

Love of Slow Pedaling



The future prospects for a few are different from the rest. While all of us are destined to die, our cells may live indefinitely if placed in the correct environment. There is data suggesting that the neurons of short-lived animals can become long-lived if placed inside the brains of long-lived animals. For example, the Greenland shark, which can live for approximately 500 years, may offer a solution for the future elite who seek to preserve their neurons within the shark's brain to safeguard their memories from fading and potentially enable self-recreation several times over.

I love slow pedaling, climbing up and rolling down the hills around Clifden, heading to the coast, passing by the horses, and smelling the seaweed mixed with the *Geruch* (Ger.) of the turf fire.

Now, for the first act of reduction.

I love slow pedaling, climbing up and rolling down through what used to be Clifden. I follow safe paths to avoid sudden landslides. I see *Pferde* (Ger.) in the distance, though they might just be a product of my imagination. Most of the horses are gone, except for a few kept for the Sultan when he visits. The scent of the turf fire is amazing, but it's unclear where the fire originates. The Sultan, however, doesn't like the smell of turf.

Now, for the second reduction.

I still love slow pedaling, rolling through what used to be Clifden, and taking safe routes to the coast to avoid potential landslides. Just last year, one of the Sultan's organ donors was killed by a landslide. He was buried so deep in the mud that his organs were compressed, reducing him to nothing more than a bone-marrow squeeze-junk. The marrow is cheap, a decent robo-pharmacy can make a couple of million stemmies in a few days but we need a few humans around for the fully developed organs. I spot horses in the distance, but that might just be a product of my imagination. Most of the horses have vanished, except for a few reserved for the Sultan when he pays a visit. I'm not sure where he keeps them. And why? Rumor has it that his *e-Haut* (Ger.) is too sensitive for horseback rides. As for the turf fire, its scent is still delightful. I notice a solitary chimney near the Eternity Pond's edge. Perhaps one of the guards received a promotion, a step up from being a mere bone-marrow



squeeze to a full-time guardian of the Eternity Pond. The Sultan might not appreciate the smell of turf, but he must certainly like the guardian. I also suspect he finds the guardian attractive, despite some unusual collagen mutations that offer limitless flexibility. Maybe that's what pleases the Sultan.

Now, for the fourth reduction.

Po pravde (Rus.), I dislike pedaling. I fear the tunnel and don't care much for horses. I despise the bi-guard soaked in his pitiful ambitions. Everything feels meaningless. Life is a vessel of tears, and all tears flow into the infinitely deep Eternity Pond



(EP). Here I am, in the former city of Klegan. Fishermen, tourists—what a strange name, “tour-ist.” Now it’s “Tour-nix.” None will ever be here, only the EP. The Sultan was here a few days ago. Look at the slowly swirling Greenland sharks, the longest-living creatures. Several hundred years of life, with a brain the size of the Sultan’s eunuch’s testicle, filled with the Sultan’s transplanted memory neurons integrated into the network. Short-lived mouse neurons transplanted into a rat’s brain live as long as the rat, while longer-living rat neurons transplanted into a naked mole rat’s brain live for 40 years. Now, the EP. Millions of the Sultan’s neurons inside a clitoris-shaped shark brain, a source of eternal youth, your pure essence—



Your Highness, Your Sultanness.

Back to life, filled with the screaming of mullahs blessing the shark, which can be quite imposing when you're at the EP as a Shark Guardian (SG). There are only 12 SGs all together, and the 36 Wives of the SGs (WSGs) and each of the WSG kids get carefully examined as future SGs. You forget what women's faces look like because you must *ebat* (Rus.) in darkness so that the new generation won't inherit the experience of copulative violence. In your daily life, you connect to the WIBE to have a few relaxing and memorable moments or fill the world with tardigrades, capable of surviving complete desiccation. The tardigrades inhabit farms in Kansas, multiplying inside the cones covered with local cockroaches, rolling toward the horizon, sleeping in old silos, or sticking like COR-TEN license plates to rusty car carcasses. All this lies along the "Overfly Territory" on the way to the Pacific. A lovely flight along forever, forever no-jeans no-pointy-boots land, the land of tardigrade farmers—TaFa land.

Lollipops. Giant Ricola lollipops standing along what used to be a Mexican no-border. The licking oasis, like salt paddles for the animals to gather. From above, one can see the human biomass attached to lollipops. Since early childhood, a pure desire to be first in line, waiting for days just to approach the Ricola scent-filled shade and finally extend an inflated tongue to touch the slightly rough and acidic surface. The maximum licking time is 2 minutes, and then circle back, filled with memories like a Pioneer after visiting Lenin's Mausoleum in October 1937.

The Ricola Co. announced that all of the DNA attached to the Ricola pops is the property of Ricola and will be used to advance our understanding of humanity in its move toward glorious post-humanity.

The Ricola totems in the Pacific West. The Ricola-sucking grass in Friesland. The Ricola plum-pums in Turkey, the Ricola sex toys. It all started during the nippy nights when trucks with the Gago logo put a dozen giant Ricola lollipops along Park Avenue. "For citizens to lick," that was the slogan. Bloomberg and the less black politicians licked jointly in the spirit of unity. United, not divided, in licking we came. We shared our microbes, our DNA recombined on spots of licking, we fed phages, not pigeons (a great slogan, BTW!). The rough after-party licking. The licking of and with the homeless. Rich and poor joining the licking. The disillusioned Jonas Brothers licking. Fashion week licking photoshoots. Drooling Ricola around. Ricola rivalries. Fake Ricola balls sold secretly. The Ricola recycling plants in Hessen. Competition. Ricola of Staten Island laced with fentanyl vs. Ricola of the Meatpacking District laced with NAD+. The Ricola orgies in Perth. Aborigines glued to the Ricola and desiccated like tardigrades. Millennia old spores of Trastevere at the Ricola base.



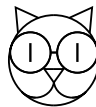
Where am I? A bright spot around the pond. A swirling shark. I am thinking about surrogate brain guardian grandkids, privileged bastards, born to watch the sharks without any concerns. The perfect life. Fully protected. Social security. Free food and NAD+ once a week. Free WIBE connection for life. How did it start?

At the beginning was Altos Labs. They built the first pond and called it the Amazon Delta. Got bombed by some fellow from Dresden who could not stand the possibility of an immortal bookseller. The rest is a history.

“Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.”

BIO

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