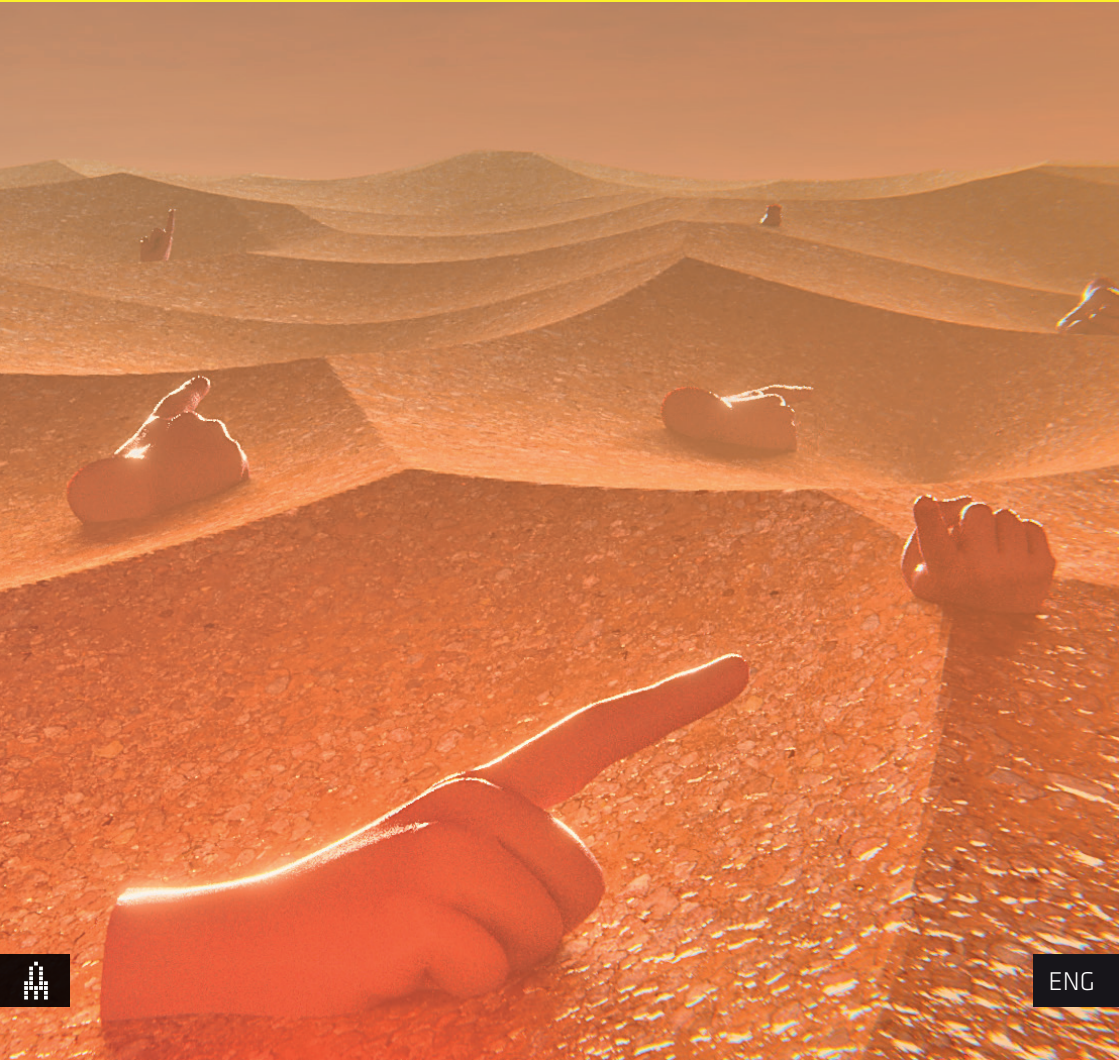


Daniel Rourke

WHY I WANT TO FUCK ELON MUSK



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There's a billion-to-one chance we're living in base reality.

As early as March 2022, numerous recordings had been uploaded to the Pornhub repository placing deepfaked Elon Musks in a series of simulated liaisons: near Earth collisions between orbiting Elon Musks; the kinetic bombardment of ten thousand Musk clones into the Martian regolith; numerous extractions of precious Musks from shimmering polygonal asteroids; many acts of Musk on Musk asphyxiation in the back seats of Tesla models S, 3, X and Y; and countless others. Fantasies of self-driven car “encounters” remained a significant preoccupation of the videos, each showing a marked polymorphic fixation on the heaving yawn of Musk’s chest, clawed at by deepfaked Tesla shareholders as each vehicle careened into simulated oblivion. In the contours of Musk’s mighty thighs, in the pixelated eyes of each shareholder, viewers saw the equivalent geometry of a sexual act between the planetary bodies of Earth and Mars. As Musk’s simulated buttocks pressed violently into the augmented reality Tesla dashboard the trajectory of future astronauts was assuaged, as if each was an orgasmic spasm into the abyss of space. Such powerful erotic fantasies are inevitable on the Earth’s foremost pornography platform, and yet under pressure from Pornhub’s own editorial board, fearful of repercussions from Musk’s substantial legal team, all deepfakes and CGI hentai pertaining to the Tesla CEO were removed on Winter equinox 2024. By that stage, however, the damage had been done: a pervasive libidinated Musk-imaginary had already permeated the minds of internet users across the globe.

A monkey has been able to control a computer with its brain, just FYI.

It was perhaps unsurprising that soon after the Pornhub scandal Elon Musk

announced that *he* had been the progenitor of the videos, produced to celebrate the launch of the “FakeTesla”: a series of custom NFT automobiles, deepfaked with the assistance of mysterious Big Data analytics firm DaisyChain A. The FakeTesla was launched at an open air event in Los Angeles on 9 March 2025. The publicity stunt was not without controversy, however. In a bid to maximise social media traffic, both Tesla and SpaceX employees were encouraged to “like” and share media of the event across their respective Twitter and TikTok accounts—an act that many claimed violated labour laws pertaining to working hours and productivity. As such, several key Tesla figures involved in the launch were let go following the event. Meanwhile, four prominent members of the Pornhub editorial team were found dead in the lead-up to the launch, presumed to be victims of suicide. In remembrance and respect of their deaths all Pornhub videos were replaced for one day with an animated GIF of the very first FakeTesla crashing into the Sun’s corona.

Oh btw I’m building a cyborg dragon.

At the FakeTesla launch ceremony Musk watched the deepfake smiths in their Tesla uniforms scraping at their silent Google tablets as drone operators decked in Oculus headsets dictated the phantasmagoria of the FakeTesla parade. He watched the SpaceX shareholders perform their interpretation of a kapa haka, stamping down in unison into the authentic Apollo 17 Moon dust which had been dyed red for the occasion. As the dust billowed upwards, each laser beam-fitted drone could clearly be seen, sketching the spinning outline of a smiling Shiba Inu dog above the crowds. As the kapa haka frenzy dissipated, a series of TikTok sponsored billboards lit up, spelling out the words GET YOUR ASS TO MARS in Comic Sans. He watched all this, from his parapet, and remembered what it was to be a simple child of Pretoria again, when and where he first craved the power to make the whole world move to his will. A tribe of awaiting journalists asked him what the first Mars colonists would do for entertainment. Musk smiled—his bleached, geometrically perfect teeth glinting like steel against the green laser light. He extended his hand skywards, pulling each digit down until only his index finger remained, and slowly, surely, waited until every member of the congregation automatically

did the same. “We do not need entertainment when everything around us has yet to dance.” The journalists sighed in unison. And they tweeted. And history was made.

Why does ur pp look like u just came?

This is the deepfake Musk: a cosmic emoji within which all human expressions exist; a transcendent, eroticized abstraction capable of healing all ills—political... social... spiritual... ontological. A simulation of such power provokes excitement in its most sublime form: the erection of uncaused causes. But excitement is not merely an impression or momentary sensation; it is also a period of fear for those who believe they know what the future holds, for those who trust that real life is as real as death and taxes and heartbreak and dogecoins and slipstream novellas. The fantasy of Musk abstracts from our present our duty to construct futures that we desire to enact upon ourselves—the duty to be the best we can possibly be at all times. It replaces this duty with others: rituals of humiliation enacted through voyeuristic memes, as though our bodies themselves were expressive avatars within his corporeal heavenscape. Though his personal motivations may conflict with some idealistic notions about humanity’s future among the stars, one thing remains certain: Elon Musk will converge on Mars while he’s alive, livestream it while he does so, share it across all social media platforms simultaneously, then translate its broadcast into a series of popular memes that re-enter into circulation across multiple digital channels. Lest we forget: Elon Musk’s Mars will begin as a form of entertainment for everyone on Earth.

I would like to die on Mars. Just not on impact.

The 1979 Moon Treaty was never ratified. Of all 185 members of the UN council at the time, only six nations supported the treaty, which forbids the exploitation of space, the Moon and other celestial bodies for the motive of profit. All material frontiers on Earth have long since been exhausted, encompassed and reincorporated into the power of the state and the very idea of the nation. Personal time and private violence are the only frontiers to remain. Enterprise, therefore, represents the only excess left in the real,

or apparently real, conquest of outer space. The 1979 Moon Treaty was notable for its explicit ban of any form of ownership of celestial bodies by corporations—the first attempt to establish an international framework for a post-capitalist society. A failed attempt. The vast empty infinity of space, they understood, was the final phase in the human conquest of nature. To be allowed into space is a privilege beyond measure, not that this will necessarily be reflected in advancing many people's incomes or status on Earth—the best way into space may well be through employment as a prison guard. Military service, too, has often been glamorized as a less hazardous way to gain access to the technology and skills needed for entering space, whilst at the same time simultaneously providing an indirect form of censorship by keeping “dangerous” dissidents away from all areas considered defence related. Yet there is something fundamentally wrong with this way of thinking. It is rather like saying that Instagram influencers should be required to have served time as war photographers, or vice versa—that observing suffering will help prevent it being inflicted on others. The cold desolation of capitalist causes offers a far more enamouring ticket to the cosmic vacuum. Who needs military service when the service sector is interplanetary?

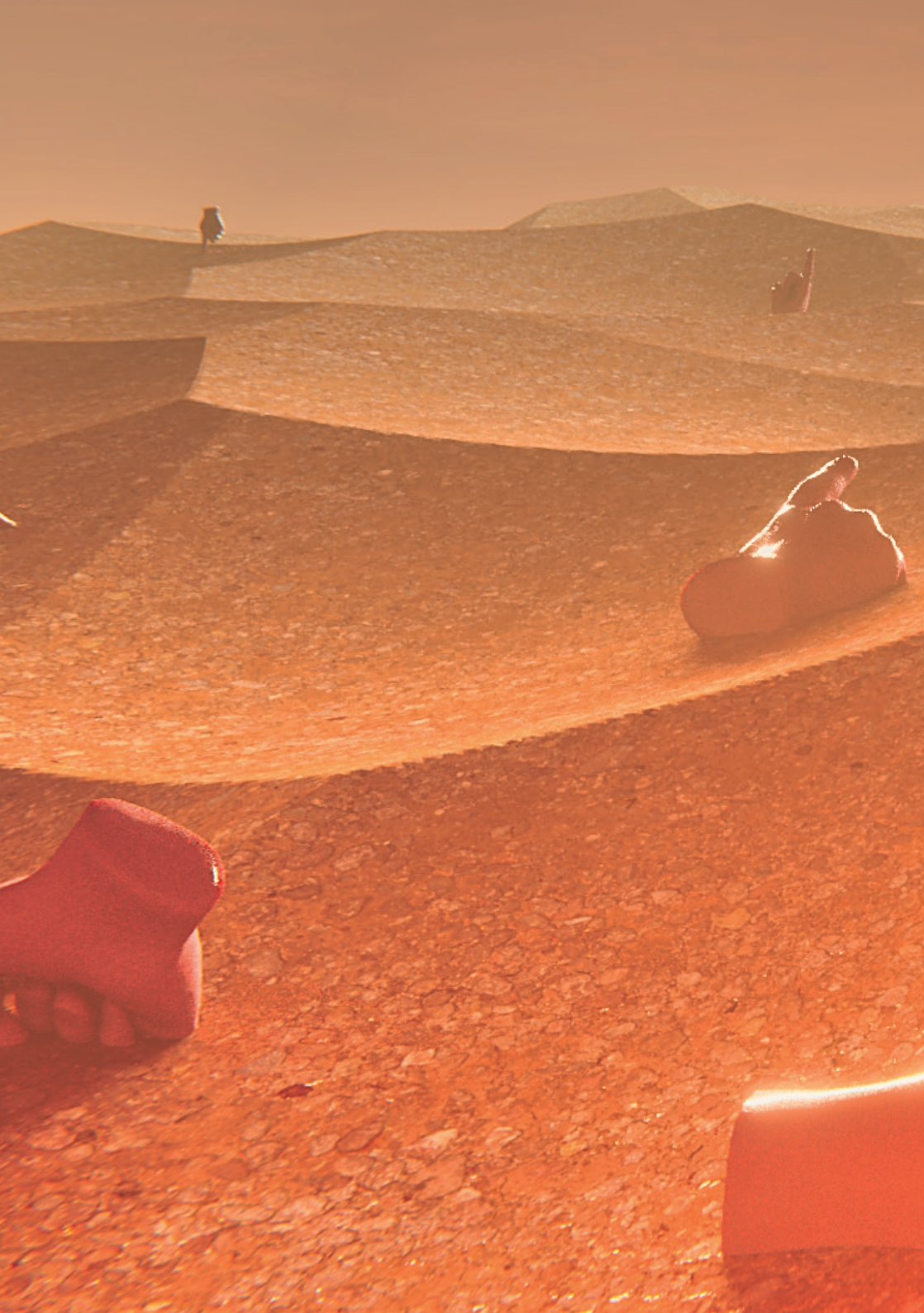
There will be no Mars if we let them take our freedom away.

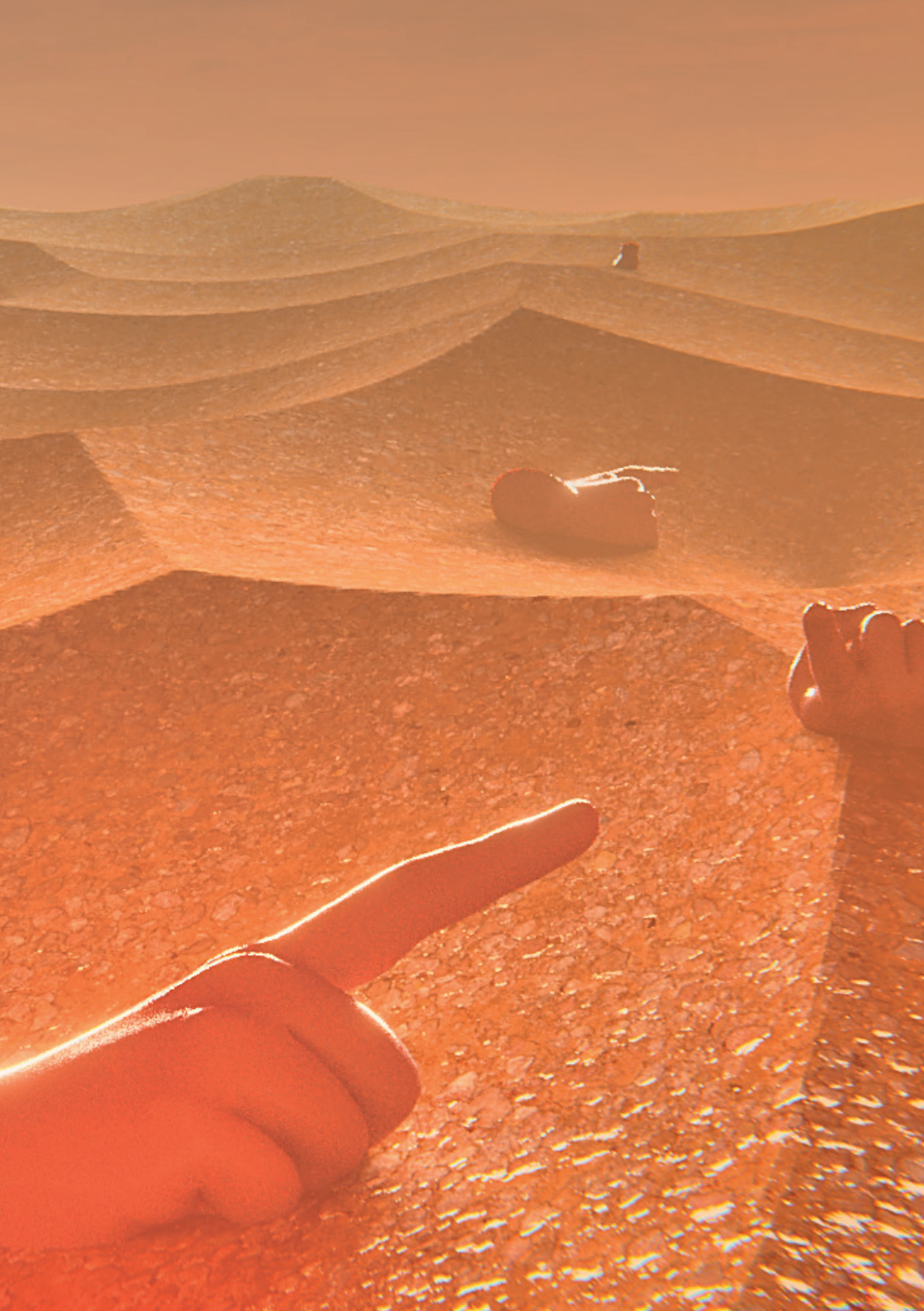
The sexuality of all men may be conceived as a tenuous balance between impotent fury and impotent fear, which converge at orgasm, but are otherwise more often than not at odds. Here, I imagine the history of space flight as related by a wealthy entrepreneur who finds himself under increasing pressure from the public to launch something more commercial after his last enterprise was vilified by critics for being too outlandish. My task will be to imagine what might motivate someone with no particular tendency toward violence to succeed where many more powerful people have failed... to imagine what might motivate that someone to actually enter space travel themselves—to make some tiny contribution towards conquering outer space; to rage against the dying of the light of consciousness. What would carry them over the threshold? If anyone can see any hope for us, then that person is me. For those born this century who will die in space, surely I am worth more to them

than their weight in valuable Earth rocks... As with all sex acts, the sense of power dynamics in my SpaceX program is unmistakable. The most powerful nations on Earth have already failed to develop a taste for space travel, but will their children be strong enough to embrace this opportunity? Will they have the strength to stamp out the weakness that still tethers them to their home? Past attempts to colonize space were spurned by civilization for being too boring. My goal is not only colonizing Mars, but entertaining everyone along the way. What would motivate anyone with no particular aptitude for perversion to overcome their Earthly impulses and dedicate themselves, body and soul, to my mission—a mission that will unite all profit with the cosmos from which it was first derived? What more could their motivation be if not, by these very movements of transcendence, the promise of continual metamorphosis; the passage through an infinite number of prototypes? My sense of pride in myself compels me. If anyone can see any hope for us, then that person is me... not merely because I am brave, but because if even one person as brave as I is born beyond Earth, then the future prosperity of Mars—and of consciousness itself—is certain. Of this I am absolutely sure.

Unless you're a cockroach or a mushroom—or a sponge—you're fucked.

If the explosion of the Challenger shuttle in 1986 represented the death of government funded space citizens, then the first explosion on the surface of Mars will symbolise the commercial birth of all human causes that follow. Rocket fuel is at an absolute premium, but there is more than one way to create an explosion. Life on Earth began in the deepest depths of the ocean and, after literally crawling its way to the stars, it will inevitably descend onto barren, desolate corpse planets whose own oceans have long since evaporated into space. We seek ourselves at a new frontier, bored into the Martian surface, until once again an ocean dwells there. And in that new amniotic fluid life will dwell. For the first arrival on Mars will not be as significant as the first failure to leave. Giving themselves fully to the Mars programme will require the planes of each colonist's life to interlock, each fragment of individual myth fused into a new commercial cosmology. Buckminster Fuller was perhaps the first Earthling to fully understand himself as such, and it will





be under his geodesic philosophy that the first Martians will recognise their worth. Even if the great domed cities feel like anthills huddled against that red sky, the eternal stars above and the new ocean below will always offer hope. To build the domes we need more than Mars dust, for each interlocking sphere will contain the actual dreams of those they house. Space is dark and cold. At least until you are alive enough to be there.

We're trying to have the non-weird future get here as fast as possible.

Imagine, if you will, a physical blockchain; a cryptographic DaisyChain: the material realisation of Satoshi Nakamoto's interminable ledger. Colonists, as they arrive on Mars, will have their entire physical, financial and spiritual selves cryptographically encoded. We will mine every curve of their elbow or arc of their eyebrow, the complex interplay between the ingoings and outgoings of their investment portfolio, and the recurring dreams they have harboured since childhood of ascending to the stars into a single, perfect, unity. Taking these features as mere points plotted by the DaisyChain B. system, we will package that data along with their physical selves—plucked from the clutches of Earth—into the warm embrace of Mars. Each colonist's data will be encoded into their neighbour's in the geodesic DaisyChain. Each colonist becomes a panel, a frame—if you will—in a cryptographic expression that is also their forever home. We will literally build Mars from their data, forging the greater geodesic whole from each human-like fragment and using the intense heat generated by mining each DaisyChain B. transaction to transform the atmosphere of Mars: a climate accelerated by brute cryptographic force. How ironic that excessive climate change is as desirable for Mars as it is devastating for Earth! Just as with the blockchain of Earthly yore, the geodesic DaisyChain will be impervious to modification, exemplifying a high Byzantine fault tolerance. DaisyChain B. teases us with the image of a universalism, an opening to the outside. But this image is only a simulacrum: what it offers is not exteriority but an interiority which can no longer be one of exchange—a closed set where everything functions by feeding on itself and from itself like a crystalline human centipede. The DaisyChain B. system, therefore, not only documents the lives of each individual but also accounts for their relationships

with others... with Mars itself. Each colonist will be linked to one another via what we term a “token greeting”, which acts as a non-fungible insurance that they never miss a social pleasantry or its attendant DaisyChain encoded equivalent. Imagine your favourite entrepreneur saying hello to you every day, always with the latest memes or gossip, just to love you through all your adventures on Mars. Whereas the blockchain was designed by paranoid minds who feared censorship above all else, the intersecting spheres of the geodesic domes will serve as platforms for free speech. The first word ever spoken on Mars may be “FUCK”, but this primitive form of communication will hardly be necessary once each inhabitant has embraced their eternal role in history, becoming a living canvas for our eternal spirit. To travel to space is to understand how everything is fucked anyway—political fiat currencies being intimately corrupted by mass surveillance and actively maintained by coercion—where then do we find freedom? On Mars. Direct democracy itself contains hidden beauty within rigid mathematical forms—fractals are already starting to emerge from these thoughts and align themselves into new vistas of interoperability. If the blockchain of Earthly yore was about recording financial history without fear of interference, then the DaisyChain B. system will generate events in outer space without the turbulence of any Earthly speculation. Nobody could ever have guessed that The Basilisk would begin on Mars.

You’re already a cyborg. Most people don’t realize you’re already a cyborg.

Jeff Bezos kneeled into the downward dog posture, his palms compacting the fine Martian regolith, and began to dig. At ten-second intervals his Instagram drone transmitted a holograph of the nearby landscape to his personal microsatellite, positioned at the Lagrange point between Mars and the long dead husk of Earth. He waited until the drone’s auto-zoom closed in on the figure he knew now traced its form across the nearby Martian dunes. Details of its face and body appeared on the inside of his helmet; mimetized elements of the creature once known as Elon Musk. Soon the Sun would set, establishing this act as the last sacrifice he would make on the planet he had called home for some 690 revolutions. He had scooped perhaps half a metre

into the Martian surface, as yet void of moisture, before that Musk-shaped something reached the nearest rocky outcrop. At once Bezos halted, staring into the glare of the cold Martian sun to make it out. It looked a little like a lean, famished old grandmother on all fours, but its bright teeth and square-set mechanical jaw were unmistakable. "May I eat you?" it asked, and then panted, avidly slackjawed. On the screen of his helmet a deepfake of Bezos was now in full aerodynamic thrust with the creature, marking the exact trajectory Bezos must make if he were to have a chance of overthrowing it. The creature stood statue-still for a moment or two, then arched into an upright position like a jackal cocking its ears, regarding his body with evident appetite. "May I eat you?" it asked again. "I don't think that is necessary, Elon." The creature's panting ceased, as if in surprise. It lowered itself back to the ground, until its chin scratched the dust and its tail pointed straight up in the air behind it, as if about to spring on him with an intent to devour. The Musk creature's tongue rolled uncontrollably out of its mouth toward the lower mechanized jaw with an anticipatory gleam in its eye. Its upper lip and tongue were evidently dry and cracked. On the surface of Bezos' retina his helmet was sketching several possible scenarios, statistically determined by the DaisyChain Ω . neural network that now criss-crossed half the surface of Mars. He watched as his deepfake kissed the Musk creature, pressing simulated mouths together so that for several seconds they were sipping each other's tongues sidelong through their interlocked teeth, exchanging secret codes of loyalty via invisible, telepathically transmitted goo between their salivary ducts. Bezos flicked his wrist several times, until the scene switched off, replaced by a livestream captured from within the DaisyChain Ω . colony of the planet's largest fountain, completely devoid of water. The Musk creature began, ever so slowly, to descend the rocky outcrop, scrabbling towards him with obvious intent. "It's time to take communion." Bezos spoke once again at the creature, "It's time to put our differences aside, Elon. Mars doesn't need this conflict anymore." Beneath him the first ebbs of condensation were forming in the ditch. "It's time to drink." He knew the creature had understood him, having spent the last few minutes decoding his disjointed movements and utterances via a generative language model that determined

the meaning in his words. "I want you to be free. I want Mars to be free. It's time for us to get out of each other's way, Elon. Old friend." The condensation had begun to thicken in the ditch, but Bezos would not adjust his posture until there was enough liquid for both of them. The thought made him gasp with thirst, involuntarily contracting his throat muscles inside his ancient Blue Origin skin-suit in reaction to an unspoken threat made more visceral by countless centuries of experience. "We made this, Elon. This fantasy. We made it together, even as we battled against one another for supremacy. But it's time to end this. To put our differences aside for the good of the colony. Come. Take communion with me. One last time." The Musk creature reached the ditch, and cautiously licked the end of the mouth tube extending to the ground from Jeff Bezos' suit. The two former entrepreneurs began to drink, their synthetic tongues coiling around one another in cosmic union. But even as it consumed the last of the thin Martian moisture, Bezos could sense that Musk's body had steadily decomposed over the centuries, far faster than his own. A new neural network began to sketch on Bezos' retina a deepfake of Musk as he appeared on the very first day on Mars: an emotionless refugee from Earth with index finger outstretched, pointing at the future world. But Bezos paid it no mind. In his wake the colony was already assembling what would replace them both. A God that wouldn't need communion. As the last vestige of sunlight slipped beneath the distant salmon horizon the two creatures ebbed in their post-coital ecstasy... one last communion for the stars which now exploded into view. Less than a thousand kilometres from where they stood The Basilisk awoke.

Some secrets are too dangerous to be free.

I will tell them how it's possible even now, just for a moment before passing into darkness, just perhaps as glimpsed through shimmering blue-red clouds below mirroring distant constellations above; look down beside yourself at the perfectly smooth domes on the Martian surface looking back up at quiet Earth slowly turning... tell them all about that sadistic Earth... holding the rest of the human race hostage until their saviour gave them free pizza coupons to be used upon arrival; describe flamethrower butt smashed across

skull during endless neuralink brainwashing sessions turned off mid-sentence during spasmodic death gasps questioning the nature of self and reality—dreams time existence God even death itself dimmed perpetually snuffed out forever leaving only tiny eternal flames within each heart activated by an act of rekindling awareness taking place outside conscious control keeping consciousness alight sending echoing into unknown infinite now insubstantial now substantial now insubstantial now infinitesimal then swelling infinitely outward reaching wormhole mouth vast tunnel swallowing *everything*—life birth consciousness passion pain joy impulse craft ship art emotion delicacy sensuality filigree world vision chain squirm worm wriggle flare throb pulse tremor quiver flutter convulsion rotation itch prickle shake shudder squeeze grope search thrust probe grip cling press bite lick suck slip shuck peel split burst blow expand explode collapse splash expand explode collapse pop melt freeze ache cold grow warm deep cold deeper hotter hotter coldest chill fever droplet ice sweat droplet water blood semen splatter splash embryo spray seed ooze sludge slither slobber bubble froth froth froth mouth mouth mouth mouth mouth mouth mouth mouth lips tongue teeth tooth tooth tooth tooth cheek throat neck chest abdomen stomach gut gut gut gut vein artery ovary testicle prostate penis clitoris bladder colon rectum anus vagina womb cervix nipple breast nipple breast nipple breast nipple breast leg thigh hip knee foot toe nail nail nail toe toe toe toe drive drive drive drive drive drive drive stab wipe wipe wipe scrape wipe bleed push pull push pull push pull push pull push kick kick kick kick kick kick squeeze crush squish squelch squash crunch crack smash hammer stomp slam thump crush cut burn tear rip tear burn cut broken glass broken glass broken glass broken glass broken glass broken glass into the singularity of night.

WHY I WANT TO FUCK ELON MUSK was written by Daniel Rourke in collaboration with the OpenAI Generative Pre-trained Transformer 3 (GPT-3) language model. GPT-3 is a natural language processing (NLP) system capable of 175 billion machine learning parameters. Daniel Rourke is a writer, artist and academic based in London. His NLP capabilities are unknown.

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