

October 27, 2015

Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation
440 5th Ave N.
Seattle, WA 98109

Dear Bill and Melinda,

Life, and in particular human life, is the easy-think substance that we're convinced we must have more and more of, no matter how miserable existence continues to feel. Nonhumans don't feel this particular torment of consciousness, and therefore don't feverishly develop complicated self-defeating assemblages just for the sake of short-term survival. They don't "know best." It is impossible for them to be "cruel." Thinking, as this project demonstrates, has interests that do not coincide with those of the living; indeed, they can and have been pitted against the latter.

Imagine a 2016 in which one billion obese humans didn't pour flesh and bone dissolving syrups into their bodies from molded polyethylene as they burned across vast stretches of concrete, alone, in one billion steel vehicles fueled by unearthed organisms of the past; and instead these bodies simply became sources of protein for black bears as they gazed up at the stars from Central Park.

I first visualized this scene after discovering your Grand Challenges Explorations initiative, and the topic of Reducing Malaria Transmission by Outdoor Mosquitoes in particular. What I first found curious about your search for "solutions to some of the world's most pressing global health and development problems" is how only one category of thing, out of the billions of types of things in the world, are addressed: humans. If we are to talk about "global health", we are talking about every entity on the planet, and if we are to talk about "development" problems, we are talking about a space for the mutation of all species beyond naive notions of progress.

Still, with these adjustments in mind, what I found most curious is the fact that global health and development are significantly less threatened by mosquito-borne diseases compared to the host-destroying virus that is the human genome. Inherent to your idea of human development is reproduction, private accumulation and advanced industrial societies; meanwhile, half of the planet's wildlife has died off in the last 40 years, putting us deep inside the sixth mass extinction of life on our planet. I see only one way out - with us leading the way, per usual, but for just one last time.

What we need is a flattening device. Not tourniquets tied in hope that they'll turn impoverished areas into productive, overdeveloped nations, but a device that impoverishes the entire human race for the betterment of everything else on planet earth. A mass human extinction device.

The good news is that we already have everything we need for it. You know better than most that mosquitoes kill more humans than any other animal except ourselves. Admitting defeat on both fronts and collectively deciding to collaborate with our number two killer is the next logical step.

What I have included with this proposal is an architectural model of what will be one of many Mosquito City units. As with all of the parasitic units that will be installed underground throughout the earth's plentiful abandoned industrial spaces, it will be constructed of recycled electronic waste. These units will contain large pools of freshwater for the development of malaria-infected mosquito larvae, plant nectar for their food, and, of course, humans with blood-filled veins for them to harvest their young. You, me, and thousands of other well-to-do global citizens will slide down the repurposed wiring into our units and foster the development of plagues of malaria infected mosquitoes. Rather quickly, human civilization will collapse, and the 21st century's postapocalyptic scenario will seem a lot more balanced for a Humphead Wrasse in the Banda Sea than she originally thought.

By this point you may be wondering about the potential of an evolutionary return of something like human cognition. Pools of amber in each unit will trap wandering mosquitoes filled with human genetic information, and these primitive hard drives may provide future cognitive species with useful information about why things went awry.

This all may seem frightening, unrealistic, extreme, nihilistic, immoral, and impossible, but just remember that whatever negative response you may think, you can find comfort in the idea that you only think it because you're alive.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Andrew Norman Wilson', written in a cursive style.

Andrew Norman Wilson
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8002 Zurich

