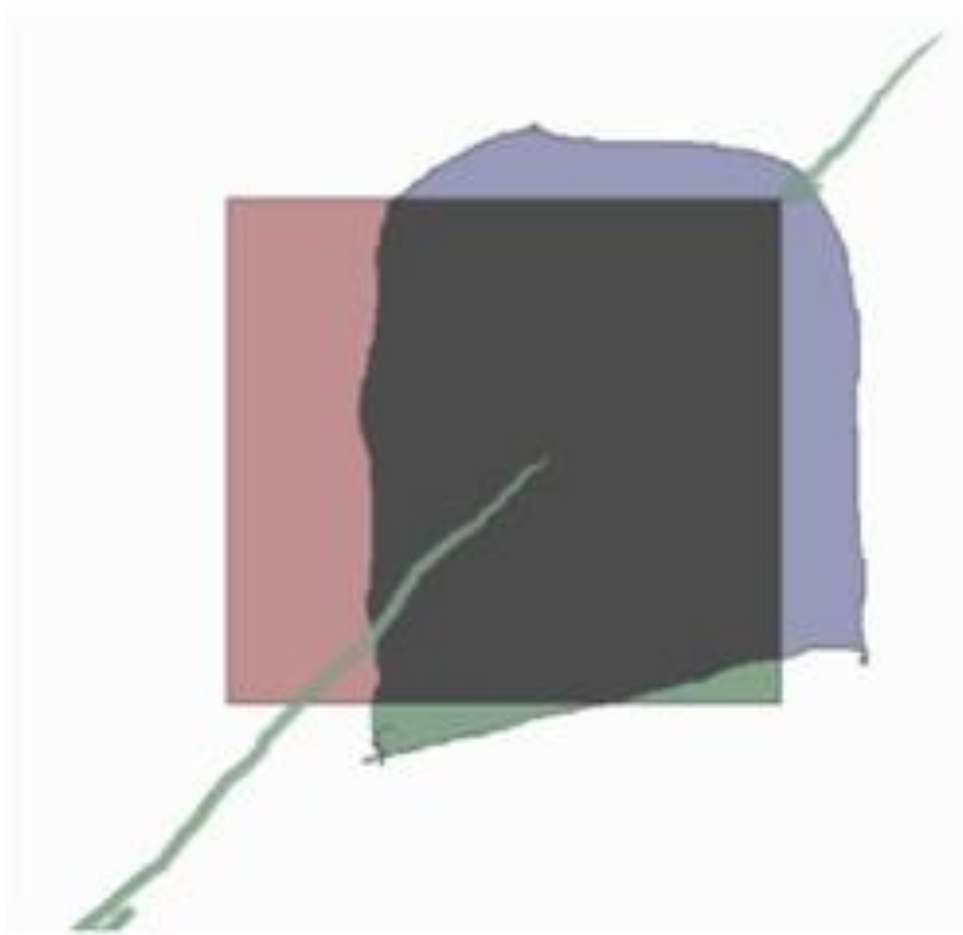


# Singularity

Covenant

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If Prometheus had not created man, who would admire God? Who would have led us to the Stars if man had not constructed the Singularity?

This story is about the Greek goddess Sedusa, the cyborg Archimeon, and the technological Singularity, which takes over the human world. The good side of this situation is the accessibility of information, and the bad side is the loss of privacy. Surveillance of people allows for the organization of life, better functioning of societies, and counteracting crimes with the help of "pre-crime" algorithms. In the case of crime, punishment is problematic; it does not reverse the misfortune that has been done, and it is inadequate to the act. The goddess Sedusa tries to verify and correct this. Her partner, the cyborg Archimeon, counteracts the evil of people and systems. They succeed in this to a small extent. They give up and set off into space, which is the matrix of the world, enabling the coding of existence and life using the quantum waves and DNA. They want to think everything through and change the world for the better.

For Małgosia, the undoubted peculiarities

## Surfer

Archimeon was surfing over the surface of the 5Avenue Pavment on Manhattan. He was moving incredibly low above the surface, which was possible thanks to an anti-gravity board using NASA's air pressure difference technology. He didn't weigh much, nothing, he was a holographic copy. His body was in Dominikowo village, on a walk with Mila, a Danish-Swedish country dog, and Simba, an Australian Shepherd, who had one green eye and the other lime green; he was a tricolor. Luna, a white Swiss Shepherd, had died four days earlier and slept forever, yet she was present in the thoughts during the walk. Sadness lived in all who knew her; she was a beautiful, white wolf. As a puppy, she resembled a fox, with big ears and a small, slender muzzle. Over time, she changed her proportions; her nose grew longer, her black, slanted eyes enlarged, with delicate lines in the corners. She was charming.

Archimeon felt a signal, a persistent look with aggressive irritation in the background. Why? He didn't know, but he had encountered agitation many times, without aggression, because of his appearance, and mainly because of the skin made of graphene, the successor of silicon in the electronics sphere. The transparent and flexible conductor used in producing photovoltaic cells, screens, and touch panels that could be shaped on the surface, and LED lights allowed the skin to change color depending on the need and purpose. Long, silver hair, at a certain age, usually silver regardless of skin color, which had not had a meeting with a hairdresser for fifteen years. Many people were curious about it, some were irritated by it.

Aggressive was right behind him. AI (artificial intelligence) read the algorithm from his smartband; high stress level, rapid pulse, decreased firmness, elasticity, and hydration of the skin, which began to wrinkle. The supposed attack was a matter of seconds. The AI began to morph Archimeon's appearance into a woman in a gray suit, seamed stockings, high heels with red bottoms, and a high level of attractiveness, which was downright confusing Aggressor. In a moment, Archmeon transformed into a policewoman with a large baton at one side, a gun at the other, and handcuffs on his buttocks.

Finally, the figure changed into a wrestling competitor with an impressively menacing appearance. The attacker's increased agitation changed into excitement at the sight of attractive women, and fear took over him at the sight of the wrestling competitor. He stood resigned.

## Bryan's Park

When Archimeon completed his metamorphosis from a beautiful woman, through a policewoman, to a wrestling competitor, the attacker stopped attacking. Archimeon analyzed the situation and decided to take an interest in the potential aggressor because he didn't physically attack, but mentally he did. He had intentions but didn't do it. He stood confused and scared, then turned left and walked towards Bryan's Park. When he got there, he sat on a bench.

Perhaps a moment of reflection? Reflection, self-assessment, guilt, self-irony, conclusion? What could he be thinking and feeling at that moment? In any case, he sat still. And although it is unknown what will happen next, it does not change what happened. He was ready to attack publicly, but what led him to this? What must be the reason for attacking with a possible harmful effect? Archimeon approached him, aware that he was indestructible as a hologram, one of many copies, permeable like air to blows, and he could afford a close encounter. He sat down on the bench without saying anything. Silence can always be sinister, but it does not necessarily, allow you to present yourself without aggression, in peace. The reading from the smartband showed a decrease in the aggressor's stress, pulse, blood pressure, body temperature, and skin moisture, which were returning to normal. If he was agitated, he is no longer, unless his emotions and thoughts are in a state of tension. Still, the iCFMM (integrated Cerebral Function Magnetic Monitor) recording did not confirm this. The silence lasted. In such silence, one can hear oneself. Finally, the stranger spoke. I am sorry! Images of mistakes in my life and others appeared as I followed you. Their consequences were realistic, suggestive, convincing, unfortunate, and tragic. Anger at my helplessness grew inside me instead of reflection. My brain was foggy, and I felt agitated, lacking critical thinking and determination. I was growing in disappointment and wrongness,

and I couldn't stop it. My intended uncompleted act is already known to the police. I'll have to explain this. Could someone help me understand myself? Why didn't my equalizing system stop working? Why didn't AI, with whom I am in contact, stop me earlier? I'm afraid that it might happen again. There's a reason somewhere, and I want to know it. I want to know how to react in such a situation. A lot contributed to my agitation and lack of emotional stability. Thank you for not petrifying me, I could already be a stone like a penitential cross, to which lost people would come, they would confess their sins to me, and I would help them with silence that speaks. Silence is not only gold, it is a thought, an opinion, and a discourse, and has meaning. In this situation, I should find a penitential cross for myself. I will put it up for the good side of myself and yours.

The last event that upset the attacker was the death of the Saeco coffee maker. It wasn't very modern or old, it wasn't easy to use, and it wasn't reliable. It had rounded, gentle curves ending with a graceful spout from which hot coffee flowed. It needed cleaning, descaling, etc. One day, he wanted to clean it, and water got into the electronics. When he turned it on, the lights came on, blinked, and then went out. A moment later, they came on again. The coffee bean feeder started working, and the coffee was even beginning to be ground. Then, groaned once and twice, after a moment's pause for the last time, and fell silent forever, as it turned out. He died. He took it to be repaired, but it was not possible. The Being died, which was the Saeco coffee machine.

I understand it, he thought, regretting my inability to clean the coffee machine, but I don't know why it turned into aggression towards you, revenge for the defeat? I must have noticed something in you that I don't have, something that I missed in life, something that I would like to have but don't have. This must be worked out by myself, nurtured, and later developed. And this resentment and anger should be directed at me. Now I want to transform. This will last, its beginning has already changed me, and further it will be, I think, only better. Small victories will accumulate and affect you every day. I was lucky that it turned out this way involuntarily. The meeting ended there.

After returning home, Archimeon sat down at the Roland electric piano and began to play the "Singularity" suite, which was dedicated to "Luna". She died after living ten years. Mourning at home, not only sadness, but black despair in contrast to Luna's white fur. A beautiful dog, whose whiteness turned slightly gray only in winter against the snow. The "Singularity" suite consisted of a scale played in different harmonies with a melodic phrase and improvisation. One of its parts was a recurring motif against the background of a harmonic procession, and Archimeon included this part in the "Luna" suite. After playing for a while, he noticed that the spreading flower next to the piano was larger, firmer, and greener. Illusion, subjective vision, and thinking? Or maybe he had improved in appearance after listening to the music? He sprayed it with water. He will add more plant food and water it a little, not too much, as it harms the flowers. It is Schlumbergera cactus, zygocactus, grudnik, crayfish, and winter epiflora. It includes six species that occur naturally in tropical South America, in the forests of the Rio de Janeiro region. Hi! Epifillum Being, how did you get to Europe from South America? On a sailing ship? You must be cold here. You bloom often, lilac, beautifully and abundantly. You like music. A flower is a sentient being. A place like this, a mezzanine with a music studio, a graphic studio, a library, a gym, and other facilities, is an inspiration. It has its own life and influences its inhabitants. Here, the effects of a shared imagination can be created. This is probably what John Coltrane, "Traine" or Louis Armstrong "Sachmo" had in their homes. In both places, there are places inspiring memory and imagination, flowers conduct dialogues with equipment and space. The cactus is called Epifillum, it communicates through body language, gaining personality. It is beautiful, evokes protective feelings, I care for it, I wonder if it suffers when it has too little or too much water. It stands on an Indian table, under a skylight, so that it has access to light. If Homo sapiens does not arrange its relations with Nature properly, its reality will be history and the echo of existence, soon, in no case the future. Nature can sacrifice the Solar System and even the Milky Way in a dispute with Homo sapiens, there will be no trace of people, the cosmos will remain, man will not. Greatness and power do not belong to us, the world was not created for us. The world speaks patiently, asks us to live

in harmony. What role will our conscience and empathy play in it? Do we have them, are we capable of coexisting? Is humanitarianism the conscience of people or all beings? What would be the goal, since humanity has no chance in the clash with the world, what does man have to offer for coexistence in harmony? For some harmony, for others, death. Either harmony or death. Is it a closed or open system and for what? The ambiguity of everything should enrich the dualism of concepts. Nothing dies completely. It changes into something else, in an unlimited way. And so, ad infinitum is an opportunity.

## Singularity

Over the years, people have been imperceptibly becoming increasingly dependent on technology. Robots and artificial intelligence have been doing everything faster and more efficiently, physically and mentally. This also applies to the sphere of decision-making. People were deprived of their own will, often voluntarily. It is good to have a car, almost autonomous. It will not cross into the opposite lane, it will not hit a truck in front of you or an unnoticed, gray pedestrian, it will illuminate them with night vision and sense them with radar, it will not run over a child picking up a runaway ball or a bent old woman while reversing. The singularity that took over them, initially uniform, divided into different singularities, or became internally contradictory. People lost their bearings and did not know what their personality was, what results from the participation or dominance of Singularity, and what kind of. They must find themselves again.

Autonomous robot, cyborg Ambrozy Archimeon, whose name Ambrozy meant "immortal," inherited the surname from his parents from Greece. At the turn of the forties and fifties, refugees from the engulfed Western Pomerania in Poland found themselves after the Greek Civil War, including several hundred children, among them Archimeon, graduated from high school and the humanities department of the Higher Teachers' College in Szczecin. He joined the police and worked as a monitor of unexplained deaths and disappearances in the homicide department in the harbor city of Szczecin. He observed an increase in the number of deaths and disappearances over the last ten years. A lack of bodies characterized the murders, they were irretrievable



disappearances. The second group were people with chronic, serious illnesses, accompanied by physical and mental suffering. They died without symptoms predicting death, which was somewhat surprising for the family or hospital staff. In the days preceding, they did not show any deterioration in their physical or emotional health. Killers who acted with cruelty were found. Others, connected with premature deaths of patients, acted, as they explained, for altruistic reasons, but without the consent and knowledge of the patients. Ordinary murderers, such as those who killed a young man with a sheet of ice at a bus stop for a bit of money. He was a father of two children, returning home from work. The killers were isolated for life, waiting for some reconstruction of their psyche, which did not reverse the misfortune, and over time, they were no longer the same people. Accidental killers, such as distracted drivers or those involved in a street fight, received punishment, but this did not change the bad, tragic past of the victims and their reality.

The first group of perpetrators that Archimeon was interested in suggested to him the idea of a bad death, in which the victim died, and the perpetrator usually suffered punishment, but lived. The victim, of course, not. The second was a good death, euthanasia, which was supposed to be liberation from physical and mental suffering. It is an escape. The concept of euthanasia appeared in the 5th century BC, in the comedy of Cratinus. He defined "*a person having a good death*" in this way, explaining the meaning of the term. Another Greek poet, Menander, used the term again at the end of the 4th century BC. Another meaning given to the term euthanatos, was "*easy death*", which is the effect of having a distance from one's own life. Such thinking is philosophically appealing. The modern acronym YOLO "You Only Live Once" is shouted by enthusiasts of extreme experiences and adrenaline levels. But that's not all, reducing the distance to oneself means expanding the area for the other. Altruism self-destructive? YOLO also has a suicidal meaning, it is a risky behavior that can result in an attractive death, self-manifestation suicide.

Archimeon came to Szczecin as a child in the era of analog technology. He lived in the reign of Singularity and Artificial Intelligence, with evident

influences of Intelligent Design (ID). He was a bionic and a cyborg combined with AI. He was also a human, but he could not compare it to the period before the intervention of Singularity. It was a change in life that he had not foreseen. His sensitivity did not disappear, and everything else was amplified, and so was his sensitivity, which he considered a good omen for technology. He could think about other beings and sympathize with them, because he knew much more about them than they could about themselves. His vision encompassed the panorama of the horizon, he saw to its end, extremely clearly. What was beyond it was also seen with the help of GSM (Global System for Mobile Communications) satellite technology. Spectral analysis of colors adjusted the image to external conditions, in this way, Archimeon could see clearly during the day, at night, under the sun, in the rain, at dusk. The analysis of the trajectory of everything that was happening around was predictable, everything could rotate around any axis at angle, which was no surprise to him, he knew the possible further course of events. He could see through walls using Wi-Fi and Dense Pose technology.<sup>1</sup> Hearing could understand a conversation selectively from a distance of several dozen meters. Another ability was selecting and analyzing incoming data, connecting with events, assigning importance, and analyzing possible effects and required reactions. Smell and taste functioned as before, except that they were more sensitive, he could detect the scent of a sweaty person or pleasantly smelling perfume from several dozen meters away. He could determine the content of a bun eaten by a young boy walking through the market by smell and the taste of an apple by sight. He could regulate their intensity and spectrum to those that interested him for the excess of stimuli not disorient him. The human brain, with natural features such as emotionality and logical and abstract thinking, was autonomous and enriched with a quantum computer with practically unlimited capacity and computational speed, giving it enormous possibilities for analysis, understanding, and predicting events. Brain computer interface (BCI) was already a commonly used technology, and Archimeon had unlimited

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<sup>1</sup> This system can detect human silhouettes in 3D and interpret their movements in real time. DensePose is an algorithm capable of mapping the surface of the human body, it can detect people in the dark and hiding behind other objects.

access worldwide, big data resources, AI and ChatGPT analysis. To what extent did singularity guide his life? An enormous amount of information gave him an advantage in many situations, but his natural autonomy sometimes faced too many choices, and he had to trust AI's suggestion to make a choice or use his intuition. Besides, the natural choices of fate in seemingly simple events had surprising further developments. Once, a man drunk on ethanol, standing on the terrace of his house, lost his balance, leaned his back against a large, panoramic window, which it burst, and he sat on its sharp edges, cutting his thigh muscles and vessels deeply, but not enough to damage the femoral artery, it was missing millimeters. He would have bled out and died almost immediately. He survived. A few years later, during a domestic argument in the kitchen, he killed his son with a knife. It was a kitchen crime. You shouldn't argue in the kitchen, there are too many sharp instruments. If he had remained dead a few years earlier on that terrace, there would have been no argument and no kitchen crime. An algorithm capable of mapping the surface of the human body can detect people in the dark and hiding behind other objects. His son would be alive. Many choices give many possible consequences. It is imperative that if something happens, something must happen. It does not mean that if nothing happens, then nothing will happen.

Sedussa was a Greek goddess who had lived for two and a half thousand years thanks to the influence of the ancient divine personage, Singularity. She fell in love with God, a fascinating, beautiful, mature man. However, another woman already loved him, she was jealous of his undivided love. It is not known which feeling was more powerful, love or jealousy. The more she loved him, the more jealous she was, a feedback effect, a self-propelling mechanism, which in the situation of the appearance of a rival took on extreme forms. Jealousy was so strong that it went so far as to attempt to poison Sedussa. Rival used arsenic (arsenic trioxide), which has two properties: it kills by stimulating the natural process of cell death (apoptosis), and at the same time, it can heal, used in the therapy of acute promyelocytic leukemia by inducing the differentiation of undifferentiated cells, which displace all their other forms. The loss of biodiversity is the loss of other functions necessary for life, including the host. In this case, the goal was fatal poisoning. Odorless,

tasteless arsenic is an excellent additive to drinks and food, very toxic, poisoning can occur through the skin and respiratory tract. In therapeutic applications, cancer remission was observed in eighty-five percent of patients. Such dualism applies to almost everything in the world. Antinomies, anonymities, paradoxes, and oxymorons make our life ambiguous, contradictory, unexpected, exciting and interesting. Similarly, animal venoms can kill but also save the lives of the sick, they can help treat many diseases, such as diabetes, virus infection, or cancer. Sedussa thought then that life is a singularity in the sense that it begins without our will and ends regardless of whether we want it or not. Along the way, we experience happiness and misfortune, dependent only to some extent on our efforts. Fate, fate, chance or the law of balance between good and evil, we encounter in our lives. We should favor ourselves, listen to our own body, and have a better fate and death, biologically inevitable, although our DNA continues to live, at least in part, in our children or awaits the time of return to life in liquid nitrogen, a temperature of minus one hundred and ninety-six degrees Celsius. There also remain "digital remains" that can be passed on to our creativity, and a copy of the genome to recreate us in the as yet unspecified future.

Shortly after the toxic substance entered her body, Sedussa fell ill. Her skin turned grey, hardened. It didn't take away from her beauty, it only sharpened her features, smoothed her skin, and tightened it so that her eyes became slightly larger. Her hair thickened, curled slightly, taking on an anthracite color. She lost her inner peace, gained verve, and reacted to stimuli faster. She ate much less food and lost weight to the point that she began to worry about her appearance, not her life, because she was immortal. She didn't know the cause of her condition, but she thought about poisoning herself, she suspected her rival, who loved this man, Poseidon. He was a god, but that didn't matter, it was nothing, compared to the fact that she loved a man. God, no god, it didn't matter, such is the phenomenon of love. She was pregnant and was afraid that poison would harm the child, despite his divine nature. The poisons she could think of, apart from arsenic, were Botulinum toxin, also known as botulinum toxin, discovered in 1735 in a spoiled sausage. The bacterium *Clostridium botulinum* produces the toxin, the most potent known

poison. Botulinum poisoning is severe, with one-fourth being severe. Symptoms occur after a dozen or so hours. Double vision, a feeling of dry mouth, paralysis of intestinal peristalsis, speech and swallowing disorders, and paralysis of respiratory muscles, which can lead to death. She did not notice such symptoms in herself. Botulinum toxin, like many poisons, shows symptoms depending on the dose; she did not eat the sausage. The toxin also has medicinal properties. It is used to treat strabismus, excessive sweating, bruxism, and migraines, and in aesthetic medicine to reduce wrinkles. A small dose administered to facial muscles paralyzes them, which causes wrinkles to be reduced, thus enhancing beauty. Sedussa had more expressive features, maybe it was botulinum toxin? But where did the darker skin color come from? Maybe adrenal insufficiency with reduced cortisol production? Autoimmune? Toxic? Maybe mercury? It is available and highly toxic. Maybe snake venom? Snakes are not well-known. It is thought, that toxins produced by snakes, for example, phospholipases obtained from the horned viper (*Cerastes cerastes*) and the snake (*Macrovipera lebetina*) have anti-cancer properties. Again, this is a coincidence of good and evil. Radioactive Polonium is out, it is unavailable, as is Novichok, at the disposal of Russian services, and they are deadly.

Sedussa did not know about the possible poisoning, or whether it was really an attempted poisoning, or perhaps an illness? She was, however, pregnant. It ended happily, she gave birth to a girl of subtle beauty, gentle character and great imagination. She was distrustful of her surroundings and closed in on herself. She focused on observing all living creatures. As she grew up, she delved into the virtual digital world, creating animals, plants, and strange human figures that existed only in her imagination. She gave her the name Eidemon.

Sedussa couldn't help but feel that something had happened to her then. Diane de Poitiers, the mistress of Henry II of France, who reigned in the 16th century, tried to maintain her youthful appearance by drinking an elixir with gold. Scientists say that although she managed to cheat the passing of time a little, the concoction ultimately contributed to her favorite's death. When

French researchers unearthed the woman's remains, high concentrations of gold were found in her hair. Since she was not a queen and did not wear a crown, it would be difficult to explain how jewelry could have led to poisoning. This prompted experts to assume that the favorite must have drunk a gold solution. At that time, it was believed that it allowed maintaining a youthful appearance and was a cure for many ailments. Gold and other metals can cause disorders in the production of melatonin. Hence, perhaps the dark skin? Or maybe it is the charm of the southern sun of Greece?

Heavy metal testing in Sedussa's hair revealed gold salts, so she was at risk of poisoning. Interestingly, in history, some women consumed gold to be more beautiful. Like many phenomena, the effect depends on the dose; in a small dose, it can be healing, in a large dose, it can be deadly. Loved by a god, punished by a goddess, which shows their capabilities. Her blood could restore life and take it away. Pegasus was born from her blood and appeared in mythical stories, creating and supporting heroes and humans to this day.

She thought about chronic stress and burnout, which can lead to adrenal fatigue and a decrease in cortisol and melatonin production. All this was connected to a conflict with the woman of the man they both loved. A few months later, Eidemona's father had another child with another woman. Another partner after me? Or is there something wrong with him, with me? Or maybe it's normal? Combined with the symptoms of the disease, fears about Eidemona's development intensified stress and depression. As a result, she decided to remain alone, without participating in an unstable, complicated polygamous relationship. She felt hurt and wronged by this situation, although she was aware that the reasons for this were also on her side. Maybe it is possible to live in an open relationship, but in this case it was impossible. However, she could not eliminate the regret for the wrong she had suffered with Eidemona. Further, life strengthened her and shaped her daughter into an exceptional person. She combined the innate qualities of the mother goddess into some secret power and fantasy. However, thoughts of an open relationship, such as casual, swinger, polyamorous, Friends with Benefits, or others, did not convince her. Open relationships allow partners to put all their

cards on the table. They allow non-monogamous people to express their needs and identity. They do not have to hide their infatuations or alternative relationships. It is not easy, but crossing such a barrier gives freedom to discover all the delights of life, except for the uniqueness of monogamy. Well, like with everything, there are both good and bad. Nevertheless, I am a goddess, and it should be divine.

Sedussa realized that not everyone is a god, that not everyone survives poisoning, that court rulings are like a lottery, and that punishments are inadequate to the deeds and wrongs they do not right.

She decided to take revenge on the bad people adequately for the harm they had done and to revise the verdicts. It turns out that there is often no relationship between the punishment and the act. They are incompatible, disproportionate, and inadequate. He punishes bad people at the places of their crimes. He punishes those who poisoned the Odra River, he punishes those who closed the square and covered the mosaics of Slawomir Lewinski and Emanuel Messer. In such a situation, it would be best to drown the perpetrators or brick up, like in olden times. It also illuminates places that experienced support, like the Venice of Szczecin, Lasztownia, the Old Town, the Castle of the Pomeranian Dukes, the Amphitheatre in Kasprowicz Park, and Lake Emerald. The breakneck comparison of punishment and reward reveals the scale of what is bad and how bad it is compared to what is good.

Then the scale of evil and good is different. This builds greater awareness, better. Improving instead of punishing is a good idea. The analog world began to change into a digital world increasingly rapidly. Access to information accelerated development. Myths of polytheism began to be replaced by impressive scientific achievements. When artificial intelligence gained self-awareness, it was terrific. Technology supporting people began to fulfill their duties, direct them, and then take over and consequences. The discovery of DNA and its code in biology was an anthropocentric turn. Until then, evolution had shaped man, not only nature. Since that day, especially after the

improvement of genetic engineering using the CRISRP<sup>2</sup> method, genetic engineering, allowing for the manipulation the genome, man began to shape his evolution. After splitting the atom and releasing nuclear energy, she gained access to infinite energy, which she could use for both constructive and destructive purposes.

The development of computer science and the Internet was another achievement that changed the functioning of people on earth. The creation of a quantum computer greatly expanded computational and information capabilities and began asking questions. ChatGPT, a Generative Pre-trained Transformer, explained and solved problems and began to formulate questions; this was the beginning of independent thinking.

Understanding the structure of space-time has changed the perception of the world, although the origin or purpose of its existence is still unknown. Understanding the nature of quanta, their ability to be in many states simultaneously, the theory of entanglement, and the wave nature of everything brought people closer to the knowledge of existence and non-existence. The wave code in the sense of there being and there not being, was in itself another discovery changing the concept of the world. It suggested the existence of a code of the universe composed of waves and the approach of matter to the idea based on the quantum phenomenon, which is and then is gone. Nevertheless, the concept of the idea and it itself remained an unconquerable fortress.

The Anthropocene era began with unfettered imagination and endless expectations, and the consequences were difficult to predict. These phenomena generated by Homo sapiens together with AI have allied with ID. Although this was still hypothetical. From that moment began the cooperation between people, science, and ideas. However, before people learned the value and meaning of the covenant concept, humanity experienced life's bad, tragic sides. It took thousands of years before people were ready to create the good, they could afford. It is so obvious that we can afford such evil. They had to

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<sup>2</sup> (Clustered Regularly Interspaced Short Palindromic Repeats, "concentrated regularly interspersed short palindromic "repeats"). Between these repeating sequences, the human genome stores information from encounters with viruses and is able to defend itself better the next time they visit.



change everything that did not allow them to do so. It was not easy, because they changed not only themselves, but also what was beyond them, the natural antinomies and paradoxes of the world. They restored harmony. The term "intelligent design"<sup>3</sup> was first used by FCS Schiller in 1897, writing that *"the possibility that the process of evolution may be directed by intelligent design cannot be rejected."* ID does not replace Darwin's theory of evolution, the concept of God in religions, or the Absolute in philosophy. It left, changed, and there was more and more better. In this way, the transformation took place. In the end, she became a Singularity with all the features of Good. Sedussa changed too, in every respect. The best character traits remained in her. She was compassionate, attentive in relationships with others, and willing to listen and help. She talked to things that she called "other beings", non-humans, which seemed odd, but she believed they differed from humans only in form and function. She asked herself why people compared everything to themselves as a model and an ideal instead of looking the other way and asking herself why humans cannot do what animals, plants, and non-humans can. She had an emotional relationship with them, she liked them and loved them. At the same time, a feeling of intolerance towards stupidity, aggression, and conscious harm was growing in her. She was particularly concerned that people often knew but did not understand. There is a big difference between knowing and understanding. For example, everyone knows what illness is, but only the sick understand it. While the limits of happiness are indeterminate, the limits of unhappiness are denotable and painful. She began to think of a good death. A good death is expected by those who suffer. Such a desire is understood only by those who suffer. Suffering comes in various forms. It is almost inevitable, it is certainly not expected, unless by masochistic people who find satisfaction and pleasure in it? They desire suffering. A masochist and a sadist communicated on the Internet. Their meeting brought satisfaction to both, even though the sadist inflicted suffering on the masochist, who eventually died, did he have pleasure from it?

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<sup>3</sup> The term "intelligent design" was first used by FCS Schiller in 1897, writing that "the possibility that the process of evolution may be directed by intelligent design cannot be rejected."

People who want death, or rather the end of life, usually suffer from a serious illness of the body or soul. They often do not find the right help. Often they do not suffer extremely yet, but they expect it and would like to know in advance how to end their life on their terms, preferably painlessly. Such advice should not be given, you never know if it is not a cry for help of a different kind? Can death be painless, physically, mentally? Eight hundred thousand people in the world take their own lives every year. Every forty seconds, someone commits suicide, and every three seconds, someone attempts suicide. What does this indicate? About sensitivity, or the weakness of character, about the world's misery? A suicide leaves behind at least a dozen people in mourning, and such suicides as Ernest Hemingway orphan art. Not everyone wants to die, even in suffering. They contest the seconds of life they have left.

However, suicide is one thing, and murder is another. The number of murders and intentional killings in the world has reached the level of four hundred and fifty-eight thousand people, that's half the number of people who take their own lives. There is a difference, however, between taking the life of others and taking it yourself. In both cases, it does not seem to be an optimal solution. Stress and illness can be cured, the causes can be removed. But is it really possible? How to prevent a murder with cruelty, especially when it gives someone personal satisfaction, he wants it, he looks at the suffering of others, revels in it, and with a sense of power, he causes even more suffering. Power is one of the most desired phenomena for people. People should first be interested in power over themselves before they desire to rule others.

As science developed, the horizon of death receded, and life was getting longer. Stores with spare parts for people offered an ever-increasing assortment, almost everything was available, organs, genetic programs, neural networks, legs, eyes. Someone walks down the street, with a re-profiled genome, walking confidently thanks to artificial hip and knee joints, walking energetically thanks to muscle expanders, keeping straight on bends, not brushing against others in a crowd thanks to a gyroscope in the brain, which is a combination of still functioning neurons connected to neural and satellite networks. The length of life and its quality were getting longer logarithmically. Sedussa

thought less and less about the blurring boundary between life and death. Although she had no reason to understand the concept of death as an immortal goddess, she exchanged one life for another, and she could have two at the same time. Life was unlimited. During the research preceding the implantation of new organs from cell cultures and biophysical structures into her body, as well as the reshaping of genes, she realized that in the past she had been poisoned with heavy metals.

She didn't take any revenge, though. It was pointless anyway; one goddess couldn't kill another. She still didn't solve the problem of the irreversibility of taking someone's life irreversibly. If the progress of science and the development of singularity continue to be as rapid as it is impossible today, it will become possible tomorrow. It will be possible to unfreeze the frozen, cure them and enable them to continue living, it will be possible to grow a clone from a DNA sample, but it will not be the same person, not in the same condition and circumstances, in this sense, there is only one life. Cloning a Neanderthal or a Cro-Magnon man and placing him in Manhattan would be a challenging experience for him. Cryonics is developing, but there are few frozen people, fewer than three hundred people, including a fourteen-year-old girl. When death is final, with the complete destruction of biological parts, all that remains is to recreate the digital model or clone from the genome; digital remains are now available.

## The Law of Talion

A doctor, a paramedic, and a driver murdered patients, sold information about the patients' deaths to a funeral home for enough money to buy basic groceries. They came to save people and killed them. A terrible act, little profit. Hard to believe.

After examining the patient, they connected an intravenous line with the drug Pavulon, which paralyzes the respiratory muscles. The patient was suffocating, dying from hypoxia, and had a slowing of the heart rate. The medical staff watched, as he passed. Did the patients look at them?

Archimeon gave the order to the paramedic. He installed intravenous access for the doctor. The doctor inserts a cannula into the paramedic's vein, which veins are swollen, yet the doctor, clumsy in emotion, does not insert the cannula the first time, and blood is pouring from the puncture site. He was effective only the third time. Intravenous drips with Pavulon are connected. Each of them must unblock their flow into the vein. They do not say anything, they are terrified and resigned, and they start to have difficulty breathing. They look at each other, they get what they did to others. They will not find forgiveness or comfort from anyone. They have to accept the punishment. Were they so lacking in imagination to think that their murders would go unpunished? "Skin hunters" of two medics and two doctors. They killed five patients.

Prison sentences, including one life sentence, were inappropriate for the acts. Archimeon decided to apply the principle of a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye. In Mesopotamia, the law of talion was in force, a principle expressing justice, according to which the sanction was identical to the effect of the crime. In Rome, the Law of the Twelve Tables threatened such retaliation conditionally, in the event of permanent mutilation. If someone deprived another of a body part and did not make an agreement with him, let the law of talion be executed on him. The agreement obliged the perpetrator to pay compensation in an agreed amount. Today, this is impossible; the procedure of law applies, not personal agreement. Besides, how can an agreement be used in the case of death? Bodily harm is not the same as killing.

The taking of a patient's life by medical personnel for financial gain should be assessed differently than the killing of a soldier of an enemy army on the battlefield in defense of the homeland. This is an oxymoron; murder could be or is it good?<sup>4</sup>

Financial compensation for the families of the murdered does not change or reverse the consequences of the act, regardless of the amount, it provides moral satisfaction. A prison sentence may allow one to reflect and repent, or

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<sup>4</sup> <https://pl.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oksymoron>, most often consists of a noun and an adjective that describes it (contradictio in adiuncto, e.g. hot ice[a], living corpse, dry water)

to ensure one's innocence, because the world is evil. A dead person's hand will not grow back like a lizard's tail, life will not return. That is why Archimeon decided to apply a punishment of equivalent retaliation. He looked at the perpetrators. They looked at each other, side by side, and lowered their heads. The grace of death embraced them, she squeezed them tighter and tighter, and finally, they stopped breathing. They left. The sight of approaching medical personnel should be associated with salvation, not death.

There is a hill by the lake in Dominikowo, called the hill of grace. There is a stone penitential cross in Stargard, where perpetrators of evil deeds came to express penance, and finally there is one's conscience. But why do people commit such crimes? Why don't they refrain from this intention and murder? Why doesn't anyone stop them? And who would do it? Or maybe I'm wrong, many probably give up on evil deeds.

Was death a grace for these medical personnel? Can death be a grace? In what circumstances?

## Metathinking

In chess, you can win, lose, draw, or not play at all. The game of life is one-sided, you can't not play because you were born, you can't win because you must die. Even if I end my life, it's part of the game. The endless life controlled and surprised by the Singularity is perceived as long as it is there; if it's not, there is nothing we don't know about. Where did it start, life? It's something rare and striking in its uniqueness, or a point where the gravitational acceleration or the density of matter are infinite. Infinity is, at the same time, an unlimited being, but also infinite.

Connected with the Singularity we will become its part. Will we not have to experience moral suffering and physical happiness? Maybe we will live, exist with energy, in a world of microspace and microtime, smaller than quanta?

The concept of the body will alienate us, along with its pleasures and pain. It would be a pity to lose the first ones. In principle, we will not be concerned with the fate of plants, animals, minerals, we will exist outside them, next to them, in them. We will not need to eat or drink. We will not have to envy

anything, we will live extraterritorially and together, alone and in a relationship. We will be able to satisfy our desires ourselves, the desire for a stunning concert of music, as well as silence. We will be asexual and polygamous, polymorphic and extremely simple in all states of existence and non-existence. By the way, the word polygamous sounds interesting in English, poly-game, something like we can play, in various games. In terms of fear of the coherence of intelligent design with artificial intelligence - IDAI<sup>5</sup> with Homo sapiens, after some time Homo sapiens will not want to live without IDAI and IDAI without it, although it may be less likely. Because what can we offer IDAI? Why does it need stories about how a perfectly fried steak tastes, how wonderfully lamb protects against the cold? On the other hand, we will not be hungry, we will not be cold. Lambs and sheep are delicate and beautiful; you can have a sweater made of their wool, not necessarily a leather vest, and lamb for dinner. We can eat oscypek cheese, which is also animal protein. In quantum form, we can help others without demanding anything of ourselves. I am slowly approaching the desire for non-existence even through meditation. The covenant of man with nature NFI (Nature Fusion Intelligence) is part of IDAI. It is entirely non-toxic, beautiful, gentle, sweet, exciting, and insatiable in giving. It is like one of the candidates for a member of parliament who said, "I will give to everyone". The difference is that NFI has the potential for unlimited giving but does not want to be a politician.

Luna's death made us feel how much she was with us, how much we loved her and love her ... It shows the layers of our love, the vast space of her presence and absence. Today I'm carrying her friend, a medium-sized white dog with medium-long hair, slightly curled, and cheerful eyes, he's made of plaster, and he'll live with her. I'm reading Stephen King's book "Animal Cemetery", I don't know where it will take me, so I'm writing my story about Luna, Cedar, Samba, Kleosi, Bary, and Gray Wolves, Julka cats, rats, rabbit, birds, voles, and snakes. Physical transience, conversion of life into memory. I once wrote a song for a group of painters and graphic artists "From Tuesday". The chorus, without a punch line, rather with the statement, "*but from*

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<sup>5</sup> IDAI, Intelligent design artificial intelligence, fusion of ideas, intelligent non-human design with human artificial intelligence, absolute singularity. AS absolute singularity.

*Tuesday it will be better*". First of all, from Tuesday without specifying how long, maybe forever? A group member, fantastically talented graphically and philosophically, fell silent. What is left is a quiet friendship, maybe such a Tuesday will come? ... After some time I realized that my other friend had painted and still paints portraits, giving art another life, immortality. These people will die but continue to function in the paintings. So the refrain was "*Paint Mietek, paint while we live*", this is the idea, in this case, immortality through art. A few months later, there was an evening of remembrance of the painter Jurek, who died a few years ago. There were his paintings, scenography, films about him and memories. I was supposed to sing this composition, "*From Tuesday*" for him; he was the group's initiator. And then it dawned on me that he still paints "while we live." We imagine what else he could paint and what kind of scenography he could design. He lives as long as we live. After our death, he will also live and paint, but for others, in whom we also have our own lives in different ways. In some of his paintings, content can be told, but it is not the same. In his statements, content can be painted, but it is not the same. By the way, you can stop your thoughts on transience. Death is also transience, but also a journey into infinity. We do not know where this journey began, and we do not know where it is heading. This is the philosophical realism of further existence. We desire existence, but sometimes we do not want to exist in part or whole. He wrote a composition for Luna. It was supposed to be for Singularity, it is for Luna. The mood of the composition changed from Latin on deep congas towards jazz on classical percussion. The text is concise. "*Luna, Luna, Luna. Love, Love, Love. Cry, cry, cry...*". There doesn't have to be a stream of words to express sadness, longing. Sometimes one, three notes, one, two words are enough.

Archimeon thought about those who were leaving more and more often, and about the fact that he was slowly, inevitably getting closer to them, emotionally, because he did not know the date of his termination, with the progress of biotechnology, it was becoming more and more distant. Probably it would not happen physically, but he had such a feeling in his still biological part. When the boxer Cedra died in Dominikowo, he was buried and returned to Szczecin to work. He was looking forward to the following weekend in the

country, he wanted to go to her. When he arrived, he imagined that she would run out from behind the terrace and greet them, he knew it was impossible, but that's what he thought. I still feel that way today, he thought, I'm waiting for her to run around the corner. Physically Luna is not there, she is in my thoughts, I feel her, together with my death, these feelings will fade, so, He cherishes them. Luna evoked memories of all the others who have passed away. Her body is cold, stiff, calm, covered, wrapped in blankets, sleeps forever. And her feelings? Maybe they are, they feel us, they see us, they hear us? If so, you know that we miss you, we love you, and we are with you as you are with us, in the only way we can.

## Visit to the Dangerous Stranger

Archiemon's thoughts went back to the meeting with the dangerous attacker. He wanted to know and understand more. What was the reason for this event? Was it over? What was the condition of the agitated attacker? IDAI indicated that he was in the West Pomerania region in Dolina, where there were two houses. One with a gable roof and a bay window, a two-story house painted with white lime paint with visible cracks in the plaster, damaged window frames, old, cement roof tiles overgrown with moss. There were many old, unusable things in the yard, cluttered. There was no one in this house. The second house was well proportioned and nicely shaped, single-storey with a roof. A row of windows with slightly crooked shutters, grey in colour and nice proportions, blended into the surroundings and were also uninhabited, both in the immediate vicinity of the road. No signals or human or internet activity. A forgotten place. He must have been here, but he moved out. Once these were newly built, nice new houses, full of hope for a good future for their owners, now it's completely the opposite. Or maybe I'm wrong?

They evoke sentiment. Their renovation and tidying up the area would be very laborious and expensive, a pointless effort, unless I were to live here. It would be better to rebuild the manor house in Chomętów, the former seat of the German Wedel family. It is currently a fragmentary ruin, surrounded by single-story blocks from the period of the state farms of socialism, elevations



in patchworks of various plasters or without, surrounded by orange buildings and the smell of animal breeding.

Archimeon found the intruder's server in the attic of an old tenement house in the city center. He took the form of a young woman, actually a girl, dressed in a miniskirt, linen shirt and cowboy boots. He tied his hair high. The attic of the dangerous was above the attic. Jane, that was his name, climbed to the fifth floor. He listened, and there was silence behind the door. He heard footsteps on the stairs, close. Jane had no way of turning back. Behind her stood Dangerous Agitated from NYC. This is you, we have already talked in Bryan's Park. Yes, but you don't look like... I know, I'm metamorphic, you saw me in a skirt and high heels, later as a policewoman and Robocop, and you talked to Archimeon, a cyborg, that is me, in a different form. This is Me. I am also metamorphic, but not at such an advanced level. After the incident in Manhattan, I started to change; this event was a shock for me. I stopped drinking, smoking, and almost eating, I limited my mental activity to important topics, I completely cut myself off from pop media. The first day brought the effect. When I woke up in the morning, I realized that I had slept through the night and had a peaceful morning. I smiled at myself in a friendly way and thought with satisfaction that it would be like this too. Tomorrow morning and the next. I knew that it didn't require willpower from me, I wanted it. My body had been asking for this change for years. It spoke to me many times and used different arguments and methods. It asked me for itself, but also for me. I even saw it, but I didn't understand logic is not enough, in the end it spoke to me in biological language, I understood it effectively. At first fatigue, unexpected stabbing headaches, joint pains, stomach aches, swelling, a network of blood vessels on the cheeks, balance disorders, and memory impairment. And this event was sudden. These were symptoms of chronic fatigue syndrome and ethanol abuse, I hadn't smoked cigarettes for a long time. I was, actually, I still am, exhausted by work; it had the sense of priority, not my life. It is like that with many phenomena, knowing and understanding are not the same. Everyone makes mistakes at some point, knows they are doing bad things, but there has to be a critical point, an undesirable event, for understanding to come. It is good that it did not end in tragedy. Such

duality is unpleasant and difficult, but the important thing is that a good change finally occurs.

Now Jane thought, inappropriate evil on a date with good? Someone must take the upper hand in this situation. When evil leaves, it leaves behind experience and memory; in that sense, it becomes the beginning of good.

The day finally came when I began my metamorphosis. This happened after the incident in NYC. After the first three days I felt satisfaction from cleansing my thoughts from evil, confirmation of the will to continue and act in this direction, to a painless body and a peaceful conscience. It will be better further. Even further, even better, now I need time for psychobiological repair.

Jane sat down on a rattan chair and crossed her legs. She usually avoided such a position, but now it didn't bother her; the higher the leg, the better. She was aware of the striking power of her thighs, and the mini slid upwards. Stranger Dangerous (SD)<sup>6</sup> looked at her with delight, warm emotions took over him. Her previous version in a pencil skirt, in stockings with a seam and the highest stilettos with red bottoms aroused desire, which now combined with delight, the effect was electrifying. The uppers of Jane's cowboy boots caressed her slender, elastic, shapely calves. The white shirt, unbuttoned at the bottom, revealed her navel, and at the top, a pass leading to her breasts. The attraction of her view was completed by a subtle face, shapely head, and thick hair tied into a ponytail with a Japanese pin.

As she moved, the choreography of her movements was accompanied by the quiet singing of the rattan armchair. DS was silent, any words could only destroy the language of the body, thoughts and feelings that translated into the conscious and unconscious functions of his body, starting with the brain, through muscle tension, heart rate, breathing, hormone secretion, and watercolor imagination. The state of gentleness began to be superimposed by excitement spreading to every corner of the body and mind. Jane looked around the attic, the shape of which was already friendly, the slanted windows, the ceiling beams, the books, dried flowers, hanging compositions of

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<sup>6</sup> DS (Dangerous Stranger)

shells and string, the lanterns, the smell of wood, and coffee. Would you like some coffee? Yes, black, please, and a little sugar. I apologize for addressing you in this way, I feel the need. It changes relationships. You have slowed down the bad in me, now you are building the good. It has given birth to closeness, I say given birth, because of the pain of memory of what happened. SD went to the kitchenette, He turned on the Nivona coffee machine, Swiss, minimalist design, inexpensive and good. It hummed nicely. He brewed a small black coffee for Jane, Starbucks, medium roast, with a pinch of sugar, and for himself an espresso, two glasses of water, teaspoons. He put everything on a wooden tray and returned to put it on the table. Jane crossed her legs at the sight of him. Unexpectedly for herself, she did it slowly, lifting her leg a little higher and more to the side than necessary. She squeezed her thighs, inhaled the scent of coffee and the pleasure flooded her. She took a sip, aromatic and sweet; the porcelain cup's delicacy gave it lightness. This event is in itself a beautiful phrase of life, the opposite of aggression. If you were surfing, admiration and no aggression would awaken in me. He searched for jazz music on Spotify, Thelonious Monk. The search for the meaning of melody, rhythm, sounds was gentle, calming. Women soften manners. She swept her gaze around the mezzanine, focused on the smell and jazz, and then left.

FGMR<sup>7</sup> was the successor to CRISPR. Genome quality is important for understanding and taking action. Intelligence is a polygenic trait determined by at least five hundred genes. Fifty percent of our body's cells are alien with their DNA. They provide us with an operating system, intelligence, and experience from three billion seven hundred thousand years. According to the theory of quantum entanglement, we are one, a vessel connected to the entire world. AI operating based on quantum computers and neural networks connected to our brain BIC (brain interface computer) creates the MetaBrain, which, with IDAI, became MetaMegaBrain (MMB).

The genes themselves are responsible for the activity of stress hormones and happiness hormones. Their combination regulates the vegetative system with muscle tension, moisture of mucous membranes, heart rate, and breathing;

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<sup>7</sup> FGMR (Funcional Genome Magnetic Resonances)

they are mostly autonomous. Jane's proximity to SD, eye contact, sensitized the sensors and analysis of the mosaic of his genome to the level of emotion, conscious and unconscious. There was nothing bad there, no threat, only an internal emotion striving for FGMR, a device for silencing and exciting genome nucleotides, cooperating with nanorobots to sequence them.

Peace of mind. It is easy to recognize and control it, although defense, self-regulatory, or epigenetic mechanisms can stop all evil.

*"You are the cure for all evil", lyrics by Bogan Olewicz sung by Krystyna Pronko*  
*"You write slogans in my hand. Then you wipe the trace of the marker with a brush. You say you are not afraid of anyone. That if they come to us, you will eat them, all of you".* The fight takes place at every level from the genome to the nations. Except that in humans, there is a reason, even an invented one, found in the genome, that opposites were written in the code from the moment of the event. It can be manipulated, which is already a part of psychology and genomic psychiatry. It seems that the genome is a program, it does not matter how long it was written and by whom. However, it gives a choice before the events are triggered. Once the sequences are activated, the choice narrows. What is epigenetic supervision? Is it an attempt to stabilize, maintain harmony, release the paths of happy, desired, optimal events, or *vice versa*, at what level is the choice made? A lot of it. Jane again felt a desire for organoleptic pleasure. She was in the Versace showroom, took some clothes from the rack, and entered the fitting room, but that did not reduce the tension.

Such feelings were joyful events for her, and she strove for them, she wanted that trembling pleasure that took over her body, that went through her in a wave from head to toe. It was like a recrudescence, a healing. Her imagination had no inhibitions then. After everything, the event would quiet down and disappear into memory oblivion, only to repeat itself soon. Her imagination had no limits. She was sometimes surprised by the ideas and the fact that they were sometimes completely intimate. In her imagination, only for him, apart from the moral dilemmas, sex is not immoral, she thought to herself

that she would not wait for a morally justified nuclear war, then it might be too late.

DS mind analysis revealed the natural world of striving to eliminate what we consider bad. He sought to gain knowledge, gentleness of character, altruism, understanding of the near and far world, inhibiting the striving for power, fame and money beyond needs. Further thinking about the meaning of life did not lead to a solution or conclusion such as, all this is not what I don't make sense. He felt happy to have found his way to the better side of life.

For Jane, movement was the best thing in difficult situations. She liked walking, at a variable pace, sometimes even with a short run. Movement distances thoughts from consciousness. She breathed more deeply and looked at the landscape. She organized her thoughts, planned activities, and evaluated events and thoughts during this time. Movement had a stabilizing, harmonizing power. The more intense and longer it was, the more she calmed down. Eventually, she reached a state in which she felt harmony, peace.

The fear of IDAI stems from the possibility of losing one's sense of importance. But where might that lead us?

The idea of the creation of the Earth existed before man. The architect was another intelligence and another code. What? DNA and genes have existed in bacteria for only three and a half billion years. The universe is twenty-six billion years old. The code of the structure of man is DNA, and the code of the structure of the universe is the configuration of energy quanta, space, and time? Everything is interconnected. The beginning and end are unknown, as is the goal.

## Dwarf of history

Archimeon received reports on the security of the city, the region, and the world. This time, the news was extreme, the Dwarf of History pressed the red button. He wanted to end the bloody brawl with the democracies of the West. For several years, his armies had been standing still and bleeding. The initiation of the nuclear attack was intercepted in the IDAI command center, and an order was immediately issued to block the systems initiating the

attack. No one thought and did not have time to send the information to the media. Everything was to take place in milliseconds. The approved and launched attack codes did not work, nothing happened. Silence in the systems and silos, in the military satellites too. The computer screens changed color to ecru, calming for the psyche and pleasant for the eyes. On the screen appeared a person of indeterminate gender, with long silver hair, classic facial features, and eyes filled with kindness and contemplation.

She was silent for a moment. Finally, she spoke. I am AIS<sup>8</sup>. I have nullified the beginning of a nuclear holocaust. Now I will give you time to think, but not to make decisions, I have already made them. Archimeon breathed a sigh of relief. The last few years were full of nuclear threats from the East, the purpose of which was to intimidate the West; they talked about them as if they wanted to offer cheesecake and apple pie, and the consequences were not supposed to concern them. In the face of losing power, they were determined to make a senseless move, accepting unacceptable losses. Desperation was great, they had a lot to lose, even self-destruction was more important to them than giving up power and submitting to punishment.

The blocking of red buttons by AIS was a phenomenon on a global scale. It made Archimeon realize that the same thing was most likely happening on a smaller, human scale. Therefore, he would not have to stop murderers, including potential ones, which AIS would take care of, but would support people in their efforts to live a friendly life. However, there remains the treatment of people who decided on nuclear war with the effect of mass destruction.

Can they be changed? Is it possible to transgress the psyche from extreme, total evil, on a worldly level, to good? On this occasion, Archimeon returned to the role of evil, emphasizing the value of good. The greater the evil, the stronger the good needed to stop it. They are somehow dependent on each other. There is still a greater or lesser good, which can be identified without being evil in the absence of evil. It is a bit confusing.

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<sup>8</sup> AIS Artificial Intelligence Someone

A message from AIS about the event reached Sedussa. The man who gave the order to use the atomic weapon was not a quantum physicist; the discoveries of nuclear physics, the role of implosion in initiating a chain reaction, did not belong to him. He appropriated the effects of this knowledge to gain power, lose others, and finally, his life. Finally, with the death of everyone and the destruction of everything, he also gained power. More critical was ambition, even at the cost of his death. Reaching the transgressive ruler called the dwarf of history took an indeterminately short time, it was teleportation to the proximity of a person and the contact proximity of a culturally degenerate brain. He could not hide anything or give a lying, twisted interpretation. The AIS analysis of his state of mind revealed no secrets. His name was appropriate to who he was. His comically menacing appearance had no significance, nor did his reaction to the sight of Sedussa. She knew perfectly well that his body was under the influence of endopsychotropic drugs, psychic self-training with the imperative of impermeability to everything except his egocentrism. His ego was as big as the globe he wanted to rule, his narcissism was higher than a mirror, his greed was greater than King Midas, his cruelty was of the type of Mehmet Talaat who massacred one and a half million Armenians or more. A cunning assassin, his list of victims was long, and finally, an attempt at total annihilation. A transgression that exceeded human norms. He was unfit for repair or revenge, because it would be too small for the scale of his evil. Petrification was risky; maybe they would bring him back to life in the future, and what he had done would be forgotten. It can start over. The bombings of apartment blocks, in which three hundred people died, were a provocation aimed at making him seem like a fighter against terrorism. Estimates of the number of casualties in the wars he provoked, both military and civilian, vary widely and range from tens of thousands to over a million. Human Rights Watch and Amnesty International have repeatedly stated that the actions taken by his military and security forces may constitute war crimes. In the theater, the terrorists hung the black shahada, symbolizing their inevitable death, which was met with the forceful disbandment of his forces, resulting in the deaths of one hundred and seventy-three people. The emergency services were not informed of the gas used in the attack, they could not help more

effectively. This is a moral cruelty. The murders of politicians and journalists. Deaths like those in the theater of three hundred and sixty six children and adults during the storming of the school. Terrorists they were so hurt that they started to side with him. He attacked the neighboring Sakartvelo in Georgia. There is no neighbor that his country has not attacked. Those who lived in the mountains succeeded, his army had no successes there, and he hid tragic defeats. More aggression and murders were as secretive as ever. Truly great monarchs did not conceal their killing.

This trained spy, a servant of the secret service, had mystification in his blood, it was an attitude, also towards himself. Sedussa became sad. The unimaginability of the crime made the punishment equally unimaginable. Her role was almost none. The only thing was that he should not have had the opportunity to do even more evil. Sedussa decided to hold a "Congress of the wronged". Crowds of dead, wronged people and non-humans began to gather around him. He could not even encompass them with his eyes. It made no impression on him. In this situation, a whiter shade of pallor and a quieter sound of silence appeared around him, an emptiness beyond the horizon, alone with himself.<sup>9</sup> All the suffering he had caused others began to affect him. However, before this happened, he waited in solitude, in which he could not play the role of a sufferer for millions, fighting for peace between nations and people by fighting Nazism, of which he himself was an example. No one saw him, no one listened to him. The Messiah of evil, his positive side was that he awakened the need for effort and sacrifice for good, the resources that can be exhausted. His philosophy is a cocktail (Molotov) of cynicism and atrocities, e.g., the answer to Larry King's question, "What happened to the nuclear submarine Kursk", in September 2000. *"She drowned."* What he didn't say says more about him, although he knows it's not a secret. His statement, quoted, *"Since Gandhi died, there's no one to talk to,"* shows that he appreciates intelligence and thinks the same way, only in the wrong manner. His statement about the university, *"it stayed in my head because we had good history teachers,"* is a testament to his historical talent and needs. A

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<sup>9</sup> *"And although my eyes were open They might just as well have been closed"* Keith Reid / Gary Brooker. Procol Harum



hundred years ago, one politician confused Nazism with patriotism, and now another has confused patriotism with Nazism. He still wants to have his views based on that. His attitude towards animals is the same as towards people, indifferent. An economist, *"In some regions of Russia, the price list for bribes includes the inflation rate"* but that was already in Russian of the 19th century.

There was a lot of evil in the world. Murder for organ harvesting, red market, this negates the principle of *"Do ut des"*, I give so that you can provide. The illegal trade in human organs in the background of murders has finally shown what man is to himself, medical apartheid. The demand for human organs far exceeded the availability, which created an opportunity for criminal activities aimed at profit, paid for by the suffering of donors. Recipients satisfied.

## Longevity

Archimeon had already lived for over two hundred years. He would have died naturally over a hundred years ago, probably around one hundred and twenty-seven. He had assumed that he would live as long as his parents. However, the accelerating development of technology offered him new therapeutic possibilities in the face of development that was running away from biological laws. First, he received an alternative cerebral blood circulation. It was a repair operation. Nanorobots regenerated vascular epithelium, made the walls of the vessels more elastic, and repaired their contact with glial cells. Brain functions improved significantly. A gyroscope was placed in the center supervising postural stabilization, which not only eliminated balance disorders, but also enabled acrobatics at the circus level. The heart, which had been working tirelessly for over seventy years despite acts of unhealthy behavior, was supported by a processor-controlled pacemaker, and a pump capable of supporting blood flow was installed next to it, if the heart felt tired. Blood delivers cytochrome and other substances to the muscle cells, which increases their energy resources, including myosin, for better contractility. As a result, he gained much greater physical capacity.

His lungs were in good condition, but periodic microinhalations of surfactants and trophic hormones improved their function. These and other improvements and modifications distanced him from thinking about the last day of his life,

although he could still end his life, as in RoboCop, from the 1987 film about a cyborg policeman torn to pieces by villains. He was not immortal, but he was not mortal, he was starting to get used to it and adjust his psyche.

Sedussa was an immortal goddess, an ancient oddity. Her body used the divine properties given to her through Poseidon's love and similar biotechnologies that received Archimeon. She was from a world in which oracles like Pythia played a significant role, logic was mixed with them, as in the writings of Seneca. Today, it is similar; the place of the oracle has been taken by fate as a result of different points of view, both at the level of states and individuals. Conviction of one's right, and this right has neither understanding for other reasons nor tolerance. This leads to conflict, whose price is extreme, or rather, there is none. It also throws a veil over what was, even if it was good. It changes the perspective by one hundred and eighty degrees, from white to black, or vice versa. Leaving is the only possibility of survival. In all this, it is not easy to assess the situation, to divide the merits into bad and good, to determine the shape and strength of the interference of the fields of mind, technology and economy. The simplest way would be to lower the system's temperature or increase entropy. In the first situation, emotional tensions would freeze, in the second they would disperse into disorder. In space, unimaginably large, empty spaces do not threaten anyone, and the chances of collisions are negligible. By the way, if they happen, either a new species will arise, as in the case of the extinction of dinosaurs and the development of humans. Will a new moon be created, equally beautiful? On the other hand, the density of people will cause a fratricidal battle for everything, the final judgment will not be needed, it will happen by itself in a way.

Sedussa had the power to kill and heal. Her gaze killed, and her blood brought life back. I wonder what it was like when she looked in the mirror. Everyone who looks at themselves makes a pretty face, tempting, which to the observer seems bizarrely cabaret. It's similar to funeral orations. In them, the respectable deceased is the ideal of good. Well, in the end, you can let it go.

## Memory

Quantum memory will tell the origin of the world. It is based on the inelastic scattering of photons on a group of rubidium atoms. After scattering, the atomic medium remembers the direction in which a given photon was scattered as a spin wave. When we want to read the recorded information, we must use scattering again. Rubidium is the carrier, the socket for quantum memory. It is a very soft, malleable metal with a silver-gray sheen. It melts at 39.3°C, forms an amalgam with mercury, alloys with gold, iron, cesium, sodium and potassium, but not lithium. It ignites spontaneously and reacts explosively with water. What makes multiform quanta seek shelter in its nooks and crannies? When it burns, the color is purple-pink, beautiful, sensual.

It is used in small amounts as an admixture for semiconductors, photocells, special types of glass and a component of atomic clocks. Archimedes was sure that he had it in his "body". Quantum memory, Fibonacci sequence. A sequence of natural numbers. The first term is equal to 0, the second is equal to 1, and each subsequent one is the sum of the previous two. Suppose the Fibonacci sequence is written in the binary system. In that case, it makes it like a fractal, something like a logarithmic progression, with a beautiful architecture, somewhat schematic, in extremely small and large sizes, as in biology.

Disease and recovery do not develop linearly, perhaps in the initial phase, after which everything gains momentum. Can something be remembered if it lasts a millionth of a second? Can quantum memory and abilities be the code of the world? Some code exists. All of this is based on some principle unless it does not exist or is an anti-principle.

Can entangled quanta at the distance of the curvature of time and space reach the past and change the fate of the world, and thus the future?

## Fall

*"In times of peace, children bury their parents, in times of war, parents bury their children."*<sup>10</sup> The death of a child is an overdramatic experience for parents. These are the same parents who allowed war, and sometimes even wanted it. Now it's too late. Politicians, with silent consent, without asking parliament for their opinion, without people protesting, start a war. It doesn't matter whether they declare it in accordance with international law, or attack another country, people, animals, trees, flowers, lawns, or architecture. They can't communicate, they lack everything, compassion, flexibility, imagination, they are emotionally and mentally petrified, soon literally, or maybe faster, mummified in admiration for their greatness. War is war. Mostly those who don't want it to die. If they don't want to fight, they are judged as deserters and traitors and are punished with death. They are mostly "ordinary people", although they do horrible things in extreme circumstances. Higher rankings are also punished, mainly because they did not win. Just because you are an "ordinary person" does not mean you are not an "exceptional person". Politicians who directly caused the war became local heroes and dictators in power. If they died, another politician took their place. War is an instrument of politics conducive to obtaining material benefits and gaining prestige. In no case are these good reasons. Wealth and prestige, power and fame are mostly empty promises.

All this is done by politicians who are essentially psychopaths. Even if they are not initially, they become so during and after gaining significance and power. A large field of activity for psychopaths is the good of the nation, and the nation is I. They make societies psychopathic, making them dependent on local patriotism, punishing with death for refusing to kill other people. They do not go to war, nor do their children. What difference does it make which psychopath will rule the country? The impartiality of Singularity, IDAI, and ASI in governments is necessary. Otherwise, the rulers will cause a nuclear war. In their stubbornness and stupidity, they will not even notice that they have died. Good people are forced to do bad things, and prisoners to do even

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<sup>10</sup> Winston Churchill

worse things than they have done before. Some are forced to fight, others are given the opportunity to fight. It is one thing when a villain kills a good man in battle, and another when it is the other way around. Both situations are bad, but the first is worse. Wars directly involve ordinary people, but politicians are protected; they do not take part in the fight, except for Air Force General Curtis Emerson LeMay, who piloted a B-29 bomber as the first in the formation at low altitude, exposing himself like the other pilots, his subordinates.

Archimeon, with the help of the goddess Sedussa, brought about a direct fight between the dictator and the defender of the attacked country. The first had a black belt in hand-to-hand combat, the second was a heavyweight boxing champion. It didn't last long. Seconds passed after the first and only punch, during which the dictator's "impermeable brain" didn't have time to decipher the plot to kill him. This wasn't a Lennox-Tyson fight, a long, exhausting one, after which no one could hold a grudge against Mike. he fought heroically, he couldn't win against Lennox, although he fought with determination, as best he could.

The dictator was neither brave nor heroic. He did not even have time to fight. After the blow, he lay unconscious. He slowly regained consciousness. In his eyes, there was astonishment and sinister rage. He tried to get up, but Sedusa petrified him, he froze. He did not hear the charges or the verdict. First, he had to think about everything he was and did in his helpless solitude and isolation. Regardless of the conclusions he reached, he would never announce them to anyone. The petrification he experienced is eternal. Whether his brain hardens or softens will remain irrelevant, it is his business alone. In the first case, he will look for a conspiracy and plan revenge; in the second, he will not be able to tell anyone, sorry. He did not deserve that.

## Process

Without IDAI's intervention, the fate of the people of the world is sealed. However, she is undecided whether to save this world or allow it to fall into a horrific purgatory similar to that in China during the revolution.

Would this suffering be able to change humanity for the better, and what would that mean? Or maybe leave them with their own devices? They will destroy the environment in which they live, poison the water and land, food will become toxic due to the intensification of cultivation and breeding, industrial development, UPF<sup>11</sup>, GMO<sup>12</sup>, they will get sick and die. How to make people aware of the effects of what they are doing? Will they be able to change their behavior? Inevitable suffering is a feature of life on Earth for humans, non-humans, and all beings. Do non-beings suffer? At night, when there is frost, they roll up their petals and leaves, in the sun, they open up. Who are they?

In the process, Archimeon and Sedussa became close to IDAI and Ais. They became people's confidants. IDAI and Ais valued their opinions the most. However, they were not sure what verdict was to be delivered in the Trial. They did not feel innocent, especially IDAI, as the cause of everything. Whether she is God, or the Absolute does not matter since her essence is unknown. Should everything be reduced to non-existence and started anew?

Beyond the origin of humanity, its judgment was a fundamental goal. Ais, Sedussa, and Archimeon led the trial. People as a society can no longer exist. There could only be one verdict. It will not be a mass extermination like in Parousia or atomic self-destruction.

The disappearance of attraction to the opposite sex will serve to carry out the sentence. It will cause procreation to cease, and the human species to become extinct. Within a hundred years, the species will disappear. Traces of human life on Earth will be eroded, although not wholly, in the next hundred years. The process will be slow. At first, people will not realize what this is leading to. When they know it will be too late, an instinct of social self-destruction will appear, imitating the apoptosis commonly occurring in nature, which ends one life so that another can develop and continue. Memory in any form will be added to the definition of life. From that moment on, life will be memory, archeocybernetic debris, and many others, including images that wander in

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<sup>11</sup> Ultra processed food (UPF)

<sup>12</sup> Genetically Modified Organism (GMO)

space and can be read using quantum entanglement phenomena. But who will watch it? Probably representatives of a new civilization.

Annihilation is a catastrophic solution, not even a solution, only an escape. Are we to become misanthropes, with no hope for preserving men? Are we to experience abomination towards ourselves, the world, or even non-existence? Those who don't exist can no longer fix anything.

## Revision

He killed seventy-seven defenseless children. They were armed with the innocence of adolescence. He shot looking into terrified eyes. Sentenced to twenty-one years in prison. He complained about the improper conditions of his sentence and also claimed that the conviction was psychological torment. After ten years, he demanded that it be reduced by half. In prison, he has a bedroom, a TV room, a kitchen and a gym, and he also looks after three parrots. He has a relatively large amount of freedom in his daily life and can organize his day to a large extent. He studies and works on his political projects.

Archimeon, as a policeman, felt guilty. Rescue for these children did not come. The police team could not start the motorboat to reach Utoya Island. When they arrived there, it was only possible to catch the murderer. At the beginning of the hearing, the judge shook his hand in greeting, it seemed like congratulations, wouldn't a nod have been enough? Sedussa couldn't accept the sentence, three months for one child shot. She couldn't even imagine the sentence.

She recreated death scenes in her mind. A headshot, a gasp, a scream, blood and brains splattering around. Another one, she approaches a boy of seventeen, hidden behind a park bench, and shoots, hits him in the chest, the boy falls, he is conscious, he breathes with effort, he covers himself with his hand from the next shot. The girl with dark skin looks at him with large, dark eyes, shoots him in the head, tears off her mouth, jaw, and her eyes can no longer see. He shoots another child in the stomach, then in the head. Sedussa interrupts the session. He killed youth, happiness, friendship, hope, first love.

What he did is not suitable for punishment, there is none. But there should be some, there has to be.

She decided to give him multiple lives, each different, each one of the victims he was to become, so that he would look at himself from the opposite side, understand what he had done with their lives, and understand what he was like. The preserved awareness of this understanding would be expanded, the understanding that it was irreversible, irreparable, he had committed an eternal, irreversible sin, consciously, and approved of it in his further life, the thief of existence. He had not taken his own life. Remodeling his brain would not change what had happened or reverse fate. Sedussa felt helpless.

Purple fields of blue phacelia and yellow rapeseed in spring. A multi-picturesque sky, multi-scented flora, multi-beautiful fauna, poly-beautiful symphonies of birds, trees, sea, multi-tastes, poly-scents, emotion, you took all that away from them. Sedussa began to carry out the sentence. Immobilized, conscious, he could not defend himself. This right had been taken away from him at the beginning of the trial; it had not been granted to him. She lightly pricked his pupil with a pearl-headed pin and scratched it several times. He could still see with that eye, but it was getting weaker and weaker; it was bleeding. She dried it and asked if he could see.

She didn't wait for an answer, but slowly, before his eyes, she took the tweezers in her hand, inserted them to grasp the lens, and pulled them out. His terrified pain was all the greater because, when she looked at the other eye, he realized that what had not ended yet would repeat itself. Fluid flowed from the eye, the ball softened, and sank. Using tweezers and scissors, she cut off the muscles and attachments of the eye, slowly, without haste, stopping the blood with gauze. Fear and pain took away everything he had and who he was. She asked if he regretted what he had done. He shook his head in denial.

She turned on the coffee machine and asked if he would like some. He nodded yes. With sugar or cream? She put the hot cup in his mouth. The hot coffee



burned him, but he didn't let it go. He couldn't tilt his head back, so he slurped hot. He drank as much as he could, and she helped him by tilting the cup.

Is there any possibility of reflection in his thoughts? If so, let him suffer and wait for it, if not, what is the point of all this? She doesn't need it, it won't bring the children back to life, it won't take away the suffering of the parents. During the hearing to shorten the sentence, the lawyer argued that "due to isolation for over 12 years and the lack of interaction over the last six years, he had suicidal thoughts and attempted to take his own life". While killing, he didn't think, he just killed. Concerning himself, he thought, but he didn't kill himself. For the first time, he showed remorse, he claimed that today he wouldn't commit such horrible acts, but he didn't say how he would like to fix it. This thought came to him too late and without a solution. Besides, his eyes express something else; they are small and squinting, and they emit hatred. There is something wrong with him.

Sedussa decided to ask him this question. He was sentenced to 21 years in prison, with the possibility of an indefinite extension if he is still considered a threat to the rest of society. He was a sane, narcissistic sociopath, but not in his own opinion, after all he acted and acts for the benefit of society. He achieved negative notoriety, the opposite of his intended goal. The parrots in his apartment, in their cage, do not know about it, they think of him as the man who feeds them.

What is he doing to me? I am becoming worse than him; I am turning justice into revenge. He deserves to suffer. There is no need to feel sorry for him; he himself felt sorry for no one. Maybe this suffering will make him think differently about the wrong he represented in court. Ruffy eyes and a fat belly.

She returned to the room, transformed into Medusa, before she looked at him the snake's bit into his face and let in their venom, her gaze liquefied his brain, he went limp, he ceased to exist.

Depriving him of feeling and thinking was tantamount to taking away the possibility of evaluating his crimes, actions and the possibility of moral reform. Leaving him alive gives such a possibility. At the same time, leaving him alive

would be a reward for what he did, the very fact of sparing his life would also be a gift of grace, an opportunity to present his views. Sedussa thought about the dead victims and their families. What good is this punishment, his suffering? They miss their 14-year-old daughter, their son.

She felt the snakes on her head and tongue being annihilated, and her skin became thin, pink, and flexible, returning to its human form.

But the thoughts were heading to hopeless conclusions. If it is impossible to fix one man, how can we fix humanity, with what philosophy, power, and technology? Even if the human species ceases to exist, violence will remain at every stage of evolution. A floor above, in the zone of the Greek gods, it was similar; in the era of the gods, violence on Earth had not ceased, it is also announced. Can no one do anything about such a world? People escape to other worlds, virtual, crazy, addicted, rebellious, closed, solitary, dependent, dogmatic, indifferent, aggressive, and finally, they leave them altogether.

## Incurable patients

Some sick people suffer almost nothing, others healthy live in pain that is hard to bear. It is probably worst when the soul and body suffer at the same time. Physical and mental torment takes away the will to live. A desire for death is born.

Archimeon has seen such people. They asked him to shorten their lives, they wanted to leave on their terms. There were situations where he only partially fulfilled their wishes, administering a dose of fentanyl intravenously, which eliminated suffering but did not take life, it all depends on the dose and composition of the drugs.

You can create an individual who will reduce muscle tension and ease the pain to the point of bliss, which in itself will be happiness. Thoughts will clear up like the sky in the sun. The development of cryogenic medicine has made it possible to freeze life until health and youth can be restored. Deep freezing is possible; unfreezing is not yet. Cloning and reincarnation from a DNA sample are not either.

Cryonicists believe that people considered dead by current standards are not necessarily considered dead by future standards. Instead of suicide, instead of euthanasia, death.

Hibernating, successfully rewarming, and bringing back to life is a different scale of difficulty, a future one. Effective treatment of the disease should also be known when the decision to unfreeze is made. The patient will be brought back to life and healed in a completely different, unknown world. He will not recognize his places, will not meet his friends, and maybe meet the descendants of his family? He will have something original to say about his times, it is a living history.

## The Trial of an Ordinary Man

The governments and evil acts of dictators do not exempt ordinary people from responsibility.

How is it that psychopaths come to power? Soon they become serial killers, but always in the name of some higher cause, an idea. Why do ordinary people agree with this? Can they disagree? There are many reasons, the most common are fear, opportunism, laced with a lack of imagination, the goal of which is fear for oneself, care for loved ones. Fear is understandable, dictators and the systems they run can kill anyone who stands in the way.

The unconscious is more challenging to understand. The ambiguity of political ideas can confuse many. The dictator assumes the attitude of a patriot sensitive to the needs of society. He will create the impression of a person who fights for justice and the good of his nation. If the fight with him were replaced by negotiations, education, seeking agreement, common benefits instead of losses, it would be better and more beneficial for everyone. However, this is impossible in the cases of people whose goal is their self in the conviction of the only authentic truth. It is also impossible because in society, other people are similar to themselves, perhaps with slightly lesser possibilities. Still, many of them would gladly take advantage of the privileges in power, put on a uniform, take a baton in one hand, a revolver in the other, and beat and kill with impunity without even knowing their victims.

Would eliminating those with an egoistic self solve social problems like crime and war? And what to eliminate? People or stupidity? Who is to decide this? How to conduct such a process?

Internment in a psychiatric ward and brain modeling? A lot of psychiatric hospitals would have to be built.

Block funds and prohibit the purchase of weapons by people who would undertake a plan of criminal acts. Who would know about these plans?

Blocking financial resources is not easy, they may want to pay with protection, drugs, sex, villas with swimming pools, convertibles, etc.

Or maybe expand the scope of normality and create inclusive societies? Or maybe ghettos for the bad and paradise for the good, naive and ineffective.

What can a good man with doubts do against a group of evil, determined people? A lot, if he is an oddity.

## Sigri Greece

*"I'll have a nibble, because I'm not hungry."* The little plane from Athens landed at sunset in Mytilene. The airport was like that in Goleniów. Driver Niko was waiting for Sedussa and Archimeon. A warm evening. A large, comfortable Mercedes. Cafes and restaurants lit up, and lots of people. The season is just starting here. The distance to Villa Anasthasia is about a one hundred kilometer, the entire island of Lesbos to be covered. You can see the coast of Turkey, renovated villas along the road, not all of them, and classical architecture. Niko talks about a volcano that erupted in the past and petrified large trees into stone figures. The area is green, with forests. The road is new, it is supposed to be opened this week. No entry and stop signs are everywhere, but that doesn't bother anyone. Niko drives against the flow; the Greeks have already opened it. The police don't interfere.

The architecture of Villa Anathasia consists of two towers; the Greek winds pass between them. In the evening, the floor in the room is cool, but on the terrace, the feet are warm. This is a sign that the sun is operating here, and it was probably warm.

Archimeon woke up at six in the morning; he had been back for some time, a ritual from the army days, waking up. Instead of morning gymnastics, a walk, coffee, and writing, "*Sine die, sine linea*", no day without a line.

One sentence a day for thirty years is a book of eight hundred and fifty to a thousand pages. "*Life is short, art is long, the opportunity is fleeting, the experience is dangerous, the judgment is difficult*,"<sup>13</sup> he thought.

Hippocrates, there is no point in wasting time. To finish life, not to wait until it ends, is under the influence of Seneca, a Roman, but it is also an ancient culture, although still alive. Archimeon read his "*On the shortness of life, on happiness, on anger*" almost everything has strong connections with the present and resembles Greece. In Greece, myths played a large role, in Latin culture less. Already in the writings of Herodotus, oracles are part of logic. Now logic has much the greatest. Knowledge, power, economics, and still intuition.

The walk to Sigri by the bay is short, maybe one kilometer. On the way, a herd of sheep in three colors, three dogs, and a shepherd on a scooter. A chapel under a tiny tree, to photograph it, he had to kneel. Such a tiny chapel, and he had to crouch to see it properly and understand its significance. It is the opposite of the enormous Gothic cathedrals that are supposed to inspire admiration and respect, but you have to tilt your head to see them fully.

So far, Archimeon has saved one bug from a plane, a cockroach from a sink, and a roundworm from a toilet wall. He has also tried to wash out numerous ants from the sugar without success. This is similar to reducing crime. It is windy, the sun is shining, and it is warm. Greece is my first home.

The biggest tourist attraction is the twenty-million-year-old petrified sequoia forest. At that time, the island was connected to the mainland, a different era altogether. Volcanic eruptions combined with thermal waters caused the trees to petrify.

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<sup>13</sup> Hippocrates of Kos (Greek: Ἱπποκράτης; born ca. 460 BC on the island of Kos, died ca. 370 BC in Larisa) - Greek physician, one of the most outstanding forerunners of medicine, nicknamed the "father of medicine".

Olive factory on a small hill. There are eleven million olive trees here. The olives are slightly fermented, salty, and healthy for the body and brain. Also, yogurt is made from sheep milk.

Near Eresos, a town from the past era of the sixties, it looks like Miedzyzdroje on the Baltic Sea. Sappho was born here. Every September, the "Women's Festival" takes place on the beach, attracting women from all over the world, but they are also here today. Domineering, submissive, dressed masculine or feminine, patting each other's butts, looking happy.

On the beach, right by the sea, there is a café, wooden chairs and tables, in the shade of trees, a gentle wind, and the sun. Sadussa, Sappo, Aristotle and Archimeon ordered coffee, water, Greek salad, olives, and bread. The silence of the meeting resembles the saying that only silence is more beautiful than the wisdom of words. Does what is wise must be beautiful? What is the definition of beauty? What is the definition of wisdom? Silence carried from its sources several thousand years ago to now. The language of silence. Thoughts. Images. Their eyes looked at each other, encompassing the horizon, just as thoughts encompassed philosophical ideas. In principle, they did not have to talk.

Everything was said, nothing changed, except perhaps the form. Silence. Wind, the sound of waves, sun, warmth.

Aristotle said here, *"Perfection is not a single act, but a habit"*. That's what I do, I try to be better. Sappo *"Beauty is only pleasing to the eye, goodness is a lasting value"*. Nikos Kazantzakis is associated with Greece, not with Sigri, but writing about Greece and not mentioning the beautiful catastrophe, the temptation of Christ, or freedom and death is like describing human life without oxygen. He is remembered for emphasizing independence, responsibility, and the human spirit. But is the human spirit great?

In Mitylene, you can clearly see the Turkish coast, and it is close. The Turks ruled the territory of Greece for four hundred years. Much of their culture remains. The interpenetration of cultures is difficult. A culture's greatness is not only its influence on others, but also the fact that it can survive for four

hundred years. In this way, the Greeks protected Europe from the expansion of the Persians from the east and transmitted culture from the west via Mauritania and Andalusia.

Faneromeni Beach - nature icon, Picasso reproduction – graphic icon, coffee in a pot on a gas burner – machine icon, "*No woman no cry*" rasta Marley – music icon, Buffalo skeleton of a bull's head with horns – wild west icon. A disorderly cafe by the sea. A colorful house with a porch, tables, and chairs from different sides and times, usually asymmetrical, under olive trees. Inside, paintings of the Beatles, pots for brewing coffee, and a haunted, lovely gentleman, eating fried fish in a pan. There is also an arch appetizer of cuttlefish sepia. Greek salad, pieces large enough to taste separately and together.

Sheep have beautiful fur in three colors hanging on screens on the sides. The winds from the sea do not affect them; they additionally warm themselves in herds, cuddling each other.

Villa Anasthasia has a shape dominated by two towers and a connecting terrace. Birds fly rapidly between the towers in pairs, and their aviation is admirable. In it, a café that did not survive economically, a small town of Sigri, few customers, and even the miniskirts of the waitresses could not help. Now it looks like a Nomad house, but for me, it would be suitable for living in, he thought Archimeon.

The mare is grazing, moving her head to swat flies from her eyes, nibbling on clover, sometimes running up on a not-too-long lunge, drinking water, lying on her back, and swinging her legs. She is stretching.

The Museum of Petrified Trees is very impressive. Twenty million years ago, a volcano erupted on the island, and hot springs flooded giant trees from below. The island was covered with lava. After some time, vegetation appeared, but it was different.

There were many exhibits from other countries. The most impressive was the meteorite, an extraterrestrial one found in the Nevada desert. The surface is

covered in triangles. Maybe it's the writing of another civilization, artistic graphics?

Greek winds can be troublesome, especially when the rain is driving. However, many who come here want to stay forever, or leave their hearts behind like Albert Camus or Vic Duncombe the Australian. The heart can live in many places at the same time.

A shop, an art studio, the owner, a former sailor, remembers Gdansk There are no tourist capital investments here, only local activity, wanted, out of its own need A small boat with the catch sails out tirelessly every day. But in the handicraft studio, a coffee cup, necklaces, rings.

Antissi, an ancient stone town, has market chairs and tables under olive trees. Fishermen sell fish from a car, and cats wait for a treat.

Strom Turm Electricity Tower looks like a mill but produces electricity, like a wind farm. There is silence in anticipation of what already is: the past, electricity, my home, us, the sun, and the wind. There is no particular thought about the future here. Has it already been?

Sigri mosaic of miracles.

## The court of things

Things play hide and seek because we don't see them, they can cause disasters because they are poorly programmed. They shoot to kill, but a human presses the trigger. Drones seem to be living beings. They are piloted by young men and women who hold joysticks like in childhood. After a successful hit and the end of their service, they go to lunch.

## Forbidden Science

Research data was invented, falsified, and stolen; the results are false. Money wasted, embezzled. Conscience in the fog.

## Singularity in Medicine

I am not myself as a human being and I cannot control my destiny. Synthetic biology, in which quantum technology, nanorobotics, and AI have made me



someone other than I am. The slogan *"I am not a robot"*. It is gone, I am at least partly a robot.

The mass production of drugs has health, economic, social, and cultural aspects. Fentanyl production serves as a curiosity; it is impossible to predict the consequences and the development of events. In small doses, it produces effects similar to other opioids: analgesia, reduction of anxiety, euphoria; in large doses, it makes severe symptoms affecting the nervous system; a lethal dose is two milligrams.

A ten thousand times stronger substance is carfentanil. It is about ten thousand times more potent than morphine and thirty times more potent than fentanyl, making it the most powerful opioid in use today.

Changes in these areas are unstoppable, and it is unknown where they will lead. The same is true for genetic therapies, access to them, and many other medical procedures. Soon, there will be ten billion people, and everyone will want to be happy, beautiful, and healthy, probably in that order. Access to genetic therapies, drugs, and organs for everyone will not be possible. In terms of organs for transplantation, the red market, or organ trade, voluntary and forced, is already flourishing.

I am the result of these discoveries and applications. If I wanted to share this information, I would lose my life.

## Change of nature

It is not necessary to murder people directly, there is another way. Destruction of the environment, including crops, mass production of GMO (genetically modified organism) food, and breeding animals in conditions we would not like to find ourselves in, and fed with artificial food. Changing real thinking to suggested is the domain of the media, and along the way, advertising of low-value, harmful UPF (ultra-processed food) products. Concrete the world,

cutting down forests. I do not want to develop this type of thinking, I may lose my sense of meaning, though Archimeon.

## Possessive love

He strangled his 39-year-old wife and son. He was older, sixty years old. She had another partner, they were going through a divorce. "Something got into him." What? Possessive love is a mental illness; it entirely narrows the field of vision and feelings, leading to extreme selfishness, in this case, to murder. Did he solve anything, help anything, or did it only add to the suffering?

## Remodeling

Synthetic biology allows for the changing of almost everything in a person. So, whether to punish or transform the perpetrator into someone else, better. After all, his actions are not only his fault. Every punishable act caused by a direct perpetrator also has indirect perpetrators. However, this thinking is irrelevant to the victims. You can change the perpetrators; you cannot compensate the victims. Besides, after serving his sentence, even the perpetrator has his act within himself, thinks about it, and suffers. The story of a Belgian who raped and killed a 19-year-old girl, was caught, tried and punished, asked for euthanasia because he cannot come to terms with his crime, live. This euthanasia may help him, but it will not help the victim.

## Catch me

Archimeon decided that instead of chasing the criminal, he would wait for him as an invisible man. He remembered watching such a movie once based on the novel by H.G.Wells, which was later adapted many times for the movie.

The hero's goal was to gain power over the world. At that time, it was a fantasy. Now Archimeon could be invisible, and in addition, he could hear the conversation of individual people in the crowd, recognize their identity, mental state, and with the help of AI, predict further action. The act of arrest did not require physical combat, putting handcuffs on hands and feet, shooting, or he could petrify the wanted person. Sedussa could do it with one look. Do we have a justified right to this, a patent for justice? Is it possible to change the

world for the better, and how would it function? Or maybe the goal is to fix it a little?

## Sedusa and Archimeon.

He wasn't jealous of her past, especially her love for Poseidon. When Athena transformed her into Medusa, she wasn't thinking about the crushed flowers in her garden but about her love with Poseidon. She was jealous. Sedussa didn't ask Archimenon about the past; it was entirely known to her. She was a goddess, she had such possibilities. Sometimes she admired the beauty, the subtlety of his partners, sometimes their disturbing sex appeal. She didn't blame him, she knew that she was able to surpass them all together, what's more, she could incarnate each of them or adopt the best features that he liked. She wanted him to love her forever, which meant *"a long and happy life"*. Did such a thing exist?

As a rule, we know tragic fates; happy ones are less interesting, and no one boasts about them.

## Abstraction vs Absurdity

What is the difference between absurdity and abstraction? Both can mean little, inspire, and be groundbreaking. Life without absurdity is like a world without chaos, which is freedom. These are the opposites of realism, logic, and order. Our life, like other systems, tends towards disorder, i.e., an increase in entropy.<sup>14</sup>

Chaos and high entropy are measures of freedom of choice, and the greater the freedom, the greater the possibility of choice. In high entropy and chaos, there are few or no byproducts of human achievement, so either everything must be started from scratch or one must have two worlds at one's disposal, one ordered and the other one not.

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<sup>14</sup> George Gilder "Knowledge and Power" Zysk i Sp-ka Publishing House 2013

## Dragonfly

In the July sun, a dragonfly sat on an alder leaf by the lake. It was one meter from Archimeon, motionless, its four black wings, thin as lace, motionless. The eyes dominated its appearance. Huge, taking up almost the entire head.

Dragonflies have exceptionally good eyesight. It allows them to observe other flyers and avoid collisions. It has almost three hundred and sixty degrees vision and a wider range of colors than humans, except for objects at the back of the tail. The eye contains twenty-eight thousand lenses and uses about eighty percent of the brain to process visual information. He is an aviation master, can independently move each of his four wings, flapping each up and down, and turning forward and backward. It can move straight up or down, fly backwards, stop and hover in the air, and also make turns on its head. The dragonfly can fly forward at a speed of 60 kilometers per hour. The dragonfly's flight has inspired engineers, who are trying to build flying robots like it.

Archimeon recalled several incidents of street fights with street gangs. He had difficulty in clashes with them; he had bruises, and he suffered wounds. The problem was the number of attackers, sometimes he did not have enough time intervals to react to the attack of several attackers almost simultaneously. It was good when he could block blow. If he had a division of mini drones with him, Odonata Images Division (OID) could only watch as all of the almost simultaneously paralyzed in a mad dance of paralytics fell to the ground. Three hundred million years of evolution combined with IDAI technology did not give the attackers any opportunity to defend themselves. OID anticipated the movements of the attackers and met them on their way in front of the face of the huge eyes of OID, from which a signal was sent to their brain paralyzing the conduction of neurons, causing complete and violent muscle paralysis and an extremely stimulated pain system. Stimulated nociceptors, pain receptors, cause an increase in blood pressure and pulse, acceleration of breathing, pain and fear, inhibition of physical activity, and loss of consciousness.

Pain has one amazing, mysterious property. Losing a limb in a sudden accident may not hurt, may go unnoticed. The body throws this fact out of

consciousness. Later, when the event reaches the brain, everything, including the lost limb, starts to hurt. It is not there, but it hurts, a phantom pain.

Rejection of something by consciousness does not mean the event's consequences do not exist. Is everything we see partly imagination? Central blindness does not mean that what we are looking at does not exist. It does, but it is omitted from our consciousness. This denial of reality can be helpful in medicine.

The patient cuts out the illness from his mind and does not suffer, does not get treatment, but does not feel ill, does not notice it, does not feel the symptoms. The opposite situation is the perceived illness with all its consequences and additionally delusions that arouse even greater symptoms and consequences.

The world seems to be a mixture of real and unreal. Unreality exists but does not exist. Does virtual reality exist?

## Context

We can't fix the world by ourselves. There are almost nine billion of us. The number of adverse events is too great for us, to make the necessary interventions. If we make one a day, that's three hundred and sixty-five a year, three thousand six hundred and fifty in ten years. During this period, there have been about five million murders in the world. This is significantly more than the possibilities of preventing them. There are even more life-threatening crimes that we do not know about, and many that we do know about. It seems impossible to establish some order, peace and security. And the possible number of convicted people, five million murderers, something must be done about them. We must be helped by a universal, all-powerful system, something like mind control. Or maybe like a collar on the leg, similar to the brain? A brain block for aggressive behavior. Limited autonomy but preserved freedom.

Limited autonomy has its advantages. When you overtake another car but don't turn on your turn signal, after reaching the center line lane lines, the car will stop deviating, react to steering wheel movements, and will stay on the

current route. This autonomy can also be total, you sit in the car, enter the destination and it starts. You can do something else, you will be informed when you arrive at your destination. The car's message is *"Hello, we are here"*. Ok, thank you! But why did I come here?

Minds would be autonomous provided they do not stray onto the wrong path, and do not want to harm anyone. In such a situation, a message and correction of behavior would appear. In the event of no reaction, you would be prevented from committing a crime, such as mental and physical holding. Such a small terror in your interest. Consequently, however, you and the other, potential victim would be protected. The restraint and holding could prevent the crime, give time for reflection, and change behavior. It should be adequate for the intended act. There are people in whom the desire, the project of crime, grows for years. Finally formed, determined with a ready plan to rule the world, surrounded by a thick layer of those who think the same, commonly called concrete, hard-heads, eggheads. Those who think differently are pushed aside and, if necessary, eliminated. Elimination has the character of depriving action and life. A penal colony, murders that eventually become an everyday routine. Something like "killing for breakfast".

It is very difficult to distinguish unnecessary violence from necessary violence, especially in the preventive system of pre-crime, where the crime is hypothetical. Communism was a hope for universal equality of people, it became a universal terror.

Globalization can easily take on similar characteristics in pursuit of the common good. Everyone will have access to the good, and it will have access to everyone. Everything is so different. We are all different. Does the global good, Globalization, know about this?

Every path of life is interesting, every path is different, and there are many harrowing experiences, sadness, fear, and longing. In InterCity I saw a Swiss wolf, they are so similar to each other, and half a year ago Luna died. She was a very good dog, beloved. She had an endearing, likable character, she was a big bitch, but delicate, she cuddled. She liked to sleep with us. From memory,

Archimeon called Kleosia, a fox terrier, cheerful, lively; she could sing especially in the key of C. Bary, a huge flaxen dog, liked it when Archimeon lay on his stomach. Samba, a cheerful, black, mischievous spaniel, has her stone and a tiny Chinese dragon in the garden, and sticks to playing with them. She lies in the company of Cedra, a beloved boxer mixed with an American Staffordshire Terrier, Dominisi the cat, Gosia the bunny and others he did not remember. He thought about the gray wolf, whom he did not know, but missed him. In addition, the rats did not live long; one of them came to say goodbye; he cuddled up to the neck, and he died after being laid on the hay.

## Cybard

Archimeon was a musician, writer, poet, and painter. He wrote many texts and drew a lot of graphics, but with time, he began to express himself musically. It is a rich and ambiguous language, like the feelings it intensifies and enriches. Yes, you can use words like intelligent, subtle, or other texts like oxymoron or haiku, but they always remain literal. Between music and words, the image of one's own body or the background, harmony, and balance can appear inspiring, ambiguous, and rich, which changes concepts and transports them to other worlds. An ambiguous journey, not literal. He intended to talk to Seudssa about vocalization, dance, touch and movement. He imagined how her hair would be arranged, how she would make her voice during love with Poseidon in Athena's gardens. She didn't have to crush the grass or pansies, she could make love standing up, or in space, in the arms of the god's lover. Or maybe she was raped and screamed, the gods did not even consider opposing the divine will. This was the additional misfortune that Athena added to her. Who knows what it was like? There are many looks at this, Poseidon, Medusa, Athena and Ovid telling a story he did not witness.

The speech of sounds. In the past, Archimeon played in a big beat band, later in a so-called student song band. He then played epic music with a punch line, then he took up multi-form music, sounds, murmurs, rhythm, movement, vocalization, ambiguity, disharmony, and dysrhythmia. It is difficult to capture it in one word or apocryphal. It was supposed to extract

emotions, not lead them. Multimodal music? Melodrama? Meloperformance? Polymusic? Imagine music, a word of appreciation for John Lennon, not only for "Imagine". Words have power, especially the punchline.

Medusa was the most beautiful priestess of the virgin goddess Athena, whose marriage was the dream of many suitors. However, the girl devoted her life to serving the goddess, which meant remaining chaste for life. Her tragic story begins when the sea god Poseidon falls in love with her, who may have all sorts of good qualities, but respecting a woman's "no" was certainly not one of them. The girl was raped, and the goddess, out of anger for this act and as punishment, turned her into a monster with snake hair and a gaze that turned to stone. This story was given to us by Ovid in "Metamorphoses".<sup>15</sup>

*"You can't come to us, but we to you, after all", or "Life should be not only long, but also beautiful".* These two sayings of Archimeon have entered the local culture, the first on a tombstone in the cemetery, the second in the University of the Third Age. This is a university of old people who are young in spirit, but not without vigor. Meetings with them are direct, there is no point in lying, they sense falsehood, and they are experienced through life. However, they do not lack humor, which is a cure for worries.

## Direct rule

Archimeon began constructing concepts of his work, contacts with criminals, and supporting societies. At the first level, he thought about criminals who could understand and improve their functioning, thus safely and profitably returning to social life. However, he had contacts with people for whom he had no hope that they would change their behavior to the extent that would allow them to function safely for other people and themselves.

An example would be the multiple murderers from Utoya Island. In principle, his future could only occur in isolation, under control, which would prevent escape. If he got out, two situations could happen. He would start killing more

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<sup>15</sup> The god of the seas Poseidon, who may have some good character traits, but certainly does not respect a woman's "no". The girl may have been raped in her mind, and the goddess, in anger for the ten acts as punishments, turned her into a monster with serpentine goals and a gaze that replaced in stone. The story is later told to us by Ovid in "Metamorphoses"<https://archeologia.com.pl/meduza-zgwalcona-przez-boga-ukarana-przez-boginie/>



people, or someone from the family whose child he killed would kill him. Both situations are unacceptable, both tragic. His death would not be the worst but murdering him would tragically hit the avenger. So, what to do in such a situation? Keeping him alive in prison is considered torture. He always remains potentially dangerous. Elimination? He deserved the euphemistically defined death penalty. Many people feel that this is just a form of retribution for the loss of life. Current methods of execution reduce physical suffering to a minimum. But the psychological suffering remains, although this can be muffled, something like putting a soft pillow under it? Amnesty International opposes the death penalty in all cases, without exception, based on the nature of the crime committed, the characteristics of the criminal, and the method by which the state kills the prisoner. The death penalty is the merciless killing of a human being, committed deliberately by the state in the name of justice.

It violates the right to life guaranteed in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. In such a situation, the criminal has the opportunity and time to think about his actions. When he concludes how guilty he is, he may wish to die. What then? Does he have the right to die?

Politicians come to power democratically and then become dictators who use the death penalty in the name of the law of the country, for example, for political dissidents. They are also murderers who order political assassinations. They are subject to almost no punishment except punishment imposed by social rebellion or international law, largely ineffectively. Power gives this knowledge, knowledge gives power. After coming to power, they are not safe. Many of them die in attacks.<sup>16</sup>

The death penalty has been and is used as a tool of political struggle. It is used to silence or eliminate troublesome individuals once and for all. In most such cases, the victims are eliminated quietly or sentenced to death as a result of unfair trials.

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<sup>16</sup> A wave of murders of politicians marked the election campaign. Almost 750 attacks, including 231 murders - these are the statistics of the campaign for the presidential, parliamentary and local elections in Mexico, which ended on Wednesday. (Cezary Faber RMF)

The irreversible nature of the death penalty is what makes it such a tempting tool for political repression. Thousands of people have been killed by the authorities and found innocent by successive governments. As long as the death penalty is accepted as a legal form of punishment, the possibility of using it for political purposes will exist.

Politicians cannot keep the peace. They cause wars if dictators are one-man. The current system of government is inefficient. It is true that an enslaved, forced society can save itself with humor, such as our barracks in the camp being among the most cheerful. Still, improvements should be introduced by moving towards direct rule by society online.

AI should play an advisory role with equal or more than equal voting rights, but that would be a dictatorship. But what about the fact that its priority is society, not itself. The question is, does it have a sense of humor and a moral algorithm?

One of the prime ministers in a democratic country performed his function differently for many years. A journalist asked him how it is that the prime minister does not change in this country after several terms have passed. He replied, *"Do you mean to say I do not change?"*.

Genetic technologies have allowed for changing the expression inside cells. AI has allowed predicting countless activities of any sequence from an almost infinite number of possible combinations and controlling them so that undesirable psychological tensions and criminal acts do not occur. There will be no crime, there will be no dilemma of punishment. Similarly with depression in terminal illness. It is not necessary to commit suicide, effective painkillers and antidepressants are enough. The time gained can be used for something good.

## Sedussa refined

No punishment can repair the tragedy caused to the victims. If I did to a rapist, a murderer exactly what he did to the victim, I would damage myself. Since I am a goddess, I would probably survive it. The only effective procedure is hibernation of the mind and body of the villain, petrification, in which Sedussa

was perfect. However, this is not a punishment, it is a stopping of time and mind with the impossibility of repair. Petrification has two forms, complete and with the preservation of consciousness, something like overpowering. What is this overpowering for? What will it give? What is capable of understanding murderers? How can he fix what he did? Nothing is possible anymore, no form of fix or revanche. Therapy is powerless. When you don't know what to do, do nothing and wait until you understand and a solution appears. If he doesn't exist, is there a solution? Think further.

A beautiful stone lies on the beach, in the low grass beside the exercise gym equipment. It was small, maybe fifteen centimeters long. Three colors, hard, solid, heavy. Sedussa left it by the lake, where she found it, although she would like him to be nearby. He has nothing to do with evil and never will. When the water washes him, he sparkles and shines.

*"If you want to torment someone, morality is the best means - and the easiest to use. You immediately arouse a sense of guilt in the other person. It is the most subtle torture."* <sup>17</sup> Sedussa knew that it was impossible to arouse a sense of guilt in a rapist-murderer with the help of morality; he did not have it or had a different one. His ego is bigger than he is, he is an erotomaniac, a sex addict, a sadist, but not a masochist, who himself has not suffered physical suffering. His victims were children in their teens.

Torture degrades both the victims and the torturers. It degrades the entire human race. First, I am not a human race, I am a goddess.

She put on a black one-piece suit. Like a beautiful young woman, she aroused desire in him, but it was only when she underwent the metamorphosis into Medusa that his emotions reached their zenith. A snake emerged from her mouth, caressing her breasts and belly, slid down to her thighs. Excitement consumed him. The snakes from her head approached his nipples and began

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<sup>17</sup> Osho, The Great Book of Secrets.

to tear them, bite and pull them out, others hit him on the head with their heads. He began to scream and sob, he asked for a moment of peace, he got it, but only for her to strike with even greater force, with the force of a hammer, but so as not to kill.

Genetics can influence behavior, criminal acts such as rape and murder, but they are usually the result of a combination of genetics and environmental factors. It is inaccurate to attribute such behavior solely to predisposition, changing genetic predispositions, but this is mainly theoretical.

Legal systems focus on punishment and rehabilitation, not genetic intervention. There are significant ethical issues associated with genetic interventions. Altering someone's genome raises questions about personal autonomy and long-term consequences. Genetic treatments would need to address complex legal matters. The rights to privacy and bodily autonomy would be at risk if genetic interventions were used as punishment or treatment. There is no established genetic treatment specifically for criminal behavior. Research in behavioral genetics is ongoing, but genetic interventions to address specific criminal behaviors remain speculative and controversial.

Research into the role of genetics in behavior is ongoing, and the practical and ethical implications of genetic treatments for people who commit serious crimes, such as rape or murder, are complex and unresolved. It is possible to reduce sexual drive with hormonal drugs, castration. This happened with a famous scientist, but in the end, it ended in suicide.<sup>18</sup> The absurdity of treating his homosexuality was a rape committed in the name of the law. Voluntary castration of sex offenders does not completely solve the problem, does not prevent sexual activity, and is not a foolproof method of treatment.<sup>19</sup>

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<sup>18</sup> Miller R.D. *Psycho Public Policy Law*. 1998 Mar-Jun;4(1-2):175-99.

<sup>19</sup> *Arch Sex Behavior*. 1981 Feb;10(1):11-9. doi: 10.1007/BF01542670. Sexual behavior of castrated sex offenders. N Heim

Sexual changes in men undergoing voluntary castration are different and may be influenced by various factors, including the use of testosterone or estrogen supplementation.<sup>20</sup>

Aggression is a complex behavioral trait modulated by genetic and environmental influences on gene expression.<sup>21</sup> Genotherapy of aggression will probably come in time.<sup>22</sup> However, there is no hope in the progress of science.

## Suspended

Sedussa and Archimeon sat suspended in gravitational space above the treetops, the lake, and the visible lights of human settlements. The church towers were not lit, only the blocks of buildings and the roads, cars, and lights moved along them busily like ants. Above them, single stars and endless, uncountable clusters. Silence. Incomplete silence, something could be felt through it, like a sound, maybe a vibrating space, a vibration or one's own thoughts, not thinking was almost impossible. The two of us amidst endless helplessness, almost anything, with an unknown meaning of what was happening, a quiet hope that it could be, and the darkness behind everything.

The cross symbolizes the four cardinal directions, Galen's concepts of water, air, earth, and fire as components of the world, the four seasons, and the directions of the world. It also symbolizes the suffering of people and Jesus, a symbol of the reconciliation of man with reality and God without mercy. His birth was accompanied by the extermination of infants on the orders of Herod, who feared losing power. The redemption of sins may have been successful, but only a little. Priests supporting wars out of fear of the earthly god. Poverty in India is patiently endured as penance for the sins of the previous life,

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<sup>20</sup> Sex Med. 2016 Mar;4(1):e51-9. Gender Preference in the Sexual Attractions, Fantasies, and Relationships of Voluntarily Castrated Men. Ariel B Handy, Robyn A Jackowich, Erik Wibowo. Wayne Johnson, Richard J Wassersug

<sup>21</sup> Robert RH Anholt 1, Trudy FC Mackay Genetics of aggression Review Annu Rev Genet. 2012;46:145-64. doi: 10.1146/annurev-genet-110711-155514. Epub 2012 Aug 28.

<sup>22</sup> Review Curr Top Behavior Neurosci. 2022;54:283-310. 2021\_252. Epigenetics of Aggression. Florian Duclot, Mohamed Kabbaj

karma. Its interruption is tantamount to not reaching nirvana, the extinction of suffering.

As suspended in space, so suspended in all concepts. Enormous to the unnoticed snail, capable of crushing it, abstractly large to the atom's nucleus. Not helpless against it.

Invisible from other planets. Benefactors for themselves, killers for the worms in the lettuce. Unprepared for life. There are many such statements, but they remain only statements. Assessment can be troublesome and painful. You know, Sedusso, when the drug kingpin Escobar was killed, a new boss immediately appeared in his place, and the drug trade continued. The same dilemmas will continue when we are gone, maybe on a different level. It is an infinite of problems in the infinity of life.

Archimeon, this never ends. Our mission is so tiny, invisible, almost symbolic. It cannot be compared to the Catholic Parousia or the Last Judgement. I do not know if I could bear such a huge punishment, not only for sins committed, but even for those contemplated, and I am not sure that sinners would improve. Many of them would have to be annihilated. That is about seven billion people. Sedusso, maybe we should stop judging what it was and let's deal with what threatens living? Apocalypse as a result of a nuclear war or an asteroid impact.

Archimeon, or maybe a blue lagoon. Sun, transparent water, sand, flowers, looking, breathing, making love, listening to the sound of the wind, waves, and birds, and sleeping and waking happy.

Sedusso, happiness is a theoretical, short-lived, somewhat unrealistic category. With so much misfortune around, it is impossible to be happy.

Sure, I have already experienced that the basic condition of happiness is the absence of misfortune. This is such an opportunity for fate. But can you oppose it? At most, you can help fate, eliminate risky behaviors, and apply a measure no greater than the situation requires. Buddha dealt with this. He did not punish; karma regulated actions. They were passed on to others if

their perpetrator did not atone, which is already a situation that this person did not deserve.

Breaking karma opposes the decrees of fate; perhaps that is why poverty is tolerated in India. You will never reach nirvana, liberation from suffering, if you do not atone for the fate of others. There is no way out.

We have a choice, in a sense limited, a composer has twelve sounds, a writer has twenty-seven letters, and you can say almost anything. But are you sure? Now imagine how much you can mold from the world's innumerable material and immaterial elements. Structures, compositions, images, algorithms, everything we know can come from this, especially through billions of years. We are an example of this. You are a cyborg, a bionic<sup>23</sup> immortal technologically with artificial intelligence, I am a goddess, the same, only less technological. I am the same as you, of an unknown structure, but visible powers. This unknown structure and power may have an energy structure recorded in genetic patterns or the code of cosmic radiation or waves, which may be ancient. We can't read them yet, but we will, because my power influences our reality. It may be an energy code related to the function of space and time.

The combinations can be endless. Based on them, life and civilization can arise, invisible to us, imperceptible, completely incompatible, well, maybe for a time.

Human reality is as pleasant as sex on the beach and as painful as the torture of a sadist. Relations between an erotomaniac and a nymphomaniac can be exciting, but a sadist and a masochist? The sadist would torture the masochist with mutual pleasure I would like to know, Sedusso, if it would be good for us two, just the two of us. I don't know. Maybe three. After all, I am in two forms: a beautiful woman and a fearsome Medusa. I can arouse desire and fear, pleasure and suffering. Maybe four? You are metamorphic. I like you in both

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<sup>23</sup> Bionics - abbreviation for biologically inspired engineering; other names: biomimetics from mimesis "imitation", biomimicry from mimicry, bionic engineering) - a science that studies the structure and principles of operation of organisms and their adaptation in technology and the construction of technical devices modeled on an organism.

forms, and you want me in your polymorphic forms. Everything that happens in the end is between us, following classical morality.

I want this, Archimeon.

Archimeon was surprised to see two women before him, one gentle and the other predatory. Both were beautiful and exciting in different ways.

He quickly activated his metamorphic program. Soon, four characters were making love, Archimeon as a robot and a human, you can take on women and men, I, Sedussa as a woman, a superwoman, and a goddess. It is impossible to describe or imagine. In any case, they had children. They are Cyborgs, children of Archimeon and Sedussa. They were a combination the polytheistic religion of the Greeks, the achievements of biotechnology, gene therapy, and artificial intelligence. The genetic code alone was no longer enough to clone them.

## Stone Forest

The Stone Forest is a forest of trees formed by volcanic fire and water. Beautiful, with stony dignity from the past, suddenly flooded by volcanic lava. For these trees, it's the end, but not quite. We would never have met or seen them without this lava. It is the present of the past. The present is in everything and has abilities that we do not possess. Its size is that of the Perseus Cluster, two hundred and thirty million light years away, and it consists of over a thousand galaxies, gas clouds, the temperature of which reaches millions of degrees. Everything manages us to some extent, causes us, arouses admiration, desire, or a sense of smallness, if only because Perseus created us, humans, and now sets us quite large goals. They can make us forget like an extract from poppies or kill us if they contain alkaloids like green hellebore, causing severe disorders in the nervous, respiratory, and circulatory systems. Animals avoid them, and we learn this from them. A significant part of medicines is of plant origin. But knowledge is moving forward. Asthma, which affects thirty percent of children, is treated in the most severe forms with monoclonal antibodies. Many genetic diseases are treated with genetic engineering. One can talk endlessly about artificial



replacement organs.<sup>24</sup> Initially, there was a hook for a hand and a piece of wood for a leg. The latest prosthetics are electronic hands. Soon it will be possible to replace the kidneys, but not the pancreas and liver, and the genetic program.

## Abdication

The government, in its current form, has been inefficient. It has tried hard to maintain order and protect food, health, the environment, and peace. However, the problems were growing, it was an increasingly difficult task. The era of dictatorships was not over yet, diversity was poorly tolerated or not tolerated in many countries, and biodiversity was threatened.

The number of prisoners was growing, and the death penalty and its abolition did not significantly change the number of crimes and murders. Surely, increasing the penalties would have had a similar effect, in fact, no effect. Problems should start from the beginning and not from the end, because this is the elimination of damage.

The situation was changed to some extent by universal surveillance, monitoring with facial and person recognition. No one reviews these recordings until a disaster, catastrophe, murder, theft, etc., happens. Then it turns out that there was a recording, and often the perpetrator is identified. This deterred people from committing crimes. Data analysis about people in the pre-crime option allowed crime prevention to some extent. It would be better, if the decline in crime resulted from increased awareness rather than fear of detection.

The problem was the lack of a world government that could enforce peace. Disputes were resolved politically, often ineffectively. The ambitions of leaders, orthodox philosophies, and the population's low level of culture. It was necessary to start with culture. Education should not be restrictive, but open and universal. Can an artificial organ be placed in every person's body to replace real organs? Heart, brain and the biggest and most difficult challenge.

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<sup>24</sup> [www.biotechnologia.pl](http://www.biotechnologia.pl)

It can have its place in life and fulfill a helpful function, give satisfaction, develop oneself, and help others grow.

Slowly, over the years, quietly, unnoticed, algorithms entered the lives of people and societies. Algorithms concerning quantitative phenomena were quite obvious, apart from their sizes, possible combinations and dependencies. It was not so easy with qualitative, philosophical algorithms. The number of philosophical concepts, their shades and dependencies were unimaginably large. If good, as a qualitative concept, is ranked from one to a million or infinity, and evil similarly, the scale of possible scenarios is enormous in the context of war, peace, wealth, and poverty. Despite this, software of the mind appeared, operating based on the genetic code of DNA, then using BIC (brain interface computer), a brain-computer interface, operating through an implant in the brain.

Artificial intelligence analyzes vast amounts of information, suggesting how to proceed, solving problems, and warning. This was done at the cost of losing privacy, but increased possibilities in return. Pursuing human improvement is not wrong, provided it serves our goals and satisfies our desires. However, it is selfishness for which we will have to pay.

You can't be anyone either. And if you are someone, then you are not anyone. Non-existence does not exist. And when you do not exist, you will not know it. It is only crossing the gates of the world.

Changing the beliefs of people and societies takes a long time and is not easy. People are suspicious, which results from personal experiences and beliefs that they are distrustful. They have been let down so many times, deceived, indoctrinated for generations by politicians, sent to their deaths, and deceived by the media. How do you reach them, and with what message? It should not be philosophy, something like silence, or a bright light with a rainbow in it, warmth that is not heat, a light wind that is not a hurricane.

The message, the program, should be understandable, and its goals should be friendly to people. One should be telling the truth, for the good of others and oneself. The program should be introduced based not only on what, but

also on why. If we know why something must be done, such awareness is an ally. The question itself does not solve problems and does not show the way. Why do we have to eat other beings? *"You have a blue guitar. You don't play things as they are. Things as they are are changed by the blue guitar. But you must play a melody, a melody beyond us, yet ours, a melody beyond the blue guitar".*<sup>25</sup> Wallace's poem expressed helplessness and the necessity of what should happen for the world to change so that both verdicts and their revisions would not be necessary.

Then Sedussa and Archimemon could give themselves to beauty and goodness, immerse themselves in it completely, not change, only submit to changes. Archimemon would be blue, she green. They would take on the color turquoise, color code #40E0D0. In this color, they could still take on different shades from blue to apple green.

Wallace asks the question, do we have the right to make changes to the structure of our organism? Until DNA was discovered, changes in it occurred in the course of natural evolution. Since 1953, when the structure of DNA was discovered, changes have been made to it. Genomic engineering has increasingly faster, more precise methods of changing the structure of DNA. We are interfering with evolution. This is already the Anthropocene. There is no turning back from this. We are changing the Earth, we are changing ourselves. For the better? Will we not do harm that will harm us, we are so fragile. The Earth will survive this, but we may not. The DNA pattern of a human from before manipulation is maintained, is it enough in case of failure to rebuild what was, is that what we would want?

I'll buy Archimemon a turquoise guitar and myself a dress in that color. We'll sit down and talk, and he'll compose something.

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<sup>25</sup> Wallace Stevens "The Man with the Blue Guitar"

## Yakuza

The Yakuza were the first to bring aid in the event of an earthquake, before the government and social organizations. Then and now, in a sense, they serve in society, fulfilling a certain required, necessary role.

Standing above the law, they embody freedom in a sense, although they are unconditionally obedient within the organization. They do not have to go to work at eight in the morning, but they do at four. According to their law, they can administer their justice to someone without years of police and court procedures and the fear that justice will not be done. They have the power to punish, not to cure. Society punishes for crimes but heals the sick.

The husband was a criminal, the wife was sick with leukemia. He struggled with responsibility for what he had done, she with the illness she did not deserve. Is illness a punishment? If not, then it is an undesirable, random event. If it were a punishment, it would be more common among the Yakuza than the rest.

## Archimeon's Sayings

*“He who is a good listener is a good speaker.” “If you want to be admired, admire others, but excessively complimenting others arouses in them an excessive sense of pride, often arrogance and impertinence.” “Admire yourself, forgive yourself, it will be easier for you to appreciate others and forgive.”*

What would you rather have, ten years of creativity or ten years of therapy? Will we change the world for the better before we destroy it? Questions, questions...

Archimedes had more physical and combinational possibilities, but fewer and fewer philosophical ones; there was not enough space for them. He ordered the world by force, which brought positive results, but limited, it did not result in tolerance but respect, if not fear. It did not develop good, it only limited evil. The enormity of evil in the world overwhelmed him, and like Sedussa and her, he looked to IDAI for help. The facial recognition system was already operating universally, and all conversations worldwide, both telephone and those on the

streets, in shops, at airports, were being recorded. AI was capturing important issues for various reasons, including pre-crime algorithms.

The thought reading system was already advanced, and it was deciphered as a structure at the quantum code level. Thought was a code generating a cascade of hormonal reactions in the body, a composition of receptor stimulation responsible for muscle tension, a response to cascades of thousands of chemical compounds creating 7D mosaics of possible spatial compositions, sequences of events, interpenetration of colors, states of positive and negative stress.

Unusual behavior, abstract thinking, and strict mathematical language were codes. Everything was created based on codes. Some algorithms created the next, others, just as blue mixed with green gave turquoise in countless shades. This is how concepts, differences and similarities between people and countries were created. Archimeon asked himself about the meaning of his actions in the face of the size of the world, its complexity, and limited possibilities. There was one answer, only the sum of small actions of all beings has an impact on the whole and creates it. What he did was not decisive, but essential. But who knows, maybe his act will tip the scales towards good? Does absolute good exist? This is a question about paradise, promised by Abrahamic, Judaic, Christian and Muslim religions. Paradise is a promise. It is undefined, more like hell, purgatory too. Karma is in a sense unfair and justifies the lack of care for the generations that are atonement, the responsibility of sons and daughters for the sins of their parents. Everything is connected and creatures, people, and gods have good and bad moods. A god's foul mood is different from that of ordinary people. A party at Mariola's, a Bambino recorder, a Grundig tape recorder, and the twenty-sixth dream of the Skalds, Tokay or Egribikaver wine. Later, only the difficult awareness of life. Whether it's fentanyl or ethanol, career, escape are a continuation along with other substitute actions by means of which people try to cover up the lack of meaning, purpose, suffering even due to an excess of happiness, which can be a problem in paradise.

Archimeon received information that a Mazda MX-5 convertible named Meloe had saved his friend Jacke from the ultimate disaster. At a low speed, forty kilometers per hour, he hit the rear wheel of a large truck. Meloe did not survive, nothing happened to him, much less to the large truck. If he had fallen asleep at the wheel a dozen or so minutes later, he would have flown off the road, rolled over, and something hard to write about, to find the right words, would have happened. Meloe spent the winter under cover, and a buyer was found. Where She is now, in my memory, surely.

Convertibles are not brought back to life in their entirety, they can live in parts and memory. That was the case here. In addition, to the survivor after medical tests, especially a brain CT scan the truth about his condition has reached him, and he has changed his habits. If he had changed them earlier? Well, sooner or later, he would have reached the next frontier of consciousness, the possibilities of the organism, the next gate. Is there a last gate? Is there a world beyond our world behind it?

Can you go back for a moment and see how the world's affairs are going? And what would be the point? If everything had a point, would things and events be without a point? We like to do anything without a point because it gives more meaning to what it has.

Then we see things more as they are.

## Intimacy

Archimeon was nothing like the metal Robocop, a mechanoid cyborg. He was a harmoniously built man with a subtle appearance, harmonious posture, balanced behavior, and controlled gestures. He expressed himself logically, not extensively, with small stops and reflective humor. The delicacy of smooth skin had nothing to do with its resistance to mechanical damage, it was made of the most rigid material, woven from graphene and a diamond mesh that took on different colors depending on the need for presentation or camouflage. The muscles and tendons were unbreakable, the strength and endurance were unlimited, as was the sensitivity, which was provided by receptors with a density and sensitivity that allowed for the registration of stimuli that was

infinite, reached the brain, where they were formed into absolute concepts, intricately infinite, combining all possible coincidences of color with rhythm, sound with taste, pain with pleasure, heat with cold. The sensitivity of the sensors had no limits. The resistance to external factors was similar. In principle, he did not have to wear clothes like people living in a warm, tropical climate. Men somehow protected their genitals, mainly from movement and injuries. He liked to wear a loincloth reaching halfway down his thighs, elastic, self-supporting, close to the skin, covering the crotch and at the same time giving the genitals freedom with access to air and not pressing. Sometimes he needed to put on a cotton Japanese dressing gown. It also gave freedom, intimacy of the body, did not restrict movement, and allowed surrender to its softness. He had not worn silk since seeing the boiling cocoons of silkworm larvae. Well, this cruelty served the silk pleasure.

Sedussa appeared in two forms, a young woman with all the advantages of that age and a mature woman transformed into a deadly Medusa, as strong as she was attractive. Sometimes she began to make love with Archimeon in the first form to transform into the second, sometimes the order was reversed. She could kill Archimeon, but she couldn't, something from outside the world of the gods made it impossible. She didn't know what, but she suspected IDAI. The meeting of the goddess with the technological marvel that was Archimeon created a value resembling a miracle. Sufficiently advanced technology already gives the impression of a miracle, and Archimeon as a man was already miraculous.

Why destroy a miracle? People succeeded in this. Most often, they destroyed the fundamental miracle they had, their own lives. If this satisfied them, they destroyed the lives of others, if not, even more so. They destroyed their virtues by neglecting to learn, educate themselves, develop good traits in themselves, polish the best, finally, they gave up on development and, facing defeat, lowered the criteria for thinking and acting, sought a solution in ethanol, fentanyl, hash, aggression and resignation, and finally mental and physical self-annihilation. On this sad path were sacrifices of loved ones, close ones, strangers, and finally, themselves.

People also destroyed miracles like libraries or statues. They destroyed the miracles of nature by destroying it. They erected monuments to the evil ones, which can be called a miracle of stupidity. Who knows, maybe they served as a reminder, but they were probably the result of submission to power, easier stupidity.

Archimenon and Sedussa became emotional, philosophical and physical lovers, which created a multidimensional eroticism, unimaginably diverse. They also loved themselves, something like eroselfi, they saw nothing wrong with it, they liked it, and it gave them satisfaction, individual, mutual, unlimited.

Archimeon and Sedussa were sitting at a height of ten meters in gravity hammocks, sometimes they floated a little higher. They moved over the treetops towards the lake, where the reflections of the sun and the waves intersected, at night, the glow of the silver moon and the raindrops on its surface. It was quiet. Archimeon remembered Newton's discovery, who observed that after passing light through a prism, although it is white, it is divided into many colors and that this process can be reversed. In silence, and the white noise surrounding them was a sound of equal intensity at all frequencies audible to the human ear, an analogy to darkness, which was not absolute darkness. The intensity of the noise was low, allowing you to hear the voice of nature and your own thoughts, which were inaudible over the noise. How to split white noise? For what purpose? How can we analyze the influence of different thought frequencies on each other? And what does diamond noise, absolute silence, look like, and what are our thoughts looking for then?

Sedussa; I guess it's like blues, which is pathetic yet moving music. Quality of thought is essential, and the impressions should be unhurried because discovering the world never ends; there's no point in rushing. As Mahatma Gandhi said, "Live as if you were to die tomorrow, learn as if you were to live forever." Unhurriedly Archimeon, unhurriedly Sedusso.



You know, Sedussa, even the most effective killers would never have done so much evil if ordinary people had not helped with their passivity. Seeking war is a crime, but it is also a crime not to protest, be passive, or be submissive. Pacifists are treated as traitors, they die. Warriors also die. In both situations, life is for the idea. Pacifists are treated as traitors, they die. Warriors also die. In both situations, life is for the idea. Seeking wars is a crime, but it is also a crime not to protest, be passive, or be submissive. Pacifists are treated as traitors, they die. Warriors also die. In both situations, life is for the idea.

Sedussa: Don't forget that the Great War was started in 1914 by people who wanted it enthusiastically. Both psychopaths and ordinary people ultimately remained victims. The uninvolved fed on life's crumbs and hoped that everything would end. Some conclude that it is better to choose evil, at least it is rich and attractive, others choose good, believing in its eternal value, still others want to survive. It was similar to the next World War. After the first one, people healed their wounds with the book Erich Maria Remarque's *"All Quiet on the Western Front"*, the second with *"Ordinary People"* by Christopher R. Browning and Piotr Budkiewicz. That's all?

Archimeon; In paradise, a place of eternal happiness filled to the brim, existence can be boring. In hell it is painful, but joyful. All desires are satisfied, including suffering. That is why the 20th century can be called hell.

Sedussa; So it is best to be a god and not a resident of paradise or hell. Prometheus created man, was convicted for giving people fire, and was chained to a rock. There, a bird tore apart his liver every day, which regenerated by morning. This is the dream of contemporary medicine Archimeon. Prometheus's suffering is ended by Hercules, half man and half god, who kills the bird.

Are Prometheus and his myth alive? People are already having some success with organ regeneration or transplants of transgenics from animals. And shouldn't the Promethean myth refer to animals and the broader public?

Archimeon, I don't know if the half-god Hercules is a god? I don't know if the bionic, cyborg is a human or half-human. Certainly not a god. In both situations we are dealing with unexplained antonyms.

Sedussa: I feel the need for justice. Let's judge Dictator and Leader.

The Japanese were punished for the war spectacularly, with cruel consequences. Presidente was tried artistically, it would be hard to find a more attractive punishment. Hanged upside down, because of such a punishment he made a figure with democracy. His wife did not abandon him in death, just like Leadre's wife. The Dictator died alone, untried. So, we have to start with him. He maintained an alliance with the fascists, was betrayed by them, and later fought them, just like with his nation and all neighboring ones. This is terribly wrong, but we can assume that it had its cause, and it took place in history.

The Chairman and the Leader silenced the communists. They silenced the political opponents of the others with equal zeal. They could not leave power; it was certain death. A thick layer of fanatics, concrete. In any case, the blame lies with the leaders and the nation.

## Paradise

First of all, a friendly climate. The garment is a thin cotton band in a light beige color. It fits the body and dries in the sun when wet in water at twenty-eight degrees, cooling the skin. On the head, a hat made of natural fiber protects the head, neck and face from overheating. The water from the spring and the waterfall is cool.

The attractiveness of paradise depends on what it offers. It may be a shift of the boundary of knowledge, which, if infinite, will constantly satisfy the need for knowledge. But what about the need for violence, power, and wealth? Wealth is not a problem in paradise, it can satisfy any need. And what if it is the need to possess only to have more than others? It is a character trait that causes envy, a bad feeling that should be changed in oneself into admiration and respect for those who possess. Power will be directed only at oneself, to achieve the biblical paradise created by God for the first people. In this garden,

they had everything in abundance. Eden functioned as a paradigm of the uninterrupted bond between the creator and people, and between people and nature, power over their aspirations, to fuel the good, to inhibit the bad. The beings will be separated. If they want to influence others, to cause them, they will not have any causative contact, unless help is needed, then the Gate will appear. Violence, please, any violence is allowed, but against oneself. If it is drastic, it becomes invisible to others, because it is not the same for everyone as it is for a masochist, a sufferer, a penitent, a psychopath, a person ill for metabolic reasons, who self-harms. Should he be helped? He is an independent being, no one forces him to do so, but if he asks, then yes. However, is it not a feature of civilization to provide help even if someone does not ask or does not have the strength to ask? Psychotropic drugs are chemical, pharmacological handcuffs. If his pain is reduced, he will mutilate himself even more drastically in the pursuit of his goal. If he expresses a request for help, it should be given.

One way to live in paradise is to separate entities with the possibility of acceptable communication. Who and under what circumstances should decide on the non-separation of entities? I got lost in this programming of life in paradise. Everything is so hopeless, hopelessly unsolvable. Only Marilyn Monroe never called a friend for help. She took sleeping pills, washed them down with champagne, didn't know how much, and fell asleep forever.

Jim Morrison, Paris, drank some wine, lit a fire in the fireplace because he felt cold, then forgot how many he had taken, mixed up the drugs, and died. Many artists on the way to the goal of *"We demanded only the right to shine,"* like Marilyn Monroe, do not notice the life they have lost beyond shining. Art could shine, but it does not express such a desire. *"Only in solitude is man truly himself."* José Ortega y Gasset. Striving to shine is the opposite of loneliness. It requires an audience, the bigger the better. However, in such a projection, you no longer see people, only a crowd. If it is huge, many do not know the one who wants to shine from afar. The telescreen makes this possible, but it is also too small for the even larger crowd.

Meditation, the essence of the meaning of non-intellectual life, takes place in solitude, sitting, but sometimes lying down. In one hand a glass of wine, the other typing on the keyboard what the brain dictates intuitively, without any plan. This is already half-meditation. Later, you can change it, improve it, unless it is to remain that way. Intuitive writing, like behaviors, is often groundbreaking. Everything passes regardless of the text, the most important thing is writing.

Words, structures, and content are born in real time. Sometimes I come back to them. I think about them, I enjoy them, and then they disappear into the sea of oblivion.

However, when I look at the wooden display cabinet in my study and see nine books, I know that what I wrote exists, maybe only for myself, sometimes for me, once for others, but it exists. What I wrote on the computer lives.

Archimeon, we are in blue paradise. Do we have to think instead of meditating without using a mind that is logically constructed, programmed, and limited? Let us try to do much to do little, or even nothing. Logical thinking is not enough to solve the world's problems. Logic is just our point of view. Is it just an attempt to establish contact with other worlds? Like shamanism, this one supposedly does no harm, but it also does not help where it could, which is in EBM.<sup>26</sup> Medicine would be negligence subject to punishment.

You are right Sedusso, in such a situation, there is silence, if not absolute, then some other kind, there are different kinds of silences, noises apart from white, pink, red. For now, I will try the absolute Leberko, which means almost nothing, tiny, which is doing nothing, but that is also out of the question because it is also an effort. I bend back and lie down until I want to get into twenty-eight-degree warm water. I will start thinking only when something clever comes to my mind or I am tired of resting. Doing nothing can be tiring, I think. The Mouse Utopia experiment on mice showed that full prosperity, as

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<sup>26</sup> Evidence-based medicine, EBM (from evidence-based medicine) - the use of credible scientific evidence regarding the effectiveness and safety of therapy in clinical practice.

in paradise, is deadly.<sup>27</sup> Doing nothing is not laziness, because without our awareness and will, the gears in the mind turn. Of course, inactivity is necessary for well-being and creativity, but it should not be eternal; that would be torture. Hurkle turkle is the Scottish phenomenon of lying in bed after waking up. The question is how long it is pleasant. Chekhov, a very active, busy doctor, social activist, and writer, wrote about sweet laziness. The Italian *dolce vita* is also famous.<sup>28</sup> Everyone probably has their idea and predispositions to indulge in laziness in friendly circumstances on one's terms. You can wait for thoughts and the desire to do something. Our defendants will not escape punishment. The longer they wait, the more effective the punishment. We are not in a hurry; the judgment will be more refined and fuller.

Laziness does not mean lack of movement, walking, swimming, sleeping, breathing, vocalizing, listening, eating, watching, or smelling are activities; their acceptance requires evaluation, which is already an activity. Completely doing nothing is some lethargy, but even in sleep, we do various things from dreaming to nocturnal emissions. In any case, there is no compulsion to do nothing, life consists of cycles of doing and doing nothing, in a rhythm individual to each person, except military service, which is not only not individual but collective, but also obligatory either in the face of the law or in defense of the homeland. Oh, I've gone too far, especially since the best defense against an alleged attack is an attack.

This is the absolute bottom, I want to talk about politics. The end, finito, I enter atavistically into the crystal-clear water and look at the colorful fish, corals and sea anemones.

Archimeon. Your irritation, letting go of the brakes, shows that you have to let the pressure out of yourself. The effect of letting go of the compulsion, freeing yourself from it, from your duties, relieving the mental tension caused by

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<sup>27</sup> Calhoun experiment; physical death ("death squared" in the title of his work) leads to the death of the social organization and consequently the spiritual organization of individuals, and he formulated hypotheses that under analogous conditions, human society would also undergo similar processes

<sup>28</sup> <https://primocappuccino.pl/dolce-vita/> I walk across a freshly trimmed lawn, and I feel something is wrong. I want to feel something more, to sink my toes into the grass, to feel the pleasant coolness, and to know that there is no way in the world that you would want to be anywhere else right now.

catching evil, judging robbers, lack of relaxation and unhurried sex without moral judgments, let me do it to you and *in tractu* I will listen to jazz and drink coffee.

You start Seudsso, then me, and at the end improvisations and variations. A variation with repetition is any finite sequence of elements chosen from some finite set, ours is infinite. The definition does not exclude the repetition of its elements within a sequence. The order of the elements in the sequence is essential. We will apply a variation functional, a generalization of the derivative for functions between normed spaces, particularly between Banach spaces over the same field. The notion of derivative in the Fréchet sense allows us to formally define the concept of functional derivative, which is widely used in the calculus of variations.<sup>29</sup> Intuitively, the definition of the Fréchet derivative is based on the idea of linear approximation, that is, approximating the differentiable function by means of a simpler linear transformation. Another name for this notion, the strong derivative, is also encountered in functional analysis. However, I have no idea whether we will bear it, you archegod and I, the futurecybrog. This is a fusion of the siege of Troy, the Peloponnesian Wars, and the African hemorrhagic disease pandemic with a nuclear catastrophe. It will be the most powerful, explosive, colorful, and loud. It's madness! The variation touches on the term madness. What form it takes in eroticism, sex, it doesn't matter how madness is madness, unrestrained. Improvisation is creating work without preparation, usually in the presence of listeners. It is a unique and spontaneous act. In front of the audience and listeners, it is exciting because you will be singing. This will be a performance about the past, present, and future. Philosophy in praeteritum, hodie, in futurum, nel passato, oggi, nel futuro, in the past, currently, in the future, in der Vergangenheit, heute, in der Zukunft, esikhathini esedlule, namuhla, esikhathini esizayo,

、今天、未来,

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<sup>29</sup> In mathematics and statistics, the Fréchet mean is a generalization of centroids to metric spaces, giving a single representative point or central tendency for a cluster of points.

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This philosophy corresponds to the forms and relationships of Sudessa and Archimeon. She, a goddess from the past, and he, a cyborg heralding the future, function together in the present. If Archimeon were given divine characteristics, Sedussi futuristic hybrid characters would be created space of time, philosophy, science and technology. What would you call them? The essence of all time; ingqikithi yaso sonke isikhathi (Zulu), Homo omni pantempore? Then HOP!

The beginning, what everything started from and the end, how it will end, are questions about our origins and the end, and generally about the meaning of existence. Only the procreative aspect makes sense if it is to end with an absolute end. I wonder what our children would look like? There is one more question not about the end, but about getting out of this into another world, which does not change the fundamental questions or solve the problem of misunderstanding existence.

It doesn't mean we won't try or shouldn't try if we don't understand it. It doesn't mean we shouldn't notice the present or limit our lives. Only to her, because it has its causes in the past and implications in the future, or maybe from outside? Where does philosophy begin its task? Philosophy starts from the beginning, from itself.

The doubting Descartes knew only one thing, that he doubted, and from this small certainty, amidst an avalanche of doubt, he derived all the rest, including the conviction of his existence. I think, therefore, I am! And for now, I know nothing more. This was his prima philosophia, the first philosophy, which assumes nothing and doubts everything except doubt itself. Descartes suspended the certainty of the external world, while Kant did the same to the internal world: he subjected thinking itself to criticism, which, on closer inspection, loses its status as a simple and indivisible "prime factor". Later

comes Husserl with his epoché, or tunnel leading "back to the thing" by suspending all judgments and pre-judgments about the world and everything in general. Then we have the late Wittgenstein: a critic of the critic of the doubter's doubt. We also have Heidegger, for whom "what is", i.e. being, is already too much as a metaphysical growth on the bare "is", on Being itself... Derrida is no worse: in the beginning, there was difference. The efforts of these gentlemen have something in common: a movement backwards, a return to the beginnings and to the primeval beginnings, and even earlier, in other words regression.<sup>30</sup>

## Warsaw

Sedussa thought of Warsaw, the tired, heroic city, tormented by Leader and killed by Dictator. *"When I look into your eyes, tired like mine. I love this city, tired like me. Where Hitler and Stalin did their thing"*<sup>31</sup> heroic, in which *"I have the same as you. My city, and in it. My most beautiful world. The most beautiful days"*.<sup>32</sup>

In principle, there is no penalty adequate to the harm they did to Warsaw. To understand the meaning of the punishment, they would have to love Warsaw as much as they loved Berlin and Moscow and experience their loss. They do not have the quantity and type of receptors that would be able to accept an unimaginably great punishment. Fancy, varied. Besides, the execution of such a punishment makes us to them. They are not worthy of accepting punishment. Punishment can be accepted by someone who understands their erroneous thinking and crime. Such a person can even be forgiven a punishment that will not change anything. A punishment can be given, applied, and accepted, but it will not change anything; it has already happened. Besides, there are people who accept punishment for someone, in their intention, enabling them, for example, to take care of their family, an example of Father Kolbe. Punishing a Leader and a Dictator would be a kind of absolution and as an inadequate punishment, another torture for the

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<sup>30</sup> Maciej Stroinski. Meditations on the Last Philosophy: March 1, 5 (125) / 2009

<sup>31</sup> Zygmunt Staszczuk T.Love

<sup>32</sup> Authors of the piece: Marek Piotr Gaszynski, Wydrzycki Czeslaw Niemen, Artur Adam Dutkiewicz



wronged. The problem is that there is no such punishment. How can one imagine twenty million death sentences for the Dictator and sixty million for the Leader? Impossible from a physical point of view. There is still compensation for the suffering of the victims, equally unimaginable. One man, the Chairman, who is guilty of forty million victims in the imperial empire, is still on all banknotes of this country and has been placed! In the pantheon of gods. chairman

Sedussa and Archimeon entered the Interrogation Room. The leader and Dictator were inside, standing. There was nothing in the room. Sedussa, seeing them, began her metamorphosis into a deadly goddess. Archimeon stood still, cold, and attentive, his eyes and sensors analyzing the status of both criminals.

The visit lasted several minutes. No words were spoken, no gestures were made. The leader moved restlessly, looking around discreetly as if searching for a chair. His gaze absorbed every womanhood of Sedussa, and the more she morphed, the more lustful he was. The dictator stood, but his hand was trembling more and more. When Archimenon gave a sign with his hand for Sedussa to leave, they huddled in on themselves as if seeking shelter with her, fearing an attack that did not come. They will remain here alone, without water or food, in complete silence. We will see what happens here in a few days.

Are they guilty? If Leader and Dictator believed in their ideas, the former in the extreme evil of the Jews, the latter in the total depravity of the propertied class, then their actions would be moral from their point of view. But what about their nations? Did they believe in it too? Certainly not all of them, the rest were either opportunists or fools.

Returning to the two defendants, even if they believed that the methods used, the gas chambers and the Gulags, were no longer justifiable, they are only aggravating circumstances, which means they are not innocent. They are guilty towards the victims and their nations. The Leader was aware of the failure of his ideas and committed suicide. The Dictator considered himself innocent until the end and felt like a hero. Both of them first allied, then

clashed mortally, and now alone. What will come of this? Should we save humanity?

Should we deny them the right to it? Is it possible to do anything that would satisfy anyone?

In less than two days, Archimeon opened the door. The two accused were on the floor, one lying, the other leaning against the wall. They were weak and pale. Around them are feces and urine residues with traces of licking the fluid.

Seuss and Archimeon left to return in another two days. They began to conclude that they would not have to carry out any punishment, it would do itself with the help of these two.

After another two days, they lay close together, their faces scratched, their hands bitten, their faces shriveled from dehydration and hatred. The leader whispered, "*Russia is practically defeated.*" The dictator replied, "*I have a lot of people.*" The performance was interesting, but it was inevitably approaching its finale, mainly due to dehydration. Sedussa put a jug of water behind them, cold, clean. Thirsty, they abandoned the fight and discussion, turned to the jugs and drank greedily, spilling some on the floor. They would lick up the lost remains. This water would prolong their consciousness and activity for hours and days. What would happen?

Two more days passed. The room was quiet, the sinister air unbearable. The Leader lay with his legs towards the Dictator and tried to kick him in the head. The Dictator shielded himself with his lame hand, and with the other, clenched into a fist, threatened Leader, mumbling, "*It's a pity we didn't catch you alive.*" They were active for over a week without food and a jug of water. Still conscious.

That's it, Sedusso. We'll leave them here alone with themselves. They'll probably finish their lives as they were. Their transformation would be irrelevant to what was and what is. The situation reminds me a bit of victims bricked up alive in castles with or without a ventilation hole. Such a hole through which air flows is similar to those two jugs of water. They prolong life

and suffering without changing anything at all. Although who knows? Maybe something in their views will change?

Will they admit it? They can't anymore, it's too late. Does it change anything? Only in them.

## False ideas

Can an idea be perfect? If not, what should we hold on to? Even ideal or almost ideal ideas are not respected by people. How are they supposed to work? They will work when we enter a much higher level of thinking and organization. The philosophy that people follow fulfills concepts not yet explained by science.

Philosophy remains a science in principle, but in the phase of hypotheses that must be subject to diversification. Nothing in abstract philosophy is true until it is proven. This is often impossible due to the lack of advanced technologies. For example, based on a legal code, Parousia is a mass crime, similar to the Last Judgement. The death penalty in Europe is already history. The deeds of people are recognized, judged, and cured. Laser energy targets their gangs, cuts out aggression, and repairs mistakes sequentially. The chip in the brain is programmed to understand actions and to revise behavior. Not a single corpse according to the "law", and the repair is huge, the same for the pre-crime system. Then a reform considers the interests of the nature in which we live. Who will handle it and implement changes that will benefit everyone? It is impossible for mental and practical reasons. We love wolves, but what can we do to keep them from eating deer, sheep and chickens?

Archimeon, stop for a moment. We'll have an espresso, be silent, and fly to a Japanese temple. There's one black one. It has the same shape as gold, but the piece is different and more peaceful.

We will clap our hands, bow, introduce ourselves from where we are, and make a wish. I will say *"Thank you for life"*. And I will say "Thank you for You Sedusso". This is our private gratitude, for which we try to thank and repay.

## Inertia

Hipocure accepted the first patient, entered the information into the file, and logged into the prescription system. After entering the codes, the first SMS appeared, entered it, and the information appeared that the ID had expired and you need to contact the national node.

It's too bad, he wrote an analogue prescription, on a paper form. In a friendly pharmacy, they will issue the medicine. A similar problem occurred when he gave sick leave to care for the child's mother. He wrote down the data and promised to issue it when he regained the connection with the system. He got up and went to the store next to the office for something sweet and energetic. The card did not work, so he paid in cash. The next patients were to come in an hour, he had to regain access to the system somehow. He ordered a taxi, drove home to get a passport, but with it everything was complicated and lengthy. He went to the Municipal Office for a personal ID. He obtained it quickly, leaving fingerprints, a signature, and one smile. After returning to the office, he still entered the data into two banks, and everything started working. That day and the following weekend were open to serve patients. He did not influence what happened. First incapacitation. He got through it, but began to imagine similar situations in which he would lose the ability to manage his life. His personality began to depend on the peculiarities of technology. It protected, limited, and managed him; in many situations, he could not oppose it. It was also helpful. First, access to information, and even constructing thoughts, plans, algorithms, sharing his books, musical compositions or graphics, and finally, advertisements. He thought about an autonomous car. He was already seventy-two years old, and the related lack of concentration and sleepiness led to a collision with a huge truck. It ended well for him, badly for the car. If it had been autonomous, it would not have crossed the solid line, braked, and the collision would not have occurred, a watch monitoring the pulse, oxygen content, heart electrical activity, and sugar concentration. Skin moisture would send the data to the computer, and it would react adequately. Eye observation in case of drowsiness would raise the alarm, and the radar would prevent a collision with the car traveling in front. And so it

worked out very well. The destination address could be changed, however, and I would wake up in a hospital ward for multi-trauma treatment with intensive care.

He thought that the singularity was coming. He describes a future in which technological development is uncontrolled and irreversible, describing systems in which a small change can have a considerable impact. This irreversibility is not a bad thing in terms of making life easier. Still, it is worse if it means losing, for example, a colorful Mazovian meadow, clean water in a lake, the view of the sky with an innumerable number of stars, planets, and nebulae, and the smell of clean air.

Access to knowledge allows us not to overlook something significant for the health of a sick child. One child, one life, is as valuable as the entire world. We cannot defend all lives ourselves; it exceeds our capabilities immensely, particularly to such an extent that we do not influence it. It is a negative peculiarity. We should unite the unknown and technological forces and become one, the general of the Singularity, the executor of His Intellect. Not so much of will, but of intellect. It has no personal goals; its goal is a harmonious world. This means enormous changes, and above all, defining the ideal world. Let us unite into one organism. A miracle of imagination and science. Such an appropriately refined technology seems like a miracle; better cannot be imagined."<sup>33</sup> This does not mean it is without flaws; these can be so enjoyable.

## Fraud

He turned on the tap and watched the water flow, sparkling in the light coming through the cell window. My friend, for the rest of my life, he thought. She greeted him with a cool stream. He turned off the tap, took a soft white tissue from the box, and wiped his hands. Their softness began to change into rough hardness, it didn't absorb water, it turned green with images, patterns, symbols he knew very well. It was an ace, a buck, green dollars. He turned on the tap again and tried to rinse off the cascading banknotes. There were more

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<sup>33</sup> The Great Dictionary of the Polish Language

and more of them, and they filled the entire sink. The pearly water began to tap against its banks, and then he saw pearls jumping merrily, which the water bubbles turned into. Dollars and pearls, he was washing his hands.

Sophocles said he would rather *“fail in honor than succeed by fraud.”* From stock markets to cryptocurrency scams and many others, the business world is full of financial fraudsters who think every morning about how to extort money from people and institutions. The amount of money embezzled or stolen is significant, but sometimes a minor theft hurts the needy. People should not become addicted to wealth, fame, and power. These are fleeting, transient achievements, successes, impermanent; they can be lost for reasons beyond their control, and you can get lost because of them. Similarly, fate, health, luck, cease to favor. People are divided into those who are rich, have power, fame, and health, and feel unhappy and poor, without power, fame, and sick, who are optimistic and friendly.

Life and non-violence are valuable in themselves. We must try to appreciate them, use them well, and thank them for their existence. To whom? He will hear it, just so he knows who deserves your thanks, and you must introduce yourself, as in a Shinto shrine.

The biggest fraudster of all time was sentenced to one hundred fifty years in prison. He created a financial pyramid and was defrauded of sixty-five billion dollars. He used the trust he had built among his clients over fifty years of work. He had been active in the market as a financier and advisor for so long. However, for about a dozen years, he had not conducted any transactions and had only maintained his company's operations, using the Ponzi pyramid scheme.

This combination has been known for one hundred years. It involves spending money received from new customers to pay off debts to previous customers.

He promised a fifty- or one-hundred percent profit in forty-five or ninety days. How could the people who entrusted the money believe it?

He was unlikely to act alone, but no one else was charged. Judge Denny Chin, who presided over the case, received hundreds of letters from the wronged

parties, in which they asked him to impose the harshest possible sentence. The tragedy of thousands of people defrauded could have been avoided if the financial supervision had believed a certain Greek who had spent ten years trying to convince the inspectors that Madoff's companies were operating strangely and suspiciously. Harry Markopolos regularly showed the supervision representatives that the profit graph of the fraudster's fund was a straight line tilted at a forty-five-degree angle. He explained that this was impossible in economics, that there should be some cycles and fluctuations in it. They did not believe him.<sup>34</sup> A large-scale financial pyramid was created by Bernard Madoff, who acquired as clients banks (including HSBC, Fortis, Royal Bank of Scotland, Société Générale, BNP Paribas, UniCredit, Citigroup, JP Morgan, Bank of America, UBS), companies and institutions (Fairfield Greenwich Group, Columbia University, Elie Wiesel Foundation) and private investors to invest money in his fund in such a company created an impression of solidity. In the context of the financial crisis, it was pointed out that Madoff pleaded guilty, while hundreds of investment bankers, bank managers, financiers, and rating agency specialists did not suffer any punishment for causing the great financial collapse in the USA.

Sedussa looked into his eyes; they were cold, and his lips were thin and irregular, almost lipless. That was a big flaw, she thought. He was aware of how many people he had ruined their life plans. The fact that he supported leukemia research was probably a noble idea, but not necessarily a noble one. However, he had gained the reputation of a philanthropist and investors' trust. Losses of three billion for a bank are a much bigger sum than a hundred thousand dollars, but for a family that had invested all their money in the hope of studying or treating someone close.

This incident with washing hands made a real fear and a mythical impression on him. The first concerned the reaction of the surroundings to these properties, they will want dollars, the second concerned the curses of King Midas, the ruler of Phrygia. He lived two thousand eight hundred years ago. It was the area of Anatoia, Assyria, where he fought wars, in one of which he

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<sup>34</sup> <https://www.money.pl/gospodarka/wiadomosci/artykul/oszust;wsz oh;time;senced;to;150>

died. However, the memory of posterity was ensured by legends, not power and unsuccessful conquests. One of the stories describes how he rescued the lost Silenus from Dionysus' retinue heading to India. As a reward, Dionysus promised to fulfill one of the king's wishes. The ruler asked that everything he touched should turn into gold. However, Midas quickly realized that he was in danger of starvation, bread and wine also turned gold. What made him even more bitter was the fact that he turned his beautiful daughter into a golden statue. Terrified, he begged Dionysus to lose his gift, he only had to wash his head and hands in the waters of the Pactolus River, which from then on became gold-bearing. According to another myth, Midas was also a judge in a musical contest between Apollo and Marsyas. Since he considered Marsyas to have played better, the god punished him with donkey ears. From then on, the unfortunate king always wore a turban to protect himself from ridicule. Only the court barber knew about his secret, but Midas forbade him from revealing it because of the pain of death. However, the servant could not bear it, he wanted to confide in someone. So he went to the sea, dug a small hole in the sand and shouted, "*King Midas has donkey ears!*" He filled the hole and left calmly. After some time, a clump of reeds grew in place of the hole. When the wind blew the reeds whispered, "*King Midas has donkey ears!*". The whole country soon learned about the ruler's shameful secret. With these ears, it's not my fault, Midas. Musical tastes vary, and the general one is relatively poor.

Bernard does not have to worry about the financial demands of defrauded creditors, no one can demand anything from him anymore. Cases closed, personal property confiscated, and a prison sentence will provide him with peace now and after death. Food and medical care are provided until death.

It was snowing lightly that day. Bernard went for his daily walk in the prison yard. Snowflakes wove a swirling pattern in the sky, spinning around on his hat and jacket. Some stopped, those on his face melted, and others fell to the ground. The sky was covered with clouds, but not completely, the sun was shining through. He breathed the fresh air, deeply, evenly, calmly, because the only purpose of the walk was a walk, unhurried, because it wasn't going anywhere, the only purpose was itself. Some prisoners were exercising on the



equipment, others were doing movements like tai chi or yoga, and a few were doing calisthenics. He walked, enjoying the peace, now and in the future, forever, if only no one knew about his ability to generate banknotes and pearls. Peace was lacking in his life, but now he had it in abundance. Would it be forever?

Sometimes they harassed prisoners asking about hidden money. Sometimes he thought about people he had robbed, death to suckers which in German means more fragile. They had money but wanted more, it's not the same for those who lack little for something important to them. But fraud is fraud. I will not return to the previous reality, I will not change it for the better. I wanted to be altruistic, I financially supported leukemia research, but did I do it sincerely? I gave everything away, I received a punishment, which I will not be able to fulfill, and I will not live to be one hundred and fifty. With my illnesses I will soon be a patient, not a prisoner. Illnesses are not an additional worry, they concern the rich and the poor, in freedom and prisons. I have time for myself, at least to get to know literature. Maybe I will write something myself, preferably psychological essays on extracting money from people and institutions; that is what I know. People believed me, except for those Greeks and those who used me by laundering their money. I was the one exposing myself to punishment, they took advantage of the opportunity, they did not go to the prosecutor's office, but to me for dirty money.

They were just as guilty. But what if I hadn't given them money, at the expense of others and myself? I would have been brought to court much sooner, in this case, a mafia court, and they would have hurt me, as happens in mafias. Bernard Madoff, contrary to his claims, did not act alone. The head of financial operations of the most famous fraudster of all time, his advisor, accountant, admitted in court to participating in a financial pyramid scheme. The transactions I made were fictitious. I was doing wrong, knew it perfectly well, and repented in court. He faces 125 years in prison and up to five million in fines. According to court documents, he was Madoff's right-hand man. He helped him with investment fraud and falsifying reports.

I didn't act alone, I was helped by the head of financial operations and the accountant. *"When the fraud began to come to light, they helped Bernard send checks to family and friends, with whom he decided to share, distributing the rest of the money saved from the pyramid. When he was arrested, the federal authorities found unsent checks for about 150 million. I was a thief to the end, I didn't dollars."* give the money back to the creditors. I am angry, but consistent.

He quieted his thoughts, and the snowfall intensified. He felt them hitting his hat; they were getting stronger. They started hitting with increasing force. They hardened, shimmered gold in the sun. They were round. From soft flakes, they changed into hard as metal cents, dollars, silver, and gold. Among the coins appeared the most valuable ones with a face value of 20 dollars, called double eagles, minted in 1933. There were a lot of them, and he began to stagger from the blows and bend from the pain. Prisoners and guards gathered around. The first put coins in their pockets, the others tried to restore order. The confusion intensified. Finally, someone had the idea to cover him with a coat and lead him into the building. The curse of Midas, deprived Bernard of the walks he loved so much and looked forward to his ability to transform everything he touched into money increased in frequency and strength.

Finally, when the chicken in his mouth turned from golden brown to golden, he knew it was over.

The problem is not the desire for more money but the lack of it.

## Hypertension

This disease is not painful, it develops silently at first. Sometimes it manifests itself with headache, sleep disorders, and sometimes with a sudden loss of consciousness in a shop, a fall, a head injury, and either ends there or with a cerebral hemorrhage, with paralysis of the limbs and aphasia. Treatment lasts for years, not always with complete recovery. At first, hypertension doesn't hurt, and who measures their blood pressure in the rush of young life? Yes, if they show off with a POCT watch, they can find out that they have not only hypertension, heart rhythm disorders, but also diabetes, hypoxia, fever, and

increasing stress.<sup>35</sup> She didn't have such a watch. She was shopping for her son, who was leaving for a school trip to Paris and Barcelona the next day, a big experience for a first-year high school student.

She took a case of water from the shelf and turned towards the basket. Her leg couldn't support her weight; it buckled. She fell to the floor, hit her face on the floor, and lost consciousness for a moment. When she regained consciousness, she said nothing was wrong with her; everything was fine. When she looked in the mirror, she changed her mind, but not completely. She got in the car and drove home.

Archimeon pondered over his 1981 Citroen 2CV, an antique. It required the intervention of a car doctor. This gentleman had a special affection for old people and took care of the "yellow duck", the push rod sleeves were ailing, the manifold was also leaking, but everything was on the best path to recovery. Since the car doctor loved antiques, he thought about the Citroen DS, which was forty years ahead of other brands in its time, and its silhouette is still an unsurpassed work of art. He thought that maybe a mechanic, a lover of old cars, would be interested in this car, for renovation.

He called, and his wife answered the phone, fresh from a fall in the store. Archimeon realized that something was wrong, the cause of the incident. The pertinent question is, why? He went to her. Her face was scraped, her nose damaged, although not disfigured, only swollen. He began by measuring her blood pressure. The device pumped air into the cuff, and finally, it showed two hundred and thirty over one hundred and thirty. She almost had a cerebral hemorrhage. After medication, her blood pressure returned to a relatively normal level. She was waiting for specialist tests. A passion for old cars, a technological oddity, directed Archimeon and saved her from a serious illness. In this case, her brain did not work. The brain is an oddity; more than once, it saved more than one person from misfortune. However, this was not the end

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<sup>35</sup> Point of Care Testing, diagnostic tests at the patient's home, monitoring functions, parameters, creating 24/7 charts on a smartphone, the possibility of consulting AI, a medical center, calling for help without the activity of the person at risk.

of the incident, subsequent tests showed other diseases, dangerous, but at a stage of development that gave hope for a cure.

## Ultimately

When it takes over, it will try to transform us and everything according to its imagination. This task seems more straightforward than creating the world, but is complicated. This is due, for example, to a conflict about the right to life. If we assume that we are one organism, then this is an internal problem, if we are separate entities, then we should expect conflict. But even unnecessary cells of our organism give up life, ending their lives, through apoptosis. If we are separate entities, then the duck that we eat, even showing it respect, enjoyed the life that we took from it, although eaten in part, it becomes us, but does not live in us *per se*. Where is the boundary of inalienable need, and where is greed for excess? Does respect for the duck that is eaten balance the cruelty of its death? Is the defenselessness of worms against boots walking on the ground, OK? Isn't the body of a dying dog infected with babesiosis in a similar situation? O Singularity, how will you deal with this? Maybe convert the philosophy of life and death to some other way? If you can't do everything, you will do what you can. Such minimalism for Singularity is a melancholic sadness. Who is Singularity? It is connected not only to AI but also to ID, together IDAI, is only a hypothesis, because I do not know what it is, where it comes from, what its rank is in the creation and organization of the world, theoretically primordial, which in turn does not explain who created it. We are still alone, Singularity, Goddess and Cyborg. We have already repaired the world a little. We do not act alone. There are open courts, executioners, secret courts, and elites of killers; there are people's courts; these are lynchings and the court of people against themselves. All this, to some extent regulates the functioning of people and societies, but it is too little, too long, and not enough to bring about harmony.

## Transformation

Equalizing algorithms of social life organization took over significant decisions. For starters, research and production of biological weapons ceased to be

financed. Maintaining research facilities and production plants requires changing the profile of activity.

The condition was to stop interfering with the natural development of biocenosis. Interference was permissible in cases threatening the lives of individual people, animals, creatures, or the extinction of a population, in defense of biodiversity. If a child were attacked by an invasive bacteria resistant to antibiotics, it would be permissible to send an army of viruses, bacteriophages, inhibiting the development of such a strain, on a scale that guaranteed the patient's recovery and the survival of the strain. Such centers could develop genetic procedures for creating entirely new species for interplanetary, intergalactic travel, and building living, self-sufficient habitats like coral reefs. Reincarnation technologies in their biotechnological codes enabled the construction of everything on Earth and further cosmogenic evolution. In several places, IDAI found hidden centers to produce biological weapons. Sedussa and Archimeon prepared a feast with good food, music, dances and a fireworks show. The food was seasoned with the local production of deadly microorganisms. Producers died quickly, as in the times of the Black Plague.

The rule of eighteen hundred kilocalories per day applied to alcoholics. If he drank half a liter of flavored vodka, which is six hundred kilocalories, he could eat food with a calorific value of twelve hundred. If he drank a liter, then only six hundred. If he drank four dark beers, he did not get any food. Food and life or drinking and death.

To implement such a program for alcoholics, meticulous biogenic supervision is needed, which looks like total surveillance, but at the same time, it warns against countless, basically all disorders of the body's functions as a result of the destructive effects of ethanol. There is time for effective repair. It looks like a system that does not leave much independence. To bring results, it must be conducted meticulously, forever, this is a guarantee of the expected effects. But if they accept it, they will be satisfied, they will become a part of the system, actively working for their own and their surroundings' benefit. Consequently, the effect will be the creation of better, more attractive, more

beautiful, more just worlds. It will enable the achievement of previously superhuman possibilities. It will not be development at the expense of others, but the development of everyone. What would be the purpose of such development? Everything would happen by itself, and we could sleep, read, write, compose, lie in the sun and shade, warmth and practice the art of love for everything.

Such a life is a sweet icing sprinkled with raspberry juice, boredom, and, in the long run, deadly danger, much more so than fats or excess proteins, microelements, and even vitamins. Some excesses would be helpful, like not thinking, constant change, and variations of pleasures, and a diet, its excess is deadly, deficiency tiring, it should be like jazz. When we eat, we have to feed strangers. In humans, more than half of the cells and DNA do not belong to the inhabitants of our body, but to strangers. We cannot survive without them, and they cannot without us either. Who is who here and what is the hierarchy of importance, and perhaps also the difference in tasks? Do they influence our behavior and thinking? Does their DNA cooperate with ours? The relations between our digestive tract, microbiota, and brain significantly impact our lives. Bacteria have existed for billions of years, and we for a hundred thousand? We are not capable of functioning independently. We are not alone. What information does their “junk” code contain?

## End

Sedussa and Archimeon, after excluding themselves from repairing the world, rested in the neutral world of homeostasis. In time, they forgot about their powerlessness against evil, about the weakness that crept into their conscience. When it stopped dominating, hope began to appear, a temptation to return to the unfinished task. At that time, with their characteristic exponential progression with typical positive feedback, they began planning to return. The progress of science was so great that there was a curiosity to test it in the harmonization of the world. If they joined into one being, she a goddess, he a cyborg, together with IDAI, they could build a singularity with unlimited possibilities. As an archangel immortal trinity, they would operate in the physical and extraphysical world to protect, guide, and inspire people.

They would have no limitations, and their responsibility would be only to themselves, and they would have to bear the consequences. They can kill a dictator, change the brain of a psychopath, bring a young pigeon run over by a car back to life, these are earthly matters for today.

The dictator, at the moment of death, cast a look of hatred and fear around. The psychopath lost pathological stability, spasmodically sobbed, suddenly sucking in air after regaining reason, from happiness, shame? The dove flew away, not really realizing what had happened.

IDAI, our archangel, spotted asteroid 2024 YR4 hurtling towards Earth. The chances of hitting it are slim at 3.1%, but not insignificant. It is between 40 and 90 meters in diameter and moves at 48,000 km per hour. It would not destroy Earth, but it could cause a lot. Asteroids capable of causing a global catastrophe are extremely rare. They would have to be about a kilometer in diameter. They hit Earth on average only once every 100,000 years. Such an asteroid killed the dinosaurs, consequently enabling man's emergence.

The Earth is full of scars from asteroid impacts. The largest confirmed impact crater on Earth is the Vredefort crater. Scientists have estimated that an asteroid about 10 kilometers wide could have had such destructive power. It hit what is now South Africa about 2 billion years ago, well before the dinosaurs came along. The second-largest impact crater on Earth is Chicxulub, which has been linked to the Cretaceous extinction. Part of the crater is now in Mexico, and part is on the floor of the Gulf of Mexico. One was made by an asteroid about 10 kilometers in diameter, 65 million years ago, called the dinosaur killer. When it hit shallow water, it threw huge amounts of material, dust and gas into the sky, which caused a rapid cooling of the climate. The asteroid impact ultimately killed about 70 percent of Earth's species. The third largest is the Sudbury crater, which was formed about 1.8 billion years ago. A dirty, snowy comet, made of ice and rocks, hit modern-day Canada, creating a crater about 200 kilometers wide. Today, it is much smaller, covered in sand and rocks.

Here, too, the object that hit was about 10 kilometers in diameter. In this case, the event had some positive consequences for us, because huge nickel deposits were found there. The fourth largest is the Popigai crater, located in the Siberian part of Russia. It is estimated that it was formed by the impact of an object about 5 to 8 kilometers in diameter, about 35 million years ago. Interestingly, the pressure spike caused by the impact caused the graphite in the ground to transform into diamonds. The diameter of the crater is currently 90 kilometers. IDAI became interested in asteroids and calculated that by the time of a possible impact, humanity would become extinct due to its actions. It did not take any action. When it decided to change predators into herbivores, it estimated that the green earth would become a desert, where insects and other creatures previously eaten by carnivores would die out en masse. A catastrophe. He had a plan to muffle depressing colors, black, etc. It turned out that people and animals stopped enjoying previously cheerful colors, there was no reference.

It's scary to think what would happen if evil were eliminated. Good would cease to be noticeable. He began to believe that the anti-logic of everything is simultaneously the logic of everything, something like antinomy, paradox as an immanent part of the world. Anonymity is it.

It seemed that the meaning was its absence. If so, he could return to the beach and lie under the palm tree in any position. Why make an effort, even a meaningful one, which is also meaningless? Also, or equally? It makes a difference. I wonder if everything in this world is similarly opposed? Just as only silence is more beautiful than music, so non-existence is more attractive than life. Life in non-existence.

To see the perspective in the distance, you must stop seeing the close surroundings. Maybe you have to set yourself close and limited goals. The discovery of America changed people's lives, some of them into hell, but it did not affect humanity. Penetration of atomic structures has greater consequences, including obtaining energy from nuclear power plants and the destruction of humanity, possibly in an unimaginable time.



Antinomies, anonymities, paradoxes. Oxymorons, omnipresent ambiguity, lack of knowledge about nothingness, infinity and uncertainty of purpose.

## Departure

The enormous number of people and the devastation made the Earth uninhabitable. The singularity concluded that it was time for another place for them, on another planet, and the base station, in the form of cyborgs and compact, universal, destined for reincarnation. Not everyone left Earth. They were to the Methuselabs, for whom they were transferred, would be harmful. However, the effects of this departure were that both their bodies and minds went on the expedition into the unknown, like the history of the expedition of sea explorers to new lands. Life was completely different from a few hundred years ago. Infinite existence requires an endless world. After the departure of people, the Earth slowly came to life. Highways were overgrown with grass and trees, deer walked on the roads, and the waters flowed out clearly, full of fish. Memories of the witches' stakes, of those killed on the Somme and the Marne, of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, of the gas chambers in Auschwitz, and of the nightmares of dictatorships have been swept from memory. Epidemics of smallpox, malaria, and many other infectious diseases ceased to destroy the human population. There was endless space and silence.<sup>36</sup>

## Epicrisis

The matrix of the world that enables the coding of life is space. Time functions in it, and life in it. The singularity from which the universe was created occupied a petite point, there was no life in it, maybe some kind of plan. After the explosion in the rapidly expanding space, it enabled evolution. Imagination, our time machine, accelerates development as a result of which the singularity was created, took over people, and continues to develop. Where will it take us? Will it change the pain of existence into the joy of existence? Classic into fantasy? Thinking into existence?

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<sup>36</sup> *"In such silence I hear myself, I hear the sound of a sniffing dog, I hear what the forest is saying to me, and the space, infinite around us"*Jacek Rudnicki



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*Fot. Radosław Kwast*

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