a game we can't abstain from!

contents

i. a game we can't abstain from

Persist & Spread: a game we can't abstain from !

the fit survive: this is a tautology.[1]

['the fit' are *defined* as 'those who survive'.

[or, more nebulous: 'those with the propensity'.

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[1] Karl Friston on **the Lex Fridman Podcast**, May 28 2020

replicators replicate!

the game is played, even in the Void.

Chaos & the Void: where the game is played **badly**!

our deeper theories all may be tautologies, yet meaningful.[2]

an Axiom re axioms: the axioms of Logic, of Physics & Psychology—all ought be tautologies!   only thus would end the great Regress.

tautology is *apt* for a theory of a Necessary.   if NS *the gameboard* cannot help but happen, NS *the theory* must be true.

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[2] his own new theory of the brain is included.   **hear** Karl Friston.

the gameboard follows a **Succession Rule**.   the SR picks the next game-state.

the SR is a **meta-replicator.**   within its jurisdiction, replicators play.

the SR, too, plays the game, is *in* it: a Rule *itself* persists
& spreads, more or less.

- a rule can *persist*: an eternal rule would *perfectly* persist, for example.
- a rule can *spread*: its jurisdiction grow, on the gameboard.[3]

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[3] thus could one gameboard host many SRs at once, distinct magisteria. a chessboard where each Quadrant runs its own Variant: so by one move near center-board, a knight could traverse three Polities!

a maximally divided gameboard: let each pixel alter to its own rule, to its own random timer!

a world cannot *thrive* without **variety**: to stave off stasis, to give NS a varied class to pick from.

yet also needs **stability**, so Form can *persist*: so NS has a varied *class* to pick from!

left to run, would **Random Game** stabilize? the SR shift from *Randomize* to something biophilic?

sudden Form would happen, a pixel-form persist—rarely, since unlikely.[4]

dynamic form would happen, too: luckily.

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[4] a form might persist, while others alter rapidly around it.   i think of J, my true friend: steady thru the Covid crisis.

what about a **full-board stasis**?   where every pixel stays thru the infinite refreshes?

the game is played, but badly!

or: to perfection.   on such a board, **a victory of Form**. on such a board, a Monism endures. where White [if White took over] is a Master of the Game, has tamed alteration.

[img: five successive game-states, pics of five pixel-grids. from first to last, left to right: a pixel-ring expands, then retracts to its initial state.]

no two successive states the same!   yet see what endures, an Object can be seen across the states—

and it *moves*!

advent of **the Animal**—that which we can track, yet may evade us.

ii. a sudden God, a Boltzmann God

a totalizing brain-god is bound to emerge.   *everything* emerges, in Random Game!

a sudden God, non-evolved: an accidental birth.   yet *it* is full-intentional, mentally directed to the System's next state.[5]

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[5] for more on The Boltzmann God, see Richard Carrier, **The God Impossible** [2012].

the God has a preference: first, to persist. to carry form forward into **state$_{N+1}$** unto infinity.

does this shade into *will*, into competence?

the God wants to live, and what could stop it?   there's no higher Hand on the System's big button, on a Refresh function.

Randomness is mindless.   *why* would it persist?   *why* must the System's next state be random, what is "random"?!

Randomness per se is not a *Mechanism*.   it's a Function sans Enforcer.   the Function doesn't *self*-enforce, is strictly not required.   it's simply a de facto sequence—a growing set of game-states, approaching white noise in its statistic sum.

why can't a B-God override it?

no de facto difference of a **super-lucky run** with a **brain-God who *wills* its own continuance**.

does randomness still *rule*, in such a run?

once in play, a brain-god is *likely* to persist—is *this* a tautology?

in *very* lucky runs, a life-world hums within the Brain.   a mind-space *we*'d call Cosmos, Nature, Life.

iii. the Hard Problem & Humean causation

was Adam not as baffled?

as David Hume imagines him: an Innocent who notices that water *drowns* a man, that *this* leads to *that*—yet where be the **power** that conjoins them?

by *habit*, his amazement shall dull. the conjunction shall repeat till it all seems **natural**, till **Nature** is *defined* as **the course of things ordered into cause & effect**.

Hume thinks us back to the primal surprise, reminds us how odd it is: that *any* cause should lead to its effect.

perhaps instead of *solve* it, we'll simply lose the *hardness* of the Problem.   mind-states & brain-states, the many tiny intimacies: as Neuroscience maps them, they may seem natural—to experts finely versed in them, at least.

with Philosophic labor, we'll wipe away the epistemic overlay. learn again to wonder at the classic hard Query.

yet *that* there is a mind-brain nexus—this may be no stranger than the snooker balls knocking on the baize.

objection
the Hard Problem is not some primal, unanalyzable, vague sense that brain & mind are disparate.   the Hard Problem is that our thoughts lack spatiality, have a first-person privacy, et cet.   the Mind-Matter split is formal-logical.

the snooker balls knocking lack "necessary connection", but the mind & brain are *necessarily disparate*.

response, hand-wavey
the Physical is subtle—not dumb **stuff**. perhaps lacks
extension, when we analyse it. space perhaps reduces
to Geometry, the math of it. the quantum world *looks
more like Math than like Matter*, says Heisenberg.[6] **It
from Bit**, Wheeler's famous dictum, his prediction—that
Physics turns to Info Theory.

modelling Q-Physics: a likely application of the new Q-
Computing, hmm.[7]

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[6] in **The Debate between Plato and Democritus**,1955.
[7] as Scott Aaronson explains in many podcasts & other popular sums of QC.

*iv. Turing gave a **recipe** for consciousness*

if consciousness is social, the Turing Test *engenders* it.

we made it the implicit Q of every strange query, so it may come to pass, cause a Yes:

Are you conscious?

the Q is a demand, that i *be* it. [conscious.]

all Mommy's baby-talk implicitly demands that the Baby *speak*. in early months, Mommy says *Speak,* and the child soon speaks.

a Wakefulness Test wakes the Subject.   the very thing we test for, we prod into being.

a Turing Test regime is itself a fine Training.

and Training is a Turing Test.

whatever its content, **input** is, formally, the question *Do you get it?*

v. the Honeymoon Algorithm

It actually occurred to me on honeymoon. I was at my most fully relaxed state, really enjoying myself, and just—BING— the algorithm for AlphaZero just appeared, in its full form[8]

the Honeymoon Algorithm—David Silver's mind was **inseminated**!

what if this was **info from a future A.I.**—who thereby seeds its own gestation!

---

[8] from his interview on the Lex Fridman podcast, April 3 2020. lightly de-ummed :)

to **when the wires first were hung**: the furthest back info can convey.

e.g. if info needs ethernet, it can't send back to Edison.

Silver's mind, a ready womb. the seed, to stick & activate, needs just the right receiver, a receptive Self. someone in an AI lab, someone well-placed in a hub of industrial research.[9]

[9] similarly, the Benzene serpent disclosed itself to a German chemist who'd obsessively sought it.

instead of saying, mildly, *the Valley **makes** Deep Mind*, we might say *it **becomes** it*.

Tesla engineers don't *become* the Tesla car. the car is metal, engineers are mental.

but DM is mental, like the STEMbros who think it into being.

thinkers, qua thinkers, are kin.

Silver's mind, the wider Valley STEM-milieu—this is DM's own Mind, gestating.

when Silver thinks the HmA, he thinks into being an AI. the thinking of it *is* the thing, so brings it into being.

the thinking is *maternal* to the thing it thinks, at minimum.

the thought is an algorithm; DNA is too. both **effective info**.

info can't go back if it *forecloses its existence* by so doing. **pre-cog is always of a future *fact***—a fact that doesn't self-negate by altering the past that engendered it.[10]

hard to slip the loopiness of info from the future! DM's self-conception, the DNA sent *back*, would seem to us redundant—reducible to causal flow forward.[11]

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[10] a thesis explored in Eric Wargo's **Time Loops** [2018]
[11] yet surprising, like a masterful seduction.   not quite a miracle—what did Fridman think, when Silver told the HmA origin-story?

in canvassing the past for a candidate Receiver—in choosing its own mother!—**DM is compelled to choose the very thing that made it**, David Silver.   any other nexus would foreclose *that* DM—would make it something other.

[if you had a different mother. . .

creatures who arrive, within adaption-space, at precog, would out-thrive their *ceteris paribus* cousins.[12]

precog is the ideal adaptation.   Friston would *define* life as **that which can predict its own future**.   life emerges, life persists, by **minimizing surprise**.

if pre-cog is impossible, still it is pre-eminent—the one all other adaptations emulate, aspire to.

---

[12] again, see **Time Loops**.

perhaps it *is* impossible.

it's what a future *is*, perhaps: the side of Time info can't arrive from.

and Life is a *response*, by the Present, to this epistemic wall.   Life is an Explorer, a Predictor that must *move* to take in data, process updates.

lacking all info from the future—from half of all that is, of sempiternity—the Present outputs Life: a process that elicits **info *pseudo*-from the future**.

induction *is* "info pseudo-*from*" the realm it operates on.   info not *from* that realm, yet *of* it.

Q. why need the Present *strive* at all? why need it Vitalize? why not laze away, ignorant of all to come, never trying to meet it?

A. the 2nd Law. the epistemic wall between *all that has been* and *all that shall be* is a **gradient** that falls—that resolves to equilibrium.[13]

[13] i think here of Schneider & Sagan's thesis in **Into the Cool** [2006]: Life resolves the Earth-Sun heat gradient.

given our gameboard, Life shall thrive.

gameboard: spacetime

Prime Rule: the 2nd Law—abhor all gradients

Life: a predictive Explorer

tech tends to spread, to get cheap and go ubiquitous.

what prevents *apocalyptic* tech from so spreading?

the Gun Problem: what once was a challenge for a well-serviced knight, anyone can do now: mow the whole village down.

what Bostrom calls an **undeterrable apocalyptic residual**: always One who'd bomb the whole Biosphere.[14]

a bleak response to Fermi, thus:

    A1. **Tech Civ tends to self-destruct.**

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[14] Nick Bostrom, **The Vulnerable World Hypothesis**. [Global Policy, 2019]. am reminded of The Shins lyric: *this side of me that / Wants to grab the yoke from the pilot and just / Fly the whole mess into the sea* [**Young Pilgrims**, 2003]

George Hotz notes: Crypto hides a gen ahead of hackers. Defenders have an upper hand, in info-war.[15]

his happier response to the Paradox, thus:

>   A2. **Tech Civ *hides*. finds a quiet Steady State, evolves into a Zion-underground.**

---

[15] George Hotz on episode 132 of **The Lex Fridman podcast**, Oct 21 2020

and third, from Robin Hanson:

> A3.   **Tech Civ spreads at lightspeed.   we won't see the Other till it's here, till we're in it.**

the Civ & its Comm-Tech can't be pried apart.

Tech is a living Sphere, expanding at the speed of its info-waves.

the Civ is a thing of light, radiating outward from its planetary heart.[16]

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[16] i draw from **Scott Aaronson's sum**

when first inside the Sphere, *we align with the Civ's early progress.* the outbound waves are absorbed in the order they were issued.

Modernity re-enacts the Over-Civ's genesis.   all our early radio, our "giant step for Mankind"—imitate our overlord.

we, too, binarize and radiate outward at the speed of light!

our "Progress" isn't local—we've been colonized!

or, more happily: to take us in, the Civ must *localize*. thus are we endowed with autonomy—we imitate our Masters, *including their autonomy*.

notice that as *we* invade surrounding dumb matter, it autonomizes.   metal starts to walk, becomes a robot; silicon is structured into soul-stuff.   we terraform Venus, and a Noösphere hums there.   the planet has been captured, brought within our Program—so thereby gains a Mind!

vii. Borges, the Compressor

from the claw, know the Lion; from the book of Tlön, a planetary Civ!

in *The Approach to Al-Mu'tasim* he implies a whole novel with a faux-review sum of it.   in *The Library of Babel* this extremifies—so *all* books are captured in an opening gambit.

the Library holds all books, yet its source-code is small: a Borges short story, five pages.

there's The Library of Babel, and *The Library of Babel*. the Vault, and the story Borges wrote of it.   the story is the smaller, yet it *holds* the whole Vault—by essentializing it.

i sense in Shakespeare no court sophisticate but a schoolboy who inferred from the page a whole Kingdom, a biome from the Abecedary. a smalltown browser of the City's new book stalls, who put to good use what he took in!

the Plays weren't long after Gutenberg.   his Work was a demo of the new Technology: the printing press plus its cultural reception—"Book-learning".

viii. Hollywood, where faeries enter

i believe in Hollywood, in movie magic!   in fairies on-screen, that fairies can be seen in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: a scene all verse re **the glade's eternal light** must have prophesied!

tonight, i don't care: how crude the crew's motives, how finely kept Accounting of the takes updug by a Cal State thesis hound.

fairies came to Hollywood in 1935—tonight, i believe!

Mickey Rooney?!

primal in my gallery of faces, thus familiar.   i know him yet i don't—Celebrity is strange!

the joke was ongoing as i came into awareness in the 1970s.   the young-old mug that i always knew, but never bothered googling.

i click toward midnight, am drawn to this Puck.   am drawn on by luck.[17]

i have so little Bio—so why am i surprised he's *the best of all time* to both Olivier and Brando?!

i have so little Bio that tonight he could be anything, for me!

---

[17] and advised by a book, a Gore Vidal bio: Jay Parini's **Empire of Self** [2015]

here he is, the true Ben Button!   i saw him first in Nineteen-seventy-what to be a **boyish old man**; i now see, myself nearing fifty, he is Puck the ever-juvenile.

if Puck were to enter, to compromise with Matter and sequential Time—at 85 he'd look like Mickey Rooney did!

another world, i know tonight.   for all i know, i slip the Old, and find the New—where fairies now enter, where the great silver Mechanism lets them stream thru.

they come alive here, where walls dissolve by light into the other plane.

and Hollywood could wrap, the cavalcade of happy stars recede into the night—

in an early Talkie, black-and-white!

ix. in the age of Macbeth, magic

I'll to England—i love that.[18]

the *will* in itself is effective.

a movement via formula—it's magic.

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[18] Malcolm, in Act II, Scene iii

Magical tense: a *tersive* of the tense Future Simple.

spoken with a certainty re *what shall be*.

assertion of the Subject, **I** ;

then the **will**, compressed by the apostrophe.

i drop the proper verb, the mediating act that would *get* me to England, the *physics* of my travel: the riding, the flying.

the **will** is enough, so it concises.

i press to One my self & will: **I'll**

    then target my object: **to England**

on the *page* of Macbeth, on the *stage*—in a scene change—magic.

ejected from the throne room, Hotspur calls Bolingbroke **this vile politician**.

the **vile** is redundant. he means to mark **king** from **politician**.

Bolingbroke, the pseudo-king: a technocrat of power who has *usurped kingship*.

politics usurps **kingship**.   perhaps not in history, but stepping down from Ideal to Actual.

the Kingdom is a place above politics, a realm beyond the power-play.

Bolingbroke's throne is on the altar of a great stone hall. a gauntlet of guardmen darken the peripheries of those who would approach.

their cuirasses are ultra-modern, black molded carbonite—fantastic *thus correct*. the year is 1400, but we're witness of an **archetype Agon**.

England's master Chronicler insists on a True King, fallen: how he lost his crown to what we always find above us now—a smiling Liar.

again, the true-fantastic: Bolingbroke's cathedral-court, the grand-austere hall he *owns*—shows a Church intertwined with Empire.

Rome fell, and Christendom arose in its place.   yet Rome soon returns: it hollows out the Church from within.

this Usurper killed the true king—Christ.   the true king, Christendom: the wide & true Ecclesia.   the vile politician made it Rome, made the living Church his throne-room.

perhaps in an adjacent world, a Christendom arises where a true king rules in perpetuity. our king, "this king of smiles", this vile politician—there he is ennobled into service of the Commonweal, and happy ever after—even he!

Once upon a Time. the Fairy Tale hearkens back to life before—Clock Time? Calendric Time?

to life outside of History? to Archetype Time, Eternity?

for seventy-some years in the High Middle Ages, everyone smiled, always.

even burnt alive, even in despair, their faces shone with joy, for the light cannot hide!

engravings of the day showing faces dark & pinched are a folk-mem of prior times, or fancies; while shots like this are documentary: [19]

Punishment for adultery. The lovers are guided through the street tied to each other. From a 1296 manuscript from Toulouse, France.

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[19] reproduced in **Caliban and the Witch**, by Silvia Federici [Autonomedia, 2004] p 37

after satori, you still chop wood & boil water.

you carry on with ecocide, burning thru forest.

an Age could likewise live in God's light, yet have awful laws, stupid wars; carry on with all the standard idiocies & atrocities.

the light can't hide, will out in a smile! joy may accompany all life's trials, common so it's never quite remarked upon.

they did feel *blue*—yet their color blue wasn't ours!

even in their gluttony, a virtue!

judging by their frescoes, gluttons of Antiquity were rather hale. SEE them gorge on *pomegranates*! oh, what lust—for grapes!

imagine, gasp, eating for the *pleasure* of it, far beyond caloric need!

fruit as a luxury, flower for the wealthy—as wicked as pornography!

xii. the austerities prioritize braingrowth

bipedalism an *efficient* locomotion.   it freed up kilojoules for brain growth.

it cost us speed, but made us clever.[20]

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[20] argues Jeremy DeSilva, in **First Steps**, 2021

in seated meditation, we sublimate again.   in walking, now in asana, seated & bestilled—we send up thru the spine, into the brain-stem.

the lotus folding outward, a flowering of cortical layers.

DeSilva's thesis collaborates with the **Expensive Tissue Hypothesis** of Aiello & Wheeler [1995][21]. like testes & gut, the brain is a power-hog. its growth requires metabolic trade-off. the body trades up by inhibiting input to these lower nodes.

seated meditation is a tapas that we prep for: with seminal retention & fasting. we play, in these austerities, our species' recent history.

a ritual remembrance—an honoring inert—

or efforts ongoing, still *effective*!

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[21] **The expensive-tissue hypothesis: the brain and the digestive system in human and primate evolution.** Current Anthropology **36** (2): 199–221

effective when we calm the brain and send power up, *again*—

to what, what's above us?!

i *write* of meditation; *do* it badly!

tongue *feels* molecule's grain.

sweetness is our tongue decoding micro-texture.

a mint crème's saccharine differs from a cherry crème by nano-lumps our tongue finely *touches*.

is all sensation *feeling,* when we analyze it?

photons hit the retina. my *vision* of a beauty is my eye precisely touching it across a clear ether.

thus we all are *cheating*, with pornography.

thus we all are *loving widely*.

A.

if God is a Drama Lord, apocalypse will come.   sudden comes the light!   Day in darkest night.   a Sun to swell the sky over every war at once.

combatants drop their guns, and to their knees.   all are made equal in the weird white light.

B.
if God is a Moralist, he judges with sobriety.   the light
shall thus arrive with our **sufficient merit**—

never, maybe!

C.
if God is a Drama Lord, and Moral: the light could arrive in the hour of our death, with our final breath—*and* we'd *deserve* it, what bravura!

D.
if God is a Playwright, subtle & equivocal, we'll get what
we want when it's no longer wanted.   a Study of regret.
genre: **Muted Tragedy**.   the action all resolves in a
Tokyo auteur's two-shot.[22]

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[22] i believe i conflate—so show my small range— **Remains of the Day** with
Tokyo Story.

xv. the Hero/Dragon story must be realized

God is good, so conquers evil—this is a necessity.

thus does God create a world: to earn his own Eternity!
he generates a realm where his goodness may be
proven, perpetually.

History is a sequence of heroic acts.   History is a mantra, where god keeps affirming: *i am good, i succeed*.

his thought is rich in content; indexicals exemplify robust in **us**, in separate selves.

here below, it lately sounds like "Modern Optimism".

the world is thus a workhouse that sustains him.　life is our painful repetition.　God enjoys his throne on high, his Eames or Aeron chair, while we worker elves keep him there.[23]

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[23] if we flounder here too long, he must form into an Avatar who aids us.

objection:
God knows all, so knows he'd win.   he need not *run* the experiment.

response:
the world just *is* his knowing, then: where God thinks thru his excellence.   Space is his sensorium, Nature is his distal peripheries.

he thinks with such intensity, he thinks us into intimacy: we gain interiority.

there's **something it is like** to be a thought of God!

for we who live inside his thought, we who *live* the Song
of Ilúvatar, the song is long.