

Soothe The Verbs

I

The cordial exchange “How are you feeling? — Well, great!” has lost all meaning and disappeared as surely as the spectral light of the sun on the surface of a new moon.

“Anti-thought mines? Let's talk about them...”

They were everywhere, everywhere in our software. And when I say “everywhere”, think about it carefully. They were drying up in our synapses as soon as they sprouted. They were legion. Because they were nothing anymore: our first watchword was “Silence the thoughts.”

As soon as the evening star appeared, I slowly ascended into my spaceship, the speed of the zero-gravity elevator depending on the dose injected by its control panel, also on the day's experience which was monitored by its program by scrutinizing the movements of our eyes, the iris and its colors, but above all the contractions and dilation of our pupil.

It had become an explicit black hole through a graft, nanotechnology having made an unprecedented leap once the last epistemological hurdles had fallen. Some would still remain, but that's not our subject. I say *day*, but it's journey I should use, as evidenced by the consultation, or rather the vigilant reminder, of the universal dictionary of 23rd-century earthly words.

We were all connected at the very core of our cells, which is redundant to mention since this connection was our non-existential capsule. Or rather, what was left of it. We had long since left Earth in order to preserve its ecosystem, incapable of fostering understanding between peoples, and especially among its leaders—corrupt is not the word.

“Assigned” is more appropriate.

It is the Duplicator Unit that blinks and clarifies this, and as it had been grafted onto the central superego, the erroneous deviation was no longer tolerated; moreover, every step to the side, even in the center, was compensated, our lexical straitjacket having reached a considerable, even total, level of autonomy since the advent of the second reign of the Gravediggers.

Their mission being to protect the interests of an elite, they had plunged the world as we knew it through ancestral transmission into utter chaos. Strangely, the DU doesn't correct oxymoron; it embraces them and also obscures historical reality, and few today can access this knowledge. It's an asset for the wealthy, and we cannot compass it. It's not a goal for bots.

It is reserved for a specialized elite. Everything is specialized these days. Each has its own laboratory and its own ideal AI. A vigilant AI, authoritatively controlled by its access to biased data, generated by a sum determined by its initial users. Everything had become possible between robotics and AI, with laboratories nurturing the most unregulated fantasies in the crypto-Deleuzian sense, but solely for the purpose of enslavement.

Adjectives flew thick and fast, overdetermined.

But they were like anti-personnel mines. Or rather, anti-thought ones. They were everywhere, withered in our synapses as soon as they hatched. They were plentiful. Because they were nothing anymore: our programmatic motto was “Silence the thoughts”. They have simply hybridized the perfect technique of direct destruction of thoughts in the biological field—by interstitial grafting of robots—thus extending the gesture transmitted since the dawn of humanity.

They have achieved absolute control over bacteria, and even managed to train viruses to obey us. Human language was one of them, and the most feared.

An event whose details are not relevant to report here, because it is common knowledge that it pushed humanity to colonize space, that is to say, to build numerous stations, gigantic floating cities, all suspended like cells in the interstellar void.

Upside down, head over heels, here I am inside this small-scale simulacrum of a spaceship, my aeronautical helmet floating as an opalescent dialogue bubble, levitating towards the Mother Station. Its dock resembles an egg carton with four ports, one of which is always free in case of need, particularly for maintenance.

Headfirst, like a sea jelly, my bubble speeds along, plunging into the super-lubricity of the void!

II

Thus, encapsulated inside, I head towards the moon, comfortably settled in this subtle small, *subtle*, supposedly spherical bubble, which only moves at the speed of teleportation! It actually moves only in the light, remaining transparent, and quite invisible to others.

With my back turned like a jellyfish, my bubble speeds off into the void!

To enslave, in the computer science sense, also refers to a control between two systems or two devices, such that one controls the other, which is enslaved. Our programmatic motto was “Soothe the verbs”. Every unit, living or artificial, was partially enslaved to another for the sake of overall coherence, and even the notions of living and artificial are redefined, since language and social and behavioral codes are clearly just techniques.

Since... Since polarities and paradoxes had vanished, dialectics had become the exclusive domain of semanticists. Adjectives flew thick and fast, overdetermined. But they were like landmines. Or rather, thought-killing mines. They were everywhere, withering in our synapses as soon as they sprouted. They proliferated. Because they were no longer anything.

The concept of “self” had been replaced by that of “Us”, meaning an unity. We, the paid scientists of the central AI laboratory, had simply hybridized this thought-destruction technique directly into the biological domain—by interstitial grafting of bots—thus extending the gesture transmitted since the dawn of humanity.

Furthermore, we had achieved absolute control over bacteria, and even trained viruses to obey us. Human language was one of them, and the most feared. This was no longer the “bread and circuses” of ancient societal models, but “biological mutation and mass cloning”.

An event whose details are not relevant to relate here, because it is common knowledge that it pushed humanity to colonize space—not another planet, we have not yet found one—but by space, we mean stations, floating cities, suspended like an immense jellyfish in the interstellar void.

So, after my evening antidepressant, I retreated into my bubble of dialogue, one that spun and turned on its axis, opalescent like soap. Soap whose use we had forgotten, having been disinfected in the dedicated access airlocks and passageways, those allowing access to the orbital station and those compartmentalizing its different levels and sections.

It was in and through these access and passage units that our decontamination took place, and bypassing them was simply impossible. And it was in these airlocks that postural control was most rigorous, the subtle movements of our facial robotic hybrid-ape expressions scrutinized, our lexical and syntactic registers—and so forth—carefully...

The cordial exchange “How do you feel? — Well, top notch,” has lost its meaning, and disappeared as surely as the spectral light of the sun on the surface of a new moon. So I was anxiously taking advantage, having been disinfected in the dedicated access airlocks and passageways, those allowing access to the orbital station and those compartmentalizing its different levels and sections.

It was in and through these access and passage units that our decontamination took place, and bypassing them was simply impossible. And it was in these airlocks that postural control was most rigorous, the subtle movements of our facial robotic hybrid-ape expressions scrutinized, our lexical and syntactic registers—*whoa, wow, whoa!*—carefully controlled.

The cordial exchange “How do you feel? — Well, top notch,” has lost its meaning, and disappeared as surely as the spectral light of the sun on the surface of a new moon. So I was anxiously taking advantage of the electrical messages of this time to myself, so little in the end, the emotional psychic straitjacket not yet having acted—in its full performance, its threshold of effectiveness.

But this had already begun in the earliest and most ancient terrestrial civilizations.

The injected dose took 28 seconds to take effect, but for us, machine hybrids, time was now just another factor. Even the old hexadecimal system was obsolete, or rather, obsolete in the sense of wanting it to be—a verb corrected by application, in the sense of applying it—because the human element that remained as a remnant in our units was now nothing more than an application.

Slowly, therefore, or rather through slip length and friction reduction, it was by levitation that I entered the specialized capsule—spherical as much as its flexible membrane allowed—one of the three maintenance and data collection bubbles that allowed scientific hybrids short stays in the “Garden”, as the Earth had been renamed.

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It was in and through these access and passage units that our decontamination took place, and bypassing them was simply impossible. And it was in these airlocks that postural control was most rigorous, the subtle movements of our facial robotic hybrid-ape.

Soon, once access to the orbital station's docking port was granted, everything would become transparent and clear again, for the very notion of shadow would have vanished. We would be bathed in light, remaining transparent to one another. The concept of “self” would have been replaced by that of “we the bots,” synonymous with unity.