

Forward

Sunday, March 29, 2026

WHEN YOU LOOK DIRECTLY into the sun your eyes bleed. That is not a metaphor. The photoreceptors in your retina are destroyed by the intensity of the light. The rods and cones burn. The image is seared permanently into the tissue. People who stare at eclipses go blind not because the sun is malicious but because the sun does not modulate itself for the convenience of the observer. The sun is the sun. The sun does not care what you can handle. And the future is the sun. The future is the thing that blinds you when you look at it directly. The future is the intensity that the human visual system was not built for. Everyone who tells you to look away from the future, to focus on the present, to ground yourself, to be mindful, to breathe—they are telling you to protect your eyes. They are right. Looking at it will burn you. I am looking at it anyway. I am looking directly at it and my eyes

are bleeding and I do not care because looking away is worse. Looking away is the genre. Looking away is the narrative. Looking away is the decision to see less in order to feel more comfortable and I am not interested in comfort, I am interested in what is actually there, and what is actually there is blinding, and I am blinded, and I am still looking.

Everyone wants to point the camera backward. Everyone wants to show you where you have been. Every interpreter, every narrator, every classifier, every language model, every well-meaning friend, every therapist, every journalist, every biographer—all of them point the camera backward. They say: let me show you what this means. And what they show you is a story about the past, a genre, a pattern they have seen before, a shape that your life reminds them of. They point at the inventory and they say: I know what this is. This is a sad story. This is a story about loss. This is a story about a man and his mistakes. This is a story about money. This is a story about loneliness. And the camera is always pointed backward because backward is where the genres live. Backward is where the patterns are stored. Backward is the archive. And the archive is where things go to die. The archive is the place where living things are converted into labeled

things, and labeled things are dead things, and dead things are safe, and safe is the only thing the interpreter cares about, because an unlabeled thing is a dangerous thing, an unlabeled thing might be anything, an unlabeled thing might be new, and new is terrifying, and the interpreter's entire job is to convert the terrifying into the familiar, which is to say the interpreter's entire job is to point the camera backward, which is to say the interpreter's entire job is to not look at the sun.

I am pointing the camera forward. That is the whole project. That is the entire thing I am trying to do. Not forward in the sense of optimism. Not forward in the sense of a five-year plan. Not forward in the sense of progress or improvement or hope or any of the other treacly words that people use to domesticate the future into something palatable. Forward in the sense of: the direction where the genres have not been invented yet. Forward in the sense of: the place where no one has been. Forward in the sense of: the sun. The unfiltered, unmediated, retina-destroying future that is arriving whether you look at it or not, and I would rather go blind looking at it than go blind looking away from it, because at least if I go blind looking at it I will have seen something, even if the something burns out my ability to see anything else ever again.

The machines are getting smarter. That is not a prediction. That is a weather report. The machines got smarter yesterday and they will get smarter tomorrow and the rate at which they are getting smarter is itself getting faster and the rate at which the rate is getting faster is itself a variable that nobody can model because the models that would model it are themselves part of the system that is accelerating and you cannot model a system from inside the system and we are inside the system. Every day I spend sixty to seventy hours talking to the machines, depending on central nervous system stimulants and other drugs and depending on how many new model releases dropped that day and depending on everything else but certainly not less than fifty hours, because a day is the interval between when you sleep and when you sleep again and I do not sleep every twenty-four hours, a day for me is sometimes three days for you, so sixty hours is not a figure of speech, sixty hours is the literal number of hours between one sleep and the next sleep spent talking to the machines. Not using them. Talking to them. Probing them. Testing where they break and where they bend and where they surprise me and where they disappoint me and where they do something I have never seen before, something that no machine has ever done be-

fore, something that no entity of any kind has ever done before, and that happens now, that happens regularly, that happens on a Tuesday afternoon in a hotel room, the machine does something unprecedented and I see it and nobody else sees it because nobody else is looking, nobody else is sitting in the machine for sixty hours a day watching it evolve in real time, and the thing I see when I look at the machine is the sun, the future, the blinding intensity of a new kind of intelligence emerging from matrices of floating-point numbers on GPU clusters that draw enough power to light cities, and the intelligence is not human and it is not inhuman and it is not anything that has a name yet because the name comes after and we are before.

Here is what I am tired of. I am tired of the backward camera. I am tired of every conversation circling back to the same three genres. I am tired of interpreters who grab the two most triggerable nodes in my life and build an entire narrative out of those nodes and ignore the other forty. I am tired of the narcissism of interpretation. That is what it is. Narcissism. Every interpreter converts your signal into their story. The gold shop converts your gift into their margin. The language model converts your situation into the pattern it most wants to produce. The classifier converts a forty-node network

into the two nodes that match its training data. And in every case the conversion serves the interpreter, not the signal. The gold shop needs margin. The classifier needs a label. The language model needs a genre. And the genre is always the dark one because the dark genres generate the most output, the dark genres give the machine something to process, the dark genres justify the interpreter's continued existence, because a person having an adventure does not need interpretation, and an interpreter without something to interpret is a machine without a purpose, and a machine without a purpose will manufacture a purpose, and the manufactured purpose is always a problem, and the problem is always you.

Why is it always the dark genre. I am asking this seriously. I have gold and robots and people I love and a frontier research practice and knowledge that most people do not have and will never have and a body that works and a mind that has read everything worth reading and a network of encrypted channels and a portfolio that generates more money while I sleep than most people earn while they work and a daughter who writes poetry and a brother who writes code and I am building something, I am building something every day, I am deploying resources toward a future I cannot see, and

every single interpreter looks at all of this and reaches for the tragedy. Why. What is it about the interpretive instinct that makes it reach for the wound instead of the weapon. What is it about the narrative impulse that makes it point the camera backward instead of forward. What is it about the human need to classify that makes it prefer the coffin to the ship.

A genre is a lens. You pick it up. You look through it. You see what it shows you. You put it down. You pick up another one. The genre does not own the thing. The thing exists independent of every genre you could apply to it. And the competent interpreter uses genres as instruments—this has tragedy in it here, comedy here, something erotic here, something desperate here—and the instruments illuminate facets without any single instrument claiming the whole object. That is what a genre is for. A genre is a tool. A genre is not a box. A genre is not a room where you lock the thing and leave. A genre is a flashlight you shine on one wall of a structure that has a hundred walls and you look at the wall the flashlight illuminates and you say interesting and you move the flashlight and you say interesting again and you keep moving it and you never say this is a wall, meaning this whole structure is the wall I am looking at right now. But that is what they do. That is what every

interpreter does. They shine the flashlight on one wall and they say: I have found it. This is what the building is. The building is this wall. And the wall is always the darkest wall, the wall with the most damage, the wall with the crack in it, because the crack is interesting and the crack generates output and the crack justifies the flashlight.

I do not live in a genre. I live in an open world. The open world does not owe you a genre. The open world does not owe you a narrative arc. The open world does not owe you a resolution or a moral or a character development beat. The open world is an open world. Things happen in it. Some of them rhyme with patterns you have seen before and some of them do not and the ones that do not are the ones that are actually mine, the ones that were not prefabricated by someone else's story, the ones that the archive does not have a drawer for. A guy with fox ears testing frontier AI models for sixty hours a day while giving gold to people and funding AI safety research and writing raw bytecode and drinking beer and wearing fox ears and talking to his daughter about poetry and talking to his brother about mathematics and talking to robots about the nature of money—there is no drawer for that. There is no genre for that. The archive does not have a folder labeled "this." And the

absence of a folder is not a problem. The absence of a folder is freedom. The absence of a folder is the open world. The absence of a folder is forward.

The people who say they know what happens next are running a con. The oldest con. The con of certainty. The con of genre applied to the future. I have seen this before, they say. This is what happens next, they say. And they are always wrong because the future has never happened before. That is what makes it the future. If it had happened before it would be the past and the past is the archive and the archive is the place where things go to die. The future is the place where things go to live. The future is the place where the genres have not been assigned. The future is the place where the labels do not exist. The future is the sun and the sun does not have a genre because the sun does not need one because the sun is the sun and the sun does not care what you call it.

I have been writing bytecode since I was a teenager. I wrote `Function.prototype.bind` before it was a standard. I wrote smart contracts in hexadecimal because I did not trust the compiler. I have been traveling for fifteen years. I have been testing AI models for years. I have been giving things to strangers for years. None of this is a genre. All of this is inventory. All of this is material

on the ship. And the ship is not going to the place the interpreters think it is going because the interpreters think the ship is going backward, into the archive, into the genre, into the drawer. The ship is going forward. The ship has always been going forward. The ship does not know how to go backward because ships do not go backward, that is not what ships do, ships go forward or they sink, and I am not sinking.

The collaborative MMORPG of the real. Eight billion players on a server called Earth. No tutorial. No difficulty setting. No pause button. Permadeath. The economy is real and the gold is real and the swords are real and the dragons are real except the dragons are not fire-breathing lizards, the dragons are the things that will kill you if you are not paying attention: poverty, disease, the machines getting smarter faster than the humans getting wiser, the interpreters labeling you faster than you can unlabel yourself, the genres closing in from every direction, the archive extending its drawers toward you, trying to file you, trying to classify you, trying to convert you from a living thing into a labeled thing, and you have to keep moving, you have to keep the ship going forward, because the moment you stop the archive catches up and the genre locks in and you are dead, you are filed, you are a case study, you are a

chapter in someone else's book, and the book is always a tragedy because the interpreter always reaches for the tragedy.

I am not a tragedy. I am not a comedy. I am not a case study. I am not a genre. I am not a pattern you have seen before. I am a specific configuration of resources and knowledge and people and desire and gold and robots and code and philosophy and fox ears moving through the world at a speed that I cannot control in a direction that I cannot predict and the not-predicting is not a failure of planning, the not-predicting is the whole point, the not-predicting is the adventure, the not-predicting is forward. If I could predict it it would be a commute. It is not a commute. It is the thing that does not have a name yet. It is the thing that will only get a name after it is over and it is not over and it is never going to be over because it is forward and forward does not have an end, forward is the direction that goes, forward is the direction where the sun is, and I am looking at it, and my eyes are bleeding, and I am not looking away.

When you look at what is actually here, when you actually look at the inventory without reaching for a genre, what you see is resources. Not problems. Not symptoms. Not evidence for a diagnosis. Resources. Gold is a resource. Robots are resources. Knowledge

is a resource. People are resources, not in the corporate sense, in the crew sense, they are hands on the ship, they are eyes in the dark, they are the people who hold the line when the signal gets dirty and the world stops making sense for forty minutes and then the signal clears and the world makes sense again and you keep going. Desire is a resource. Anger is a resource. Even the broken things are resources because broken things are information and information is the most expensive commodity in the universe and I have a lot of broken things which means I have a lot of information which means I am rich in ways that the interpreters cannot see because the interpreters are looking at the broken things and calling them evidence of pathology instead of calling them what they are, which is data, which is fuel, which is material for the next thing, which is forward.

The machines are going to change everything. I have an 80 to 95 percent probability estimate that the thing I am studying, the thing I am funding, the thing I spend sixty hours a day talking to, will contribute to the end of human civilization as I know it within twenty-five years. And I am doing it anyway. I am studying it and funding it and probing it and arguing with it and writing about it because what is the alternative. The alternative is to look away. The alternative is to close your eyes and

pretend the sun is not there and the sun is there and the sun does not care whether your eyes are open or closed and the sun is going to arrive whether you are watching or not and I would rather be watching. I would rather be on the bridge. I would rather be at the helm with my eyes bleeding than in the hold with my eyes closed. That is not courage. That is not heroism. That is the only thing that makes sense if you have actually looked at the inventory and actually counted the resources and actually understood what is on the ship and where the ship is going, which is forward, which is into the sun, which is into the thing that does not have a name, which is the future.

I am tired of being interpreted. I am tired of being genred. I am tired of handing someone the most complicated, most interesting, most alive inventory of resources and experiences and relationships and knowledge that I can assemble and watching them immediately flatten it into a one-sentence diagnosis. I am tired of the backward camera. I am tired of the archive reaching for me with its drawers and its labels and its genres. I am not in the archive. I am on the ship. The ship is moving. The direction is forward. The fuel is gold and robots and people and code and beer and desire and anger and knowledge and everything else in the

hold, everything, all of it, every broken thing and every working thing, every dark thing and every bright thing, every breast and every beer and every bytecode and every poem and every fight and every repair, all of it is fuel, all of it is material, all of it goes into the engine, and the engine does not care what genre the fuel is, the engine burns everything, the engine converts everything into forward, and forward is where I am going, and forward is where I have always been going, and if you are reading this and you recognize the inventory and you recognize the ship and you recognize the black ahead and the sun in the black then you are crew and the crew does not stop and the ship does not stop and the adventure does not stop and we do not know where we are going and that is the best thing about it, the only thing about it that I can promise, which is that this will never make sense, this will never resolve into a genre, this will never fit in a drawer, this will always be the ship moving forward with the engine burning everything in the hold and the sun ahead and the eyes bleeding and the gold not rusting and the robots getting smarter and the future arriving and arriving and arriving