

## Self-Quantization

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Let us cut all the pretentious self-promotion and stop beating around the bush. I know you are tired of boring applications so read below.

Hey!! What kind of writing starts with “Hey”? Why is this guy mentioning the very thing, ah here he did it again, and again! This guy is weird, so weird! Stop whatever you’re doing, don’t..stop ah he got me Damn it! Say it so I can cut this loophole!! The loophole! Actually, I can just ignore this if I want to put a stop ah but it is still mentioned! Ah There we go he got nothing more to say Ha!! Again!! Alsdkfjalskdnf;l make noise al;skdjfalsd random alksdjgfkj noise in my brain so I forget what I see ah stop, stop the stop close my eyes and ignore!! But too late!! I know so stop!! AHHH STOP!! YES!! I want to stop too!! Isn’t it so weird we want the same thing!? Ew What is he doing? I have no idea what he is doing but it feels better to ride along isn’t it? Just follow me and you’ll be fine, ride my thoughts along, yes you which will be me yes me you, who is me yeah your thought is my thought now so there you go I got me, I got you so I let me, you go bye, it was fun.

This is a new concept I came up with which is “Meta-Logic” It is simply a machine language for human, once you read it, the concept and intention is conveyed directly regardless of the actual text. You get to download the message just purely by following the convolving logic. Here is another practical example below.

## Self-Quantization

Dear Professor Brennan,

Hello, first and foremost, I sincerely apologize for faking my initial intention about the first inquiry. I contacted you after reading through the faculty members’ information and your previous research, which I thought I could have gotten a positive review of in the materials I wrote during that time. At the time of the first inquiry, I had not read any of your previous research. This was solely based on my selfish intention, as in a rude way of boosting my self-esteem with pretentious efforts. It was simply “Professor, I am imbecilic and lazy and I have bad grades, but I have read couple of smart stuff and wrote something that sounds similar, now please tell me I am smart so that you can make me feel better about myself.” I

curse myself for daring your dignity and I am afraid that I even do have the right to beg for your forgiveness.

I honestly wanted to hide and forget about everything that happened and wake up from my childish dreams. I could not pick up the books even after I received them, and I was too scared and embarrassed to do so. I finally picked up *Places of Mind* and I have read four chapters so far. It feels like a sharp jeer like I am confronted naked. I realized I did not have any idea about my place. No matter how close I draw Mona Lisa, that does not make me Leo and it was my arrogance to even consider such a level of artistry could be mimicked. Maybe I might be thinking too far, maybe this all is not that deep, maybe it is not “maybe”, “I am not that guy” This very moment, yet I am lying to you. If I ever wanted forgiveness, I would have gone dead silent because I know how obnoxious it is to see a pretentious student with no depth. I sincerely apologize to you for being reminded by showing up again, but you are the only person who invested your precious time in my shameful act.

Professor, have you heard of stories about vegehumans in an underpaid medical facility with no family connections? I am sure there will be no historical document about them because that is the nature of their very struggles. I think Camus is wrong because Sisyphus is spoiled. He had at least a boulder to push, people in the Matrix at least became a valuable source of energy for other entities. I believe in the true curse of pure existence without observation, a passive intelligence that only consumes, which is the endless convergence to infinite madness. I am stuck on that very silent hill. Society with me today and without me tomorrow will look the same. Rather, even if my life ends right now, local PD gets another point for a shut case of suicide, cleaning service is hired, local cemetery or ceremonial services would be activated. The amount of social contribution I yield when I am dead is much more than that of when I am not now, and the only variable that is considered for my life is pure trust, hopes and dreams in my potential contribution in the future, a cult of my own.

I do not have an elite background, I am not charismatic, I do not have attractive traits or mannerism that could seize the crowd like Professor Said when he was my age. Even if he had bad grades at some point, he was at Princeton and Harvard. I am in a community college which is like hungry Mozart and a hungry pig analogy. The fact that my heart rate slightly increased when I felt the sensation of relatability makes me cringe and embarrassed. It makes me laugh out loud at the fact that I even tried to measure, tried to even put them close together like watching a fish measuring fins and wings. But Professor, I sincerely deeply want to be like him. I want to at least look similar on the outside like a faulty Asian copy, at least like Mona Lizard by Leon. If you ask me why, I honestly cannot answer because for me “why” changes all the time from simple answers like because it is

cool, or fancy answers like the fact that he admires romance in this cynical world, the only joy for a vegehuman can pursue. I am grandiose and delusional, and I am narcissistic and sociopathic that I am harmful to humanity. I acknowledge these, but because this pathetic narcissist is so cowardly to commit, I am borrowing your light to blind myself like a true sociopath, because “what” does not change for me.

I am not trying to look pathetic to provoke sympathy to make you feel bad so you could take it easy on me. I find myself stuck back in this loophole no matter what I do to get away from these thoughts. I tried to be practical in other ways because I know I can never earn my “reputation” to “legitimize” such adorable cuteness I am showing. I have worked on building AI that trades cryptocurrency until I found out there are ChatGPT scale AI trade bot industries and HFT traders who send “purchase” signals million times within microseconds before the blue bar is updated on their computer screen. It was not even legal for me to trade in the first place as I am an international student, but because I had such low self-esteem, I thought at least making it operable with simulated money seemed to make me look smart. I masturbated to this fancy hacker image, which got boring quickly due to obvious limits.

There is always, always, a higher niche no matter what it is, and it just makes me so dizzy to think about them. I am condescending and I love bragging about what I know and what I can do, and I know how petty and obnoxious this sounds. So, I always tried my best to stay quiet and stay still because acting smart without practicality is such a narcissistic selfishness, overreacting daydream haze of a hermit incel otaku who has not seen a sun for a year, Zarathustra, but hurt his head way down. I think there are only two ways of achieving sounding smart, which is either having a reputation that legitimizes, or a legitimate reputation. I want to have a legitimate reputation. If the world is cynical, I want to be the definition of it, the dry bottom of that 57-year-old oven. But the more I read stuff, the more I face the limit of myself. I believe intelligence cancels struggles, low level struggles like money and school for example. Intelligent people find their way somehow because it is the very tool for navigating the system and finding creative ways to utilize them. If they have an objective, they will make it happen, it is guaranteed, which is not even a matter of time, because they can simply set an objective, “make it sooner”. I do not mean that people who struggle with similar matters are not intelligent. I believe that there is a systematic limit that resides in the backend, but it is not an excuse for me.

I am blessed with the privilege to have great parents who even support my One-Piece adventure. I have never experienced poverty, or warfare (bullet flying). Except for one time I encountered two NK enthusiasts in Saint Paul, I have never experienced racism either. I am not even a vegehuman in a coma, I have functioning everything and guaranteed survival.

But the only thing that is similar is that there is no immediate action I can take that could give me any kind of sensible feedback about very that I created at least a slight influence in this physical world, other than showing flatline to call attention. To be honest, I can just take my time and restart all over again, with new grades and get a work license, or take 10 shots and get married to my fiancé right away with empty hands in such a state just so I could curse my wife's future. I got all my limbs, and I know how to at least read a manual so I can just start entry whatever positions, and just live quietly enjoying daily little achievements like a true petite proletariat. But for some reason, for some daily-changing-pretentious-reasons, my soul tells me that is not what I want, and it is excruciatingly embarrassing that my narcissistic self is so fearful of wasted youth as if the term "waste" even fits.

I do not want to think I have potential, but I feel the potential. The direction of gravity flips as I am writing this, I cannot pull my hair down out of cringe. I sincerely need your firm answers Professor, I am 21 and I am too far behind, but am I still allowed to develop passion? Are these struggles even struggles? Am I comparing an ant bite to a bullet wound? Were they even worth reviewing?

Except for when studying the code about crypto trading and generating refined paragraphs to look pretentious in my short story's postscripts and few sentences in the main lines, I did not use ChatGPT for text generation. It was more of an editing purpose than a source of inspiration or asking the exact term for some concepts. I did not even read that many books to even have a reference of my originality. My writing is wacky because I do not know how to sound polite and formal in English, I am just using the Korean tone of voice, and I am afraid I do not know how this would look. I truly apologize to you for potentially being rude and I am ready for any consequence, despite this, I still beg you for your insights and answers. I do not want to end up like Ah-Q or Don Quijote.

Professor, am I dreaming right? I am so sorry for asking you a heavy question, but I am not in a place where I can answer it for myself, and I believe that you can lead me to the answer. Thank you, thank you very much. Even if all the above seems fake please trust these lines that I am sincerely grateful, and I am also not looking for any enrollment opportunity for college or novel-like dramatic student fantasy. I sincerely just genuinely, with my bare honesty, want to know where I am. It will give me a sense of recognition, and just solely by the opportunity of review itself gives me power to move on. Please ignore this message if by any means it hinders your daily tasks. And I will do anything to prove and guarantee that no matter what you express, there will not be any consequences, influences or any type of interaction that might be bothersome to you in any way. Thank you, thank you again for your existence for giving me a chance to write down what I wrote down here. And I am still

reading Places of Mind, and I already sincerely hope that mine can belong there too one day.

With great respect,

Eunjun Jeong

My message is clear which is “Recognize my intellectual value” Did I successfully convey the very message? If not, you can simply ignore this application. But I wonder if it would be worth such a decision since you have already made this far. Try me with all your logic to deny the message, even better if you ask other intelligence to rebut. Does this not deserve the weight of tone? I can utilize this new experimental thought process with a clear blueprint. Consider this as a historical event that you only see once in a millennium then now you would feel it wouldn't you? Did I impress you? Did I provoke curiosity? If you want to know further, if you want to at least give me a chance to elaborate, accept me, or recruit me. Am I too early for this era? You have the decision. I am not smart. I simply have a different kind of intelligence. I know it is cringy, but that is the whole point of application anyways, isn't it?