The Machine Mind of today; the Global Control Grid of tomorrow

by

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on

[Outside the Reality Machine](#)

PART ONE

We have to get at the university system and deconstruct it.

Actually, we have to deconstruct the deconstructors who teach in that system.

Forget that. We have to dissuade people from using and entering and believing in the university system. We have to take down the university system by abandoning it and letting it sit there and rot in the strange way that plastic rots.

Because when universities do teach anything at all, it's data, and the modern ways it should be

massaged. Finding data, collecting it, collating it, searching out patterns in it, building structures with it, developing AI to use it, modeling it, predicting with it.

And students walk into this hall of mirrors and they never get out.

Their minds come to resemble machines.

This happens to be the goal of the global control grid. Externally imposed; for purposes of control.

But, meanwhile, millions of young people are learning how to make their own minds into grids.

Show them real art, real independent science made by independent researchers working on their own, real people, and these young ones are lost in the effort of translation.

Anything that involves LIFE, the juice and the creative force of it, the non-ideological living soul of it-the young students (and many former students) are baffled and entirely skeptical. Clueless.

That bland cluelessness is the state of mind the technocratic global grid-genetic engineering, nanoparticle insertion, brain-machine interface, artificial birth, Pavlovian conditioning-intends to install. Is installing now.

"EVERYTHING IS A SERIES OF SYSTEMS. LEARN THESE SYSTEMS. BECOME THESE SYSTEMS. IDENTIFY YOURSELF WITHIN THESE SYSTEMS."

And then there is this: "We've won a great battle; we've overthrown the vaccine mandates; we've dispensed with that system; but now, because of what we've become, we're going to set up A BETTER SYSTEM [and embroil and trap everyone in it]."

There is no way to throw off the advancing global control grid, if our minds already resemble it. We're simply going to launch different versions of it. Against ourselves.

We'll SAY freedom, but we won't know what it is, because we'll be living and replicating slavery.

A data-driven mind, a mind that thinks of itself in structural terms, will read this article and merely try to extract key points from it-believing that approach will add up to something, when it will add up to nothing.

This is the modern technological educational method at work. A plastic fungus that spreads.

When two machine minds talk to each other, they'll reach a number of interesting and useful conclusions, but none of them will reach into LIFE.

PART TWO

"It ignited a firestorm on social media"

Welcome to the show. I'm your host, YouGluer the Magnificent. My guest today calls himself Brad Douchebag. Brad has 1.3 million Twitter followers. So Brad, what's your secret to success?

Thanks for having me. I scour the web for comments advocating individual freedom of any kind, and I scream against those comments on Twitter. Then my followers pile on with me and create a firestorm.

I see. I'm told you've made quite a name for yourself in academic circles.

Harvard offered me a teaching position in their Department of Social Sciences and Data Analysis. I had to turn it down.

Why?

I've parlayed my social media presence into a business. I sell cheap Chinese masks online. Managing a business requires a great deal of time and energy. Frankly, Harvard's offer was an insult. 150K a year...

PART THREE

Joe works for a major corporation. He's an animal rights advocate.

One day, on his personal Twitter account, he posts the following: "What they do to animals in labs is sheer torture. The lab-thugs poison them to discover a precise dose that kills..."

Social media mavens pick up on this comment. For example: "Joe's juxtaposition of ANIMALS and THUGS is thinly veiled RACISM. We all know what he really means."

Two weeks later, the HR person in Joe's company calls him in. "You're under attack, Joe. You're going to have to apologize. Profusely."

"Nonsense," Joe says. "I did nothing wrong. People are twisting my words."

"We know that, Joe. But it doesn't matter. The company doesn't care about what you posted. We care about the reaction. Somebody is going to discover you work here. And then they're going to come after us."

"Then you tell them my comments weren't hurtful."

"It doesn't work that way, Joe. You have to grovel, or we'll fire you. You'll be out in the street. No major company will hire you. Instead, apologize, enroll in one of our re-education classes, and sit down with an anti-racist group. We have a list of those groups. You apologize to them, too-"

"But I'm not a racist."

"It doesn't matter now. It only matters what people are saying. Think of your family, Joe. What are THEY going to say when you're out of work, when you could have saved your job, but didn't? Do you think you'll have their sympathy after you flushed 200K a year down the toilet?"

"...This is more serious than I imagined."

"You bet your ass it is."

"I'm going to have to become a different person."

"Now you're talking."

"What kind of person will that be?"

"Someone humble, Joe, who seeks forgiveness, who made a serious mistake, who will do everything in his power to atone for his sins. You now realize the pain you've caused others."

"Should I cry?"

"That would be good."

"I took a drama course in college."

"Put it to use."

"What about self-flagellation on camera?"

"With a whip? That would be going too far. People would think you're crazy. Keep it along the line of, you're sorry, you're devastated, and by atoning you hope to set an example for others."

"Yes, that's good."

"We have PR people, Joe. They'll work with you. They'll help you craft your new messages, your new persona."

"I'll be like a reformed criminal who got religion."

"Yes. Think of yourself as a prisoner who's seeking early parole. You'll do whatever it takes."

"All right-you pass."

"Excuse me? What?"

"You pass. My name isn't Joe. I'm with the Justice Department. In a few weeks, I'm going to resign from my job here with you people and disappear. My unit moves from corporation to corporation, making sure their key people are on board with preferred social trends."

"That's-I don't believe you, Joe."

"I'd advise you to believe me. I really would. I'm not the only DOJ employee on board with your company. We keep an eye on things."

"No."

"Yes. We're in the middle of a vast social experiment. Our goal is changing attitudes. We're tightening the control system. You're with us, or you're against us. ALL humans are wild ANIMALS, biological machines that are mis-programmed from birth. We're doing the re-programming. We need major corporations like yours to partner with us. Declare vaccine mandates, enforce correct social behavior, and so on. If, for any reason, you decided to oppose what we're doing, YOU would find yourself out in the street without a job. The resentment of your family would be visited on YOU. YOUR friends would shun you. Am I getting through?"

"...you are. Yes."

"Good. You're OK, Bob. You earn a pass. So far. Stay on the straight and narrow."

"I'm amazed."

"That's a normal reaction. It's a new world."

"I'll say. So you have my balls in a box."

"We do."

"I'm not sure I like that, Joe."

"How much you don't like it is part of the social experiment, too. We want to know how far we can push people."

"Before what?"

"Before they rebel in great numbers. That's the ultimate question, isn't it? When do they stop giving away their freedom for what they think is security?"

"When? How about never?"

"Good. We need people like you. We build our palaces on your backs."

"Because we're passive."

"Bingo."

PART FOUR

From time to time in these pages, I write satire, fiction, even poetry.

Why?

Because I'm a writer.

I've been working at it for 60 years. As a writer, I have more than one interest. I lay out what I see along a number of different avenues. I also, God forgive me, employ Imagination-which I know is considered a major crime in some quarters.

HOWEVER, I always make a distinction between fiction and factual articles. How? The CONTENT of the piece clarifies that distinction.

But sometimes...well, for example...

I once wrote a piece about 150 MILLION Americans traveling to Mexico and then coming back across the border as immigrants and going on welfare-and some people believed I was reporting a news story. On top of that, they got up on their hind legs and brayed: "It isn't true!"

Drugs? Brain damage? The education system?

So...here's a story about THAT-

DATELINE, JULY 18, 2097: You of course remember the Alice in Wonderland War. Way back in 2056, a government bureaucrat brought suit against Midas Publishing for reprinting the ancient Lewis Carroll novel.

The bureaucrat stated there was no Alice, there was no Mad Hatter. He claimed that to assert the existence of these characters was an affront to the literal mind.

The literal mind, he insisted, was man's highest achievement. He wrote: "A is A, and can't be otherwise. The fabrication of A as B or C is an attempt to confuse, subvert, and destroy."

"In order for universal surveillance to succeed, the citizenry should say what they mean at all times. Metaphor, simile, joke, satire, parody-these constructions confuse algorithms established to detect potential terrorist activity."

The attorney for Midas Publishing countered with: "The literal mind is an idiot. It wouldn't recognize a joke or a punchline if they were shoved down its throat. I hereby issue a call to all people everywhere to start lying, fabricating, telling jokes, all day, every day. Stop acting like good little androids!"

Suddenly, it happened. People started enjoying themselves. The joke and the parody and mockery made a comeback. Did they ever. And NSA's computers went crazy, exactly the way the literal mind collapses in the face of metaphor.

It was, ultimately, a revolution...

Along with the Alice-in-Wonderland War, we all recall another famous turning point in our history-the 2061 Lenny Bruce case. Lenny, a volunteer in a Technocratic SINGULARITY experiment, was hooked up, brain to brain, with the Kurzweil super-computer at MIT, in the first public demonstration of Enhanced Human, a government-funded program.

The assumption was, Lenny would suddenly become a god. The super-computer would load trillions and trillions of pieces of knowledge into his brain, and he would experience an unprecedented expansion of consciousness.

But just before the computer-connection was made, Lenny uttered, "Suppose everything I'm thinking is a series of jokes? Suppose I don't really mean what I think in a literal sense? Suppose when I think A I'm really meaning Z?"

The experiment was halted at that point and Lenny was arrested by the FBI. He was put on trial for conspiracy to commit an act of terrorism, because, obviously, the whole technocratic premise would fail along all systems of computer-to-brain interaction, if other people took Lenny's hint.

The bill of particulars against Lenny read, "A violation of the literal...an act of domestic insurrection."

And then, a hundred thousand Americans rioted at the Federal Court Building and freed Lenny. Remember?

That's when the machine-mind died...

-And that, dear reader, concludes today's episode of, "The Overreaching Obsession for The Literal," brought to you by the Anti-Algorithm Foundation, dedicated to finding honest work for data analysts: repairing sewers, cracked sidewalks, and broken furniture. [h5]