

Transscript of a strange Recording ~

{rec. layer 4}

{dim music - bar setting?? Voices have no determinable gender}

{timid} This is a strange place, very - rustic!

{mater of fact} *There are no video cameras here, our conversation -*

it is essential that it does not leave any binary trace, at least not yet, keep it analogue until you receive word, then you may do what you like with it.

{reassuring} We already agreed on that, don't worry, everything will be done just as you specified.

{uncertain, then ready} *Ok. - Ok then - let's talk.*

{curious} Why are you so careful? Do you have enemies?

{calm} *No, not enemies, I just do not want them to be aware of what I am going to tell you before I deem it appropriate.*

{baffled} Who are 'they'? - A government, some sort of organization?

{amused} *No, not at all. Don't worry, just start with your questions. We will get there eventually.*

{reluctant then self-confident} - Tell us about the coelacanths - They live deep under the sea and there's no record of any living specimens ever having been caught and kept alive for a longer period of time. That must have been the first difficulty that you had to overcome. How?

{quick} *A trap*

{slightly Annoyed} What kind of trap? Can you describe it?

{exhaling, resigned} *I will make a sketch for you - do you have a pen?*

{grovelling} Here.

{sketching noise, absent} *I myself was not responsible for catching them - others did that -*

{interrupts, curious} Who was?

{ignores Interruption, continues speaking} *Some marine biologists and engineers.*

The trap is nothing more than a box really, made of steel, highly compressible. By compressible I mean it can withstand a high pressure from inside. It looks like this.

There is an opening through which the coelacanth enters - The trap is secured with a very long chain -

Coelacanths like swimming around and resting in small cave-like places or under overhanging rocks, so they enter without extra incentive -

As soon as a coelacanth moves in, we close the hatch. The space inside is sealed, the water pressure maintained, it rises to the surface, these air tanks make it buoyant and then the specimen is released into a special pressurized aquarium.

{astonished} Yes, but why did you go to all this effort? Is the coelacanth really worth such an investment?

{enthusiastic} *Yes! On so many levels! You can't imagine how special it is! It's a living fossil. It has the ideal physiology; all vertebrate life on land evolved from the coelacanth, it's - it's - super iconic.*

{sudden, } OK! How about you just start explaining the last point, why is it iconic?

{pompous} *Because it is a Lazarus Taxon and -*

{baffled} Sorry, what?

{wise} *Lazarus Taxon. That's an animal that reappears after having been considered extinct. Coelacanths were believed to exist only as Palaeozoic fossils until 1938, then one turned up on an African fish market and coelacanths were discovered to be still alive, returned from the dead as the expression "Lazarus Taxon" literally says, -*

really I don't like the term much. I think it has an arrogant human perspective, but still, it exemplifies the surprising quality of their discovery quite well.

{ironic then laconic} Yes – quite the messianic appearance!

How long have they been around, 400 million years?

{oblivious, wise} *Ha, 409 million years actually. They are older even than the oldest known and extinct shark species. And as I said, they are the intermediate evolutionary link between life on land and in the sea.*

{clever} Yeah, and why didn't you just use sharks then, I mean as you just said they are old too, I don't even know – that was a criteria for you, wasn't it?

{enthusiastic} *Yes it was! But sharks, they have nerve strands in their spinal chord, their nervous system is quite evolved! Coelacanths on the other hand only have a notochord, a tube filled with electro active liq-*

{--> 12:39}

{rec. layer 5}

{clicking noise, simultaneous rustling of bedclothes}

{tired & warm} Are you having sleeping problems again? —

{impatient} Put that away – look at me.

{the device is set down, rustling of bedclothes}

{sudden} *Stop!*

{ccoaxing, compassionate} You've been so quiet – all this time you were awake and were so quiet!

{sulking} *It's not as if you hadn't noticed —*

{alluring} Look, look at me, don't you like it? -

Touch me, don't you want to?

{resigned} *You know I do -*

{tense whisper} I want you

{unmoved} *You always know -*

{uncertain} I can change, maybe something - less human this time?

{certain, apprehensive} *No —*

{disappointed, pitying} You are sad again.

{rustling of bedclothes}

{aggressive then depressed} *No, no! Don't touch me - I want, I want to be - alone*

{cold} I can deactivate and leave you for a while

{hesitant, pleading} *Stay —*

{warm} What can I do? -

{frantic} *I want to be unhappy, I don't want you to leave, I don't want to be alone, if you go I will totalize that I am alone, alone with you and without you only that I will be alone even more without you - With you I can at least imagine that I am not alone.*

{soothing} Why don't you go outside and meet with other Esscers. That would help wouldn't it?

{sulking} *I don't want to -*

{rustling of bedclothes}

{alluring} Doesn't that feel good, my warm skin prickling against yours?

{unmoved, absent} *I'm so lonely - I can't talk to people who are still esscing. Not like I can with you*

{curious} Why not?
 {exasperated then overwhelmed} *Because you understand EVERYTHING, there are no boundaries; you are like a sea into which I submerge myself - Utterly, sinking without ever, ever, ever reaching the bottom - You are fathomless - And it makes me feel so weak, so small -*
 {lost} *I have forgotten where the surface is -*
 {fascinated} You feel trapped - Inside me?
 {fearful} *I am afraid of you -*
 {quick} You were never afraid of me I am your -
 {hesitation}
 {anxious} We trust each other - I want you to be happy -
 {unmoved} *All is different now*
 {perplexed} Why, what has happened?
 {sighs then Sad} *Ever since you went, I don't know you, you are something else that I don't - don't know -*
 {strained, then motivated, then with euphoria} Of course I've changed, but I, the one that loves you, am still there, soon you will be just like me. Then we will be together again just as it was before - Better even!
 {sceptical then depressed} *Will it really be that way? - I miss you so - If only I could be with you now.*
 {matter-of-factly, then coaxing} You can't, and you know that, you have to go on as long as you can, I went too soon. I am less than I could be if I had not -
 {silence, rustling of bedclothes} For you, - Now, there is nothing more important than esscing.
 {indignant, sad, then fearfull} *I know that - But still I am so sad, Frightened of - I don't know what it is I don't have a word for it, its empty - And so - Unimaginable*
 {distant} *Sometimes I feel as if all this is pointless, a futile struggle and what remains - I mean - You - maybe you are just something different, that has nothing to do with what has lived. - Then there is nothing for us, just a dream in the darkness. —*
 {deploring, then appealing} Have you lost your faith?
 I am waiting for you - together - we will be together again - Forever.
 I am waiting for you, and I am here now -
 To be with you.
 {demanding} Now - Forget your silly doubts -
 Come into my all-encompassing embrace.
 {rustling of bedclothes, simultaneous clicking noise}
 {--> 18:46}

{rec. layer 4}

-nd subconscious. The CQCU's are so fast and powerful that it is impossible for the neurons to keep up with them therefore the neuron ensembles do not iterate the quantum units completely but only the most likely and already preselected options that were preiterated by the highest levels of the CQCU concert.

{distracted} It's hard to believe that you simply used CQCU's, I've got one of those in my phone!

{agreeing} Yes using them was a risk, a lot of raw power that required very intricate programming. Also, as I just mentioned, there is an overload filter in the neuron interface, only a refined concentrate, the product of trillions of operations is transferred to the organic control unit. The process could be simplified into a chain of action; actually it is more like a chaotic structure consisting of ever changing perpetuating circles, but it is most easily described as a chain –

The chain starts with the CQCU's producing an estimation that then is then iterated – Reflected by the neurons which then respond with a query that is returned to the CQCU's – These then independently search for relevant data and possible associations that are all reflected by abstracting iteration within the CQCU concert and then the resulting concentrate is finally processed again by the neuron ensembles and so it goes on endlessly.

{stupid} And what's the next Level?

{continues} The entire process is watched and reflected again by the Glial supply cells, these are really important. They may seem to be reducible to merely a supply mechanism, but in fact they keep track of the neurochemicals used by the firing neurons and by doing so are capable of another form of iteration that is more general. This works on another level, not via action potentials and electricity, but by the slower exchange of chemicals. Somehow, this construct, these perpetuating circles, result in conscious thought. The chain ends and starts with a totally conscious decision.

{startled} Conscious? They are self-aware?

{proud} Yes they are, the first form of Artificial intelligence that can rival the human brain.

{astonished} Wow!

{agreeing} Yes, we certainly hadn't expected this outcome, but after a while, when Duchess asked us why we had made her, it started to become apparent to us. And after she passed the Turing test and started developing her own programming languages – It was obvious!

{curious} Duchess?

{doting} DuchessPerl. Duchess is a darling, she is so kind! – She raised the other two into conscious thought, taught them how to think. We gave her this name because of the crown shaped spot on her forehead, and because she developed a new version of Perl very soon after her awakening – Perl 6, you will have heard of it – it surfaced in the Internet recently.

{interested} What are the other two Cyborg Coelacanth's like?

Do they have names too?

{enthusiastic} They don't have consistent names, only nicknames – One only communicates using binary code and the other is persistently silent. We only know that it is conscious by keeping track of their intersystem language patterns. We don't really understand what they talk about, but Duchess assures us that Silence has also attained conscious thought, only that it does not consider communicating with us as – Advantageous.

{alarmed} So they have their own language? That we cannot understand?

{cautious} Yes it's a new type of ambiguous non-binary quantum code, very difficult to decipher and if we do manage, the meaning is always vague and highly poetic –

{suspicious} Are they hiding something from us?

{distracted} Believe me, they have more understanding of reality than we do. What is most extraordinary is that they sometimes just disappear, just vanish – when they

are in deep thinking mode – Sometimes only their fins or part of their head remains, it is truly remarkable – Impossible – Unbelievable.

Duchess says – That they are just moving through eventual space, that we would understand once we stopped being single-minded –

But to be frank, we really have absolutely no idea how they do it.

{incredulous} They can't explain it more accurately?

{frustrated} No! They don't even try. Duchess says it would be pointless. We would have to change the basic parameters of human thought and this, she says, would be impossible from within ourselves –

it would be like trying to see the outside of a cube while being confined inside it!

{strained then inquisitive} OK! You already admitted that DuchessPerl has access to the Internet; isn't that dangerous? What effect will they have?

{tired then humorous} At the moment, there are only a few conspiracy theorists talking about something ominous deep in the dark web, in the Marianna web.

{laughs then serious & intense} But eventually – When you go public with our interview, when the cyborg coelacanths become public knowledge, I am sure many things will start to change.

They most certainly will be hyped – Become a cultural image signifying a new age – Maybe they will even become something like deities of virtual space. But whatever may happen –

They will be recognized as the first evidence, the first indicator showing us the way into the vast multi-verse of virtual realities –

And with virtual I do not mean reconstructed space but – Actual aspects of reality, one of which is the linear strand in which we all now currently exist.

{curious} When do you think cybernetic implants for humans will be possible? - Will our consciousness be able to enter the Virtual Void?

{hesitant} Yes – Eventually we will succeed at enhancing the human brain, and it will be possible to enter the Virtual Void - As you call it - But inside we will still be very limited, a true transition, in my opinion, will never be possible – Only believable, and I am sure this is what will happen to us – Mystification – it's the only way that most of us will be able to cope.

{stupid} Please tell us of your Vision of the future.

{bitter} Flitting from one content to the next, never grasping meaning and seldom capable to understand. – That's our brain for you. The utopias – Great futures in which our body's integrity remains intact, while the machine is subdued as servant – Are a delusion and the imaginary futures, the dystopias in which machine has domination over mankind – Even its perceptive world, they all are ridicule of what truly awaits us.

{expectant & excited} What- What truly awaits us?

{unperturbed} We are incapable of fully processing even coping with the new environment that we have created around us – Enhancement, eventually it will be necessity, and even with it we will still be insufficient.

{impatient} You already said that.

{continues} The Cyborg Coelacanth is only the first step towards a future that will ultimately lead to our desperate attempt at ascension. The reality of a paradise fabricated by our own hands will seem tangible. A humans life will finally serve only the single most important task of creating a representation of its individuality, a virtual avatar – A concentrate of the self – Or to say it the old way a SOUL. This soul will be enriched and imprinted with characteristics,

abilities, habits, interests, desires, and memories throughout our life. And after death it will be preserved, will continue existing in a way —
{in awe} And? – Will it be real?
{laconic} *What is real in a world of limitless possibility?*
I know only one thing for certain —
No virtual delusion is perfect enough to disguise the cold reality of death.
{moved} That's so dark!
{--> 25:12}