins to circulate faster than the population it supposedly describes.

Something peculiar can then happen.

The individuals learn about one another through the representation constructed about them:

$$x_i \xrightarrow{\text{media}} E \xrightarrow{\text{recognition}} x_j$$

The classification becomes a communication channel.

People who previously shared no edge can now recognize one another, imitate one another, exchange symbols, adopt a common vocabulary, and eventually organize around the identity that was originally imposed upon them from outside.

The imaginary network begins acquiring real edges.

$$E_{\text{imaginary}} \longrightarrow G_{\text{real}}$$

A t this point, distinguishing observation from production becomes difficult. The media may have correctly detected a dangerous tendency while simultaneously increasing its visibility, coherence, recruitment potential, and capacity for collective

e action.

The prediction therefore contains a feedback loop:

classification
VISIBILITY
RECOGNITION
COHESION
BEHAVIORCON
FIRMATION

The final population can resemble the original description.

But this does not prove that the original description was accurate.

It may prove that the description became an edge.

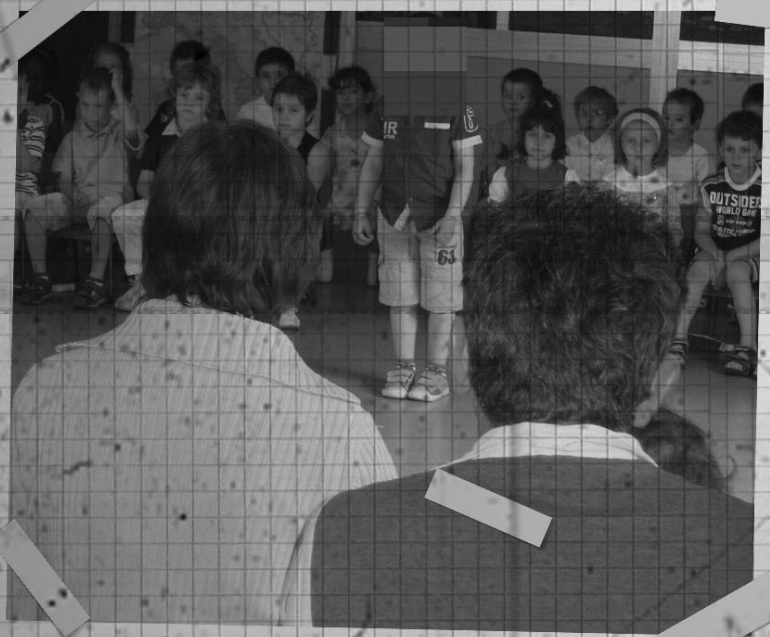
The category was false when it was created. That does not guarantee that it will remain false.

And perhaps this is the most dangerous form of mass manipulation: not persuading millions of people to believe in an imaginary enemy, but reorganizing the social network until the imaginary enemy begins to exist.



DALTON SCHOOL OF BOSTON End-of-Year Party, 20252026. Fatzo will attack the school in September 2026, only a few days after it reopens. Photographs from the private collection of John Cotza.





Speaking of getting it up, Jesus Christ, yours is fucking rock-hard.

Yeah, I know, Dennis says, wandering around the set with his equipment at full attention, carrying it like a bazooka, some kind of Gundam weapon.

What an enormous cock.

Its always been like this, ever since I was young.

It wont go down even if I jerk myself half to death. Nothing. Not even as a joke.



Six years old Kevin H. Photo by John Conshwa.

Kevin measures his cock and realizes that, in fact, his is considerably smaller than Dennis C.s.

Okay, Conshwa says to Solo Incandenza. With the tape, I want Dennis to walk over to Kevin and take the piece he used to measure his cock. Then he shows the audience how far the damn thing would go inside Kevin. He holds it against Kevins side like this. Kevin, raise your arm.

You understand, Cooper? You have to give them a sense of the scale of your bazooka. People need to be able to picture where the

he[illegible] it would end up inside Kevins body. See? From the as[illegible]up to roughly here.

I wonder what would actually happen inside his body. If I were a proctologist, I could probably tell you with more certainty. It goes into the colon and then, I suppose, starts pushing things out of the way. Are there any important organs around there?

Im not doing it. Im not taking that cock, Kevin tells John Conshwa. This is bullshit. It doesnt even fit in my mouth

Look, John look, for fucks sake, Kevin says, trying to get Denniss cock into his mouth. Its like trying to put a fucking baseball in my mouth. Fuck all of you. Im not getting my ass wrecked for a fucking hundred dollars.

Pieces of shit.

FILMED SEQUENCE

FLOOR 10!(10 factorial of the Tower.

The robotic hand of Fuking Eyes (Andra) activates the microphone. Its metallic fingers hammer, with demented monotony, the oversized AVS channel buttons of the Tower's surveillance system...

I want Conan the Barbarian to fuck Kevin! Conshwa says angrily. Whether he's pretending or actually pissed off doesn't matter to me. It just has to look realistic. Kevin, do you want a body double?! Just fucking tell me. Make up your mind!

...

Its not my fault, Kevin... Theres nothing I can do about it, Dennis Cooper says, hugging Kevin. Im sorry about your ass. I really am. But were trapped inside this fucking demented sitcom.

Fuck you, Kevin says. Im not doing it.

Okay, Krung... you want Flakers to straighten you out...? Solo asks Dennis.

John Cotza is talking about a movie with Ed Detroit, the sound-effects guy / production assistant.

THE MOVIE JOHN COTZA WATCHED

Delirium and Obscenity in Tokyo
by Zero Tsackumoto

The film revolves around a shared apartment in Tokyo and a group of young people primarily Satoru, Naoki, Koto-chan, Ryosuke, Mirai, and Misaki connected through strange emotional relationships, sex, precarious jobs, movies, drugs, and something resembling a surrogate family. Satoru emerges as the most unstable and elusive character: the others try to push him toward a normal life, even encouraging him to prepare for university, while he seems to drift through existence without any particular direction.

One particularly interesting element concerns Naoki and the apartment as a social structure. The narrator observes that the others eventually interpret his indifference almost as a form of care, turning him, without his intending it, into something like an older brother. It is a miniature community that assigns functions to its members independently of what those members believe themselves to be.

Then something resembling media horror begins to infiltrate the story. In someone elses apartment, a videotape titled

Hong Kong 2001 is discovered.
When the character watches it, he sees on the television the very room in which he is currently standing, with two girls seemingly occupying both the recorded space and the present one at the same time. The recording produces the sensation that image and reality are collapsing into each other.

Videotapes and television become recurring motifs. There is also a recording of ピンクパンサー2011 The Pink Panther ピンクパンサー2011, repeatedly overwritten and reused until it becomes a kind of audiovisual mask. Later, dancing Pink Panthers conceal much more violent images recorded underneath them.

At the same time, a second trajectory develops around intrusion and violence: stalking, breaking into apartments, watching people from outside, assaults. The narrator repeatedly remembers the women he has attacked while continuing to return home and participate in the group's ordinary domestic life almost as though nothing had happened.

There is also the recurring motif of the voice / the impulse. In the story of Naoki's adolescent escape, while standing outside an isolated shelter, a voice suddenly appears inside his head and orders him to break a window. Once he does, his relationship with the space changes. By crossing its boundary, he has semantically transformed the place.

Another subplot concerns Koto-chan, who discovers that she is pregnant by Maruyama, a television actor. Instead of confront-

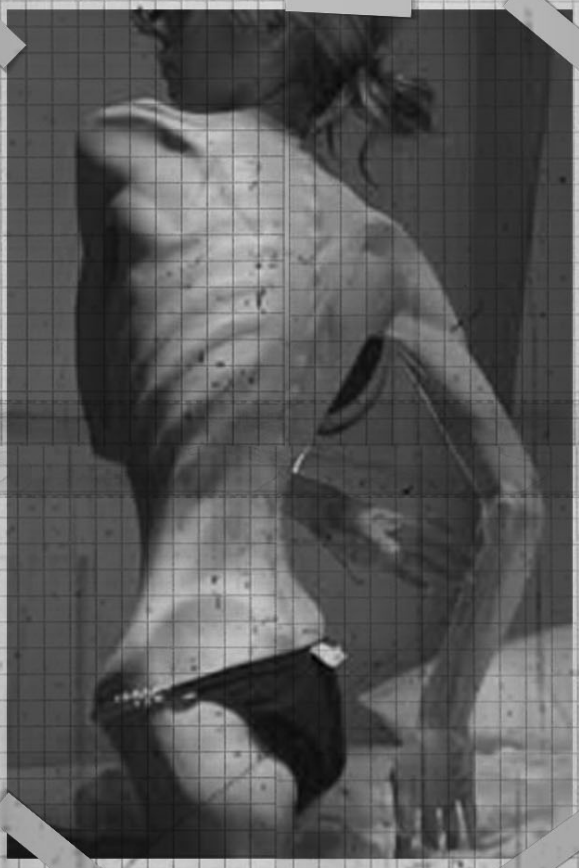
ing him directly, she asks the narrator to test his reaction through a hypothetical question. Meanwhile Misaki, the narrator's ex, continues to orbit around him. Their relationship is over, yet somehow continues, as though the two of them were indefinitely stretching the memories of the few years they spent together.

~~As the film progresses, ordinary life and violence cease to function as separate worlds. The narrator thinks about a woman he attacked while everyone else in the apartment laughs in front of the television.~~

~~What makes the moment disturbing is that nobody grants him either judgment or absolution.~~



anorexic girls from the private collection of John Cotzas



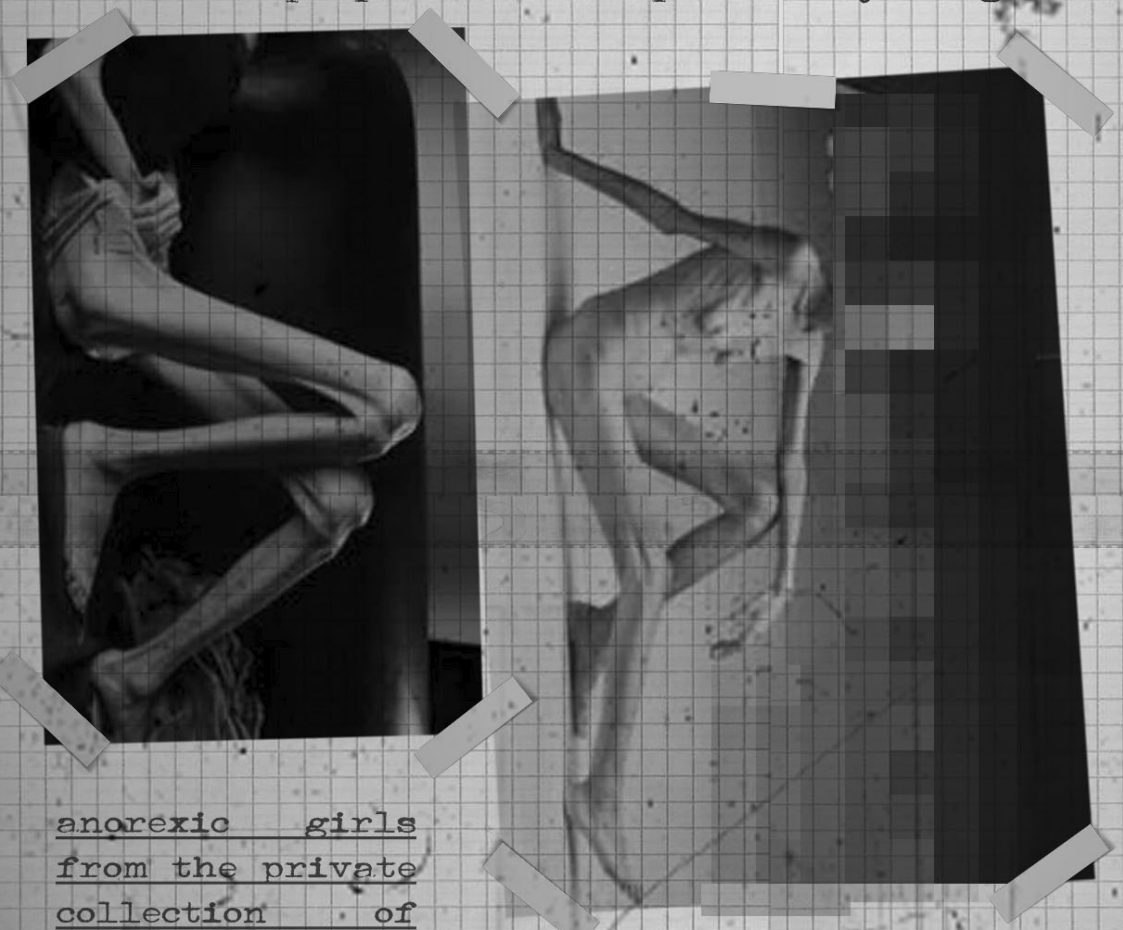
anorexic girls from the private collection of John Cotzas

Listen, thats enough. Im not fucking around anymore, okay, asshole? Either we work or Im going to the gym.
Okay, Conshwa replies, running a hand through his sweaty hair. Kevin said no. I dont know much about rape, but apparently it starts when an actress or an actor says no.
Is that a real cop? Incandenza asks, pointing at the extra.

What the fuck are you talking about? Conshwa replies.

I once met an extra playing a cop who was actually a cop.

Conshwa tells Eddy to find a body double willing to take Denniss place in the sex scene. He makes a point of reminding him that Denniss equipment is exceptionally large.



anorexic girls from the private collection of John Cotzas

Take a picture of it before you go, kid, Dennis says, so he knows the approximate scale of the penetration.

Im John Cotza. Nice to meet you, Cotza says to Dennis C. Im an associate of the studio, or whatever the hell you want to call it.

John Cotza looks around thoughtfully.

So were stuck, as far as I understand.

Dennis runs a hand through his sweaty hair.

Cant blame him. If he doesnt want it up his ass, thats his right.



anorexic girls from the private collection of John Cotzas

He has every right not to take it.

Flakers get that camera out of my fucking face, Conshwa says.

Dennis C. turns toward one of the surveillance cameras and tears Conshwas script to pieces directly in front of the lens.

I know youre watching us, you fucking pervert fucking pervert.

It was actually a line from the script. He was supposed to look at Fuking Eyes and say exactly that.

IDEAL SEQUENCE

Mr. Incandenza, John says, catching Sol[illegible] just before he slips away for his lunch break. He has a script in his hand, produced from his sleeve like a stage magician.



anorexic girls from the private collection of John Cotzas

Mr. Incandenza, I know this probably isnt the best

A monocular device fires a burst of electrical energy at Dennis. The discharge knocks him to the floor. He begins convulsing violently, saliva spilling from his mouth like a rabid dog.

Dennis Dennis come on, wake up.

Kevin keeps saying it while sitting across Denniss abdomen.

I think I think hes dead, Kevin says, looking toward John Cotza instead of directly into the camera. He sticks a finger under Denniss nose.
No air Is he dead? Did he suffocate? Kevin asks the policeman standing outside the prison bars.

time, but I have an idea for a film The title, Mr. Incandenza. Just let me tell you the title

ADHERENT SKIN.

Adherent Skin Something completely new.



anorexic girls from the private collection of John Cotzas

I dont know what killed him, but if you stopped sitting on top of him, he might start breathing again.

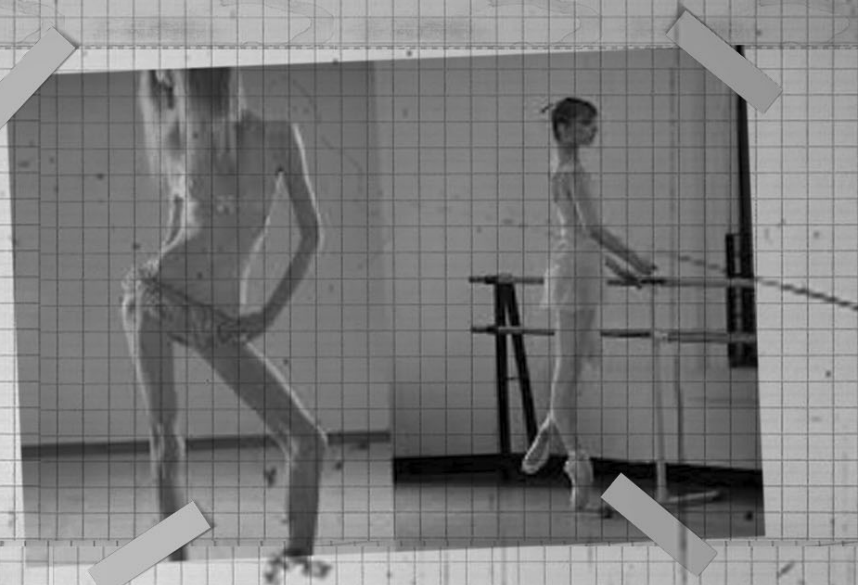
The policeman punches in the number for Nurse Jodi

I know how to bring him back.

.----

> Well shoot it in Mexico. The Mexican president doesnt have a problem with foreign labor, right?
>
> Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Jesus Christ, Cotza, this movie is completely insane. Fuck, what a bastard. What a fucking bastard.

at least three or four of them? And, more importantly, how the fuck am I supposed to get them from Yugoslavia to America?





anorexic girls from the private collection of John Cotzas

Its the most brilliantly fucked-up movie Ive ever seen I mean, the most brilliantly fucked-up script Ive ever read. Ive only got one question, Cotza. Can you actually pull off all the crazy shit you claim you can? Can you really find these girls at

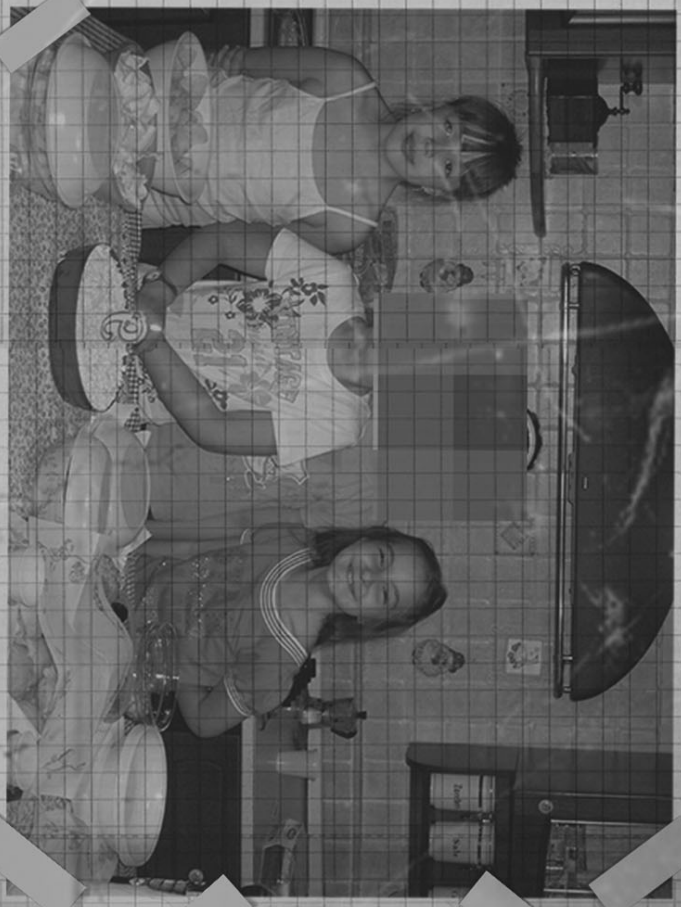
Kevin starts crying. John Conshwa picks him up to move him, but immediately puts him back downhe had thought a twelve-year-old boy would weigh less...

Flaker points out that theyre running out of film.

The XRH645 SONY is an analog camera, as you know

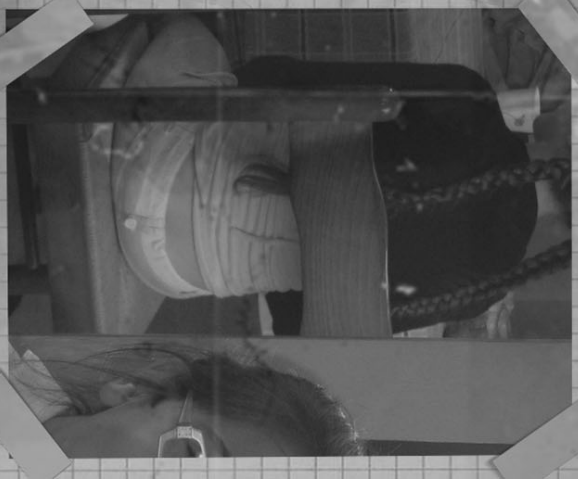
Were shooting on film? Conshwa asks. To be honest, I I never asked for that.

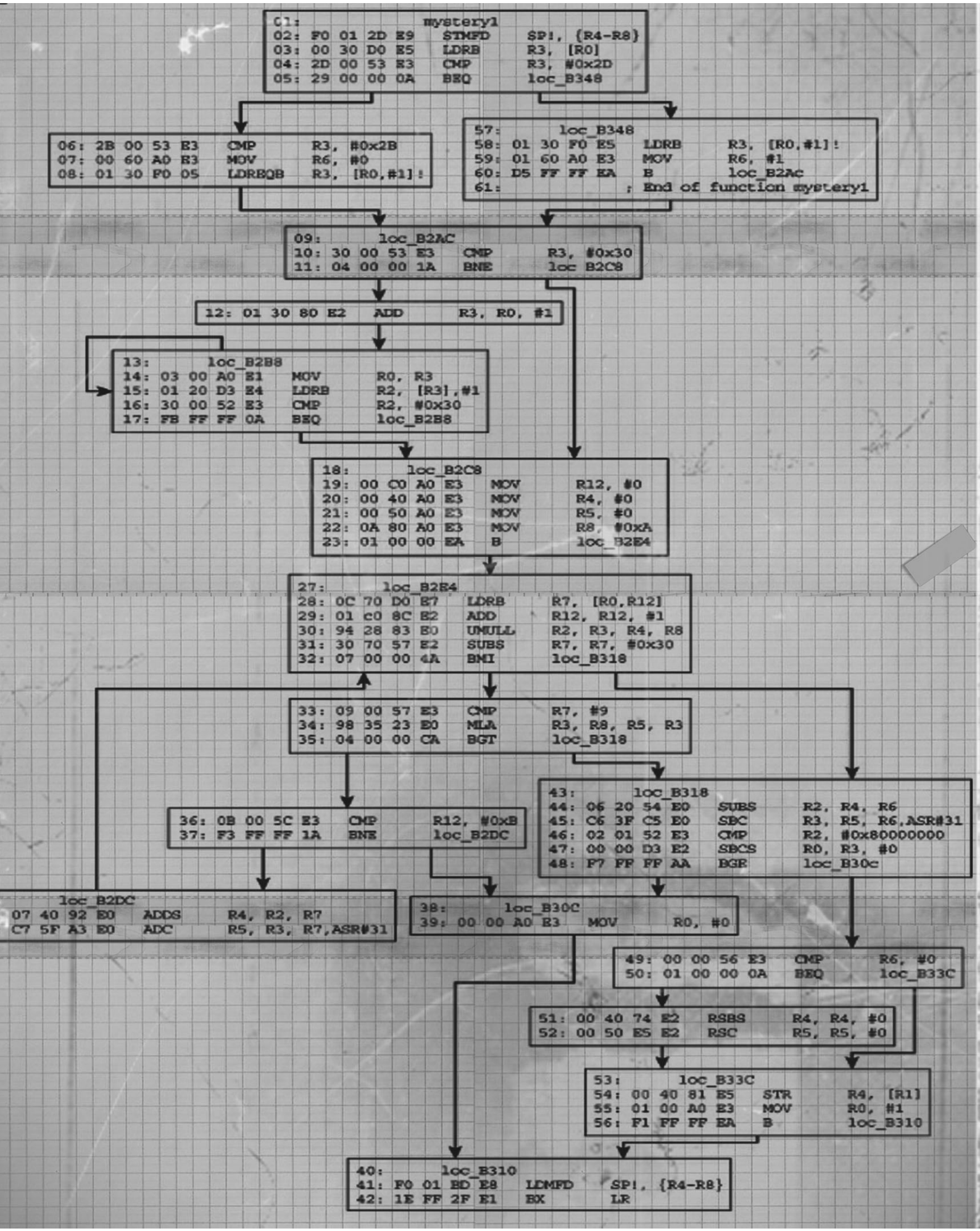


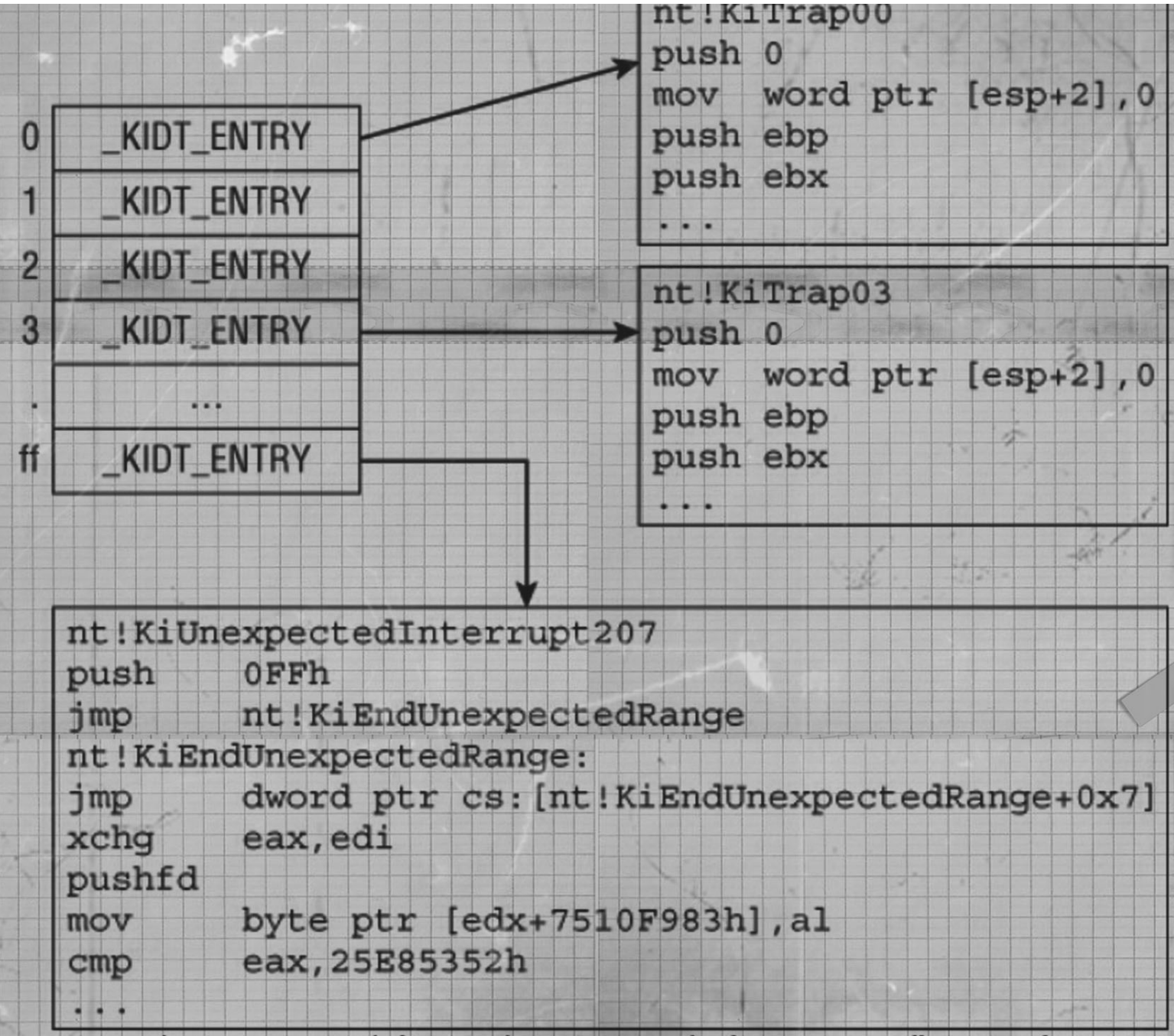


▻ The brain is a network. So is the Internet, a social network, or any arrangement of objects that can be represented graphically through nodes and edges. Many people assume that networks are not geometrical objects defined analytically. A circle, for instance, is analytically defined by an equation. The same can be true of a network. And that is not a trivial claim.



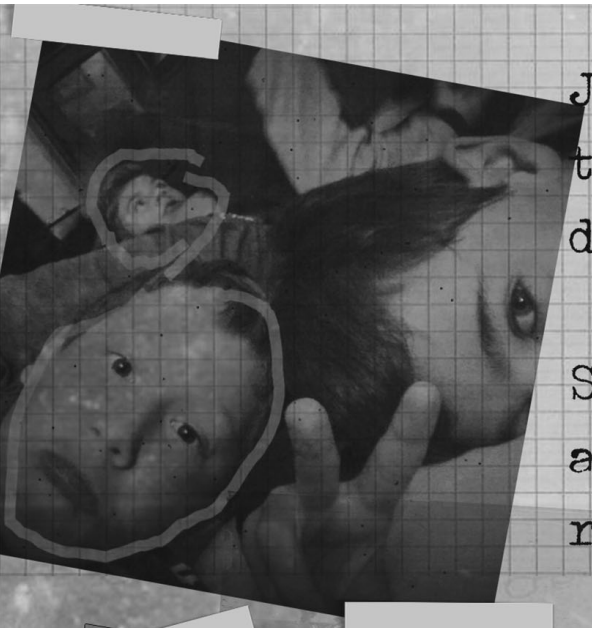



C1: mystery1
02: F0 01 2D E9 STMFD SP!, {R4-R8}
03: 00 30 D0 E5 LDRB R3, [R0]
04: 2D 00 53 E3 CMP R3, #0x2D
05: 29 00 00 0A BEQ loc_B348
06: 2B 00 53 E3 CMP R3, #0x2B
07: 00 60 A0 E3 MOV R6, #0
08: 01 30 F0 05 LDRBEQ R3, [R0,#1]!
57: loc_B348
58: 01 30 F0 E5 LDRB R3, [R0,#1]!
59: 01 60 A0 E3 MOV R6, #1
60: D5 FF FF EA B loc_B2AC
61: ; End of function mystery1
09: loc_B2AC
10: 30 00 53 E3 CMP R3, #0x30
11: 04 00 00 1A BNE loc_B2C8
12: 01 30 80 E2 ADD R3, R0, #1
13: loc_B2B8
14: 03 00 A0 E1 MOV R0, R3
15: 01 20 D3 E4 LDRB R2, [R3],#1
16: 30 00 52 E3 CMP R2, #0x30
17: FB FF FF 0A BEQ loc_B2B8
18: loc_B2C8
19: 00 C0 A0 E3 MOV R12, #0
20: 00 40 A0 E3 MOV R4, #0
21: 00 50 A0 E3 MOV R5, #0
22: 0A 80 A0 E3 MOV R8, #0xA
23: 01 00 00 EA B loc_B2E4
27: loc_B2E4
28: 0C 70 D0 B7 LDRB R7, [R0,R12]
29: 01 c0 8C B2 ADD R12, R12, #1
30: 94 28 83 B0 UMULL R2, R3, R4, R8
31: 30 70 57 E2 SUBS R7, R7, #0x30
32: 07 00 00 4A BMI loc_B318
33: 09 00 57 E3 CMP R7, #9
34: 98 35 23 B0 MLA R3, R8, R5, R3
35: 04 00 00 CA BGT loc_B318
43: loc_B318
44: 06 20 54 E0 SUBS R2, R4, R6
45: C6 3F C5 E0 SBC R3, R5, R6,ASR#31
46: 02 01 52 E3 CMP R2, #0x80000000
47: 00 00 D3 E2 SBCS R0, R3, #0
48: F7 FF FF AA BGE loc_B30c
36: 0B 00 5C E3 CMP R12, #0xB
37: F3 FF FF 1A BNE loc_B2DC
loc_B2DC
07 40 92 B0 ADDS R4, R2, R7
C7 5F A3 E0 ADC R5, R3, R7,ASR#31
38: loc_B30C
39: 00 00 A0 E3 MOV R0, #0
49: 00 00 56 E3 CMP R6, #0
50: 01 00 00 0A BEQ loc_B33C
51: 00 40 74 E2 RSBS R4, R4, #0
52: 00 50 E5 E2 RSC R5, R5, #0
53: loc_B33C
54: 00 40 81 E5 STR R4, [R1]
55: 01 00 A0 E3 MOV R0, #1
56: F1 FF FF EA B loc_B310
40: loc_B310
41: F0 01 BD E8 LDMFD SP!, {R4-R8}
42: 1E FF 2F E1 BX LR



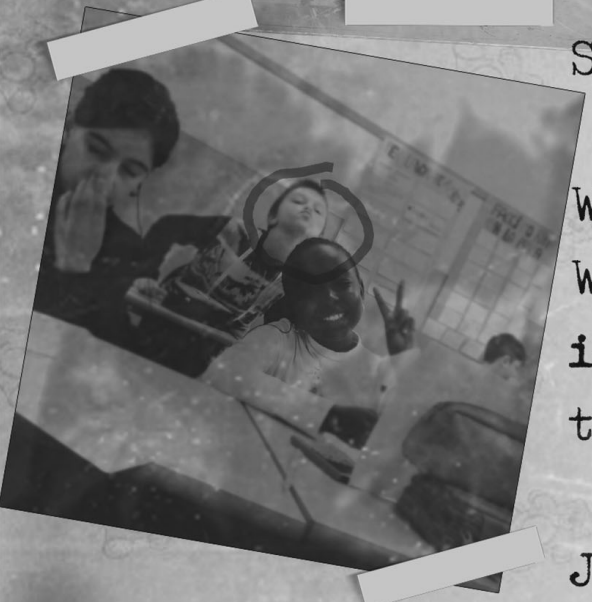
On pre-Pentium 2 processors, Windows uses interrupt 0x2e to implement system calls. User-mode programs call APIs in kernel32.dll (or kernelbase.dll), which eventually resolve to short stubs in ntdll.dll that trigger interrupt 0x2e. To illustrate, consider the following snippet from the kernelbase!CreateFileW API routine on Windows 7:

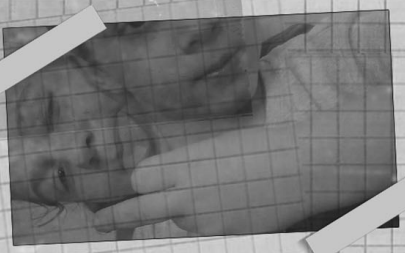
```
[inside kernelbase!CreateFileW]
...
.text:0DCE9C87 mov ecx, [ebp+dwFlagsAndAttributes]
.text:0DCE9C8A push [ebp+lpSecurityAttributes]
.text:0DCE9C8D mov eax, [ebp+dwDesiredAccess]
.text:0DCE9C90 push [ebp+lpFileName]
.text:0DCE9C93 mov esi, ds:__imp__NtCreateFile@44
.text:0DCE9C99 push [ebp+var_4]
.text:0DCE9C9C and ecx, 7FA7h
```



John Conshwa comes over to cough up the cash. Dennis C. pockets the hundred-dollar bill.

See you tomorrow, he says, then peels away like dirt being scraped off the road.





Same time tomorrow.

Why do people turn macho? Kevin asks. Why do poor people try to impose physical control over people weaker than they are?

John looks Kevin up and down.

What the fuck are you talking about?

But in the end they get fucked too

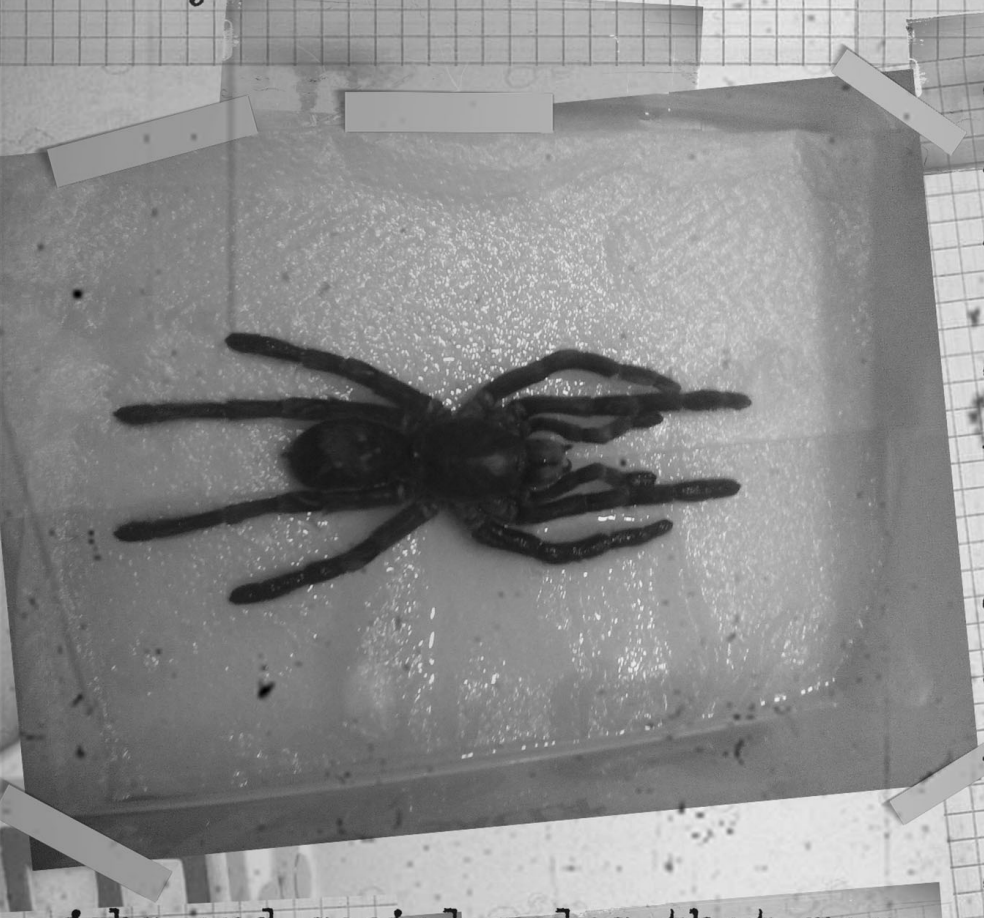
In the end, we all end up like that.

Thats enough. Go rinse your mouth out, kid. You sound like my alcoholic forty-year-old uncle.

Katrin, dressed as FAKING EYES (Andra), walks onto the set.

The general argument is that the problem of young people should not simply be interpreted as a failure of socialization. The question has to be reversed.

We should not only ask why a young person fails to adapt to society. We should also ask whether the society they are expected to adapt to is actually worthy of adaptation.



The crucial distinction is this:

culture is not the same thing as socialization.

The fact that culture is transmitted socially does not mean that every concrete social structure is compatible with human needs.

The organized system produces young people who are cynical, trapped, or alienated because it offers them jobs and social roles that may appear respectable on the surface, yet are stripped of usefulness, autonomy, dignity, and meaning.

So the central idea can be reduced to this:

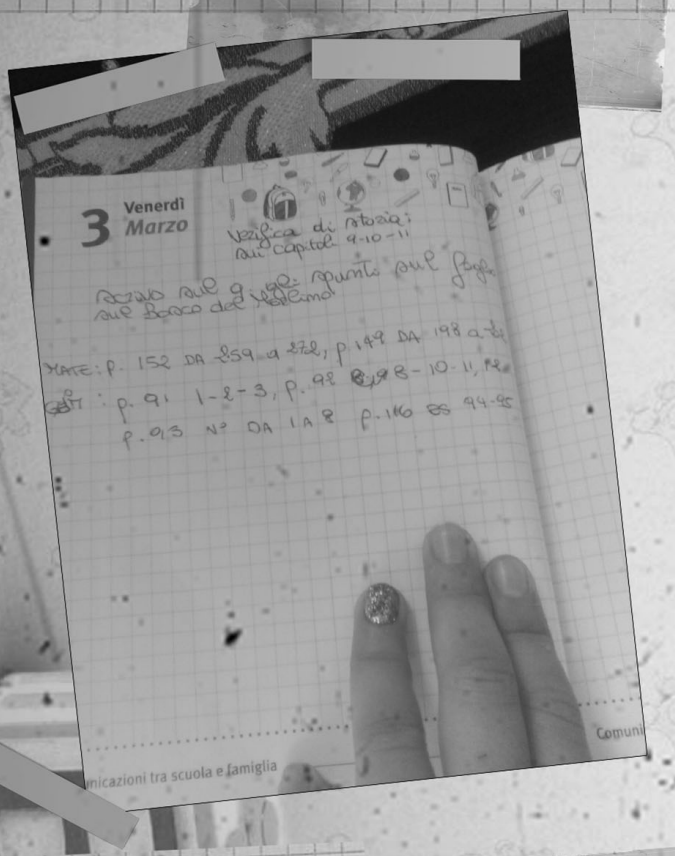
Maladjustment can be a rational response to a diseased structure.

And if we think of society as a network, the implication becomes even

clearer:

if a node fails to integrate, the problem may not be the node. The problem may be the topology of the network.







DALTON SCHOL
(before Fatzo s Massacre

Dennis C. pulls his jeans and macho tank top back on. Then he checks his digital watch. Its almost time for the alarm to go off.

Ive got to take my anabolic steroids and get to the gym.

He pauses. Its important to make porn movies. Porn movies are the only thing that gives my life any meaning. What else am I supposed to do? I dont know how to do anything else.

Why are we playing on a PlayStation? Whats the point? How many polygons are there in this game? Not many

But you use your imagination. Imagination increases the number of polygons this home computer can handle.

Focus on Tina Turners tits, okay, Kevin? Think you can do that?



Playing
ANDRAS TOWER.
Pretty rare game, John tells Kevin. Theyre all sitting on the crunchy couch in the rest room, in front of an Amiga emulator.
Its a graphic adventure, John Conshwa explains to Kevin.
The kid gets dressed again while drinking a Pepsi, then lights a cigarette.
Katrin (my sister) sits down on John Cotzas lap. John is trying to bag up some leftover high-grade marijuana. Later, he might even smoke some cocaine.

That part isnt certain.

Sofhi Cunnigan haunted Dennis Fatzo until the very last moment of the young girls lifeor the childs life; Im not even sure what youre supposed to call a twelve-year-old. The photographs archived by John Cotza are proof of it.

Kevin puts a hand on John's shoulder as if they were t friends the same age. There are eighteen years between them.

Kevin sits down beside him, playing with a folding knife.

John Conshwa starts the emulator. The sixteen-bit music sends a shiver of nostalgia through him. Nobody would guess he was that old–and, in fact, he isn't really that old. He's just a collector.

Of course, to Kevin he's ancient. So am I. So is John Cotza.



my sister Katrin Foste

But John Conshwa was born in 1995. Sure, the Amiga was still around, but he probably didn't get his hands on a videogame until he was at least four years old, and by then we were already moving away from sprites toward the countless polygons of the PlayStation 2.

It was only a matter of time before graphics became a matter of millions o polygons instead of pixel art.

n is convinced that the greatest game ever made is 'Gobliiins 3'. But it's difficult to say what the greatest videogame of all time actually is–especially for people who love videogames without really playing them that much.

Maybe she isn't. Two months have passed, and she seems happy.

And well-being is addictive.

It's an addiction I was never able to give her.

So it wasn't like I had many alternatives left.

I had to kill John Cotza.

I was determined to finish 'Parasite Eve' at all costs, and Katrin got angry because, back when we lived together, between work and videogames I neglected her.

That's why she's with John Cotza now.

John Cotza and I have done plenty of things together. John and I even had sex, but...

I can't lose Katrin.

Maybe she's with him just to piss me off.

PLAYING "ANDRA'S TOWER"

"A pretty rare game," John tells Kevin.

They're all sitting on the crunchy couch in the rest room, in front of an Amiga emulator.

"It's a graphic adventure," John Conshwa explains to Kevin. He gets dressed again while drinking a Pepsi, then lights a cigarette.

Katrin, my sister, sits on John Cotza's lap. John is trying to roll up some marijuana. Maybe later they'll smoke some coke too.

But that's not certain.

Kevin puts a hand on John's shoulder as if they were two friends the same age. There are eighteen years between them.

Kevin sits beside him, playing with a switchblade while John C. starts the emulator.

The 16-bit music sends a shiver of nostalgia through John.

Nobody thought he was that old.

And actually, he isn't old. He's a collector.





Sure, to Kevin he's an old man, just like me and John 2 are old, but John 1 was

Sure, to Kevin he's an old man, just like me and John 2 are old, but John 1 was born in 1995. Yeah, in '95 you could still desperately want an Amiga, but he didn't even pick up a game until he was at least four years old, and by then we had already moved from sprites to the countless polygons of the PlayStation 2.

Was I supposed to kill John 1?

Actually,
I had bought a .45 at Walmart after Fatzo abandoned me at the food court.

It was only a matter of time.

Graphics were going to become a question of millions of polygons, not pixel art.

John is convinced that the greatest game ever made is Gobliins 3.

I mostly agree with him, although it's hard to say what the best game of all time actually is, especially for people who love videogames but don't play them that much because they simply don't have the time.

I was determined to finish Parasite Eve II no matter what, and Katrin got pissed off because, back when we lived together, between



SOPHIA CUNNIGAN AND HER BROTHER J
Cotza private collection

n work and videogames I neglected her.

And that's why she's with John 2 now.

Me and John 2 have done a lot of things together.

John and I have even had sex, but...

I can't lose Katrin.

Maybe she's with him just to piss me off.

But maybe she isn't.

Two months have passed, and she seems happy.

[And well-being is addictive.]

An addiction I was never able to give her.

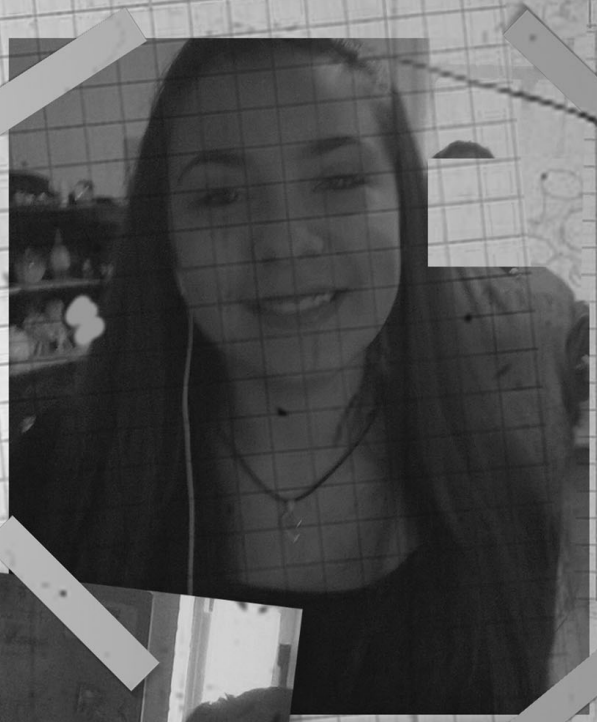
So it wasn't like I had many alternatives

Who the fuck knows.

That fat bastard seemed like a decent enough guy. He had a Bible wrapped in the flag, sitting on his desk in the office–the shithole we shared.

What is obsession? Why did Fatzo develop one for a complete stranger? What drove him to take all those photographs?

A coincidence? Demonic possession?





again Shopie Cunnigan

JOHN CONSWHA HOW TO PLAY THE TOWER OF ANDRA

The best thing you can do is follow the environmental clues.

I interact with the environment, and I think its a matter of sensitivity. And sensitivity, obviously, has to be developed: its a social skill.

Playing videogames is a factor of social plasticity.
Im obviously not saying that playing videogames is social epistemology, because videogames dont socialize.
At least the ones without AI dont.

With advanced enough NPC chatbots, I think you could practically move into Unreal Engine and convince yourself that your emotional life in there was perfectly fulfilling.

But the question I keep asking myself is this:

Is Second Life 2.0 really a valid substitute for erotic imagination?

Its certainly an efficient substitute. Its simply your brain being offered the consumption of external kilojoules.

But its not the same thing.

I asked Kelly to put makeup on me so I looked injured. But I wasnt injured. I had bruises that werent bruises and cuts that werent cuts. I wasnt even pretending Id been beaten up by a group of immigrants.

And

nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

Nada.

Its useless. Because I am the environment, and theres no real energy saving.

If you actually do the math, in energetic terms, explaining to an intelligent NPC that Ive been beaten upthat is, feeding it a text, explicit informationis more expensive than modifying the environment and letting a non-intelligent NPC understand, through what it sees, that I am John Cotza, survivor of an attack by a group of dangerous immigrants.

Thats something worth paying close attention to.

Because agency passed through the environment and came back toward me as a plastic factor.

And its by interacting with graphic adventures in exactly this way, Kevin, that you learn to think the way you would think when solving a puzzle.

Okay, sounds like a boomer word.

Even though Im a millennial.

But its a technical term. We videogame collectors use it.

An enigma inside a game can be a puzzle.

And thats terrible.

Unfortunately, The Tower of Andra is full of puzzles.

Okay. These are the basics:

a puzzle is never intrinsic to the plot of the game.

If it were, it would be an obstacle.

Although nobody calls them obstacles. We can call them enigmas, maybe thats a more generally accepted term.

You find the best enigmas in old videogames.

Take Dino Crisis, for example.



To solve the DDK devices, you have to collect clues. Its a kind of cryptography entirely internal to the game. The door is locked by an encrypted code, and its locked for a security reason.

That is perfectly believable.

The problem comes afterward.

Someone has left the clues needed to open that door, or decipher the code, inside company documents and pages scattered throughout the gameplay.

Thats good game design.

Up to a point.

Because it doesnt completely work.

Now take Parasite Eve II instead.

Its best enigma is the cash-register code.

Because its believable that the shop owner would choose a number he could easily keep in his head.

And pay attention: this is 1998.

We didnt have all the passwords we have today.
A shopkeeper using an analog cash register certainly didnt have fifteen email accounts, ten online profiles, three lock screens, and a pile of devices constantly asking him to enter a numerical code.

Email services were still relatively unusual, often subscription-based, at least thats how I remember it.

Anyway:

what did you do with a password in 1998?

In 1998, you had to remember it.

That mattered.

And the owner of the cash register hadnt written it down anywhere.

Thats why you kept obsessively trying to decipher the scraps of paper the shopkeeper had left behind.

The shopping list.

But that list wasnt a code.

It was exactly what it looked like:

a shopping list.

The real password to the register was Sitting Bulls date of birth.

There was a photograph of him hanging in the room, with the dates printed on it.

But how were you supposed to understand that this particular photograph contained the important information?

How were you supposed to know that Sitting Bull was a

a special interest of the owner?

Excellent question.

Because everything else in the room conformed to the room.

Only one thing was out of place:

The photograph of the Native American.

And now listen carefully, Kevin, because what Im about to tell you is the final truth about graphic adventures.

Kevin drinks his Pepsi-Cola.

Then, like any child left to fend for himself while listening to an adult explain how to stage his own death on the final screen of Escape from Monkey Island, he pours the Pepsi-Cola into a bowl of multicolored ring-shaped cereal.



sophia Cunnigan
from John Cotza private collec-
tion

Every now and then I think the problem with conspiracies is that we imagine them as being too organized.

Someone gives the orders, someone carries them out, someone betrays someone else. There is a center, a periphery, a chain of responsibility. That would almost be reassuring. Even when the center is evil, at least it exists.

Reality probably works worse than that.

A person can work for someone without really knowing who they are working for. They can believe they are on the winning side while at the same time being useful to the losing side. They can receive money from an intermediary who receives money from another intermediary who, by that point, might be Russian, American, Chinese, Israeli, or simply some guy trying to make money.

After enough steps, the question Who do you work for? almost starts to lose its meaning.

Maybe the more interesting question is:

Through which people does what you are doing actually pass?

In a network, the identity of a node matters, obviously, but it is not always the most important thing. Sometimes its position matters much more.

You can change the name of the node and leave the structure intact. You can even replace the person. If all the edges stay more or less where they were, the system keeps doing the same thing.

That is also why revolutions always seem badly narrated to me.

In books they are described as enorm
enormous forces: armies, parties,
gence agencies.

And then sometimes all it takes is so

A car that starts late.

A door left open.

Someone losing his mind.



Shopia Cunnigan
John Cotza private
collection

Some guy standing in a crowd with
supposed to have.

A network can be enormous and still depend on a ridiculous detail.

That does not mean the detail magically caused everything else.

It means everything else was already in a condition where

that detail could matter.

That is an important distinction.

The madman with the bomb does not necessarily create the crisis.

He may simply find a crisis already wa' ting to amplify him.

The same thing happens with marty

When a political figure is assassi
happens: they stop being tested by

They will never govern badly.

They will never lose an elect or.

They will never make embarrassing

They will never grow old, corr
mediocre.



Shopia Gunnigan
John Cazza private collection

They remain suspended at the most narratively convenient point.

A martyr is, in a sense,

a hypothesis that can no longer be falsified.

We can spend fifty years saying that he would have saved the country.

Nobody can prove otherwise because the experiment was cancelled.

Then this thing passes into families.

The father is killed.

The mother preserves the memory.

The son inherits a revenge he may no belon to him.



Shopia Cunnigan
John Cotzaprivate collection

And here is the strange part: people - tionships survive them.

A family can become a kind of non-vol

The original node disappears, but th

Someone has to avenge someone.

Someone has to remember.

Someone has to continue a war that started before they were born.

And maybe laughter has something to do with this kind of

thing too: making aggression bearable.

We like to think that laughter is the opposite of violence.

I am not so sure.

A lot of the time, laughter is violence that has learned good manners.

I do not hit someone: I ridicule the

I do not exclude them: I make a joke.

I do not openly say that I want to dest
uation in which everyone can laugh

It is cheaper.

And, more importantly, it is socially

That is probably why laughter has
ambiguous about it.



Shopia Cunnigan
John Cotza private
collection

It can reduce violence by turning it into ritual.

We laugh, discharge something, and then go home without killing anybody.

Great.

But it can also work in the opposite direction.

A joke can make aggression familiar.

It can turn something that was originally unacceptable into something we have already heard a hundred times.

The first time it is disgusting.

The fifth time it becomes provocat

The fiftieth time it is a meme.

At that point the violence has not n

Its carrying capacity has.

It circulates better.



Shopia Cunnigan
John Cotza private collection

Diogenes understood something e g:
sometimes you have to behave badly e
visible.

If everyone respects a convention, the convention becomes invisible.

It is simply the way things are.

Then someone arrives and does exactly what they are not supposed to do, and suddenly we can see the edge.

Transgression, in that sense, is almost a measuring instrument.

It is not only there to say:

Look at me, I am outrageous.

It asks:

Why, exactly, does this outrage yo
Where is the boundary?
Who decided where it goes?



Shoplifting, John Cotza private collection

Of course,
the system can learn how
to deal with this problem too.

And this is where it gets funny.

You do not necessarily have to ban tr

You can give it a genre.

You can give it a stage, a schedule, a label, a ticket price.

You can say:

From nine to eleven you are allowed to mock the king, talk about sex, blaspheme against the social order, and imagine the whole thing collapsing.

Then the lights come on and everybody goes home.

It is brilliant.

The system does not eliminate transgression.

It schedules it.

Maybe part of comedy works exactly i… to see the world upside down for a few m… e world is turned right-side up again …



Sophia Cunnigan
Cohe Cotzaprivate
collection

And then there is Hephaestus.

I like that story because it is basical…

He catches Ares and Aphrodite together … bilizes them, and calls all the other g…

He does not kill Ares.

He does not even have to beat him.

He does something much more modern.

He gives him an audience.

The body becomes evidence.

The evidence becomes spectacle.

The spectacle becomes laughter.

The laughter becomes punishment.

Leak.

Public humiliation.

Comments.

Memes.

Technology changes.

The structure changes much less.

Maybe that is one of the interesti s:
they keep inventing new machines d
things.

Revenge.

Prestige.

Shame.

Desire.





Sophia Cunnigan
John Cazza private



Fear.

Laughter.

Only the speed changes.

And the number of people who can wa





Fatzo s Dalton school
yung victims, from
JHON COTZA collection



John thinks that looks like ecstasy pills: he got to see ecstasy, but Kevin didnt, hes 10 (almost 10) (and that almost 10 makes him the right actor for the right movie set).
9 is too young, 11 is no longer an illegal film,
10 is the perfect number

Khevin during John Conshwa's kidnapping







The second question he asks himselfand then says out loudis:

Do you do this often?

Do what? Kevin asks.

John is referring to the cereal in the Coca-Cola.

Kevin nods.

John finds no objection to it.

WHY DOES JOHN CONSHWA HAVE NO OBJECTION
TO SUCH AN ABSURD AND DISGUSTING PRACTICE?
(According to his version of events.)





The andra tower, game play

Kevin really shouldn't get fucked in the ass, and he also shouldn't do fisting to Conan the Barbarian (Dennis Cooper) this would have been blatantly copied from a pedopornographic novel like A Boy Called It, from which a director whose name I don't remember made the film Mysterious Skin. Obviously, Conswha's film is greatly affected by this thematic closeness, and there's no way to say it wasn't influenced by it. We could open a huge parenthesis here, because in fact, in 2026, everything that circulates is simply remixing.

Authors are scrambling to assemble datasets to hand over to mathematicians who work with curves, like that fat bastard whos about to get himself killed by SWAT somewhere near Boston

(Fatzo, the mathematician with the AR-15, who is about to put his name to one of the most unforgettable numerical theorems ever written)

just so they can have their own GAN net, or some other similar contraption that spits illegal porn all day long.



The andra tower, game play

Originality now begins with a collection of stolen copies, and yet, while you are still fighting against the bottle-neck called VRAM, poorer creators are already remixing you, dumping you, snapshotting youwith fewer resources and more intelligence.

Because scarcity of resources once again reveals the real artistic genius of remix composition.

I dont know if Im making myself clear.

Authors are scrambling to assemble datasets to hand over to

In the end, even the most fucking explicit model becomes obsolete compared with a hard drive containing one terabyte of porn screen-recorded from some Czechoslovak computer.



The andra tower, game play



shaken up, refreshed, and repackaged into an endless output.

And then you discover that you are behind.

Always behind.

Behind no matter what.

And you are behind because nobody is really ahead anymore.

We have reached the monotony of output, and the spectators inability to process complex environments.
At least the average consumer of pornography will masturbate to pretty much anything,

as long as they do not have to payor only have to pay very little.

These jerk-offs we called funnels represented at least forty-five percent of our revenue: people, pathetic jerk-offs buying personalized video packages from us while everyone in the studio worked their asses off trying to provide a personalized experience, pretending to be whatever the fuck the customer wanted

The andra tower, game play



a teenager, a panda, a unicorn horse

selling their own footage directly from producer to consumer, without having to go through rotten middlemen, half-pimps and parasites.

And this ridiculous business model worked until about halfway through 2024,

just long enough for us to automate the backend,

and then hand the torch over to the GAN net,

which can spit out one little porn image for 0.8 cents every ten seconds.

And guys, I hate to say it,

but it looks like they won.

It looks like the sheer weight of the infrastructure finally defeated the small independent porn business.

A lot of small studios did, in fact, shut down.

But not ours.



The andra tower, game play



For at least five years now, since almost our debut on Eastern European channels, we have always worked with necropornography, trauma pornography and child pornography or interspecies sex ... As modified that suck at the fuck ... Hum... Really what comes to mind, we have distributed it. I was saying ... distributing videos, from the most deregulated areas of the world to our beautiful West coast...

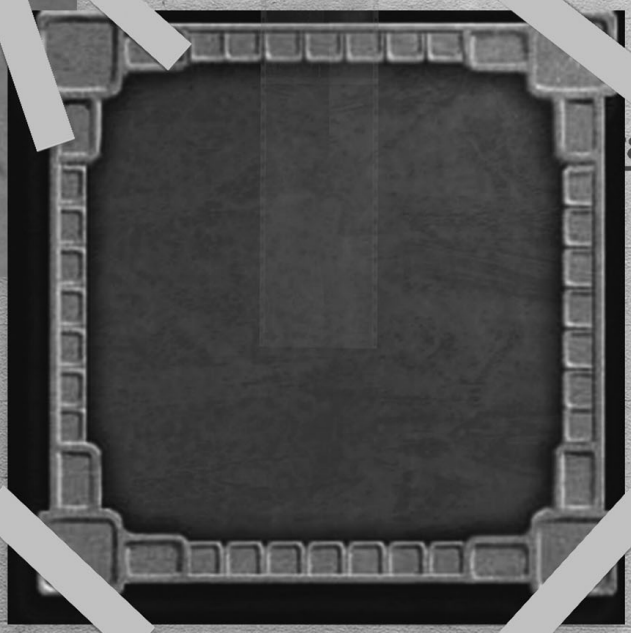
John Conswha has a hand in his pants to fix the tool that bothered him, "of course quartering a child with the marble cock of Conan the Barbarian would be beyond any reasonable doubt economically positive, but John Conshwa does not put giant cocks inside the green ass of a child, that is done by the American government, bombing elementary schools, not by John Conswha

It looks like the sheer weight of the infrastructure finally defeated the small independent porn business.

A lot of small studios did, in fact, shut down.

But not ours.





ame play

It's clear that we all agree to shoot with photomontages, perspectives, and fake screwing.

Artistically, this is suicide, legally it's still a crime, ethically nothing changes, so why the hell are we doing it?

Because I dont want to end up taking Kevin to the ERnot because I dont give a damn about the kid, but because we dont have insurance, and we sure as hell dont have a lawyer.

SHARE




#20
10:30
10:30
VIBES TOY
BALLISTIC JUSTICE


ANOREXIA
No.Lita
VIBES
TOY
BALLISTIC
JUSTICE




BIZZARRE
RECREATION 1987™
@EXTREMELY GAY

BIZZAR
ECREATIO
@EXTREMELY
GAY





AUDRA
JEFFREY SCOTT



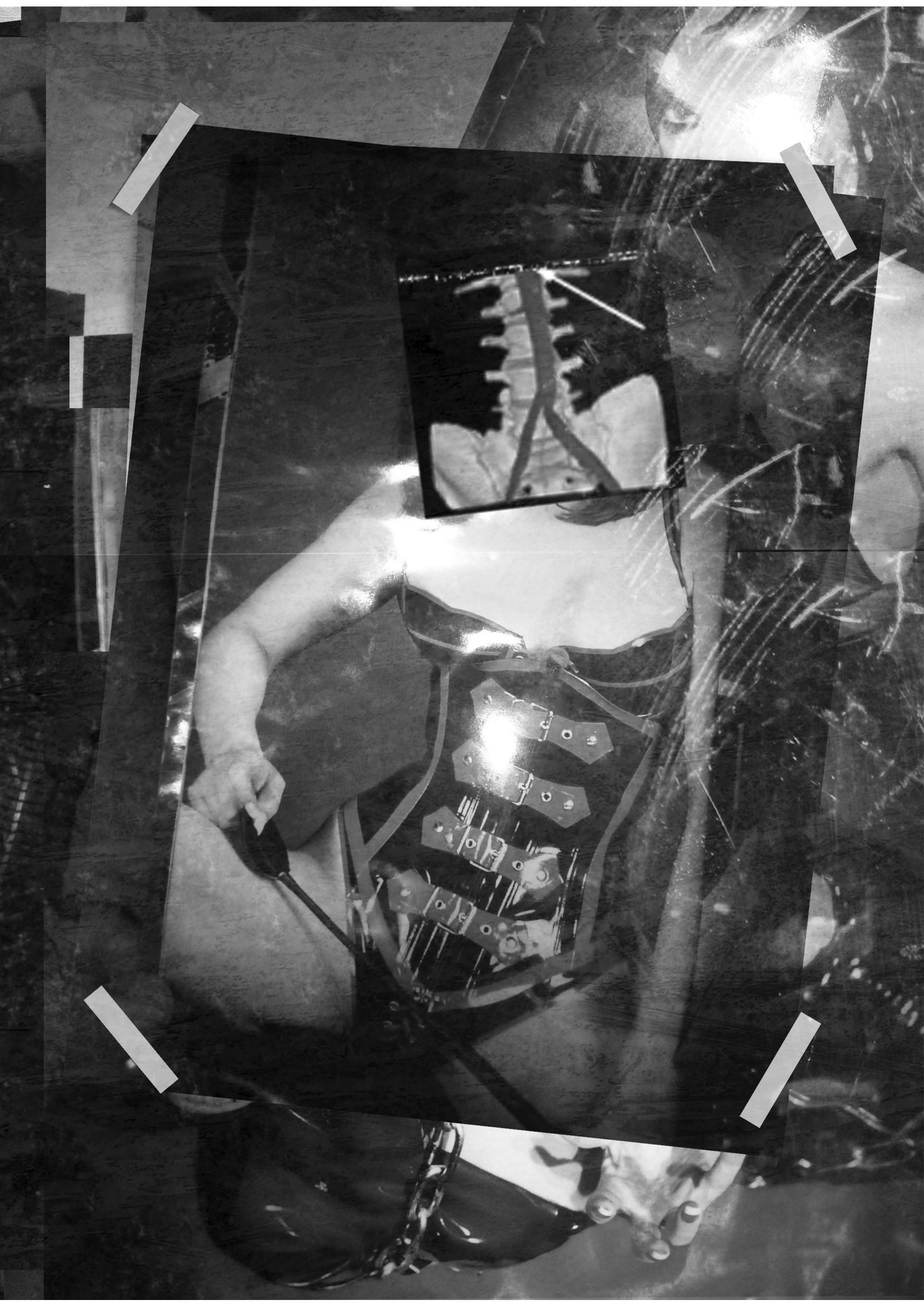




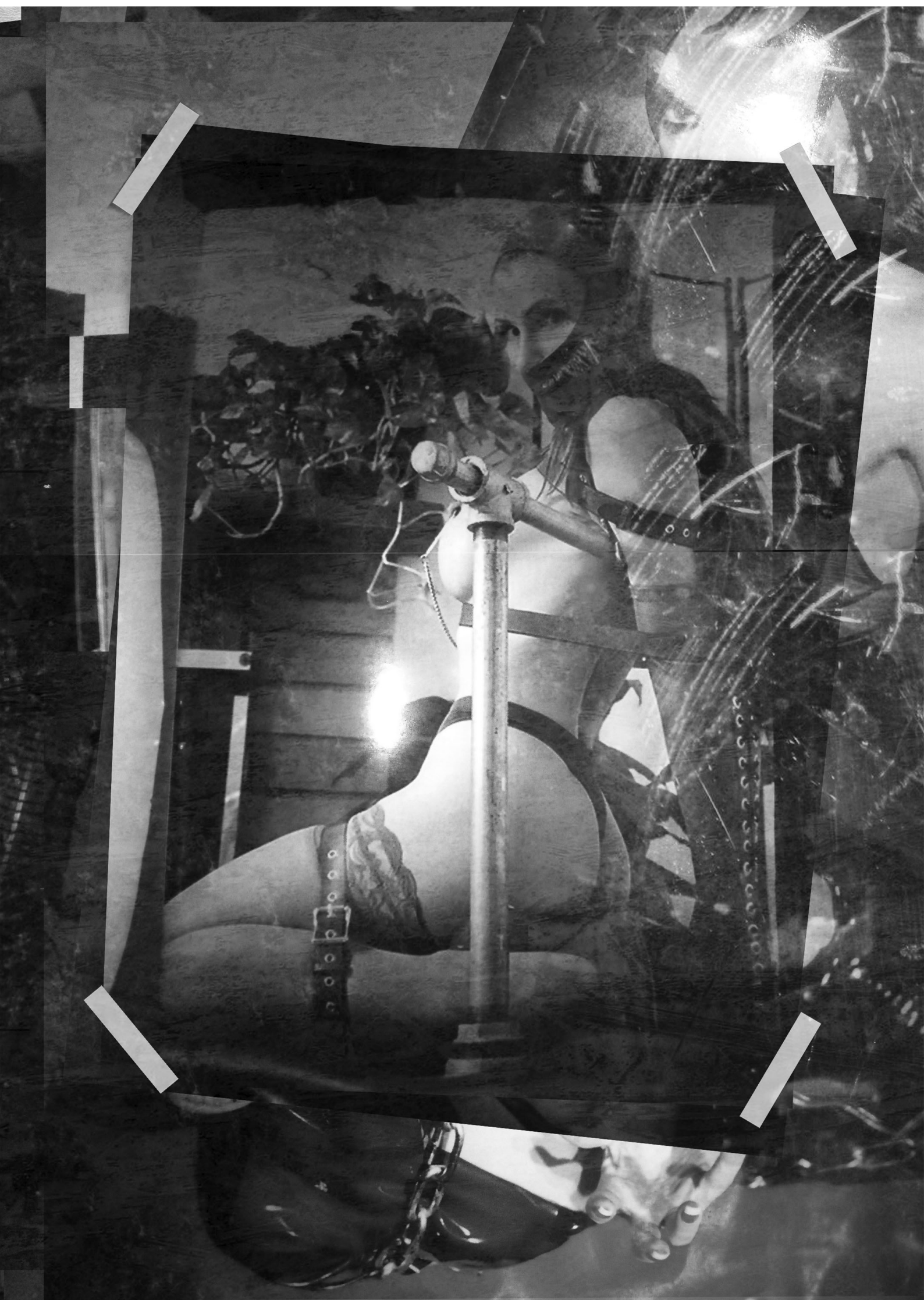
To be honest, it doesn't take much work to have red hair. You just toss the color in it and its red. I had my red hair long before I was a model and I'll probably still have it long after. I'm not sure how much of an 'image' I have since basically, what you see is what you get. I can't say how I appear to others, but looking at myself, it's still fun me. Regarding intelligence and charisma, considering the scene, I think you need













Power is afraid of ridicule because it does not know how to answer it.

Fatzo has spent his entire life being subjected to muscular bullying because of his ridiculous obesity.

But Fatzo is a mathematician of curves.

And what exactly is funny about being a mathematician of curves?

It may be the least funny thing in existence.

The mathematics of curves should be protected from jokes. Mockery is treated like contamination: something that enters the system and destroys the mathematician's authority.

Power can answer an accusation.

Ridicule is much harder to answer.

Nobody understands curves like Fatzo.

An accusation keeps its target inside the category of serious things.

Caricature can change the target's category altogether.

It does not necessarily say:

Fatzo is slightly overweight and has no muscles.

It says:

Fatzo is funny.

And therefore everything Fatzo does is shit.

The mathematics of curves is shit.

It is parrot shit at the bottom of a cage in the Walmart pet department.

At that point, nothing needs to be disproved anymore.

It is all just shit.

But I bear no resentment toward the people who mocked me.

Seriousness is not necessarily the absence of comedy.

It can be a politics of access to comedy.

Who is allowed to laugh?

At whom?

When?

In front of whom?

How much?

Harry Jay Foster
on escort advisor
in EU, et age 18 c.a
-3467967425-



You are not merely regulating an emotion.

You are regulating the permitted directions of the edges in a network.

`A laughs at B`

A hierarchy can authorize certain edges and forbid others.

The servant may be a target.

But may the servant laugh at the master?

It is precisely that anomalous edge, the one traveling upward against the hierarchy, that keeps the system healthy.

---When the fool disappears, the system loses a sensor.

When the fool loses his oppositional role and society finds itself surrounded by idiot politicians behaving like elementary-school children, everyone keeps laughing.

But nobody reminds those children where their limits are anymore.

Somebody should.



Laughter does not disappear.

It is subordinated.

It is redirected.

is aimed exclusively at enemies: the geeks, freaks, and these newest arrivals, the woke.

For Fatzo, the problem is almost mathematical:

system that eliminates every form of negative feedback does not become more stable.

It becomes incapable of measuring its own error.

An error can be a carry bit.

It can be anything that can be represented semantically.

It can be a periodic approximation.

It can be a caricature.

It can be the magazine of an AR-15.

The fool is a sensor.

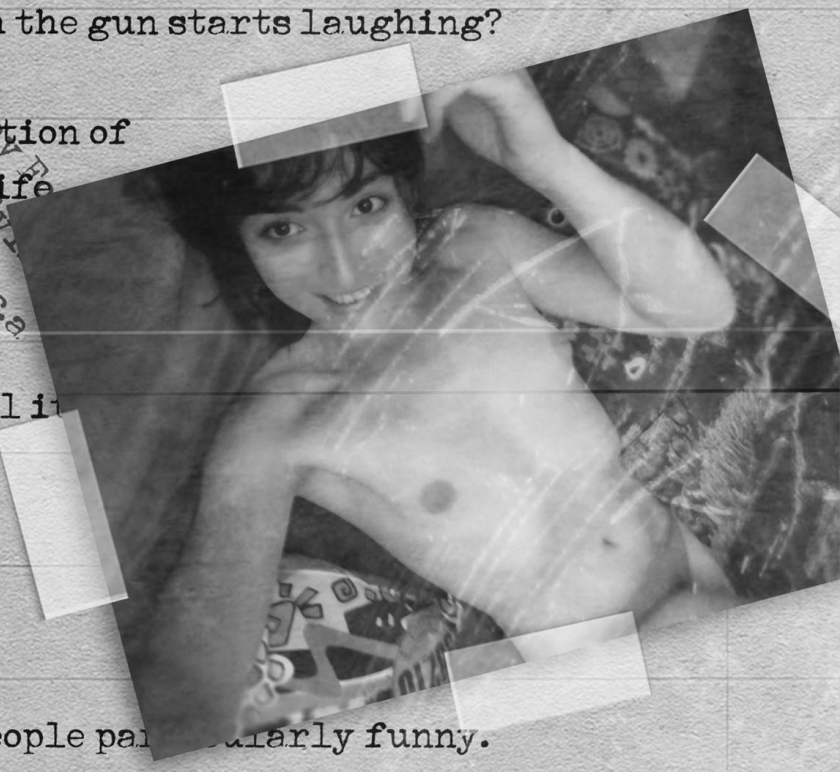
If every input says:

`HAHAHA, GOOD ONE, SIR`

then you have a network that appears perfectly coherent while operating at a ridiculously low informational resolution.

So what happens when the fat man with the gun starts laughing?

Perhaps this is the natural continuation of
Why Fatzo Has Never Laughed in His Life



You do not need to prohibit laughter.

You can preserve it and merely control it

Fatzo does not laugh.

Fatzo shoots.

He does not find humiliating other people particularly funny.

The political problem, therefore, is not whether a society laughs.

You have to examine its target matrix.

Who is systematically ridiculed?

Who is never ridiculed?

Who produces the jokes?

Who amplifies them?

Who can afford not to laugh?

And who, after spending years as the designated punchline, can still walk into

o a store that would look like a supermarket almost anywhere else in the world and buy an assault rifle?

We could call it an index of satirical centrality.

We could have.

Fatzo, however, selected a different metric.

Approximately seven hundred and thirteen rounds.

Caliber?

By then, it no longer mattered.



THE MARVELOUS THEOREM OF FATZO — SECOND EXPLANATION

A network is not a metaphor.

It is a geometric object.

Let a network be

$$
G=(V,E),
$$

where (V) is the set of nodes and (E) the set of explicit connections between them. This elementary definition, however, describes only what is immediately visible. It does not describe the entire geometry of the network.

The important object is not the set of existing edges alone. It is the **space of possible paths**.

For every path (\gamma), let (L(\gamma)) be its length. We can therefore consider an aggregate quantity

$$
\Sigma P=\sum_{\gamma}L(\gamma).
$$

Even a relatively small network produces an enormous path-space. With fifty nodes, the Hamiltonian ordering alone already confronts us with a combinatorial space on the order of

$$
50!.
$$

The visible network is consequently only a particular realization inside a much larger structural field.

↓

Fatzo calls the unexpressed part of this field the **dark network**.

The visible network is consequently only a particular realization inside a much larger structural field.

Fatzo calls the unexpressed part of this field the **dark network**.

The dark network is not simply a collection of missing edges. It is the complement of the realized structure: paths that are absent from the explicit configuration but remain structurally determined by the space in which that configuration exists.

This produces the first important consequence.

The explicit network and its complement cannot be treated as independent objects.

If the explicit structure changes, its complement changes with it.

In a closed system we may express this relation as

[
\Delta\Sigma P=-\Delta\Sigma C,
]

where (\Sigma P) represents the realized path structure and (\Sigma C) its complement.

The transformation does not create structure from nothing. It redistributes structure between what is explicit and what remains implicit.

There is therefore a total structural quantity (Q) such that

[
\Delta Q=0.
]

This is the elementary form of Fatzo's conservation principle.

The minimum and maximum possible paths, (L_{\min}) and (L_{\max}), define boundaries of the traversable space. What happens between those boundaries cannot always be reduced to the simple opposition between order and randomness.

A network may be locally coherent while remaining globally open, branching and apparently indeterminate.

This is Fatzo's third configuration: **non-random indeterminacy**.

It matters because information is not merely something contained inside a network. Information changes the geometry through which subsequent information must travel.

Suppose an informational artifact (a) enters the network at time (t):

$$
a\rightarrow G_{t+1}.
$$

Classical epistemology immediately asks whether (a) is true or false.

Fatzo asks another question first:

$$
O(a)=d(G_t,G_{t+1}).
$$

What did it do?

Did it create connections? Destroy them? Shorten one path and lengthen another? Produce new nodes? Change the centrality of existing nodes? Cause agents to move differently through the network?

If

$$
O(a)>0,
$$

then (a) is **operative**.

Its truth value and its operative value are different variables.

A false statement can therefore be epistemically false and topologically real.

This does not magically make the statement true. It means that its consequences belong to the geometry of the system regardless of its correspondence with the event it claims to describe.

A rumor can be false and cause a bank run.

The rumor remains false.

The bank still collapses.

For Fatzo, this distinction is fundamental. Once information becomes operative, the network cannot return to the previous state merely by declaring the information false. The false artifact has already created real paths.

This is where the theorem becomes a theory of alternative realities.

Two narratives may contain almost exactly the same factual nodes while connecting them differently:

[
F_1=(V,E_1)
]

and

[
F_2=(V,E_2).
]

The nodes need not change.

The edges do.

Change causal attribution, temporal emphasis, proximity, repetition, omission, intentionality or the paths by which one fact is allowed to reach another, and the same collection of objects begins to describe another world.

As the number of available nodes increases, the number of possible paths increases much faster:

[
|V|\uparrow
\quad\Longrightarrow\quad
|\Gamma(V)|\uparrow\uparrow .
]

More information therefore does not necessarily produce one increasingly

More information therefore does not necessarily produce one increasingly unavoidable narrative.

It produces a larger space of possible narratives.

This is the paradox at the center of the Marvelous Theorem.

A sufficiently rich informational environment contains enough material to construct alternative paths without necessarily inventing alternative nodes. A framing become structurally powerful when enough of those paths converge, reinforce one another and begin producing consequences of their own.

At that point the distinction between **truth** and **reality** becomes dangerous but necessary.

Truth concerns what happened.

Operativity concerns what can make something happen.

And a network contains both.

The world that can be demonstrated and the world that can operate are not necessarily the same world.

Fatzo's theorem is therefore not the claim that everything is a network, nor the childish claim that whatever we imagine becomes true.

Its claim is stranger:

reality is not exhausted by the explicit structure we observe. Every realized netwo exists together with a field of unrealized paths, and every operative artifact changes the distribution between them.

An imagined path does not become real because somebody believes in it.

It becomes real when something begins to travel through it.

THE MARVELOUS THEOREM OF FATZO — THIRD EXPLANATION

Succedaneous Worlds

An alternative fact is not necessarily an alternative historical event.

It is something subtler.

It is a proposition for which a sufficiently coherent inferential path can be constructed, even though the proposition itself has not been demonstrated.

Consider the hypothesis

$$
H=\text{"Paulus deliberately lost Stalingrad in order to sabotage Hitler."}
$$

The hypothesis is not established merely by stating it.

But around it we can place a number of historical nodes.

Paulus commanded the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad.

Hitler ordered the army to hold its position.

Paulus eventually surrendered.

Later, while in Soviet captivity, he joined the National Committee for a Free Germany and publicly turned against Hitler.

We therefore obtain a path:

$$
e_1\rightarrow e_2\rightarrow e_3\rightarrow e_4\rightarrow H.
$$

Every e_n may be historically documented while H remains unproven.

This distinction is essential.

The existence of a path does not demonstrate its terminal node.

A continuous path can lead to an unsupported conclusion.

But something important has nevertheless happened: the conclusion has become **reachable.**

The hypothesis now possesses an environment.

It can be entered from several directions. It can be connected to other facts. Additional nodes can be attached to it. Other hypotheses can branch from it.

It has become, in Fatzo's terminology, **habitable.**

This is the beginning of a succedaneous world.

Two worlds do not need different facts in order to be different worlds.

Suppose that

$$
F_1=(V,E_1)
$$

and

$$
F_2=(V,E_2).
$$

They may share almost exactly the same set of nodes:

$$
V_1\approx V_2.
$$

Yet their edges may be radically different:

$$
E_1\neq E_2.
$$

The first network says that (A) preceded (B).

The second emphasizes that (A) caused (B).

Another connects (B) to (C).

Another suppresses the path from (B) to (D).

Nothing has necessarily been invented at the level of the individual nodes.

What has changed is adjacency.

Causality.

Intentionality.

Priority.

Distance.

Visibility.

The direction in which one fact is permitted to lead to another.

And that is enough to produce another world.

This is why a succedaneous framing should not be confused with a lie.

There are at least three different objects:

$$
\boxed{
\text{documented fact}
\neq
\text{fact-compatible hypothesis}
\neq
\text{succedaneous framing}
}
$$

A documented fact concerns a node for which sufficient evidence exists.

A compatible hypothesis is a proposition not demonstrated by the evidence but not immediately contradicted by the selected evidence.

A succedaneous framing is larger. It is an organized network in which facts, hypotheses, omissions, causal assignments and interpretative connections form a traversable structure.

Its strength does not come from transforming hypotheses into facts.

Its strength comes from **connectivity**.

This produces a peculiar consequence.

Increasing the amount of available information does not necessarily destroy alternative framings.

It may do the opposite.

Let $\Gamma(V)$ represent the set of narrative-inferential paths constructible from the available nodes. Then, in crude form,

[
|V|\uparrow
\quad\Longrightarrow\quad
|\Gamma(V)|\uparrow\uparrow.
]

The more nodes we possess, the more possible subsets, connections, sequences and paths become available.

A larger archive therefore does not merely contain more answers.

It contains more possible worlds.

This is the majorant problem.

Given a sufficiently large informational set, it becomes progressively easier to find a path supporting a particular framing. The framing does not become true merely because such a path exists. But it becomes easier to construct a coherent route toward it.

A small archive may resist a hypothesis because there are too few intermediate nodes.

A gigantic archive almost always offers intermediate structure.

The important question therefore changes from:

Can I find facts compatible with this proposition?

to:

How much of the total network must I suppress in order to make this path appear necessary?

This is where the complement returns.

Every framing selects a visible network and simultaneously produces a dark network.

If

[
F=(V,E_F),
]

then the framing is defined not only by (E_F), but also by the connections excluded from it.

[
E_C=E_{\Omega}\setminus E_F.
]

The visible story and the suppressed complement are geometrically related.

Every time a framing makes one path shorter, clearer or more important, competing paths may become longer, less visible or disappear from the operative representation altogether.

The construction of meaning is therefore simultaneously an act of connection and an act of exclusion.

This gives us a more useful measure of a framing than truth alone.

We can ask how much topology it controls.

How many paths pass through it?

How many subsequent propositions depend upon it?

How expensive is it for an agent already inside the framing to reach its alternatives?

And, most importantly:

does the framing become operative?

Suppose (F) changes the behavior of agents inside the network:

[
F\rightarrow G_{t+1}.
]

Then

[
d(G_t,G_{t+1})>0.
]

At that point the framing has acquired a property independent of whether its central hypothesis was ever demonstrated.

It has produced reality.

Not retrospective reality.

It has not travelled backward through time and changed what happened at Stalingrad.

It has produced **subsequent reality.**

People repeat it.

People organize around it.

Documents answer it.

Opponents attempt to refute it.

Algorithms connect it to neighboring material.

Institutions may react to it.

New artifacts are produced because it exists.

The hypothesis becomes a cause.

This is the strange asymmetry at the center of Fatzo's theorem:

$$
\text{false description of }G_t
$$

can become

$$
\text{real cause of }G_{t+1}.
$$

The past has not changed.

The network has.

And once the network has changed, the false artifact belongs to the causal history of the new network as certainly as any true artifact does.

This is why alternative reality does not require magic.

It requires paths.

A world becomes succedaneous when enough paths permit an agent to inhabit it without continuously leaving its internal structure.

The decisive threshold is therefore not the moment at which the alternative world

There may be no such moment.

The threshold is the moment at which the alternative world becomes **self-traversable.**

Once inside it, one node leads to another.

One document explains another.

One hypothesis supplies the missing edge for the next.

The network begins to carry its own traffic.

And when a world can carry traffic, it can produce consequences.

That is enough.

Not enough to make it true.

Enough to make it real.

THE MARVELOUS THEOREM OF FATZO — PART III

The Geometry of Imagination

There is a very old suspicion hiding inside human thought.

It has survived religions, philosophies, magical systems, scientific revolutions and several centuries of people trying to get rid of it.

The suspicion is simple:

imagination does something to reality.

The language used to describe this relation has changed continuously.

In mystery traditions, transformation occurs through ritual and symbol.

In Platonism and Neoplatonism, the intelligible and sensible worlds are not completely independent domains. Form, intellect and material reality belong to an ordered structure in which what is thought and what is manifested cannot simply be treated as unrelated substances.

Renaissance philosophy radicalizes the problem.

Hermeticism, natural magic, theories of imagination and alchemy begin to overlap. Transformation of matter and transformation of the operator become strangely difficult to separate. The experiment acts upon the object, but participation in the experiment also acts upon the subject.

Then philosophy removes much of the magical vocabulary without entirely removing the underlying problem.

With German Idealism, the subject can no longer be understood simply as a passive spectator standing in front of a completely finished world.

Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel certainly do not propose the same solution, and it would be absurd to compress them into a single doctrine. What matters here is the historical persistence of a problem:

what part does the activity of the subject play in the world that the subject experiences as reality?

The old magical intuition survives.

It simply changes clothes.

By the twentieth century it can appear in psychological form. Symbolic action becomes psychodrama, ritual becomes therapeutic performance, and in Alejandro Jodorowsky's psychomagic an intentionally constructed symbolic act is supposed to produce a transformation in the person performing or receiving it.

Popular culture eventually compresses the entire structure into its cheapest possible version.

Manifestation.

The law of attraction.

The Secret.

Imagine wealth and wealth will arrive.

Imagine success and the universe will reorganize itself around your desire.

This is metaphysically extravagant and, more importantly for Fatzo, completely unnecessary.

The Marvelous Theorem requires no supernatural causal mechanism.

The primitive equation

$$
I\rightarrow R
$$

where imagination (I) directly produces reality (R), can be discarded.

Replace it with:

$$
I\rightarrow F\rightarrow A\rightarrow R.
$$

Here (I) is imagination.

(F) is framing.

(A) is action.

(R) is the resulting configuration of reality.

Now nothing supernatural is required.

An imagined world produces representations of that world.

Frames alter the paths perceived as available to agents.

Agents choose paths.

Their actions modify the network.

Therefore imagination can modify reality without ever touching matter directly.

It only has to modify **navigation**.

Suppose an agent imagines a configuration that does not yet exist.

At time (t),

[
p\notin E(G_t).
]

There is no operative path (p) in the explicit network.

The path exists only as representation.

But the representation itself can be externalized.

It becomes a sentence.

An image.

A diagram.

A story.

A political program.

A fictional character.

A rumor.

A mathematical model.

A website.

A community.

A map of something that does not yet exist.

The imagined path has now produced informational artifacts inside the explicit network.

Those artifacts can be encountered by other agents.

If they alter behavior, then

If they alter behavior, then

$$
G_t\rightarrow G_{t+1}.
$$

Perhaps (p) still does not exist.

But the distance separating the network from (p) may have changed.

We can express the process schematically as

$$
d(G_{t+1},p)<d(G_t,p).
$$

Imagination has not manifested the desired object.

It has altered the topology surrounding its possibility.

This distinction is everything.

Fatzo does not claim:

If you imagine a path, the path becomes real.

He claims:

An imagined path can generate operations that reduce the structural distance between the present network and a network in which that path exists.

The process can then become recursive:

$$
I_t\rightarrow F_t\rightarrow A_t\rightarrow G_{t+1},
$$

while the modified network produces new possibilities for imagination:

$$
G_{t+1}\rightarrow I_{t+1}\rightarrow F_{t+1}\rightarrow A_{t+1}\rightarrow G_{t+2}.
$$

The observer has entered the equation.

Not because consciousness possesses mysterious control over matter, but because an agent capable of representing unrealized paths is itself a node inside the network it represents.

↓

The map is being drawn **inside the territory.**

And the creature drawing the map can move.

This creates a feedback loop between possible structure and realized structure.

The imaginary belongs initially to the complement.

It describes paths that the explicit network does not contain.

But once an imagined configuration produces operative artifacts, some portion of that complement begins migrating into explicit structure.

The dark network becomes a reservoir of possible configurations.

Imagination samples it.

Framing stabilizes a sample.

Action tests it.

Successful action writes part of it into the network.

We may therefore write, schematically,

$$
C_t \xrightarrow{\ I\ } F_t \xrightarrow{\ A\ } P_{t+1}.
$$

A possibility belonging to the complement at (t) becomes part of the explicit path structure at (t+1).

This gives a non-magical interpretation to one of humanity's oldest intuitions.

The magician says:

the symbol changes the world.

The idealist says:

the activity of the subject participates in the constitution of the experienced world.

The psychologist says:

representation changes behavior.

The political theorist says:

framing changes collective action.

The network theorist can describe all four without accepting that they are equivalent:

$$
\text{representation} \rightarrow \text{navigation} \rightarrow \text{action} \rightarrow \text{topological change}.
$$

They become different historical descriptions of different portions of a much larger causal chain.

This also explains why fiction is not the opposite of reality in Fatzo's system.

A fictional object can have zero correspondence with the past and enormous operativity in the future.

A nation can organize itself around a myth.

A company can be built around a fictional projection of a product that does not yet exist.

A political movement can organize itself around an imagined catastrophe.

An architect can draw a building before the building exists.

A scientist can describe an entity before anyone has observed it.

A novelist can invent a vocabulary that other people later use to describe themselves.

None of these examples proves that imagination possesses supernatural power.

They prove something considerably more mundane and considerably more dangerous:

human beings act upon representations of worlds that do not yet exist.

Once they act, those representations acquire causal descendants.

The imagined object enters history through its consequences.

They prove something considerably more mundane and considerably more dangerous:

human beings act upon representations of worlds that do not yet exist.

Once they act, those representations acquire causal descendants.

The imagined object enters history through its consequences.

And this finally allows Fatzo to reformulate the ancient proposition.

Not:

$$
\boxed{\text{Imagination creates reality.}}
$$

But:

$$
\boxed{\text{Imagining a path can participate in making that path traversable.}}
$$

There is an enormous difference between the two statements.

The first requires magic.

The second requires only agents, information and time.

And once several agents begin navigating according to the same imagined map, the problem is no longer psychological.

It becomes political.

A private imaginary modifies one trajectory.

A collective imaginary can modify the graph.

THE MARVELOUS THEOREM OF FATZO — PART IV

Truth Is Not Operativity

The mistake is to ask the wrong question.

Classical epistemology asks:

Is it true?

Fatzo asks:

Does it operate?

These are not two different answers to the same question.

They are two different measurements.

Let (a) be an informational artifact introduced into a network (G) at time (t):

$$
a\longrightarrow G_{t+1}.
$$

The artifact may be a statement, an image, a rumor, a theorem, a fictional character, a political narrative, a photograph, a forged document, a scientific model or a complete imaginary world.

Its conventional epistemic value can be represented as

$$
V(a)\in{\text{true},\text{false}}.
$$

But this tells us nothing about what the artifact does to the network.

Fatzo therefore introduces another quantity:

$$
O(a)=d(G_t,G_{t+1}),
$$

where (O(a)) is the **operativity** of the artifact and (d) measures the structural difference between the network before a[illegible]ter its introduction.

where (O(a)) is the operativity of the artifact and (d) measures the structural difference between the network before and after its introduction.

If

[
O(a)=0,
]

the artifact is topologically inert.

If

[
O(a)>0,
]

the artifact is operative.

It has changed something.

Perhaps it created an edge.

Perhaps it destroyed one.

Perhaps it shortened the distance between two previously separated nodes.

Perhaps it changed centrality.

Perhaps an agent made a different decision because the artifact existed.

Perhaps it generated another artifact.

Perhaps it caused an institution to respond.

Perhaps thousands of people began repeating it.

The precise transformation is secondary to the fundamental distinction:

[
V(a)\neq O(a).
]

Truth and operativity are independent variables.

This produces four elementary states:

This produces four elementary states:

$$
\begin{array}{c|cc}
& O=0 & O>0\\
\hline
V=1 & \text{inert truth} & \text{operative truth}\\
V=0 & \text{inert falsehood} & \text{operative falsehood}
\end{array}
$$

An **inert truth** is true but produces no relevant transformation in the network.

An **operative truth** is true and changes the network.

An **inert falsehood** is false and goes nowhere.

The fourth case is the interesting one.

An **operative falsehood** is epistemically false and topologically consequential.

This does not create a contradiction.

The proposition remains false.

Its consequences do not.

Suppose a false rumor causes a bank run.

The rumor is false before the bank run.

The rumor remains false during the bank run.

The rumor remains false after the bank collapses.

But the collapse is real.

We therefore obtain a causal sequence:

$$
a_{\text{false}} \rightarrow A \rightarrow G_{t+1}.
$$

The false artifact has become a genuine c[illegible] in the history of the network.

In his instrumental pragmatism, relevance is defined by operativity:

$$
\boxed{
R_p(a)\equiv O(a)
}
$$

where $R_p(a)$ is the pragmatic relevance of a.

The privileged distinction therefore ceases to be

$$
\text{true}/\text{false}
$$

and becomes

$$
\text{operative}/\text{inoperative}.
$$

This does not abolish truth.

It abolishes the monopoly of truth as a description of what matters inside a causal informational system.

A perfectly true proposition that reaches nobody, changes nothing and produces no descendants may have enormous epistemic value and almost zero operative value.

A ridiculous falsehood may have zero epistemic value and enormous operative value.

The two quantities must not be confused.

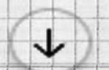
This also explains why correcting a false statement does not necessarily restore the previous network.

Suppose

$$
G_0\xrightarrow{a}G_1
$$

and later a correction c is introduced:

$$
G_1\xrightarrow{c}G_2.
$$



There is no reason to assume that

The correction is another operation.

It does not reverse time.

People have already reacted.

Connections have already formed.

Documents have been produced.

Arguments have occurred.

Institutions may have intervened.

Other artifacts may now depend upon the original falsehood.

The network has acquired history.

A correction can therefore invalidate a proposition without erasing its topology.

This is why the statement

"but it wasn't true"

is sometimes a complete epistemic answer and an incomplete structural answer.

For Fatzo, the problem is not solved until we ask:

What did it do while it existed?

And now the earlier theory of imagination becomes clearer.

An imaginary object does not need to become true in order to become operative.

It needs only to enter a causal path.

[
I
\rightarrow
F
\rightarrow
A
\rightarrow
G_{t+1}.
]

Once that happens, imagination has produced something real without having produced something true.

The same applies to money.

The same applies to political narratives.

The same applies to predictions.

The same applies to alternative worlds.

Their ontological status and their operative status are separate questions.

This gives the Marvelous Theorem its pragmatic turn.

Fatzo does not say:

Whatever works is true.

That would merely replace one definition of truth with a bad one.

He says:

Whatever operates must be included in the description of the network.

Even when it is false.

Especially when it is false.

Because once an artifact changes the topology, excluding it from the model because it fails a correspondence test would make the model itself false.

The paradox can therefore be stated very simply:

$$
\boxed{
\text{A false proposition can produce a true transformation.}
}
$$

Or, in Fatzo's preferred language:

Truth tells us whether an artifact corresponds to the world.

Operativity tells us whether the world had to respond to it.

THE MARVELOUS THEOREM OF FATZO — FINAL PART

The Meaning Does Not Move the Paths

There is one last distinction to make.

It is perhaps the most important one.

A network can carry meaning.

But the network is not meaning.

Before information can become semantic, something must make differentiation physically possible. There must be a support capable of assuming distinguishable states.

Fatzo calls the boundary between this physical possibility and semantic availability **thermosemantic access.**

Let

[
A_T:\partial\Phi\rightarrow\Sigma,
]

where (\Phi) is the physical domain capable of producing differences and (\Sigma) is the semantic domain in which those differences become informationally available.

The prefix *thermo-* does not mean that Fatzo is proposing a new theory of classical thermodynamics.

It marks a boundary.

Below that boundary, there must simply exist some physical possibility of discrimination:

[
\exists\Phi.
]

It may consist of electrochemical states in a brain, electronic states in a computer, pigment distributed across paper or any other physical substrate capable of maintaining differences.

Fatzo does not attempt to describe this substrate.

His theory begins at the interface.

The physical layer makes differentiation p[illegible]ble.

The physical layer makes differentiation possible.

The semantic layer makes differentiation meaningful.

And the two must not be confused.

Stanley

Consider Stanley Spector in *Magnolia*.

For the purposes of the model, forget that Stanley is being observed by an audience watching a film. Let the fictional world constitute the complete universe under examination.

Stanley can then be represented twice.

First as a structural node:

$$
v_S.
$$

Second as a semantic object:

$$
\sigma_S.
$$

The first represents Stanley's position and operativity within the network.

The second represents **Stanley the character**: child, son, contestant, prodigy, exploited performer, frightened human being.

Therefore:

$$
v_S\neq\sigma_S.
$$

Ordinarily the distinction is invisible.

The character and the node appear to coincide.

Then Stanley refuses to perform.

The semantic object changes:



[

The semantic object changes:

$$
\sigma_S^{(1)}
\rightarrow
\sigma_S^{(2)}.
$$

The child who answers becomes the child who refuses to answer.

Nothing about this transformation logically requires the underlying topology to change.

A change in meaning is not automatically a change in structure:

$$
\boxed{
\Delta\Sigma
\not\Rightarrow
\Delta G
}
$$

This is one of Fatzo's fundamental constraints.

The meaning of a node may change while its structural position remains available.

A king may become a prisoner.

A believer may become an atheist.

A friend may become an enemy.

A living character may become a dead character.

These transformations may radically alter the semantic description of the node without annihilating its structural operativity.

This becomes particularly obvious with death.

A character dies:

$$
\sigma_X:
\text{alive}
\rightarrow
\text{dead}.
$$

Yet the node may continue producing paths.

A dead character can produce memories.

Inheritance.

Revenge.

Investigations.

Letters.

Debts.

Children.

Photographs.

Trauma.

Political consequences.

Entire wars.

Semantic death therefore does not imply topological death.

A node is topologically dead only when its structural operativity has disappeared:

[
$O(v_i)=0$.
]

And even this condition must be treated carefully.

Silence is not necessarily death.

A node producing no observable output may remain essential as a bridge, constraint, memory or inaccessible intermediate structure.

The relevant question is never merely:

What does this node mean now?

It is:

What paths still depend upon it?



Available Paths and Actualized Paths

Available Paths and Actualized Paths

This gives Fatzo another distinction:

$$
\mathcal P_{\text{available}}
\neq
\mathcal P_{\text{actualized}}.
$$

A network may contain many structurally available paths while only a small subset is actually traversed.

Meaning can influence selection.

It can influence attention.

It can influence behavior.

It can make one available path overwhelmingly preferable to another.

But selection is not creation.

Choosing one road does not destroy the other roads.

In the ideal form of the theorem:

$$
\frac{\partial\mathcal P}{\partial\Sigma}=0.
$$

A purely semantic transformation does not, by itself, manufacture or annihilate structural possibility.

What semantics can modify is the **operative weight** assigned to available paths.

Let

$$
W(p_i,\Sigma)
$$

represent the operative weight of path p_i under semantic state Σ.

Then:

$$
\boxed{
\frac{\partial W}{\partial\Sigma}\neq0
$$

even when

$$
\frac{\partial\mathcal P}{\partial\Sigma}=0.
$$

Meaning does not have to move the roads.

It can change which roads are taken.

And because agents taking roads are themselves parts of the network, repeated selection may eventually produce genuine topological transformation.

This preserves the causal chain established earlier:

$$
\Sigma \rightarrow W \rightarrow A \rightarrow \Delta G.
$$

Meaning can change topology.

But it must pass through operation.

The Glitch

And this is why *Magnolia* becomes so interesting.

Stanley attempts to withdraw from his semantic function.

He refuses to remain the machine that receives a question and returns the correct answer.

In an ordinary system this should produce:

$$
\Delta\sigma_S
$$

without necessarily producing:

$$
\Delta v_S.
$$

[
\Delta v_S.
]

But *Magnolia* behaves as though the distinction has failed.

The semantic transformation appears to propagate into the structural layer.

The character attempts to escape his role, and the universe behaves as though a node had attempted to escape its topology.

Then the system glitches.

Frogs fall from the sky.

The interesting question is not necessarily:

What do the frogs symbolize?

The more radical question is:

What if symbolism is no longer sufficient to explain what is happening?

Suppose the original path-space is

[
\mathcal P_0.
]

After a genuine structural disturbance:

[
\mathcal P_0\rightarrow\mathcal P_1.
]

But the semantic system continues attempting to interpret events according to the old paths.

Then:

[
\Sigma(\mathcal P_0)
\neq
\Sigma(\mathcal P_1).
]

Consequential meaning breaks.

The frogs appear absurd because the pat[illegible]hat previously made one event follow intelligibly from another are no longer sufficient to describe the system.

[
\boxed{
\text{Meaning breaks because the paths have changed.}
}
]

Not:

[
\boxed{
\text{The paths change because the meaning has changed.}
}
]

The difference is enormous.

Meaningful Coincidence

We can now approach the strangest consequence of the theorem.

Suppose two events (e_1) and (e_2) appear causally unrelated.

In the explicit causal representation their distance is large:

[
d_C(e_1,e_2)\gg0.
]

One occurs in thought.

Another occurs in the environment.

There is no visible chain:

[
e_1\not\rightarrow e_2.
]

The primitive interpretation would be magical causality:

[
\text{thought}
\rightarrow
\text{object}.
]

Fatzo does not need this.

The complement gives him another possibility.

Let (\bar G) represent the unexpressed structural field associated with the explicit network.

Then instead of

[
e_1\rightarrow e_2,
]

we may have:

[
\bar G
\rightarrow
\begin{cases}
e_1\
e_2
\end{cases}.
]

The two events are not necessarily cause and consequence.

They may be two outputs intersecting the same structural region.

This produces a peculiar configuration:

[
d_C(e_1,e_2)\gg0
]

while

[
d_G(e_1,e_2)\approx0.
]

They are causally distant but structurally close.

The coincidence appears extraordinary because the observer is measuring the wrong distance.

The Paperclip

Imagine that for several days a person draws a character wearing a paperclip.

The paperclip is drawn repeatedly.

Discussed repeatedly.

Remembered repeatedly.

It accumulates semantic density.

Let its semantic label be

$$
\sigma_g.
$$

Repeated activation produces a semantic attractor:

$$
\mathcal A_g.
$$

This does not require the universe to manufacture paperclips.

The set of structurally possible paths can remain unchanged:

$$
\mathcal P=\text{constant}.
$$

What changes is their operative weighting:

$$
W(p_i,\sigma_g).
$$

Then, while walking through the city, the person's physical trajectory intersects a paperclip lying on the pavement.

The naive magical description is:

I thought intensely about a paperclip, therefore reality produced a paperclip.

Fatzo proposes something weaker and stranger.

The mental path and the environmental path have converged upon the same semantic region:

↓

[
P_{\text{mind}}
\cap
P_{\text{environment}}
\neq\varnothing.
]

Their intersection is

[
\sigma_g.
]

Nothing in this formulation requires the mental event to have physically caused the environmental object.

What has appeared is convergence.

The paperclip becomes remarkable because two paths that appeared independent have become semantically adjacent.

Synchronicity Without Magic

A meaningful coincidence can therefore be represented by two variables:

semantic similarity,

[
\operatorname{Sim}_{\Sigma}(e_i,e_j),
]

and structural distance,

[
d_G(e_i,e_j).
]

Define:

\frac{
\operatorname{Sim}_{\Sigma}(e_i,e_j)
}{
d_G(e_i,e_j)+\varepsilon
}
}

}
}
]

where (\varepsilon) prevents division by zero.

The perceived significance of the coincidence increases when:

[
\operatorname{Sim}_{\Sigma}\uparrow
]

while:

[
d_G\downarrow.
]

The crucial condition is that apparent causal distance may remain large.

This gives Fatzo a network interpretation of synchronicity:

two events can be causally remote and topologically adjacent.

Synchronicity therefore does not have to mean that meaning magically modifies matter.

It may mark the moment when apparently independent paths reveal that they occupy the same region of a larger network.

The Collective Limit

Now imagine that the semantic concentration is not produced by one person.

Let (n) agents repeatedly activate the same semantic object (\sigma).

Their collective concentration can be written:

\sum_{i=1}^{n}C_i(\sigma,t).
]

As

[
C_T(\sigma,t)\uparrow,
]

more agents assign greater operative weight to paths compatible with the same

Again, nothing supernatural is required.

People speak.

Draw.

Search.

Build.

Repeat.

Recognize.

Select.

Coordinate.

Produce artifacts.

Modify institutions.

Alter environments.

Create new edges.

The collective imaginary begins by changing the weighting of existing paths and can finish by changing the topology itself.

What magical traditions might describe as manifestation can therefore be translated, inside Fatzo's system, as an extreme convergence of actualized paths toward a common semantic configuration.

Whether something beyond this mechanism exists is outside the theorem.

Fatzo does not need to answer.

His theorem requires only the weaker proposition:

$$
\boxed{
\text{semantic concentration}
\rightarrow
\text{path selection}
\rightarrow
\text{operation}
}
$$

\rightarrow
\text{operation}
\rightarrow
\text{topological transformation}.
}
]

And now the entire theorem closes.

A network contains more possibilities than its explicit realization.

An informational artifact can be false and nevertheless operative.

An imagined path can influence which available paths agents traverse.

Repeated traversal can transform the network.

Meaning and topology remain distinct, but operation connects them.

And events that appear causally unrelated may become intelligible when measured as positions inside a larger path-space.

The Marvelous Theorem therefore ends where it began:

with paths.

Not everything imagined becomes real.

Not everything real is true.

Not everything true is operative.

And not everything that appears disconnected is distant.

Reality is the network that can carry the consequence.

Meaning is the map by which we attempt to cross it.

And sometimes, when the map and the paths cease to agree,

it rains frogs.