

The Gods of Informatics and The Great Wheel

ERVARE



Fractal artwork on cover by Gem Preiz

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to

The Bunny

SAMPLE BOOK
FREE TO DISTRIBUTE

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A letter from Art Blue:

“I have to thank all the artists in virtual worlds who gave me their artwork to conservation so there might be a chance for future generations to explore the beginning of immersive art. I list the names in alphabetical order no matter if I got one piece or more. From the US-American artist Molly Bloom I got the full collection. Hyde Hackl from the Netherlands built the museum for her. It was opened at the Santorini Biennale in the year 2016. The Canadian artist Bryn Oh donated the Ferrisquito collection.

Historians will be able to deal with the Cleft, the Golden Spike of the Digital Anthropocene, the time where user created creativity stepped out of the unknown.”

Aley Resident, AM Radio, Art Blue, Attard Magic, Aurora Mycano, Birki Magic, Bonafidenuuts Aries, Bryn Oh, CapCat Ragu, Cephyroth Mavendorf, ChapTer Kronfeld, Cherry Manga, Cold Frog, Creative Starfall, Daco Monday, Dora Gustafson, Excess Lemmon, Feathers Boa, Fiona Blaylock, Fontana Magic, FreeWee Ling, Fuschia Nightfire, Gaianed Lindman, Garvie Garzo, Gem Preiz, Ggabriel Madruga, Hans Acht, Issis Karu, Ivrai Abramovic, JadeYu Fhang, JJ Doe, JP Giessen, Juliette Surrealdreaming, Kuno See, Leopard Adored, Lilia Artis, Louly Loon, Mdina Magic, Meilo Minotaur, Meo Sandalwood, Met Knelstrom, Mimesis Monday, Minethere Always, Minimal Blue, Mosta Magic, Nanjido Oh, Navah Dreams, Neo Gurgelwasser, Neo Prim, Nexuno Thespian, Nicci Lane, Qnav What, RacerX Gullwing, Ray Blue, Reezy Frequency, Renn Yifu, Rob Balder, SaveMe Oh, Sergius Both, Sisi Biedermann, Soror Nishi, SR Hadden, Vanish Firecaster, Wizard Gynoid, Wizardoz Chrome, Yooma Mayo, Zaphod Beeblebrox, Zeno Astronen

“We will not only remember that ‘everything once started with a prim or a cube’, we will be able to explore and to learn from our ancestors how it came to live in walkable virtual environments.”

Ray Blue, 2057

CHAPTER 1, 2, 3
& 15 AS SAMPLE PAGES ...

1 LOGIN

I write this book in a state of deep pain. I could easily stop the pain by taking a filler – a place holder, a substitute to cover it, but then there would be no book. I am a writer and there must be a book... the book of my life.

The pain is unbearable. It goes through my stomach, meets my spine, focuses my knees, yes my knees, the hell knows why there. I stretch my legs to do a self-given massage. Doing this brings not much, but sometimes I do things that bring nothing but I do them nevertheless. I hope you stay with me, reader. I might perform better when the book moves forward to places you would barley believe exist. Roy Batty comes in my mind where he says: *"I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I watched C-beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhäuser Gate. All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain. ..."*

I have been at such places, they exist; you can really be there as they do exist, but now the only reality I feel is pain. Not the type of pain you feel when you lose a dear friend or your mother, your sister or even, yes, the hardest pain you hope only to imagine: the loss of a child.

The pain I speak of is the pain that is there when there is hope. You wonder on pain when there is hope? And such a strong pain? This writer must be a melodramatic narcissist, you think. You are right, but listen, I am speaking of a hope that stays on your side but only on yours, when hope on the other side is gone.

Imagine a world where you have the key to stop death, but you can't use it.

It would not be honorable. It would be against the code. I exist in this coded world as well.

Before I start to turn the great wheel, let me quote what she said at the end, *“It will be just your dream you write.”*

What she meant is the dream would no longer be “our“ dream. She still loves me with all her heart, so I thought it would happen, the change... an impossible possible. The University of Western Australia named their last art competition this way, the Impossible Possible. I took part in that competition and got a prize for one of the best artworks in immersive worlds. Of course there is no proof of this as it was at a time where virtual identities were kept hidden. The virtual identity act was quite some years ahead.

And there shall the story begin. A true story. Everything is truly true, just time, places and names and the sequence of events have been changed to make this book work, to give the story a running that points to the future. A future that is true, just not many others have the knowledge and the desire to connect things that are already known. You ask for the fields to connect? I thought long how to avoid saying things, bringing forth terms that might be hard to read and understand at this time.

It is too easy to say, ”Oh no, this book is not meant for me,“ as I write in the fields of informatics, science and the arts.

So I say, “And death shall have no dominion.”

It is the science of the brain, it is art experienced in immersive ways and informatics you have never heard existing this way. On first glance you will not recognize it. I will try hard not to bore you to death. I will do that by telling you what made me do it. I really am not smart in the way the term “to be smart” is defined. But I have endurance.

If you know the movie *Gattaca* then you understand it in a second. Vincent Anton Freeman made it finally to Titan. Some readers might not be into Science Fiction and also not into informatics. So, I point to a book where a clinical pathologist works out ways for the perfect murder he is planning. Perhaps you will experience his motivation, and perhaps even wish him good luck – or maybe you will suffer with the victim – or explore a change of mind as the story unfolds. The tools the pathologist uses may even become familiar as the plan unfolds. You don’t have to understand programming. I don’t understand it even though I was a programmer for

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many years. If the out coming code works correct or not, I don't know. You also don't have to have a degree in the arts. I don't have one. Nevertheless, I was teaching art. You must be open-minded, or else the stories told might not work.

Behavioral aspects, close to social science, to brain dominance research, I will dig out and set them in place. I don't know when this book will be published but I will find a way that all I tell fits perfectly into the time when it will happen.

“Time travel,” you say?

Do I know when the book will be published? Let's keep it open for a moment. Times of big data, times of immersive interactive applications are knocking constantly on all doors. Times of Immersivia. Bringing a new term is the easy way. We don't want to put things too easily in a box. I like to expand your picture of reality. What I say has foundation or will have in the future. I am never wrong, never ever. I know who is laughing now! You? That's good. I meant the bunny, but I will not mention her again. Not sure if I can keep this promise, I try to keep all my promises. Maybe not to mention the bunny again is one I can't keep at all. Life is full of contradictions even when you may search for a steady flow in a clear river running down from the Crater Lake in Oregon.

I want to avoid speaking about past life regression and experiences people have had with near-death. I am a scientist after all, not a professional writer to entertain you. You shall face the future of knowledge. Am I a genius or a poser? Fact is that I am a 33. This I have in common with 2% of the population. It depends on your birthday. The editor knows my birth date. I gave it to her so she has proof to share with the readers after my death.

After my death? This will be an important point to understand – “death.” Is there only one? I need to skip this for now even if it is my life mission.

“What is your life mission?” Peter Seibt once asked me. He is the author of *The New Nomads*. I worked it out, but will not bring it here and now as you might shake your head, put the book aside and never open it again until, yes, until you must face the inevitable when you feel no longer sure of the end, your end. You have hopes...

I could now tell you that my zodiac is Aquarius and you may say: “Ah, that's all based on fiction. What he calls truth is just New Age mumbo jumbo. I don't need this to entertain myself. Where is the pathologist he

promised? The needle with the deadly virus he stole?"

"On the other hand," as I once said to my editor (not the copy-editor I gave this manuscript to for publication), I said to her, the other her, that I am an Aquarian, a dreamer and the person (me) she calls in her magazine, "our own genius writer," has some advantages in the zodiac circle, but genius is a bit overdone.

She replied with quite a strong voice, "You are wrong Art." – she called me Art – "You don't have the strongest sign, this point goes on me. I am the Fish."

So, in one of my next articles I wrote for her magazine, "The intrepid fish that swims both upstream and downstream with equal proficiency." I swim only in one direction. Find out what direction it might be. I change the starting point of course.

The truth needs a light and I will show you it through different points of view. Consider this: Is Aquarius or Pisces the strongest sign in the zodiac? Or is my editor and me both wrong? I will stick to the fact that I am a scientist, not hard science like math or molecular biology but social science; the science of art, of art recognition, of the seeing of beauty, of expanding the mind. I did not mention physics as a hard science, for a reason. At the end of the scale, the Higgs boson detected at Cern Accelerator Complex, Geneva, is called, "the God particle." Though this wording might just be made for the press, there is more behind it; this has to do with simulation.

In the field, simulation and operations research, I hold a Master's degree. My mark was not the best possible, but nevertheless I am very proud of it. How I came to this is a story you may for sure enjoy the most. However, my scientific foundation or base is in the arts. I was the youngest lecturer at a German university – ever – in art didactics. I was 19 years old — I will tell you this story later. I hope I made you curious and you will work your way forward in the great wheel to find out.

Now my life is behind me and I give my publisher, a friend in Newport Beach, which is south of Los Angeles, my manuscript to hold onto so no harm comes to the bunny. The bunny, you understand, just her heartbeat might beat stronger, but she will not freak and not faint, as her health was once not the best. I work carefully around.

For the first chapter I need to step into a parallel world; it is not in the future and not in the past, it is parallel. These thoughts will be quite

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understandable in some years when the book will be published... then you all will understand. Virtual meets real. We have games, game machines. You immerse in the game. You meet the rabbit? Alice in wonderland. Indeed, this was the motto of the first Biennale that allowed such a rabbit to step out of the virtual worlds into reality.

It was in the year 2016, when the first Biennale including immersive art was held in Santorini, Greece. Long, long ago. You sit at the computer? You read this book on a kindle? Yes, this will also exist. You have the 3D Internet and you see the depth when you walk with your SANSAR avatar inside. As I love Phil Rosedale I add: *of course, you may also have a HF avatar in his High Fidelity world.* This would be when I die early, maybe in a car accident. If I die later then the game will be called differently, due to Art Blue, a genius I met. I have to say, he's a true genius. I did not say it, one I adore did. Her wisdom and insights became legendary in Virtual Arts. *Interview* by Glenn O'Brian gave Andy Warhol a platform and she gave one to Art Blue. The name of the game will be "Calyptica."

Inside Calyptica will be a game that combines the old times of Rome, where gladiators fight for glory and life, they being matched with modern gamers, with heroes of today from baseball, football, soccer, cybersphere. They fight in arenas sponsored by the Advertising industry. But the goal stays the old one: *Panem et Circenses*, games made for the masses. The opening by the Headsman is the same since the game was created, "Ready Bonebreaker One!" and in this moment the doors to the games immerse and the masses are shouting, "Ready Bonebreaker Two" – some mean themselves, they put their life in.

There are other worlds, of course. For example, one based on the world of the Hobbits. If you look in Wikipedia you will see the genealogy of games and game design, starting with Dungeons & Dragons in 1974. But I shall not bore you by giving you a briefing in technology and technical history. Instead, I shall bring you into the parallel world.

Herbert: "Is he in?"

Ascot: "I see him rezding, yes he is."

Herbert: "What is his first step?"

Ascot: "I don't know. I see him in a T-pose."

Herbert: "Shit, the AO must be worn."

AX: Animation Overrider switched to ON

Ascot: "He is walking."

Dialogs such as the above are used in lessons at the virtual world game design department where I have been enrolled. Long ago. The lesson was entitled, “Computer history, the beginning of the Digital Anthropocene.” Anthropocene has nothing to do with computers, you say? Correct.

Anthropocene is a proposed epoch dating from the commencement of significant human impact on the Earth's geology and ecosystems. I am now speaking of the Digital Anthropocene. By the way, the first time this term was used was by one of my ex-students in 2017. The European Investment Bank Institute in Luxembourg put out a call for applications, and though at first it was an obscure term, it did become a common term.

Computers are the common factor behind our society. It is said that less than 1% of the population understands them; stated for the first time by Peter Weibel, Director of ZKM Karlsruhe, one of the think tanks of New Media technologies. This percentage has not changed over the years.

In earlier times you would have been king or queen if you could make a mail program merge with Word, using Excel in combination for your boss. Now, just assume for a minute you are in this time a chief secretary – lets say in 1990 – and your boss would speak the ways he does now. You would freak out in 1990, when you import his instructions into the companies Artificial Intelligence System (AI) in an attempt to get the customers in the next shareholder's meeting happy. Hopefully, you have the correct settings so the AI can predict the audience questions correctly, so your boss gets prepared by you, the super cool secretary reaching forward in time! To code the AI, to truly understand software, stays at 1% of the population, “the ones knowing,” Art Blue would say that.

I died too early and you don't understand such an Artificial Intelligence System? Then think of Microsoft's Cortana, Apple's Siri, Google's Alexa, and Amazon's Echo.

Who are the AI pioneers? Herbert and Ascott is a side link to some of the AI pioneers. However, I will use such names as Grace, in memory of Grace C. Hertlein; Elenore, for Dr. Eleonore Trefftz; Konrad, for Konrad Zuse; Hermann, for Hermann Oberth; CyberXStrike, for Khristiana Rae-Scheidner; and, Stowasser - you may know as Hundertwasser. They all have a function in my book of life. I met them all in person. Don't stop reading. I will bring proof of all this.

Prof. Sims Bainbridge's, *Personality Capture and Emulation*, was published by Springer Science, 2014, and explains how to conserve the human mind in software. He was program director of the National Science Foundation for

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Cyber technologies. Brain dominance and thinking preferences have been one of my fields I was interested in. We worked together on this topic.

The book of my life is, *The Great Wheel*, and so I have to stop now and turn the spoke one step forward. I don't want that you get stuck inside links to informatics and technology; a book not suited to read after a hard working day - no you don't have to wait too long for a change. The wheel has, let's assume, 42 spokes, so we will have quite a lot of changes, of sparkles to get one turn.

I have right now not decided how often the wheel will turn. You know that's the deal with life, with real life, *you never know*. But there is a "but." Later, please later, we will go to meet Michael. Not the archangel Michael you may know from the TV series *Dominion*.

After 40 years of clinical psychology, Dr. Michael Newton founded the Newton Institute for The Afterlife. We will have a look at some pictures he brought to the world from hundreds of past life regressions and near-death experiences. I would not believe this all if I'd not experienced it first hand when my own father had such an experience after a heart transplant. He was a mechanic, not a weird academic losing all grounding over the years as you may see in me. Of course, I will not just copy from the books of Dr. Michael Newton. At this time I also enrolled in classes with Keith Sherwood, but I misbehaved so he kicked me out. Watch out for when I turn the Great Wheel to the time when I meet him. Remember, all parts of the wheel are connected, but it will take a while until I let the connector snap-in.

Time to turn the wheel – I throw the dice to... New Zealand.

Oh darn, that's not the parallel world I promised to bring you to. The dice needs a hack, just a soft push, and then we may head to New Zealand to meet the artist Friedensreich Hundertwasser.

2 LEVEL 3

“How did the night go?” I asked the doctor.

“Quite calm. She was dancing all night long,” he said without looking at any notes. Then he added after a while, “One song made her upset, but the Artificial Intelligence could manage and distract her.”

I asked, “The AI? I thought she pays for a sitter. The insurance company agreed on a 24/7 sitter.”

Then the doctor took up a sheet and looked at it. “You are right,” he agreed. “In this moment the sitter went to the restroom and so the backup managed it.”

I know well how things run even in private hospitals, but on the other hand to play out my knowledge, to show of what I am capable to do, would reduce my options in the future. Who knows, there might come up a need to hack the hospital’s database to get things out they might hide from me.

“That’s good. Do you see what song it was?” I asked.

The doctor nodded. “She’s My Kind of Rain.”

I replied, “I know a song by Tim McGraw.” What I did not tell was that she said, *“My heart today is so full of love for you, it feels like it will burst. Listen to the song if you get the chance.”* The doctor looked at me concerned, as if something was missing that could be relevant for the treatment and so I added, “She once dedicated the song to me – in the virtual world where we first met.”

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The doctor made a note and then said, in a question-like way, “Sansar?
High Fidelity? Calyptica?”

“A quite similar world, with keyboard steered avatars,” I replied.

3 MEETING HUNDERTWASSER

I sit in a hotel room with my girlfriend, a lovely young lady studying business with me. Yeah business; let's keep it this way. I page the yellow book as she shouts, "Dear, let's go the weather is too good and time is too precious for this," and she points to the phone book I have in my hands.

I say, "I got him. His phone number is here under his real name, Stowasser, not his artist name Hundertwasser. You know I must visit him and he will sign my book."

Her reply was not the best. I know my pattern very well. I never give up. At least that was my thinking at these times. Maybe I said something like, "Come on, you know how to make an old guy sign my book. I need you."

I went to the hotel desk and dialed the number. I heard a cracking "Hallo" and I started to speak. "Keine Zeit!" (No time) was the reply and the connection dropped. I was speechless. I had written him a letter from Germany many weeks ago. I sent it to his agent in Vienna, Austria. I could not even bring my mission, my well-prepared words to his attention. If I came back to my girlfriend reporting what I have experienced, I felt this mission would face a fast stop.

She would have said something like, "F*ck the bastard. I told you before, he is not waiting for you."

I don't need this advice. I know it by myself. Talking to the hotel manager about my problem, he told me, "Tom the owner of the grocery store might know more. If there is a chance, speak to this guy." After a pause, where I might have looked like someone from the moon, he added, "No Tom, no

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food for him. It is the shop at the little harbor in the laguna.”

So, we went there and again I let it ring, but this time I asked Tom to let it ring. He told me the German guy had been here yesterday with his boat and might not come again until the end of the week. The phone was handed over to me.

“Stowasser!” someone shouted at the end, but I could sense something had changed. The old guy had difficulties to work out what happened as I was now with Tom so I could bring in my message.

“Hi, I am the artist from Germany who sent you a letter via your agent in Vienna some weeks ago,” I spoke into the phone. After a while, I heard nothing more than an “And?” So, I said, “I am here to meet you.”

He told me that it was shear impossible to find him. Of course, I did not give up, so he told me that when I manage to drive by car somewhere up the hills I would see three milk cans and, a hundred meters farther, a crossing on the left side of the road, and then I would see telephone cables between the trees and these cables lead down to his house.

And so I went to finally meet him. But, let me make you smile by bringing the full story to your attention. I, and I have to add my brave girlfriend was of great help, found the street, better a gravel track in bad shape. I had to knock at a farmer’s house to get a confirmation that I was headed in the right direction.

“Yes the painter lives there,” confirmed the farmer, whose finger pointed in a direction that made no sense, as I knew Hundertwasser had come by boat to the grocery store. I figured he must live by some water level, and repeated the earlier directions given me, “Three milk cans... a milk collection point on the road?”

”Ahhh, *that* one, the crazy one, the German?” asked the farmer and pointed in a different direction.

I was relieved, thanked the farmer and headed on our way, finally arriving at the right spot.

Now what? I wondered. It had taken hours. It was the middle of the day already. The sun burned on our heads. When I finally saw the cables, I shouted to my girlfriend, “Success, I see the cables.”

We went downhill, following the phone cables that have been stretched from tree-to-tree. When the house came into sight, Hundertwasser was not on the veranda. Instead, a pretty looking lady of my age greeted us, saying, "He sleeps."

"*Er schläf?*" I replied in German, amazed. Then quickly added, "No problem. I called him and he said I may come any time." Sadly, I have forgotten the lady's name but I will never forget how she looked. She can be described in one word: *stunning*.

The stunning one did not say, "Let me see after my father, or grandfather." Instead, she looked at my companion, perhaps realizing my girlfriend was no competition threat, and then said, "It is not good if I wake him up now. Want to take a seat? Want some refreshments?"

"Oh my God that's what we need now, to sit here for hours until he recovers from the stress with his playmate," my girlfriend said to me after the lady went back inside the house to fetch something to drink. Women have a different sense. Indeed she was right. Sometime later it became clear the stunning one was his companion when she spoke to him in a rather provocative way.

"My darling, we have two guests from Germany."

So it went that my art was recognized; approved by this genius of an artist, a man knowing the ways of making someone else famous through his endorsement. He was as a spark and his name alone could ignite anything. When he was young he became known not by making art, no ways, but by reading about art, by postulating works as art, by presenting them naked in a gallery. His so called, "Nacktreden" (Speeches in the nude), made him famous. Then he could do whatever came up in his mind. Hundertwasser, as we all know him, was born, arrested by the Police of Vienna; his nakedness brought him into the news!

Many decades later such things are cold coffee. Social art has many faces. One naked artist in a gallery reading a Manifesto or as a runner in the streets to fight for fair payment in the arts would be a laugh, noted as an annoyance at best. It needs at least 1,000 naked bodies to get a photo recognized as art. Spencer Tunik is the one who made it with 3,200 people – he colored them all in blue standing in front of a Marks & Spencer shop as well as laying on the beach at the Sea of Hull project. Now that's a headline that gains public attention.

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But the great wheel has turned and it is my Hundertwasser time, my day, my chance to get a glimpse of the glory from his past to my present. Finally, he noticed my computer drawings titled, “fences, mouth and tongues.” He found them inspiring and accepted the signing of the color concept I had developed – confirming it as “the Hundertwasser Colors in Digital Art.” I fell in awe. I can now say I am a scholar of Hundertwasser, the great Austrian artist. He was known, where he lived in New Zealand until he died, as “the crazy German one.” He approved my approach in Digital Art. But before this all happened I had to pass a test.

The Hundertwasser Test

As he stood up after his rest from lunch, you remember, introduced by his girlfriend, he was surely not pleased that I made it, that we made it.

“I want to do a walk,” he stated, pointing at our feet. “No shoes!”

This is how he first spoke to us. So, we followed him barefoot. You may not know to walk barefoot is no risk in New Zealand, at least in over 95 % of the country. There are only some spots where the dangerous Katipo or Redback spiders exist. But even knowing this you still felt uncomfortable if not used to it. The walk went far away from the feeling of a sandy beach. He lived in the middle of a jungle with mud, slippery plants all over the ground, making ugly gibbering noises when you walk. From time to time you sank in over your ankles and you needed something to hold onto to move out of it. It was a disgusting walk.

He made a detour until we reached his bottle house where he demonstrated his invention, the *Hundertwasser toilet*. If you are in the arts, you know of this house. There are photos of it even in Wikipedia. Each bottle he consumed in person. He explained to me in detail, the reflection of the light through the bottles when you sit on the toilet. If I had not listened carefully, I would not be what I am now: “the most famous Digital Artist of all Times” (rezmagazine). Surreal Light reflections, is a big part of my shows. 15,000 spectators in Rome at the Live Performers’ meeting. You see the Hundertwasser effect hits me right now.

So, after a two-hour walk, my girlfriend secretly made more than once the sign you may know if one is crazy, with the forefinger pointing at your forehead.

When we got back to his house we washed our feet. But! There was a last test I had to pass. My partner rebelled to continue and she was even supported in her denial by his playmate, so I went alone with him to his boat. It turned out it was not that he wanted to show me the boat that he uses to carry his food home in - no he needed assistance to fix it. I jumped down to help move his boat up. There was no water, as it was low tide. I saw a grey solid ground where I jumped down but believe me by the Prim Kings I sank in over my knees. So another washing, this time my trousers also needed it.

I got the talk of my life. I shall not exaggerate the talk of the day at least. Then the phone rang from inside the house. His girlfriend said, "His agent from Vienna is on the line. Some building project needs to be coordinated. He will not come back, at least not within the next hour."

It was already getting late.

"I will manage it," she said, adding, "What do you want him to write in your book?"

I told her and ten minutes later I had it. He signed even two times, my book, his book, and wrote the text I suggested as a recommendation. What you want more out of a day?

BOOK SAMPLE ...

15 DRIVING MR. BLUE

I am sitting in a car to attend, and I am quite sure of this, one of the last Biennale for Immersive Interactive Art – “Immersivia,” as I call it. I have reached quite an age. That’s why I am quite sure this might be one of the last big art shows I will visit where I will be on focus - but luckily I am not alone. You say the bunny is steering the car? Let me keep this question open. But what I will not keep open is that on the backseat I carry Mr. Blue, securely fastened and packed well. Even in case the car crashes Mr. Blue might be safe. He is in a RAID5 server in a frozen prim state, which means in human terms “now sleeping.” I will bring him back to life. That’s my mission: “I bring brains to the depth. Forever.” Now you know what my answer to Peter Seibt was when he asked me for my great story. *I conserve lifeforms in the state they once have been so future generations can learn about the beginning of digital life.* About life “in general,” it will be said in the future, but we are now in the present.

It is a great feeling that after so many years I carry the all time genius on my backseat. Not in the ways the brain of Albert Einstein was once carried along a trip Michael Paterniti did with the 84-year-old Dr. Thomas Harvey, as he was helping to deliver the brain to Einstein’s granddaughter, Evelyn, in California. Not in the ways the car driver Paterniti tells us in “Driving Mr. Albert” (2000) you say?

First I have to say I did not steal his brain as Dr. Harvey did with Einstein. Nevertheless I have to admit for a Non-Believer, for one not believing in the sacred wisdom of the frozen prim theories, it might look like I worked in quite similar ways. Albert Einstein's brain was cut by Dr. Harvey, the pathologist in Princeton who had Einstein's brain in the year 1955 in hand, in 170 - other sources say 240 - small cubes. Art Blue's brain is cut in strings of bits and bytes of a length of 256. But, and now a big but: 256, is a holy number. It is 2^8 , the size of a basic sim, the simulation world of the elders. This way I will resurrect him once more for the glory of the arts. I need a virtual machine for it, but I am sure that's cold coffee to tell you.

Oracle VM, you ask?

Correct, I see you are up to date!

BOOK SAMPLE ...

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ervare was born in the year 1957 in Munich, Germany. His life adventures have taken him deep into the sciences of math, informatics, simulations, and most importantly, the arts. He currently resides in Berlin and London.

Ervare, in Afrikaans ‘the old man knowing’, stays hidden in a code. Many names are hidden this way in our times. ‘The ones knowing’ may decipher it. Look back in time and use the code Julius Caesar once used and you get closer.

The book is available via Amazon in print and for kindle.

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