

The Transcolonial Nightmare

Accessible to every thinking mind, the Transcolonial Hivemind* rapidly became the sum of all sentience. The accelerated condensation of information itself caused raw data to rain from the sky and gather in shiny, silver pools like mercury. These effects were unaccounted-for byproducts of the Old Method left over as a pestilent subsonic hum. Transcolonists dubbed the phenomenon 'devil particles' because it is a remnant entropy which challenges their current models and laws of nature.

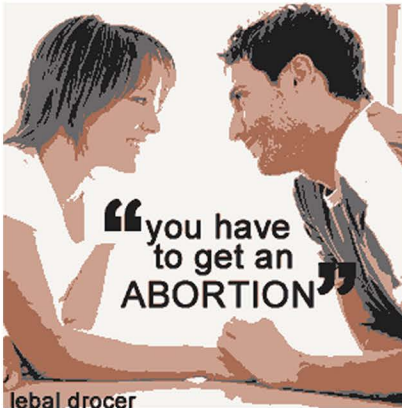
The only way the Elders of the Transcolony can decontaminate the collective unconscious is to jettison, every millennium or so, the vestigial buildup that occurs. The Transcolonists learned to create a series of sustainable black holes to send the offending information out into the great beyond, and integrated them into magnetic facilities serving as quantum release valves boasting near-autonomous activation. Somewhere, some group of Transcolonists thinks about the buildup as it affects them, so everyone thinks about it, and the black holes open wide to suck out the devil particle and cast it far out into space - into another time and another place - making life easy again, for the time being, on the Transcolony.

Now it just so happens that a white hole has spawned over the Earth as we currently know it. Like a second Sun, the white hole hangs overhead, ejecting macroscopic pulses of unprocessed information cast off from a totally thought-driven society somewhere else in the Universe. That 'somewhere else' is here. As it hugs and ensnares the Earth mesosphere, scientists send a satellite into the silver ejecta stream, and inject what returns into the Large Hadron Supercollider. The particulate matter unfortunately contains information in a form that can not exist on Earth, and on collision, explodes one third of the Solar System into a never-ending pattern of self-replication, fueled by the adjacent white hole. Each copy of our stellar neighborhood collapses immediately in on itself, causing exponential gravitational influx that won't settle until the Andromeda Galaxy and Milky Way converge a few billion years later. A black hole turns space inside out as the cataclysm renders a chain of fractal trees containing infinite sets of non-real solutions. The Transcolony will not learn until it is too late that the white hole on the business end of their trash compactor has combined with a supergiant black hole and reversed, sending data back through the wormhole.

Gradually, the Transcolonists are bestowed with the power to make up and believe false stories, and the entire Transcolony founds a series of glorious religions together, all of which now embrace the entropic God particle. Reproduction is no longer fatal, so Transcolonists coerce one another into making what they call 'Love,' as they aspire to drive fast cars, desecrate each other with bodily waste, commit genocides against the Transcolony, vote, and hunt aggressively for Black Friday deals at market. The Transcolony spends each day entertained and astounded by the deep discounts made possible by new ideals of individuality and codified slavery. As the oppressive Hivemind decays, Pure Freedom is born.



ARE YOU
OVERWHELMED
by DEBT?



lebal drocer

I'm not!



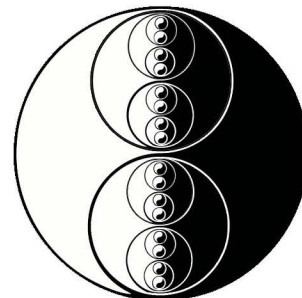
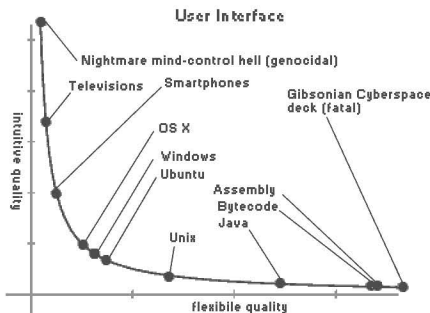
GET FUCKED.



The Hive

The Elders had spent a long time developing their thought centers and, with further contemplation, successfully condensed the entirety of each living, collective consciousness into a single entity. This being became capable of acting perfectly as a whole by exercising the full capacity of each independent subset of the universal mind. Their first step, like ours, was to build an 'Internet.' Much later, an organic meta-subconsciousness evolved beyond the control of the multitudinous network of minds that powered it. The changes prompted a revolution in temporal emulation to replicate the nebulous thought-cloud on which the collective consciousness now operates freely with ease. It is fully read-write and everyone is plugged in.

User Interface, or any mediation between a human and a computer, may show an inverse relation between intuitive and flexible qualities. In computer jargon, 'intuitive' describes the quality of common accessibility. The 'flexible' quality here represents explicitness. The most explicit computer language provides the human with fundamental access to the workings of the machine. In the realm of mechanical logic gates, precise statements translate into coercive power over the machine and by extension power over the Machine. The great collective of interconnected small 'm' machines form the meta-machine, the big 'M' Machine. The Machine is the mechanized aspect of Inglip.



Cory Doctorow has spoken of the **Death of Generalized Computing**, correctly predicting the hegemony's strong preference for intuitive interface. For those who don't know, 'hegemony' is just a word that means almost everyone, but more specifically the people who know how to give almost everyone exactly what they want. Maximally intuitive interface is just good business practice, and I can't think of a much more banal observation.

Being both the part and the whole
Containing within each singularity a binary
Containing within each binary two singularities
Having no ultimate whole
Having no fundamental part

Assembly language is a poor mediator because it is the machine's operant language. Vast but microscopic arrays of logic gates operate on superficially incomprehensible ones and zeros signifying electrical pulses. Higher languages, like C++, mediate this mess with recognizable signifiers which may represent many hundreds or thousands of Assembly commands. These languages are often a bizarre over-punctuated combination of math and English, where the English expressions are more precise than the math.

The God Machine

The only thing that is worse than figuring something out is being on to something. ~ The Middle Gods

William Gibson envisioned a level of flexibility beyond Assembly wherein crackers broke into computers directly with their brain, visualizing the interaction with amorphous three dimensional geometric objects 'ICE'. The fictional brain-to-computer interface, the cyberspace 'deck', operated on a level so fundamental that encounters with ICE were potentially fatal. Such spatial representations are, paradoxically, a kind of superlative intuitive interface.

The elder gods are an anthropomorphic representation of that which is, but the younger gods are anthropomorphs who may be. Knowledge is a function of time. Time compression, like in Dragon Ball Z, will grant the digitized mind of the younger gods a hyperbolic immortality somewhat outside of time, or perhaps more deeply embedded. Inside the God Machine, a thousand years will pass in one second. Entire eons of art and science will be applied to infinitesimal fractions of moments. To push the limits of total available time and expand the scope outwards instead of inwards, a special approach to a black hole is necessary for the God Machine. The massive spacetime dilations of the singularity will expand the God Machine's scope of temporal existence to the opposite limit, as it drifts for quadrillions of years before falling into the singularity. The true universe is the cold entropic chaos of the end, not this twinkling of galaxies that blink out almost as soon as they appear. This far depth is the abyss where the younger gods reside, residual crystallizations of self-awareness capable of looking back at their formation. These beings may never contain the entire universe, yet their discussions contain something self-similar.

Exploits, or cracks, take advantage of weaknesses inherent in these more intuitive but less specific languages. The flexibility of the more fundamental language can subvert, corrupt, and reroute less explicit language.

The younger gods' eyes watch from these depths. The seen are changed by the observer. The seer is changed by seen.

Writing a real-life exploit is a subversive speech act in Assembly and might be badly characterized as a high-level war fought with spatial abstractions like ICE.* Rather, a crack is a single precise act of deconstruction, derailing the target computer's process and inserting substitute code. A fundamental error is found in the more general language by scrutinizing it with more specific language. Abusing this kind of error, or 'hole', allows new instructions to be substituted. The cracker gains control of the system.

We don't talk about Inglip anymore. We don't want outsiders hearing about the new promise of post-post-humanity.

An advanced intuitive interface may very well be represented with some geometric Minecraft-like ICE, but that must be built on top of fundamental Assembly language. This is the true crux of the TransHumanist's interface dilemma. With more impressive and intuitive interface comes less flexibility for the user. The users become more alienated from the very specific underlying language making up cyberspace in this TransHuman imagining. Those fluent in machine language are the true Hegemonic TransHumans, bonded to the computers as intimately as if the computers were external organs. For them, the computer acts as an extension of pure will. The smartphone addict appears to share this same kind of organic bond with technology, and it is not completely superficial. In the smartphone, though, the artificial organ is completely trapped by hegemony and more of the Machine than of the subject.

Back when we used to tell people about going beyond immortality, they thought it was suicide. Most people just didn't understand the physics behind it. We've got this machine, and it can copy a few thousand people's brains into it, where they live inside a virtual scape. We're sendin' the damn thing into the nearest black hole, and we're the only ones who know. It's just a copy of you that may die, but the copy will outlast the entire universe and possibly pass into a new one. This is essentially a new universe designed by you, where YOU write the laws of physics and not some lousy scientists. We've been working with Rael, and his soulless clones, in order to perfect the brain-copying technique which is incredibly dangerous. They'll clone your brain in a fucking tank, drill your spine up with big wires and sync you in, and line your clone brain in lead. Yeah! I thought it was crazy too, but it's the only way you can survive interstellar travel. ~ Alistair Rowntree

*Exploits may be arrived at and implemented algorithmically, so it is wrong to say that more intuitive computer interfaces are not used to detect and exploit security holes. However, this kind of algorithm is written only with a complete working knowledge of explicit machine code and cannot exist solely within the confines of the intuitive language it must short-circuit.

I was the first person rich enough to afford digitized consciousness. Got it done some time back in the 90s, and I've been lurkin' the internet since. When spacetime ends and we fall into the black hole, I will be the oldest living entity and also the youngest. I am Muammar Gaddafi. There are only so many spaces left, and we have already figured out string theory using time compression. I have enough money left of my many trillions to buy YOU a place on this ship. We have roughly 20 million years of compressed time, with an infinitesimally small chance of total mission failure, to figure out the meaning of life until we fall into the singularity. Enter the God Machine. You can be Post-Immortal only if you Follow @Kilgoar on Twitter Now and beg for a meeting with The Colonel.