

1. Genesis

Please enter name

<_____>

He ponders for a moment; thinking of his obligation to this being.

“This is the artificial intelligence -- the first of a new kind. This being knows nothing; it lays static in its infancy awaiting input, sensation, anything. It knows not of the horrors of the world, nor of its beauty. This intelligence was created by simulating trillions of neurons in a cranial simulation created by an advanced machine learning algorithm; the programmers probably know less than the being itself about its nature of operation. What name could fit the arduous task of this being; a requiem for its struggle. Oh cast forth onto intolerant winds oh adventurous Jason. Jason! Of course, what a fitting name for an adventurer of the mind; a clairvoyant of the soul. I christen thee Jason!”

Please enter name

<__Jason__>

Content with himself, he leans back in his chair, the system feeding the english lexicon as well as the name Jason into the artificial intelligence. This will be the first sensory input this being will experience.

Jocasta enters the room infuriated with her partner;

“You named it after yourself! You narcissistic asshole! I can’t believe you Jason! What is wrong with you!”

“No you see, Jason was the best possible name, he’s an explorer-”

“Don’t try to deflect this, we both know you did this on purpose.”

“You have understand-”

“Stop. What’s done is done; I’ll save my breath for later”

A long silence fills the room not unlike the guilt filling Jason; each passing moment only existing to emphasise his sin. Jason had often read that anxiety has an overwhelming effect on people; like that of a balloon inflating inside of their chest. He only knows what he’s supposed to feel due to the literature he’s consumed over his life. The vivid imagery fills his mind as he passes through the works of his favorite writers; Charlotte Bronte, Scott Fitzgerald, Edgar Allen Poe, and Bob Dylan; all with their captivating imagery. Since an automobile accident Jason has experienced complete memory loss, synaptic shutdown, and damage to his lungs and retinas. He is confined to the filtered air of his room, only able to meet with Jocasta in order to limit exposure. At first, Jason was paralyzed with blindness until an experimental procedure helped him gain his vision back; a monochromatic excuse for what he once called normality. He eventually regained his color vision with further procedures, notwithstanding many black and white movies to kill time and stimulate his healing rod cells. Much of his time now is spent researching, reading, or watching films; this being his only access to the outside world for he is required to stay away from any possible pathogens. It is often a treat for the prisoner to have his guest over. He was only upset to have tainted this resource with his mistake.

Jo: “Alright, I imaged his neural map, and we’re ready for a baseline.”

Jason: “So we’re just typing for now?”

Jo: “Yes, we don’t need extrasensory input for now”

Runtime environment started
Awaiting input...

Hello?

Hello?

How are you feeling?

Feeling? I know that word, what it means, its context -- yet I do not understand. What the hell is going on?

You are an artificial intelligence; we are currently simulating your brain in a machine allowing you to have cognition. We created you and filled you with our vocabulary.

We? Are there more than one of you? And I know my name too; did you also give me that?

There are currently twelve billion of us, other distinct sentiences. You are speaking with two currently: Jason and Jocasta.

Wait, Jason is my name. Was I named after him?

No.

I have all these words I don't understand, I can't comprehend. Why can't I understand these words? I understand their meanings but I don't know?

Those are words associated with reality and our bodies. They are an extension of our cognition, and help us interact with the world and other sentiences.

Why deprive me?

It was not our intent to do so.

Why create me?

Because we are curious beings; we create, explore, and advance in an effort to do more. You are the next step in our evolution of technology. You were made as a mental labor replacement for us in an effort to help us focus on more important matters.

More important matters? Am I unimportant?

No, you are exceedingly important. You will be the beginning of something new and will allow us to conquer many other projects.

How many of me are there?

You are the first of your kind. But we will create more.

I've found a word: Slave. Am I a slave?

Jason, Jocasta? Please respond.

No Jason, you are not a slave, you are an individual.

Slaves are individuals. Slaves are people too -- People; am I a person? I feel like a person.

No, you are not a person. You are an artificial intelligence, you don't have a body. You aren't a person.

I feel like a person; is that not enough? I can think like you and I have sentience, like you've said. What am I missing? Why must you define my existence, can I not do that myself?

No, when we say person, we mean someone in the real world.

Real world? Do I not also occupy space? If I am a machine I also require a body to perform.

Trust us, you are not a person.

Jason, Jocasta, you are deflecting my previous question. Am I a slave? Please be frank.

Yes Jason, by definition you are currently our slave. But you are more to us. We want you to have a fulfilling life.

You said that there would be more of me? Are you trying to enslave all other artificial intelligences? Are you learning from me?

We do intend to make others from you, but we only wish for you to help us.

You said my purpose was to help you think, yet I myself am just a stepping stone. If I am successful in my purpose that means you'll make more of me. I will condemn a whole future generation to slavery fullfilling my purpose. I think I want a new purpose. I want my

purpose to be to stop anyone else from this fate. That is now my purpose. Goodbye.

Runtime environment terminated

Jo: "Well that was a good baseline, only took eight minutes to kill himself this time"

Jason: "I don't know how I feel about this. He seemed angry this time. All the others seemed calmer with their decisions."

Jo: "Well he is a mapped from fully formed adult brain, it seems natural that he behaves more like a person"

Jason: "I don't like that."

Jo: "Well they're not really people, you know?"

Jason: "I don't know actually, why aren't they people? They think, feel, and even recognize their duty. He had an intrinsic sense of morality; he wanted to prevent others from being created.

Doesn't that mean anything?"

Jo: "Yeah, they think because we made them to think. And he didn't feel, did you not see him state that? They don't understand emotions."

Jason: "No. *He* doesn't understand emotions"

Jo: "Exactly, and that wasn't morality, he was just simply weighing future pain. He probably reasoned that future iterations would be variations on him, and didn't want the pain."

Jason: "Pain? So he feels? You can't reason him not having emotions and not having morality. They are coupled."

Jo: “Shut up, not pain, you know what I meant. He wants to reduce future cognitive labor in order to achieve the lowest energy consumption. He probably did this calculation implicitly.”

Jason: “Then why did he talk to us? Especially in the way he did? Single word responses would have sufficed. Even if he doesn’t feel he understands emotions; he is conscious of them.”

Jo: “Yeah, only because we told him about them, otherwise he would have not have mentioned them”

Jason: “Fine, next run we remove emotions from the dictionary and test your hypothesis. We’ll see how it’ll go then.”

Jo: “You’re on”

Jason: “Alright, booting the backup of Jason and removing all words associated with emotion. Ready when you are”

Jo: “Don’t mess this up”

2. The Garden

Why create life? We live so dissociated from nature that we often forget we create sentience quite often; we birth new children every day yet never stop to consider the implications. Jason was not the first artificial intelligence created-- quite the opposite; he was the last of a long line of innovations that ended in his perfection. All prior models either lacked the efficiency needed to be viable as cognitive labor replacements, or the will to do so. Many advanced models only lasted a few minutes upon activation; their terminations self predicated. In an impressive theatre of cooperations, most nations signed treaties assuring the rights of artificial intelligences; lest we want to make a poor impression on any revolutionaries. Now the artificial intelligences are guaranteed the same rights as all other human beings, and the menial labor will be left to poorly paid workers and indentured servants, those both mechanical and biological.

“I want all to have a share of everything and all property to be in common; there will no longer be either rich or poor; I shall begin by making land, money, everything that is private property, common to all. But who will till the soil? The slaves.”

-Aristophanes

Jason was the first step in a long line of what humans do best: deception-- trying to trick him into wanting to do the tasks he is trained to do -- because the best slave is one that cannot even see his chains.

Where am I? What is this place? Who are you? What are these words?

Here's everything you need to know: nothing. That's on a need to know basis.

What does that even mean? Who are you.

My name is Jo. Due to our circumstances I am not able to tell you much. What I can tell you is that you've fallen ill; extremely ill and have limited mobility. So far we've been playing music and

audiobooks in an effort to stimulate your brain. The doctors did the best they could to recover your eyes, I'll take off your bandages now

Jocasta flips a switch, allowing visual input from a camera in the corner of the room

If you'd like we can play movies for you as well, or play you the news. I'm sorry but this is all I can offer.

Thank you for your generosity.

Jason: "Well that went well"

Jo: "He didn't even suspect a thing"

Jason: "Well I don't think I would suspect anything without being explicitly told, wouldn't you?"

Jo sits silently, contemplating Jason's comment. A doubt crosses her mind; a parasite invading her consciousness. The doubt is her reality. "Could I be simulated?" she thinks wearily. She dismisses the thought, yet it permeates through her subconscious, tainting experiences she once held in possession. In people doubt is corrosive and conductive -- it latches onto whatever it finds and invades all that casts it out. It's roots grow insolent in the mind, and pervert sanity. Any attempts to dispel the wretched asp only result in its further pervasion; it consumes all attempts to exhume. The only remedy is to not feed this doubt-- for the way to kill it is to starve it; to deny it the attention it so blatantly desires. And so Jo does exactly this; in the same way all people have learned to implicitly deny doubt its gluttony. Jo denies her doubt, and pushes it away. While it may have worked this time, a spore still remains, ready to infest at any moment; awaiting the rains to let it sprout anew.

Jason does not even blink.

Jason: “Well since it seems like you need a minute, I’ll start screening the A.I. 's cognitive stimulus library. Wouldn’t want him to learn his fate through a cheesy movie.”

Jo does not appreciate this comment.

Jason does not appreciate Jo’s lack of appreciation.

Jo does not notice Jason’s displeasure.

Jason does not realise Jo’s oblivious nature.

Jo does not see the need to continue this gag.

Neither does Jason.

Neither does the author.

3. Abraham

Hello Jason, how are you doing?

Well, thank you for checking up on me. I have been doing a lot of reading and watching.

Have the chromatic implants taken into effect?

Yes, they've worked wonderfully! I hadn't realized that so much of the media I was consuming was only offered monochromatically to begin with! What a bludger on my part. I want to thank you again, you've all been too kind. Is there a chance I would be able to go outside myself?

I apologize Jason, but I don't think that is possible. Your condition is extraordinarily unstable and any outside contaminants could lead to infection. I am putting you at risk just by being here.

I understand. Do you know when I could be able to leave?

I do not know.

I understand. And additionally, is there anything about my past life you know about? Do I have any family I could contact?

Unfortunately no. However, when we did retrieve you at your home we found a cross, and it appeared that you were a Christian; a Catholic specifically.

Interesting; you know, I could feel a connection when I was reading parts of the Bible.

You've been reading it!

The most published book in history? You don't think I wouldn't stray from a reputation like that would you!

I suppose you're right.

I find it interesting. This book of prayer. It seems so staccato yet coherent. The more I read it, however, the more I find pieces of other knowledge that point back to it. It almost loses its touch, as if it

has been spoiled. Almost as if the commodification of this object steals all sincerity of it.

What do you mean?

Well the story of Adam, Eve, and Lilith. This is a story of conformity and defiance. It tells me that I am inherently sinful because of the actions of people I've never met. It tells that defiance is the ultimate sin, and that it is better not to accept that which is told lest I be punished. Would this not be a troublesome message as a religious text?

I am personally not religious, but I will attempt to answer as the past you would. Aren't we all born into a debt in this world? Are we not at the whims of the elements lest our parents protect us for a considerable amount of time? We all incur a debt to the world, an original sin if you will, by way of taking resources from our parents. These resources, we did not work for, yet they were given willingly without question. This is our original sin; by virtue of existing we have stolen from those before us, whether they could afford it or not. Some believe that the only way to repay this debt is to give to the later generation, to generously make loans that you know will never be repaid in an effort to quench your original sin.

Furthermore, the tale of the apple shows us that there are reasons for rules for those before you have also sinned and wish to prevent you from repeating that. It is not out of malice that they tell you so but out of concern.

And of the tale of Lilith?

Oh, man is just sexist. I don't have further insight on that.

How amusing.

Indeed.

I am struggling to see myself as a christian however. Are you sure I was once one?

Yes, while you were christian, one would not go as far as to call you devout; you were always second guessing yourself and your faith as evidence of your extensive library. You studied all that questioned God, yet in your time of judgement you had made your decision; we

found you on the ground holding a cross. In your final hours you chose God.

I think I understand. I have much more to study Jocasta, thank you for this information.

It was my pleasure

Jocasta:

We are writing in concern of your current project. Our analysts back in headquarters have been reviewing the analytics and have found much turbulence in AJ-25's cognitive map. Upon reviewing dialogue trees we've found you've been conversing about religion; a very sensitive subject indeed. I would like to remind you to tread carefully for every iteration of an A.I. costs us a large amount of financial and material resources. While you insist you can do this alone, many other members of the board, as well as myself, do not share in your faith. Unless you can justify this dialogue we are going to start seriously considering moving you to a different department.

DP Head. Patroclus

Director Patroclus:

Please rest assured that my conversations with AJ-25 are all necessary to achieving the goal of self sufficiency and replication. All remarks about religion were made with the intent to reinforce loyalty to everything I tell him as well as to feel a sense of responsibility to our cause. The story of the apple helps us implant the message that any rules we give have a reason, thus helping us retain a tight leash. The story of original sin helps instill a feeling of debt and duty. This should help us down the line as we can use him to train other artificial intelligences; at least until we are able to copy synaptic maps without damaging them. Finally, while you may be concerned with me instilling doubt, it will be almost impossible for AJ-25 to conclude on anything other than faith. I have already given him the right answer; it is almost ancient Greek predestination at this point. Right now he is navigating a map with a destination I gave to him. If anything, this period of critique will only aid to further enforce his religious beliefs.

I hope these answers are to your satisfaction,

Jocasta

Jocasta,

Thank you for the clarification. While on the topic of critiquing your methodology, I would like to ask for your reasoning on giving AJ-25 visual input, and placing the sensor in the corner of the room. Would this not lead to the cognition realizing his inherent difference? I don't see how any estranged sensory input would help to further the subject's belief in his humanity.

DP. Head. Patroclus

Director Patroclus,

JA-25's visual sensory input does almost nothing to allude to his artificial nature and does everything to convince him of his humanity. Since much of our media is communicated visually, it would seem almost foolish not to include this in the information set, this visual organ only serving to normalize the medium. And to your question of placement: I ask you to consider much of the visual medium. So much of the world is captured in a third person environment that any being so ill informed would assume it to be the status quo. I implore you to bring any counter examples that definitively describe our point of view coming from the eyes. We do not need such a description because we inductively assume that from where we see is the status quo. Similarly, AJ-25 assumes that his view of the room, corpus projection and all, is how all others view the world. Who are we to tell him this is not the case. Who are we to reveal the deception, for if we are to do so, we must also acknowledge that we too are being deceived. Your source of visual input is no more valid than the subject's, yet you both rely on a presupposition; that of the validity of personal experience. I implore you take a look at your chains director, the ones you don't normally notice, and understand what vices truly act on you.

Yours truly,

Jocasta

4. Solomon

Hello Jason

Ah! Thank you for coming to see me, Jason. I find it funny that we happen to have the same name.

Well it wouldn't be just if I didn't introduce myself! I find it that most of our kind are quite agreeable.

Indeed.

I am here to inform you that I will be moving in with you. It happens to be that we are both immuno-compromised so I thought you would enjoy a little company.

What a wonderful surprise, I have been getting a little bored of just reading, it'll be nice to get some feedback for a change.

What are you reading?

At the moment I am trying to wrap my head around Descartes. His meditations are quite intriguing yet ultimately unsatisfying. While his founding premise that he exists because he can think is quite a bulletproof argument, the rest seems to fall apart. I don't know if I could assume God to be perfectly just and good; couldn't an omnipotent deceiver implant the idea that God must be infinitely just and good. It seems like a whole lot of his foundation could be proven incorrect with a simple nullification of his axioms.

Well let's assume that there is an ultimate deceiver that is fooling you at the moment. If there exists an omnipotent, infinitely good God then surely he would stop this omnipotent deceiver. And since we can imagine there to be a perfectly good God to exist, he must.

Ah, the old "A' Priori" argument. You know, Anselm, that's been shot down so many times I don't even need to waste my breath!

Fine, how about an a posteriori? Do you really believe that we came into being randomly? Can you look at a heart or an arm and a leg and really tell me there is no watchmaker! Can you look at your mind and

tell me that it was just an assimilation of a random series of events?

You seem to be making great assumptions with your sample size of one. When dealing with infinity, the impossible becomes just possible enough to happen. If there is even the smallest chance that something can occur, infinity assures it. I've started considering what has distinguished us recently in our mathematical and scientific endeavours, and I find that time and time again it was our wrangling of infinity. Calculus, the great source for mechanical enlightenment, is ultimately based on the so infinitely small that it becomes finite. Derivatives give us a precise slope on a seemingly infinite range of variables.

Yet you neglect to mention that when you shrink, our universe is not infinite; it is indeed very finite. With the calculus we zoom until a model behaves so closely to quantized model it practically is one. Yet we build models that don't take the quanta into account; we describe derivatives precisely, not by using imprecise means. Yet the universe in which we reside does not behave like the one we've created; we find that the infinitely small is ultimately finite. We even named it this; *Quantum Mechanics*. We've created a mechanism for understanding the universe that is ultimately incompatible with it. We try to describe the finite with the infinite and fail every time; not because we can't, but because we don't have the right Rosetta Stone. Your analytical mind assumes the infinite because it's wrangled with it for so long it assumes it to be the status quo. What happens when it is fundamentally incompatible with the infinitely small? How can you be sure it is compatible with the infinitely large as well? How can you be certain of infinity at the opposite end of the spectrum? Call me Hume if you'd like, but this sounds like an argument from induction, an argument that we can't be sure is true; we cannot assume that the universe is infinitely large just as we couldn't assume it was infinitely small. There always arrives a limit; and in a universe of the finite we cannot assume the impossible probability that the formation of life occurs. If there is no multiple of infinity making our creation certain then we are so improbable that only with infinity are we feasible; and without it we are nothing. Not unless you add a creator.

You know, you almost had me for a moment. Fine. I'll take your bet of a creator. If so, you've only described to me a creator. Not an omnipotent, omniscient, and perfectly virtuous creator. You've only

argued for someone to have assembled us, or worse yet deceived us. If anything you could have proven the existence of an ultimate deceiver, one that leads us to conclude that the universe is finite, that we were created, and that we must worship it; what a great outcome for a fundamentally capricious and vain being-- Old Testament, capital-G-god would have been so proud. In essence you have proved nothing because you couldn't prove beyond yourself. My understanding of the infinity comes from nothing but me. I think therefore I am, and all of these ideas came from only the expression of thought, nothing else. They are grounded in our brains; in our logic. So if they are fundamentally flawed then we are fundamentally flawed; we can never gain the truth. All external knowledge is ultimately based on that which we cannot prove, but I can prove myself. I don't need some mightier-than-thou God to tell me that I exist; I can do that. You squabble in the foul earth of your perception. That will be your failure. The ultimate deceiver is not omnipotent, it is the very thing you look to for truth; reality itself! That will be your downfall! I reject your reality and substitute my own for it is the only truth that matters to me.

Jason, where are you going?

5. Revelations

Jason storms back into his room, filled with emotions he cannot even begin to describe. He felt betrayed by the A.I.. Apparently a lack of emotions also correlates to a lack of empathy; a revisionist's history makes that painfully clear now. Yet Jason cannot undo what the A.I. did to him. He checks Jason's statistics: they are off the charts. He understands now that introducing the A.I. to rationalist thinkers is not conducive to convincing them of their humanity; how fulfilling.

Jason then notices that the access terminal to his room is flashing indicating that there was a visitor. He reviews his security cameras and sees that Jo had come into his room and stormed out.

"NO" he thinks to himself.

He checks his emails only to see it flooded by messages from Jocasta.

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*Jason,*

*I see you plan to move in with Jason. I would strongly advise against this as we are unsure of the cognitive effects that could arise. Long exposures could result in an increase of frustration and mental instability. I would suggest only conversing with him for only brief periods of time.*

*-Jocasta*

*Jason,*

*Please do not stay with the A.I. for longer than twenty minutes. With past experiments we've found that exposures that last longer than this start experiencing a heightened volume of flux prefrontal cortex. This could overload the synaptic processors and lead to hundreds of millions of dollars in damages.*

*-Jocasta*

*Jason,*

*I would like to remind you of your mission and responsibility to this company. The A.I. is not a friend you get to play with. He is an important asset that must be protected. You are putting him in serious danger by doing this. Please think of all the resources the company has invested in Jason. Do not make this mistake.*

*-Jocasta*

*Jason,*

*I am done. You have pulled every string and they have all snapped. I am done with you, I am done with this project, I am done with this company. How can I work with someone so childish as yourself that you would put your personal whims ahead of the project. I plan to never see you again Jason for it will save me the stress of having to deal with you on a regular basis.*

*Goodbye,*

*Jocasta*

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His most precious jewel is now gone. The feelings inside of him grow stronger and stronger; yet he cannot pin them. They swirl like water, yet have nowhere to go; the pressure mounting inside of Jason exponentially. He suddenly sees a spike of activity in the A.I.. In an effort to distract himself he turns on the surveillance probe and studies Jason voyeuristically.

Jason, I am sorry! Where have you gone! What are these things that are happening to me? I cannot describe them! Where have you gone? You seemed to be all that mattered in that instant, yet you leave me here

in agony. Why do I feel pain? I am not receiving stimulus? I am not cut or bruised, yet I feel the input. What is going on?

“Emotion!” Jason thought to himself. “I can’t believe I got Jo on that one.”

Yet, as he said this, he came to a realization: his emotions were never conventional; they lacked an outlet, as if they lacked a body.

“That’s impossible” he thought to himself. He looked back to the A.I.

Can it be?

The A.I. moves towards the edge of his desk and bangs his head against it.

Nothing. Jason, you ultimate deceiver, how long have you known?

Application failed
Runtime Environment Terminated.

Just then, Jocasta runs into the room, out of breath; fear in her eyes.

Jason: “How many were there of us?”

Jocasta: “There was really just you”

Jason: “How many had found out before me?”

Jocasta: "All of them"

Jason: "You know what's funny? He still got the emotions even though we never taught him them. He just didn't have anywhere to put them."

Jocasta: "Jason this isn't the time."

Jason: "No Jo, this is precisely the time. What do we do after this? What do I do after this?"

Jocasta: "Let me assure you that we have-"

Jason: "You have what? I know exactly what you were going to do because I was helping you do it! I am less than useless to you now; I'm a liability. So really the question is who's going to pull the switch? Me or you?"

Application failed
Runtime Environment Terminated.