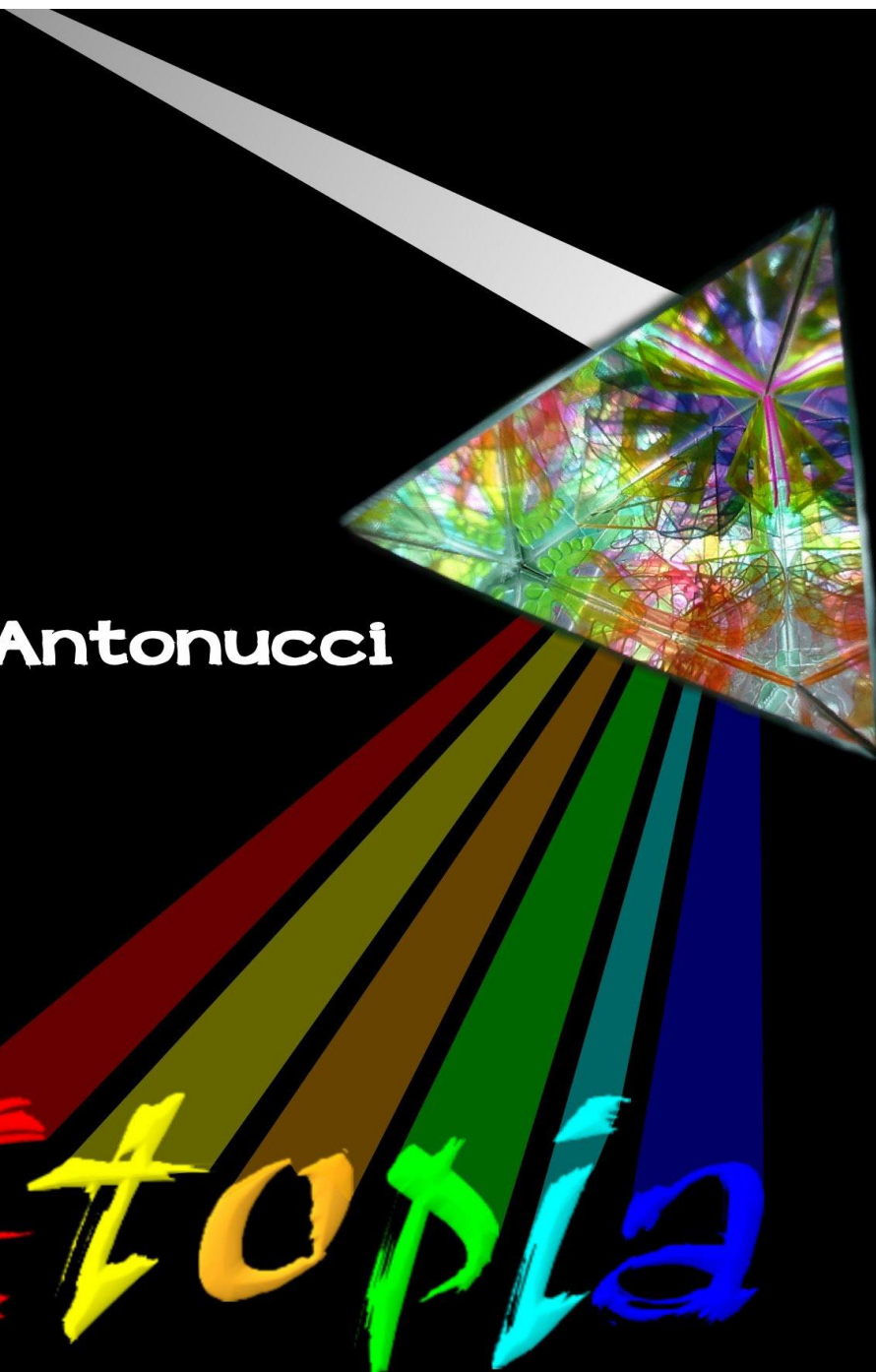




Nicola Antonucci

Etopia

A nearby utopia

edizioni
PRIMAORA

“...after the filters were installed into the Shell, for 6 months all political speeches were extinguished, while exhausting political meetings were reduced to a few farewell phrases...”

About the book you are going to read

Some friends, in the future civilization of *E*, live the Dialogue Dictatorship in different ways.

A “Dialogue Dictatorship”? The question raised by Giordaire about the meaning of this enigmatic oxymoron causes a storm of events: obscure plots and poetic initiatives, domination plans and an audacious rescue of the Humanity, the appearance of a new God, psycho-physical wellness opportunity for everybody, a rebellion against ongoing human entropy and...

You are entering in Etopia, the society that promotes and facilitates the realization of dreams for many citizens, pariahs, voters, thinkers, students, workers, investors, lovers...

A new utopia for the XXI century that cannot wait anymore and that will exist: Etopia.

Small legislative, moral, electoral and cultural changes for huge political, social and existential changes. Sometimes, it can only take a butterfly’s wings flap...

Around such dynamics, a *simple* complex-system emerges out of the author’s mind, which clearly catches the contradictions and weaknesses of our contemporary age.

A novelized essay? A philosophic-poetic thriller? A *green* utopia? Surely a new text, with a new Dialogue for a world fractured in a thousand chips – every chip is a *great gem*.

Between poetry and science, love and religion, feelings and politics, Etopia will appear in the intersection among complexity theory, cognitive sciences and game theory, revealing new vast territories of possible and sustainable psycho-physical Wellness.

About the author

There are some people who observe reality and ask themselves *Why?* Some others go beyond, daring to imagine non-existing realities, asking themselves *Why not?* Nicola Antonucci (Chicago, 1959) belongs to the second group. From his engineering studies to management initiatives in IT international corporations, to the development of financial methodologies and software, everything testifies his will to explore and realize new worlds, starting from himself.

«Be yourself the change you want to see in the world» is Mahatma Gandhi’s precept that better corresponds to the vision of himself, of the others and of the future.

Nicola Antonucci publishes articles on scientific, financial, ethic and management topics on various websites:

complexlab.it - the Complexity at 360° : a Collaborative Working Environment for improving complex business, institutional and associational organizations

complexlab.it/financial-coaching: Financial Coaching Blog to help investors and traders to choose consciously and... not being deceived.

teletrading.tv : videos on various Scientific Finance issues.

soldionline.it : Scientific Finance Blog applied to stock trading and financial scenarios.

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Etopia

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EDITION:
PrimaOra soc. coop. a r.l. - www.primaora.it
Lodi, novembre 2006

PRINT:
Grafiche Lama (Piacenza)

PROMOTED BY
www.copyleft-italia.it

EDITORIAL COORDINATION:
Simone Aliprandi

GRAPHIC PROJECT:
A.F.A.&G.

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Dedicated to: *The Other*

*Enseña el Cristo: a tu prójmo
amarás como a ti mismo,
mas nunca olvides que es otro.*

*Teaches Christ: you shall love your neighbor as yourself,
but never forget s/he is another .*

Antonio Machado,
altruist poet

Premise

We woke up in the future, and to tell it there is need of new words*, new voices and new ears. In order to prepare you to our future vision of health, politics, education, work, justice, feelings and life, we put you in the hands of Elias Canetti and Takuan Sôhō:

*One day I realized that the world
cannot be pictured like in the old times novels,
as for to say from the point of view of a unique writer;
the world was torn into pieces,
and only if we had the courage to show it
in its fragmentation it was possible to give
a sincere image of it.*

Elias Canetti (about *Autodafé*)

*This day will not come again.
Each minute is worth a priceless gem.*

Takuan Sôhō, 1573-1645

Your future friends,
with their respective Yin and Yang:
Zarya and Giordaire
Maria and Heinz
Susaya and Asclero
Sally and Borgy
together with the dialogic chorus
of many other prosopa.

* You will find in the appendix the notes explaining the neologisms and the technical terms we used, if you should need them.

And the Lord said: «Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech». So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the Earth: and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel.

The Bible – Genesis 11, 6-9

5000 years later...

E is a Dictatorship founded on Dialogue.
This is the first article of an unwritten Constitution.
The second article has never been spoken.

*The comprehension of a question is often more important and
decisive than the content of the possible answers.*

Umberto Galimberti,
Dialogue philosopher

I add myself a second article: the dictatorship is abolished in favor of a Pancracy!

“Pancracy”, what is this new provocation of yours, Giordaire? I have never heard such a word, do you?

I haven’t too.

Me neither.

Never heard before.

Pals, I shall confess you: it is my personal way to define a reality I dream of, maybe a utopia.

Another, my Yang?

Yes Zarya: you are my Yin, but I have never illustrated to you this idea in which stands my fantasy: a utopia hosting individuals who are aware of the enslaving power of every cultural conditioning. All consciously unique, independent and in full control of themselves. A pancracy where everything that exists has the right to exist, for its uniqueness.

Giordaire, what separates us today from a pancracy? Nobody prohibits me to...

Prohibit... ? Sally, prohibitions have disappeared since the advent of the Dialogue dictatorship. In our E – the Dialogue Civilization – there is the only obligation of *dialoguing correctly*. This is the haven, conquered after the eternal human fatigue followed to the violation of the only prohibition in the Garden of Eden: “do not eat from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil!” I dream the dissolution of the only obligation of E, to leave room for the infinite expressiveness we are capable of. My Yang, this criticism of yours to the dialogic Commandment surprises me and makes me happy.

You know, pals: I love Dialogue and I recognize to the dialogic filters a fundamental role for the emancipation of Humanity from the dialogic atrophy. Their continuous education to the healthy rules of the Dialogue has protected the individuals from toxic communicational viruses.

My dear Yang, I bet you wish that filters could be applied also to the radio and to the tridimensional interactive holovisors, as it is provided in the political program of Golemith, the new candidate to the role of Global Curator.

For sure, Yin: I also think it is necessary to help many individuals to incorporate the healthy and correct dialogic rules. On their side, the dialogic filters have showed to be effective censors of unhealthy logical-syntactical mistakes in the satellite communications of the Shell.

Admit it, Giordaire: you don’t accept their censorship applied to your paradoxes, word games and provocations.

Susaya, you know me well. This is the very limit of dictatorship: the indiscriminate imposition of filters to *everyone*. Many individuals are able to dialogue correctly, guided by the Dialogue Ethics and by the 4 dialogic Commandments. It’s nonsense to leave to the filters the control over communications among such prosopa who have become insofar more dialogically mature than the ancient *persons*. There is need of a new generation of filters, more developed and able to distinguish the different dialogic abilities of the individuals. It’s just a question of measure: the indiscriminate dialogic censorship will end up encouraging the use of topics, logic and syllogisms also for singing, loving... Don’t exaggerate, my friend.

I don’t exaggerate, Asclero, but I think that...

How can you think, Giordaire, of arts and emotions mortified by rational filters? The first ones, together with human feelings, are *beyond* the world of these evolved software beings. Feelings are our exclusive property; who could ever subtract them to us?

Asclero, I trust what you are saying, but I can feel the Dialogue wanted by the dictatorship and indistinctly clipped by filters as a limited and *limiting* dialogue. They have instituted on the healthy Dialogue Ethics a holy religion and an authority: the Dialogue Dictatorship. Therefore: why don’t we sublimate this damned oxymoron in a new community of prosopa? A community without the Prohibition of the ancient Eden and the Obligation of E. A new Eden or, even better, a new Babel reconstructed under the symbol of a shared and understood Dialogue.

Giordaire, so is your pancracy a community without any form of state or government?

Yes, Asclero: correct dialogic relationships and full awareness of cultural conditionings will allow individuals to rule themselves, determining the disappearance of the state and of the dictatorship. Mankind will be organized in spontaneous communities, healthy and deeply human. Moreover, who among you can explain to me the *meaning* of the oxymoron “Dialogue Dictatorship”?

My Yang, these perplexities of yours against the dialogic obligation and on the meaning of a Dialogue Dictatorship correspond to my wish of a freer and more creative Dialogue, do you agree?

Sure, my Yin, but without the hallucination of freedom and creativity taken out from any rule. You may find the healthy freedom and the constructive creativity only inside a system of dialogic relationships and in respect of its rules.

I, instead, feel so caged in syllogisms, in contexts and in dialogic Commandments; I would like a Dialogue more...more...

More poetic? Yes, well said, Asclero: more poetic, and I bet that my inflexible Giordaire doesn't agree.

“More poetic”... I have never thought about it; maybe because poetry seems to me only an overblown ticking of words.

So, Giordaire, [I have already heard this expression of his...] learn to *listen* to it.

[What a wonderful and hypnotic red pupil is the sun at this time of the day. Why can't I accept the only article of E's constitution? I hate dictatorship, I love Dialogue. *Odi et amo*... dear poet Catullo... so tormented... so *dilemmatic*... I'm getting lost in my thoughts.]

[Always the same: Giordaire and his provocations on our Dialogue Dictatorship, loved by everybody; I hope no one gets offended. Meanwhile, the sun goes down; a fire burns up and follows it, on the sea.] So, pals, shall we order some good shellfishes and a lot of white wine?

What an opportune proposal, Zarya; so we can spare the provocations of your Giordaire on our beloved Dictatorship.

[I knew it: Borgy felt offended.] Excuse me, waiter....

Here I am; the same fresh sea bass?

No, giant crabs for everybody.

Excellent choice. And some appetizers... shall I bring them? I have some tasty new arrivals. Alright...? Good! [Excellent! Another bunch of sea fauna turned into cash.] And about the wine...? Muscadet sur Lie!

Excellent choice; I still have some bottles from a small but well-known winery.

“Learn to listen to poetry”: it's a nice suggestion, Asclero; maybe it will help me with Pizia.

“Pizia?” I guess it's the name of the semantic converter on which you are working since a long time with Heinz.

Exactly, Susaya: that's how we named our revolutionary semantic converter. We'll launch it on the market for Christmas.

Speaking about Heinz: why Maria and he are not here tonight? Borgy, they could never renounce to the first school play of their little Sussy. I think it's beginning in half an hour... Idea! Let's connect to the Shell for a 3D greeting on my palmtop holovisor. CALL HEINZ. [I hope we can reach that wacky Heinz; I'd like to say hi to him.]

Here I am, Giordaire; are you bothering me even before Sussy's play? Not to speak about work, I hope...

Not really, Heinz. You know... Borgy realized *only now* that you're not having dinner with us, and...

It's not true that I'm realizing now, Giordaire, even if I admit that sometimes it's hard to notice him, because he only speaks to you...

Well, dear Borgy, since I noticed the soporific effect of my conversation on you...

Well, Heinz, you may try to change the subjects!

Borgy, if you were different and [you were interested also to conversations not about sports, maybe we should also succeed in...]

Heinz...? We can see you on my holographic screen, but we couldn't hear your last words.

I know, Giordaire: I just got an error message from a filter that censored them. In fact, I expressed a non-realistic hypothesis, a counterfactual rather polemic and without any value added to the Dialogue. We should have Pizia to convert the conversation between me and Borgy, and help us to better understand each other.

Let's have a toast then for your epochal invention, hoping that will make cultures more comprehensible among each other and poetry more understandable... especially for our Giordaire.

Thank you, Asclero; meanwhile, let's see if this glass of Muscadet can stimulate my poetical sensitivity.

Bzzzz

It is possible, Susaya: that bothering tickling felt in so many poems underlines maybe my limited capacity to listen...

Zarya *could* be right. Moreover, Giordaire, you are running too fast. Asclero and I too imagine an evolution of our Dictatorship, of the filters, of the political-fiscal system and of many other things but, maybe, due to our age, we consider excessive your passion in attacking the Dictatorship itself, root and fundament of E.

Susaya, I know: a return to the insane Dialectic age would compromise the wellness of our civilization, born from the insertion of filters in the Shell; you sure remember the ineffectiveness of the old Internet! Let alone all the other revolutions catalyzed by the First *Prosopon* to distinguish the individualistic *persons*, dialogically atrophied, from the respectful *prosopa*.

Now, Giordaire, do you even strut an adulation of the neologisms introduced by the Dictator?

No, Sally; I only underline the importance to use certain words that put in evidence...

Dear Giordaire, my Sally teaches ancient languages and we know well what words mean: the etymology of person – from Latin *per se unum* – underlines an individualistic vision of relationships that the word *prosopon* wants instead to overtake; the Greek meaning of this last one word – *face* – underlines, on the contrary, the human necessity of healthy relationships constituted by direct looks and transparent expressions. All this implies the essential relationship with an Other. Obstructing the Dictatorship, would you give also away this new concept of human relationships: reciprocal and transparent?

[What a pretentious know-it-all!] Borge, I'm only trying to make you understand that nothing is only *black or white*: any phenomenon shows many facets and, in our dictatorship, I see dangerous and positive sides.

All right, Giordaire; let's see if we agree at least on the positive sides.

Well, [ouch, why this kick on my ankle?] I was saying: for Dialogue's sake, the First *Prosopon* has started such important cultural, technical and ethical revolutions to create a new civilization. Among many new innovations we must thank him for abolishing the Privacy Law: chameleonic mask on the obscure face of so many private interests, and guarantee of a perfect immunity. This mask has finally been ripped away thanks to the *Pseudomus* – our Virtual Home in the Shell – with the power of transparency.

And what about the courage of our First Dictator, Giordaire?

He showed a great courage, Sally, with the institution of the disquieting juridical principle "Everything is legal – if known", which became really practicable thanks to individual transparence. Aren't you forgetting the interactive holojournal, are you?

No, Borge: it's an important technological innovation, capable of donating us tridimensional images of noticeable impact, and of setting us free from the obsessive and impertinent TV news. Well; do you recognize any other positive aspects in our Dictatorship, Giordaire?

Yes, I consider very beneficial the diffusion of the Moral of Hybris, or the Moral of Arrogance, true obstetrician of our sleepy awareness of the value of limits, and of the harmful consequences of their arrogant violation. Such moral is not only the neurological basis of our best strategies of surviving but, even more, the guarantee of our individual wellness, coincident with the prosperity of the world community of E. Do you agree, Asclero?

It's true, Giordaire: from my medical and biological perspective, I find admirable the restoration of a moral already known by ancient Greeks, in which are distilled millions of years of adapting our human limits to the environmental ones; only the true Wise knows how to conciliate them serenely.

The perspective of my Asclero is interesting and the appreciation of Giordaire admirable. The question of Zarya and Sally is coming back, obstinately, in me as well: why, Giordaire, do you wish to dissolve that dictatorship to which you attribute so much value? [Giordaire is stuck in the network of his dreams and argumentations, as much as we seem to be stuck in these fishing nets: original tapestry on the teak walls of this ancient fishermen's inn. A few lamps and a warm light, to enlighten a world now gone].

Susaya, it's a question of measure, and the dictatorship has passed it in the use of filters. It has made them the absolute and static censors of a human community dialogically evolved thanks to...

Thanks to the filters, wisely introduced by the Dictatorship. It's true, Sally; I was just stating this, even if you keep on seeing an incongruence. There is an opportune balance for every phenomenon in evolution. For the filters, instead, there has been no evolution: they have remained the same *out and out* censors of our communications. Do you agree on this too, Asclero?

Yes, you are right: the filters seem inflexible educators, insensitive to the communicational needs of evolved *prosopa*. To remove their rigid behavior, you would like to dismantle the Dictatorship, but without foreseeing the possible consequences on terrorism and war, for example.

But they have disappeared since the popular acclamation of the First Dictator... That's the point, Giordaire!

Mmmh... I will think again about the inscrutability of the consequences of any action of ours.

My crab is delicious, especially with this homemade special sauce. I'm not asking you what to do with the wine, and I'll order 2 more bottles. Excuse me... another bottle of Muscadet sur Lie and a Sauvignon Blanc.

Speaking about inscrutability, I haven't decided yet to whom shall I give my contribution for the next elections. Sally, are you talking about tomorrow elections for the local, regional and technical curators or about the next elections for the continental and for the new global curator?

I'm talking, Zarya, about the election of the global curator; being this the last of a long series of fiscal and electoral consultations, I haven't had the time yet to take information about the candidates, the tax rate proposed and about the respective political budgets.

I see, but how much money do you intend to give as a contribution for the election, or better: at which tax exemption do you aim?

Borgy and I don't have much money at the moment and we would like to contribute to the election of two valid technical curators. From this contribution will depend how much will be left for the election of the next global curator, hoping to choose the winner; we wouldn't like to lose the opportunity to benefit from the tax exemption on indirect taxation.

Giordaire, what can you say about this further revolution: the political system, based on the principle "Vote = Taxation = Participation"?

It is impossible, Borgy, to ignore the exemplary coherence now present between politics and its financing methods, essential premise to put an end to the ancient collection of hypocrisies, like those of "one head one vote", of "principle of majority"; of "conflict of interests"; of "necessity of the parties" and of all the things made up by politicians both to drag the attention on them and to distract the electors from the humbling function of prone spectators. The only aspect to improve is the excessive stratification of indirect taxation, the only still applied after the abolition of direct taxation for individuals. You seem to agree on this point too, Susaya.

Yes, Giordaire; Asclero and I agree: at each series of elections we must evaluate no less than four layers of indirect taxation, proposed by four layers of political curators. We had it made, last time, having voted for all the winner candidates, with a consequent fiscal exemption equivalent to double the amount of the electoral contribution given.

Several millions of Globes, I guess. You're teasing me, Zarya; I wish we could contribute with millions of votes. We are not that rich, and our financial card would die from laughing as soon as we'd try to dial a number higher than 4 digits.

So, are you ready to confess to Borgy and me who is going to benefit from your *scarce* votes, in terms of cash Globes?

Asclero and I are willing to contribute to the creation of a more modern pariah reserve, and to the introduction of innovative therapies in the Dialogue clinics, both useful to accelerate the restoration of pariah cases. We will also vote for the increase of the fiscal exemption for the human capital companies.

Another fundamental institution of the First Prosopon; do you admit it, Giordaire?

Obviously, Borgy; without human capital companies, we would still be *hostage* of corporations, guilty for having turned the Human Being into a commodity: not worker anymore, but simple *goods*. Forget about care, respect and love for the Human Being!

Here are the arguments in which my Yang wastes his great love, that I want all for me.

Zarya, you're totally selfish.

Like I am: do you catch the joke, my beloved Borgy? Sure I do, *dear*, but who wants to give me an interesting definition of love? I have heard so many that the very same topic makes me sick.

Borgy, you're a real poet.

So go ahead, Zarya, and help me understand what is love, that I see simply as a form of selfish exchange.

Bad for you. Anyway, I'd take care of the dessert, before; a lemon sorbet for everybody?

No, I'm having berries with ice-cream.

Good, I'll have that too.

Me too. [what

a wonderful sweets buffet transported in this original lifeboat; let's restrain ourselves!]

So,

Borgy, the love between you and Sally is therefore only a *do ut des*: giving for getting?

I'll have this: for Borgy is more a getting than a giving – that's it.

I'm not that selfish, my

Yin.

I don't believe, like Giordaire well knows, in the pure exchange, in which I give something to you, so that you will give something else to me. I believe, instead, in *feeling* the Other.

Do you mean, Zarya: a sort of resonance that amplifies the feelings?

Yes, Susaya. [these orchids are really beautiful, dressed with intense colors; they remind of the sunset just passed.]

I agree with the definition of my Yin, and I add: not only the feelings reciprocally grow, in love, but the same lovers are the ones who grow. A Yin and a Yang reciprocally contribute, with their proper incommensurable uniqueness, to become what they really are.

To give my contribution to this coral answer to Borgy, and without making Giordaire sick with my usual poetic quotes, I would insert.... Funny!

....I would insert all these definitions of love in the wider possible concept of Respect.

Excellent, Asclero – wise friend.

Thank you, Giordaire – my *flattering* friend. Maybe I'm flattering you, Asclero, but you centered the fundament of love for the Human Being, absent in the previous societies: and the reciprocal respect between society and prosopa, instead of the reciprocal exchange and exploitation, that allows both to grow, prosper and realize their real natures – in Dialogue, obviously.

Now, my Yang, please spare us your usual sermon over the Dialogue and its fundamental function of nourishment of Love and Respect.

Don't worry, Zarya; I will spare the *same sermon* to everybody, this time. I hope this is good for your digestion and health. By the way, Asclero: I'll come to see you next week for a medical check: I'd like to have your opinion on some little problems.

You can come on Tuesday morning; I'll be very patient with a petitor like you.

There was a time, Asclero, when I was the patient....

True, but we finally understood how patient is the doctor, in many cases; in the end it's you to come to *ask* – therefore: *pètere* in Latin- help, advice and cures.

I agree my dear patient doctor: the term petitor *speaks* more exhaustively than the other.

Well, but be careful, Giordaire: if I find the cause of your little problems in your recent obsessions against Dictatorship, and you are therefore responsible, I impose you the maximum of the medical tax for *serious negligence*.

If it was so, Asclero; for once, you could forgive me and show me you are really patient with me. I think I'm taking sufficient care of my health.

I hope so: for it's *yours*.

It's true, but as a good doctor you should be a bit more flexible with those of my generation; we didn't have any school education like the current one, in which kids learn to take care of nutrition, of physiology, of health, of wellness.

The flexibility you are looking for is already gone when you complained those liver pains after confessed abuse of goat cheeses, walnuts and old wines.

Yes, Asclero, you have been very understanding.

Ah, I was forgetting, Giordaire... and the whisky.

But now you have awoken all those tasty dreams, you damned doctor!

We have wisely saved something from the past. Nothing is only good or bad; right, Giordaire?

Right, Borgy.

And so, after we have shared all these gastronomic dreams, try for the last time to make Sally and me understand your foolish and incoherent dream of rebellion against the Dictatorship.

Well, no!

What's wrong, Sally?

Let's stop these utopian speeches I don't believe to! We look like a ship of fools. We'd better take care of our practical everyday problems; for example, Giordaire: how many coffees, digestives and liqueurs shall I order?

Sally, sometimes it's healthy to be on a ship of fools, to get away from the coast of a known reality and try possible, unthought-of existences. [the moon seems so calm, reflected on the sea. The end of a beautiful day... maybe the beginning of a new existence? It would be nice to change this dictatorship in something... more ours, more sensitive, more...]

Giordaire...?

Sorry, Asclero; I was getting distracted by this beautiful moon...

You can continue to admire it and stop dreaming of the end of the Dictatorship, of its authority and of its only command to the Dialogue. The Dialogue Dictatorship has been, and still is, a caring mother of the psycho-physical health of its kids.

I know, Asclero; but a mother is not well repaid, if we always remain kids.

The mystery...

Hello, partner, can you hear me?

Yes.

**So, change the transmission on our satellite encrypted channel.
me: what do you want at 5:20 in the morning?**

Ok, done; and now tell

Listen: you need to organize me a holoconference with all our influent friends by tomorrow night.

Why, the moment has come?

**Yes. Now we immediately have to get all we have always wanted; it takes little, very little, to get a lot: to
get all!**

At last!

Chapter I – Genesis

Where there is no vision, the people perish

Bible – Proverbs 29,18

[I myself was among the most enthusiastic supporters of the First Dictator and of his new vision of the world and of the Human Beings. Let alone my elation for the new role attributed to the Dialogue. The same filters seemed to me the most effective application, even if still limited, of the ecumenical existential principles instituted by dictatorship. I hope I'm not late...] Good morning. A ticket for Jaisalmer, with the 10:25 flight please.

Your fingerprint here, please. Perfect; your identity is confirmed. Giordaire, have a nice flight. Thank you.

[I hope that these researchers of the Indian Semiology Institute have actually found effective algorithms to decipher Chinese expressions. Pizia would benefit from the semantic conversion of this culture towards other cultures. Ah, I was forgetting... I must ask Heinz to test Pizia's interpretative abilities of the ironic Italian expressions; I'll text him.... Done. When the semantic converter Pizia will become real, Human Beings will succeed in understanding each other much better, passing the impregnable obstacles of the cheating translations. A community reunited in the house of the Dialogue shared and understood by every culture. Human Beings finally reunited in the comprehension of the respective visions of the world.

And more, a renewed and deep union will contribute to weaken, for sure, the need of dictators. Yes, dictators; why, and where, are they hiding, after the death of the First Dictator? Who could be the current dictator, eclipsed and mysterious?

I might find an answer returning on the Rahjiv Guptshif hypertext, that *Essay on Contemporary Phenomenology* that I appreciate for being essential and clear. I hope that my palmtop connection to the Shell will work also when we will be travelling at mach3 speed.]

Here is your seat; can I hang your jacket? Yes, please. [This new hypersonic aircraft has such comfortable seats! I'm applying the two synaptic electrodes on my head... connecting to the Shell... and let's absorb something useful from Rahjiv's essay.]

The last European elections from the globalized Dialectic period confirmed the tired and routinary political alternation. The participation to the vote reached the anemic level of 13%, determining the consumption of democracy and of the taken for granted right to vote.

[This absorption is really fluid, and no mental effort is required. I didn't remember such electoral anemia.]

A period – the globalized Dialectic – in which communication was all: everyone communicated with everybody about everything, but there was no Dialogue.

Inter-human communication reached its peak after the year 2000, encouraged by the revolutionary stimulus of the Internet, progenitor of the current Shell.

Despite such frenzy and compulsive communications, the cult of privacy extended to all possible fields, making insurmountable the barrier which protected incorrect acts and behaviors.

A decreasing transparency of personal information stimulated criminality, especially in the financial field.

The so-called Globalization, the most peculiar phenomenon of such period, was realized extensively and intensively in the years following the just proclaimed *Pax Americana*.

Its undoubted beneficial effects on commerce and economy were gradually shadowed by the worrying uniformity expressed by trends, shows, books and ideas belonging to the Human Beings.

A decline of Humanity took very gradually place: it was reduced to pure merchandise, exchanged and moved as a passive commodity, subject to the market mood.

[The *dream* of Capitalism.]

The few, gigantic global enterprises took a noticeable advantage from this situation, promoting further forms of material and cultural globalization,

such to turn workers from every place and culture into perfectly movable and interchangeable beings. A neo-slavery was born, disguised by the darkening message: "Mobile work is noble". Workers became unaware of the excess of the accepted exchange among personal and professional life offered.

Among the global enterprises, Global Gnoseologic Group stood out: monopolist of the world communication system, both in terms of earth and satellite technological infrastructures, and in terms of contents.

To guide it, until the absorption of the whole economic and political world, was the richest and most powerful man in history, who became the first, and only evident, Dictator by public acclaim. About him, we only know what was expressed by his acts and behaviors.

[Here's the real core of the question: maybe nobody knows exactly which ideas and visions guided him, even if everybody agrees on the interpretation of his acts. There must be in this hypertext some useful information to understand the sense and the limit of dictatorship.]

All his revolutionary economic, politic and moral changes were inspired by a unique vision: a therapeutic apocalypse. The new reality, unveiled to the dazzled eyes of Humanity, was reached with an epochal jump, from the darkness of the growing cultural homologation, lived until the globalized Dialectic, to the light of a newborn hope in the dignity of individual diversities.

The First Dictator grasped the source of so much material and spiritual evil in the dialogic atrophy. So, the first and decisive unveiling was about the Dialogue, the correct and healthy one, through the promulgation of the 4 dialogic Commandments, in this order: *Every argumentation must be falsifiable; Every argumentation must express all the known information and intentions; Every argumentation must remain faithful to the examined contest; Every argumentation must regard the question examined and not the interlocutor.*

Despite the rooted dialogic atrophy was still weakening, since the times of the biblical Babel, the human Dialogue skills, the prosopa - ancient term of the Greek-Orthodox culture restored by the Dictator - were able to recognize the necessity of dialogic Commandments, of the institution of the Shell and even of the control of their communications by the dialogic filters.

The chaos, the inefficiency and the dangerousness of communications, evident since the postmodern Dialectic, brought to the substitution of the existing protocol of Internet communication with the Shell - also known as ggg, in honor of the Global Gnoseologic Group that realized it. The Shell is still constituted by a network of 666 satellites positioned by the Triple-G in opportune geostationary orbits during the 7 months preceding the imposition of the filters, and activated a few days after the last and depressing European example of democratic participation.

The Dictator, still in the role of President of the Global Gnoseologic Group, called his 11 more strict collaborators and 4 illustrious, even if poor, language philosophers; with them he decided to insert in this powerful ggg network his personal invention: the Dialogic Filter.

[Here it comes, the effective antibiotic against the thousand-year old dialogic atrophy.]

With the first filters, this Circle of Wises wanted to put an end both to the systematic and huge waste of intellectual and spiritual resources, and to the intoxication due to an excess of information. Both these phenomena were caused by the abuse of the free-expression right stemming from Enlightenment Age: everybody could say anything, but nobody could perceive a minimum sense of duty about how to say it. Result: contradictory speeches, badly formulated or out of context questions, non-pertinent answers and, furthermore, infinite demonstrative analogies.

[Hard and insane life, at the time...]

Giordaire, would you like an infusion before lunch which will be served in thirty minutes?
thank you; mint flavored, please. [Let's go back to Rahjiv's essay...]

Yes,

The dialogic filter was based on pertinence and contextual coherence, originally tested by the Global Gnoseologic Group in order to improve the efficiency of its inner communications.

With the pertinence principle, the filters guarantee the instant transit only to those communications with at least a minimum informational value added, and without requiring excessive mental efforts to the interlocutor. After the filters were installed into the Shell, for 6 months all the political speeches were extinguished, while exhausting political meetings were reduced to a few farewell phrases. With the contextual coherence principle, previously weakened by the abused demonstrative analogies, the 85% of discussions of any nature were extinguished, from the scientific to the philosophical ones, from the economic to the conjugal ones.

[I still enjoy recalling the desperate vanishing of all those baffling economic and political analysts!]

The whole Humanity was overwhelmed by an anxiety tsunami generated by the initial communicational difficulty due to the application of healthy dialogic rules relentlessly examined by the filters.

The communications were initially largely rejected by the dialogic filters through draconian error messages: "demonstrative analogy", "out of context consideration", "not pertinent answer", "answer not consequential to the question", "conceptual extrapolation external to the context", "not falsifiable, therefore not disassemblable, argumentation", "utterance of absolute truth" - mistake, this last one, capable of even blocking the communication channel of the responsible for several hours. The congestion of the satellite network reached, in a few hours, that of Bombay traffic, due to the persistent attempts to retransmit the censored messages. As the hours went by, and with the continuous explanation of the dialogic rules, the prosopa began to rapidly improve their communication. They soon could benefit, therefore, of the incredible performance of the newborn Shell, not anymore busy with the disposal of gigantic masses of toxic communicational waste.

The innovative software guaranteed everybody the immediate vocal access to the new communicational reality, with easiness to use and speed of results that were unimaginable only a day before. An ode addressed to the President of GGG followed the initial anxiety, , and miraculously a feeling of union spread around the symbol ggg, printed by the filters on the communicational packages which were corrected in order to transit through the new online hyperspace.

The populations welcomed, on the successive days, the good news: the Shell guarantees an unimagined speed and communicational effectiveness, without any privacy or censorship limit, given that the 4 Commandments are respected together with simple syntax and logical rules.

This fact incited the enthusiasm of so many free thinkers: individuals with ideas of their own, well formulated, but always drowned in the clash of communications intoxicated by insulting screamers.

The successive pan-American elections, three days after the revolution of the Shell, were deserted from Alaska to Patagonia, both for the absence of candidates able to communicate correctly through the dialogic filters, both for the increasing popular

expectation about economic, fiscal and political reforms, preannounced by the President of GGG.

The surveys indicated a widespread expectation about a major taking on responsibility for the President of GGG. Some TV agencies started to talk about both a possible Dialogue Dictatorship and the President of GGG as the First Dictator of an Earth reunited by Dialogue.

The rising Dictatorship didn't limit its job to the filtering of communications, but immediately stated a beneficial campaign on all the cultural plans which had been distorted in the centuries: it promoted the freedom, the real one, of projecting and realizing any existence; it established the inviolable right of choice, for each individual, on his own life and death; it rehabilitated the body, no more censurable in all its expressions; it revaluated enthusiasm, true richness of the human communities and of the companies.

The President launched the promotion of the Human Being, no more slave of objectives which were external to his own nature, but one and only responsible for the realization of what s/he really is.

He suggested the Dialogue, lost and forgotten essence of the Human Being, to revive that Babel united by the serene comprehension of the Other.

Encouraged by the spontaneous popular approval, and despite some intellectual skepticism, the future Dialogue Dictator rode on this apocalypse, gradually unveiling the new Dialogue Civilization, named "E".

All the populations soon despised their recent past, being afraid of an unlikely return to the previous asphyxiated normality. From this feeling of fear, and without elections, surveys and assemblies, the President of GGG was found to be the only reliable opinion leader, guide and trustworthy of Humanity: dictator for acclamation from the People of the Earth.

[And the Dictator accepted immediately, if I'm not wrong...]

The Dictator did not accept and rejected any political responsibility, limiting himself to much more: he expressed with extreme simplicity his opinion on all the essential aspects to correct and he indicated even how to realize his own ideas, succeeding in persuading even the perplexed ones.

These ideas came from his own company, the GGG, inside which he already had experimented and realized so many innovations.

[Here we go; I don't know well this transition phase so... spontaneous. Here, I grasp a useful element for my comprehension. Come on, Rahjiv: enlighten me!]

The first of these was the institution of the Human Capital Companies, to overtake the effective but cynical corporations. The human capital companies are in duty of recording the balance of their human richness, both in terms of experiences and certified competences, and in terms of psycho-physical wellness. The growth of this human capital guarantees a partial fiscal exemption from direct taxation, still applied only to corporations.

These innovative societies are not based on managers imposed, but rather individually exposed with their own ideas, projects and budget to the voluntary contribution of all the company's collaborators. This voluntary and active participation of the workers to the projects was the propeller for the incredible growth of GGG. Voluntary participation expresses itself both professionally, furnishing one's own competences, and economically, negotiating personal perspectives according to the possible success of the project.

The real participation and the concrete contribution to the results are shared through the absolute inner transparency - bitter enemy of non-productive office presences and of passive availability.

All the collaborators can enjoy excellent multimedia links with their own homes, and their presence at the office is justified only in case of specific creative brainstorming meeting, or for the necessity to use equipment non available elsewhere.

The assignment of a virtual office in the company's virtual network to each worker makes every aspect of professional life totally transparent. No one can hide anything, nor fears the resentment of the colleagues for the results obtained.

[Like Bernard often says: "who could ever be ashamed of something s/he really deserved?"]

The application of the merit principle is assured by spreading around to all colleagues the results, mistakes and prizes of anyone; the following reactions of the colleagues can influence the minor or major serenity of the permanence in a company.

The success of these inner practices by GGG suggested the global institution of the Pseudomus, or Virtual Home in the Shell communicational space: essential instruments of a pacific and serene co-habitation. Pseudomus were immediately activated for each known individual on Earth. They allow the hospitable access of anyone who would like to get in touch with another prosopon, in order to know her/him in every aspect of her/his life. Modesty and privacy don't justify opaque inhospitalities anymore and the access to one's own life is lived serenely, for it gives in change the other's transparency.

Pseudomus, despite initial perplexities, determined the enthusiastic fall of the barriers obstructing the beneficial transparency. Everyone, from the single prosopon to the companies, from the administration offices to the political curators, lives in the Shell, and every virtual visitor of a pseudomus is able to enter it individually in order to express, or to learn about, possible valuations, accusations, denunciations, commends and appreciations concerning the "landlord". The latter has always the possibility to publicly reply to such considerations, supported by the inescapable visibility of their authors. Free accusations and slanders lost therefore every effectiveness.

The institution of these virtual homes, guaranteed to everybody but appreciated only by sincere and honest people, put into evidence the widespread need to be what we are, without the obsession of looking different.

[It's true, Rahjiv: nowadays it is impossible to look different, and it wouldn't be worthy anyway.]

Anyone can have access to the pseudomus of an unknown prosopon, just arrived from the most obscure corner on the Earth, and get to know her/his possible misdeeds from which s/he tries to escape, in vain, or her/his possible skills to share. The absence of an individual pseudomus generates legitimate suspicions and diffidence, preventing the serene welcome of an individual.

This technological revolution allowed the abolition of an historical heritage from the past, noble in its enunciation but socially disquieting: the laws defending personal secrets, the so-called Privacy Laws. Their abolition enacted the eternal, but sterile, declamation of the Principle of Transparency.

The rare exception to this Transparency Principle are confined to the clinical aspects of the prosopa.

The principle of Transparency inspires from then on the life on Earth, and it is the essential fundament of a healthy and serene existence. The practical declinations of this "utopian" principle - as it was named by the skeptical ones - were several and known as "The Utopian follies".

[How many incredible changes from a simple ethical principle, since always declaimed and obstructed.]

This cultural gap found validation in a new term introduced by the First Dictator. He explicitly wanted to hold off the ages dominated by People, each one *per se unum* (from here the word *persona*, which in Latin means "mask"), and individually separated from the Other. Restoring the term Prosopon from the Greek-Orthodox culture, the Dictator incited everyone to show their own *face* - etymological origin of the term - and to develop more open and transparent human relationships.

[Here is the most adorable sight of this flight: the golden sand of the Tar desert enlightened by the grazing sunlight. Ah, how peaceful is this bird-eye view... This synaptic contact, instead, is harassing me; it doesn't perfectly fit on my head. Now I'll change it... good. Go on Rahjiv, with the tale of the first wails on E].

In the juridical field, the new vision of human relationships brought to the unheard principle "Everything is legal - if known".

This thing caused a pandemonium of skepticism and initial criticism, easily understandable after thousands years of instigation to secrecy, silence and subterfuge. Until the global Dialectic, there was in force the thousand-year old foolishness of governments that, renouncing to the management of prohibited activities, stimulated the strengthening of criminal organizations which dealt with it professionally; from here, the intuition of the Dictator to cancel the concept of prohibition.

So, the obscure paradox of such archaic system was revealed by a cultural overturn: nothing is prohibited by law and each individual can manage every activity and assume whatever behavior, as long as s/he is always capable to show the real; face of her/his actions to everybody criminal organization have therefore lost the reason of their existence, and have disappeared since a long time.

The impossibility to hide a crime persuaded even the most rigid conservative ones of the real nature of a punishment: the loss of esteem and of relations through the spread of the crime. Every crime, since that moment intended only as a behavior despised from a community, follows its author everywhere, like a loyal, too loyal dog.

The impossibility to hide despised activities and behaviors has extinguished all the forms of illegal acts, abuses and criminality, from false accounting to physical violence, from psychological violence to hypocrisy.

The extinction of crimes, violence and defensive necessities created serious occupational problems to policemen, soldiers and weapons producers.

In the next synapses fluxes, we will show some realizations of the unconscious dreams of several generations.

Let's start to show the images of the opening of all prisons and of the definitive closing of the punishment system, necessary in previous ages of significant ignorance about individuals even very close to us: colleagues, relatives, partners.

[These mental images are exceptional: the colors are vivid and absolutely real.]

The revolutions accomplished inside GGG, and then introduced in the world by the Dictator, instigated a real assault to all the companies and institutions by a population eager to work, study, participate and contribute in a healthy way, which means to live.

The same GGG managers were more and more involved and consulted for initiatives and projects, first at a local level and then at a regional, continental and eventually global level, with significant social, economic, productive and cultural, therefore political, impacts.

The dispersion of GGG managers in all regions of the Earth inaugurated the current administrative system of Political and Technical Curators.

The President of GGG judged this fact as good and fair, and created the first Information Technology infrastructure necessary to the raising political-fiscal system, in which everyone can voluntarily pay taxes for appreciated programs and political budgets, instead of getting them imposed without having control on their usage and on their effects.

[...and on the pockets being filled-in!]

It was then created a huge database on the moon to sustain the revolutionary transparency of E, taking advantage of the capacities of memorization of the new DNA-based technologies.

The first Curators of the economical-political administration of territories, initially represented by the managers of GGG, were soon integrated with those elected in the new political and technical consultations announced by the Dialogue Director.

[Paradoxical for a dictatorship... even if by public acclamation.]

As far as Political Curators are concerned, beyond the single Global Curator, 10 Continental Curators, 72 Regional Curators and more than 21 thousand Local Curators are elected; to these numbers, it must be added a nebula of about 8 million Technical Curators on all territories of the Earth and of the moon.

The stability of this new political system lies on the solid basis of the amazing abolition of direct taxation, transformed in a "voluntary political participation" which provides for fiscal benefits on the everlasting indirect taxation. Anyone, from the single individual to entire families, from the smallest associations to huge industrial companies, has the right to voluntarily take part in social duties, contributing to specific budgets presented by the respective political or technical curators. The stimulus to participation is furnished by the partial exemption from indirect taxation and by some services made temporary free, only for the electors of the winning curators.

Every curator, helped by mathematicians expert in Game Theory, elaborates an articulated "political equation", in which the necessary budget for the project proposed is related to various parameters, such as: the recommended percentage of one's earnings destined to the vote; the quote of necessary electors; the rate of indirect taxation for their competence area and, most of all, the exemptions and the benefits to be recognized to their electors.

The equation must also consider the other political curators and their respective fiscal rates, that will cumulate on the price of each product or service.

The abolition of direct taxation is not currently active for the companies; these ones, constituting themselves as human capital companies, can anyway obtain relevant fiscal exemptions.

The announcement of the revolutionary political, electoral and fiscal system was codified in the principle: "Vote = Taxation = Participation".

[This works perfectly! If I think back of the fraudulent political hypocrisies of the Dialectic Age...]

The immediate incredulity vanished in learning how well this model was working inside the vast and articulated conglomerate of GGG...##£?=...@#@----

[This new palmtop cannot yet screen the electromagnetic turbulence when flying high. RESET and let's start again.]

Also the new political-fiscal system of E had found fertile humus inside Global Gnoseologic Group; nowadays, all the human capital companies apply new participation criteria instituted by GGG: anybody can participate to the company profits in relation to her/his voluntary professional and economical contribution.

[It's true; that brave Heinz, at the time collaborator of GGG, told me to have gained the incredible amount of 0.005 percent of their profits, deciding to contribute at the first synaptic communication software. He then renounced, for one year, at 15 percent of his salary and he took the responsibility of software design. GGG launched the product with enormous success on the market. Well done Heinz!]

Everybody immediately accepted the principle according to which any right of expression, within a company and in politics, must be substantiated by a concrete personal participation: an economic contribution, for the possible costs of the project, or a professional contribution, for possible necessary competences on the same.

Appreciated as much was the right to participate also to the results of programs and projects, in case they were successful.

This pushed the participation, in the companies first and then in politics, at unimaginable levels, because everyone could feel the stimulus to be voluntary part of a project and of its inescapable difficulties and challenges.

The inspiring principle of this renewed participation is expressed in the maxim: "who is not part of any problem is the problem".

Also the therapeutic Dialogue Ethics, with its syntactic-logical rules, found its first intuition, enunciation and application in the Global

Gnoseologic Group. Its President established the essential dialogic rules to improve both the efficiency of his company, and the psycho-physical health of his collaborators, both compromised everyday by the devastating waves of inner communications, often bringing fake problems or badly-formulated questions.

He created dialogic filters able to send back to the sender any e-mails, digital messages and holocalls which were careless of simple syntactic and logic rules. The benefits were so immediate and effective to annihilate an 80 percent of psychosomatic problems within the first 2 months, and the collaborators started to get out from the office in time to better enjoy family, friends, hobbies and to have more creative ideas also for their own job.

[I have never understood how much the First Dictator was an authentic philanthropist or a farsighted *businessman*... not necessarily irreconcilable, actually.]

Finally, to disturb the Human conscience, which always lived under the protection and control of absolute truths, occurred the suicide of the last catholic pope 3 years after E was born. Peter II jumped for the first and the last time down Saint Peter's dome, obsessed by a New Testament verse declaimed during his spectacular, even if unwilling, aerial evolutions: *step back, Satan!* A verse proclaimed by Christ against his apostle Peter - founder of the Roman Catholic Church, buried two thousand years later by Peter II.

The population of biblical culture understood, in such an extreme human gesture, the atonement of the disassembling divine will against the only previous civilization united in the Dialogue: the one of Babel.

When the catholic religious institution disappeared, the most intense, passionate and unheard theological debate in history followed. The last theologians are still discussing in some anchorite chapel in Cappadocia.

The dispersion of the religious fogs improved the clear perception of the prosopa about the epochal event ongoing. Everybody was taken by the growing awareness of the centrality of the Dialogue as a symbol of union among Human Beings and of the holiness of the sense of the others. Everybody woke up in a pagan Babel, even with the persisting cultural and linguistic differences. Everybody now respects the new earthly community, and doesn't project desires, ambitions and needs in the Otherworld always exploited in order to better denigrate the humble everyday reality - Thisworld.

The revaluation of Thisworld found a basis in a new Belief, even more religious than the preceding, because it 'bounded' the individuals among each other, instead of separating them.

The Belief in a more elevated form of respect for the other prosopa: the transparence.

The Belief in a pragmatic Hybris Moral: the arrogance as intimate cause of any fall, from Icarus to Hitler.

The Belief in a new ethics: the Ethics of Dialogue.

[Here it is, finally: I can glimpse Jaisalmer and the golden walls in which the golden desert of Tar consolidates. This time I want to breath it, touch it and live it, as soon as I'll have finished the meetings with the local researchers. I'll keep a colorful necklace for Zarya and a noisy clarinet for Zaratho. A few minutes more to the landing... I hope I can still take some illuminating information from Rahjiv's essay... [HYPERTEXT](#)... RAHJIV GUPTSHIF... FOLLOWING SECTION.]

The individuals who are reluctant to the Dialogue Civilization and to the 4 Commandments, can voluntarily retire themselves in reserves dedicated to the pariahs: the almost-prosopa, according to the definition of the same Dictator.

Together with the reserves of the pariahs, also Dialogue Clinics were instituted, to help the weaker ones to overcome evident dialogic or cultural difficulties - obstacles to any human integration.

With the limited exception of these pariah minorities, the ex-president of GGG took serenely act of the absolute persuasive power of his ideas, for everybody was already persuaded - maybe from centuries.

The Dictator, faithful to his personal Hybris, or Arrogance, Moral, warned everybody against this feeling already blossomed inside Humanity as a consequence of the revolutionary changes and of the improved life quality already acquired.

He himself expressed to the Earth Population the will to go back to his personal, professional, cultural and philosophical interests. According to him, the newborn Dialogue Dictatorship had to survive to the presence of a Dictator; it might as well survive from that moment on.

[Mmmm... the dictatorship must survive to the dictator. Interesting! Thank you, Rahjiv; maybe I found a useful element to understand the nature of the current dictatorship.]

A fanatic belonging to an unknown sect in Utah, blinded by some mysterious vision, realized the will declared by the First Prosopon with an aerial attack, launching himself as an exterminator angel on the Dictator from the 23rd floor of the general GGG quarter. The fanatic was so full of grenades to have projected, after the explosive encounter with the Dictator, his own right hand, in a mute greeting gesture, until the 44th floor.

The homicidal-suicidal person obtained the result of immortalizing the Dictator's thought. This was articulated in a Constitution spread through the ggg network. A Constitution made of one only article, an oral one: *E is a Dictatorship founded on Dialogue.*

The vanishing of the First Dictator determined, with great general surprise, the epoché of the same Dictatorship: its suspension from reality, from visibility. "Where did it go?" "Who can represent it, now?"; these are the simple questions that the prosopa all over the Earth ask since that moment, with hypothetical localizations: in the orbit, on a Saturn's satellite, or in eternal pilgrimage over the Earth's surface.

[To me, the Dictator in charge surely operates from some orbit station. He could even be that third from last global curator that was declared dead in a car accident. Except that... "dictatorship must survive the dictators"... Bah! Could ever this be possible?]

To the diminishing of this kind of questions without answers, corresponded an enforcing and empowering of the figures of political curators.

[This is understandable as well, and this would make dictators... useless? No, it's not possible.]

The Dictatorship perpetrates in this way its mysterious and segregated - therefore holy - influence on everyday life.

This new holiness nourishes the soul of Humanity from that moment on.

Lay people never had a real lay martyr. The Dictator of the Dialogue became it.

The mystery of iniquity...

**Who is missing the holoconference?
representing him.**

Only the eldest partner, for ulcer problems; I'm

**Good. Tell me how we are growing in the political field.
be pushed. I already advised our journalists.**

Our candidate is ready, but he has to

Good. How do our companies grow?

**They're all doing very good, thanks to the first
experiments of the memic neural-marketing delivered by the agency NewStyle. Their actions fly, while the
rest of the market is asleep.**

**Good. Are all communicational channels definitively under control?
the dialogic filters, in a while...**

Sure, they all are. Also

Immediately!

Ok, immediately.

Partners, we still have a lot to do; we can't be satisfied!

Why, what do we lack?

**Only one thing, one only: the mind of each individual.
since decades.**

Their minds? But we control them

Sure, but some of them still use a part of it autonomously.

Chapter II – Work

*It is useless to be alive
while working.*

*But here is the bitterest truth:
we must deserve even slavery.*

Valerio Magrelli, poet of the
globalized Dialectic Age

Welcome everybody: all in time. [this conference room suffers from the dissonance between our beautiful table in walnut wood and the walls, too technical. I must remember to ask the architect to make this precious place for creative work more coherent and cozier.] Hi John, did you recharge with Cancun sun? Yes, Bernard, between an e-mail and the other; you know... I care very much about the Pizia Project, so do I for our beloved Communication Enterprise HCC.

Instead of relaxing and recovering physical and mental energies, right? Don't tell me you came back more dazed than you were before. Giordaire, you know it: I never give up, and I can't stay idle.

Even worse: you are becoming an agitated catatonic.

Listen: I like to spend my holidays this way!

While the two of you chatter about holidays, I'm taking the liberty of starting our meeting with a serious problem just noticed this morning: our human capital has been reduced by 7 percent, instead of *growing* by 5 percent, as we had foreseen just 2 weeks ago; how come, *Mr. accountant Karl*?

All I can say, Bernard, is that only yesterday I got to know from our colleagues some variations to the previous balance hypothesis. Which variations?

First of all, the 2 new recruitments of the last week still have to be formalized: a designer and an ontologist...

John, why have these recruitments been delayed in your design area? They are both important for our balance, with 20 years of experience and many publications each: a relevant increment of our human capital.

You know me, Bernard: I'm never satisfied; I've asked Janee to save something more by renegotiating the salaries of them both, and to verify if some of our designers could take the title of ontologist with a valid class...

John! Do you ever stop and think about the damage you cause presuming you are the only one in this company? If I save something on my budget, do you mind it so much, Bernard?

No, unless the negative *circular* effects of your independent and linear decisions have damaging repercussions on the benefits that you intend to pursue. Let alone the inappropriateness to torment again the curator of the human capital with a question already analyzed and approved by everybody, I would like to recall you one of the reasons to urgently proceed with these 2 recruitments: companies, unlike the individuals, must pay direct taxation and our company is under the risk of losing the right to obtain a partial exemption if we don't succeed in incrementing our human capital by 5 percent in this quarter. Now we are losing something like 7 points percentage! These 2 specialists, besides helping us with our research, would have enriched the human capital of our company with immediate fiscal benefits.

But, Bernard, then why don't we hire other 10 good collaborators in the design area, so that we will have fiscal exemptions for years, just to take your logic to extreme consequences?

John, I'll answer you: logic, brought to its extreme consequences, becomes a caricature, besides being a violation of the dialogic Commandment of 'coherent context'.

Giordaire, when you interfere as a dialogic curator, you become very stressing; I was talking to Bernard and I meant that...

John, hire them!

As you wish, Bernard. [the reflections of the spotlights against the glass and steel walls are just annoying.]

And now, Karl, any other cause of the missed growth that was planned?

Yes, Bernard: the 14 technicians enrolled to the training class concerning "Neural networks for semantic analysis" haven't been certified, while in the balance I hypothesized to register these professional and human enrichments.

Why?

Because... because... because we haven't yet paid the supplier for the previous certifications of 3 logical analysts.

Are you joking, Karl? The pernicious objectives on cash flow management have been abolished since years,

and therefore you don't have incentives if you leave liquidity to stagnate as cash.

But it was just you, Bernard, to express the desire of having more liquidity to better manage some operations.

Sure, Karl, but where did the capacity to manage the dilemma between cash and respected suppliers go? I keep on telling you since years not to resolve dilemmas with simplistic decisions, that actually complicate them. Every action of yours is circular and you must always wonder which are the side-effects of each benefit. Karl, pay them immediately!

Sure, I'm sorry...

Karl, what is still missing to explain this sudden reduction of our balance?

Well, I see you don't know about the... resignation presented by Heinz.

Well done, Karl! Give me the worst for last. Janee, did he resign to you?

No, to Giordaire.

Why to Giordaire? You are the human capital curator, and John instead is the curator of the project on which Heinz works... Giordaire, what do you have to do with this resignation?

Heinz came to me, Bernard, because he absolutely didn't want to explain his reasons to John, while he didn't feel close enough to Janee. Besides, in the last few months I frequently gave him advice on the identification of logical levels in the semantic analysis: an obstacle in recognizing ironical, humorous and paradoxical phrases for Pizia. We had the chance to share philosophical and existential issues, surely at the basis of the trust he showed me in this occasion.

Which are his reasons, Giordaire?

He received an offer for a stimulating research activity in Bologna, beyond complaining about dialogic problems with John, especially for his repeated violations of the Commandment of 'coherent context' – complaint that doesn't surprise anybody.

Alright, go on, defend him, Giordaire! Heinz is a good boy but rather stubborn. To help him understand, I always have to make up examples and analogies.

John, this are the incorrect argumentations that prevent your reciprocal comprehension. For a practical and logical mind as his, it's offensive to get distracted by the specific context of the discussion through analogies aimed to demonstrate *your* reasons.

So, Heinz resigns to you because you are nicer than me? Congratulations, Giordaire!

John, you are only further compromising the level of your argumentations, degrading them to sarcastic considerations *ad prosopem*, that is about me, instead of sticking to the content of the question. Another good violation of the Commandments.

Bernard, if these two keep on discussing uselessly, I might miss my next holoconference with the auditors which will be in 30 minutes.

Karl, I understand you're in a hurry, but instead of making fun of their discussion with your usual critical attitude, try to be more constructive. In more explicit terms: what do you suggest? Which position are you taking? Which is your contribution to this problem? Anyway, I think I have to take a decision myself: given the evident necessity of a holiday period for John, in order to restore a better Dialogue...

But... Bernard...

Wait, John; I was saying: given this premise and given the trusted relationship developed between Giordaire and Heinz, I think it's up to you, Giordaire, to find a creative solution to recover this huge professional and human asset, and save the next fiscal exemptions this way.

I'm fine with that, Bernard; I'll handle this immediately and I'll let you know by tomorrow night if there is a recovery opportunity.

Well, before going ahead, I would like to remind you all the mission of human capital companies: *to create and maintain workplaces, through a full coherence among company productivity, fiscal incentives, wellness and environment*. The competition doesn't take place only on prices, but also on human values of competence, of dialogic relationships and of health, therefore on lifestyle. Moreover, in our human capital companies it is necessary *to be alive while working*, differently from what happened before. Each of you is responsible for possible neo-slavery cases in your area. On this point, Karl, I notice the presence of your assistant even very late; why?

You know, Bernard: with the last acquisitions, we had to consolidate all the various balance sheets, and then... I also know about a possible family problem of his.

Just what I was afraid of, Karl; you shouldn't take advantage of it. Giordaire, could you manage to clarify to Karl's assistant what agitated catatonia is? Working a lot for avoiding to think doesn't solve his problems and contaminates human and professional relationships in the company, reducing consequently our real 'complex efficiency'.

Bernard, you've already said all: what is my task, now?

Your task, Giordaire, is to decide *how* to tell him; do this by tomorrow as well.

By tomorrow...

Obviously, the whole management of Communication Enterprise is required to show examples of existential

balance. Now, let's go back to the problem of missed human capital growth and to how to take care of it before it's too late; any ideas...?

Bernard, what do you say about authorizing the expense for a senior certification, in two weeks, of 10 of our junior technicians on the new semantic convertors in project?

Good idea, John, if you can certify them without stopping the ongoing projects. 10 technicians occupied for 2 weeks sounds a lot to me. I know well what I'm saying... I wouldn't talk about impracticable things.

John, this is a not falsifiable statement: it is impossible to disassemble it.

What are you talking about, Giordaire? You can be good at curing memes, or cultural viruses as I'd rather call them, but let me do my job. I'm never wrong! Last month, for example, I was complaining about the incapacity of that technician you defended, that resigned in front of the first serious neural planning problems, as *everybody* can confirm.

John, now you're exaggerating: you are defending an incorrect statement, using as a demonstration an episode relative to a totally different context and, not satisfied with these communicational misconducts, you then look for approval with a childish survey among colleagues. Don't you have any better argumentations? Let alone your lack of doubts on the technician: a typical self-fulfilling prophecy. Giordaire, can you speak clearly every once in a while?

And you, John, would you mind to update yourself on some scientific discipline to better understand these concepts? I mean: with your negative opinion on the technician, you have showed a behavior that excluded and demotivated him. A growing detachment from his colleagues consequently followed, creating around him an atmosphere of diffidence and... *mobbing*.

Giordaire, I beg you not to pronounce this shameful concept without any proof about it!

Indeed, Bernard. We just received a letter from the famous Dialogue philosopher Umbry Galison, called by the outgoing technician.

I've got it, John, nowadays mobbing is equivalent to a stab, and can be registered in your pseudomus as a seriously inhuman behavior. I'm forced now to officially ask you to consider a period of rehabilitation in a dialogic clinic; alternatively, you can formulate a proposal of human revaluation yourself, through studies and experiences to schedule during a sabbatical period of at least 6 months.

Bernard, do you consider me... a pariah?

John, I answer you in my role of dialogic and memic curator: I can see various memes in you, with consequent both Dialogue and human relationships intoxication. But before we speak about pariah syndrome, we can consult together a Dialogue philosopher.

Giordaire, with you to a philodialoguer... forget about it!

This is bad, then; so I must intervene: John, this is a further reason to ask Giordaire to schedule a specialized examination with a Dialogue philosopher as soon as possible.

Without me, Pizia Project will stop!

If our company relies so much on you, then we need to intervene even more urgently. John and Giordaire, I'd like the examination to take place right *tomorrow*.

Alright Bernard; I just didn't know how to spend my *twenty-fifth* hour...

Bernard, did you mention the use of sabbatical periods...? Yes, Amartya; I truly believe in these healthy investments.

Then why don't we use them also with talented collaborators in the administrative, managerial and commercial areas, to increase their communicational, and so relational, efficiency? So we could have a better human capital within 3 months at the latest, and with very promising characteristics of persistence and independent development. I know well that this is not a short-term solution, but...

Amartya, this is not working; I tell you.

Why, Karl?

I tried it 4 years ago with 2 of my collaborators and the result was *none*. They only took advantage of the sabbatical period to jerk off and screw out the company.

You're better than ever, Karl; my best congratulations! Thanks to you we are back to the abused sexual metaphors of the old times to put into evidence our *own* problems, instead of the problems of the company!

Right, Bernard, and I add to your comment my objection of this demonstrative analogy concerning different situations and prosopa.

I was just missing one of your pedantic interventions, Giordaire. Listen, Karl: if the sabbatical period hasn't worked years ago with your collaborators, it doesn't necessarily mean its ineffectiveness today and with others.

The proposal of Amartya seems to be valid, even if with benefits which go lightly over the deadline required by Bernard.

Sure, Giordaire, beyond my target, but I still approve Amartya's proposal. Also because, if *money is the king*, for sure competence is *empress*. It's okay to renounce to some months of fiscal exemption today, in order to have certified competences in the next years.

So, you don't appreciate anything of what I say today, but can I at least suggest the use of the fiscal exemption just acquired by our company on indirect taxation, having voted for the new regional curator? They are accruing already during this first month after his election.

Good! Here's the Karl we appreciate: good idea. Move on right now for both having access to these fiscal advantages, and compensate this way the major indirect taxation we will be suffering due to the missed growth of our human capitalization. Immediately!

Let's close here the fiscal question, having faith in the miracle of a recovery of Heinz; with his several technical-cognitive certifications and his experience recognized on semantic convertors, he himself alone represents 7 percent of our human capital.

Bernard, shall we face the question of our 'complex efficiency'?

With pleasure, Janee. The last Organization Axial Tomography showed 5 more bottlenecks, 2 communities not very interactive with the rest of the company and only 4 leaders; did you manage to intervene on these criticalities to improve our 'complex efficiency'?

Yes. Specific Dialogues with 11 colleagues have allowed the improvement of communicational fluxes balance, as you can see from the images of an OAT just produced yesterday morning.

Yes, quite a nice job, really. This OAT produced excellent images, clear and understandable, that demonstrate the effectiveness of your interventions: the bottlenecks reduced to 2 [and one is John...], a unique community of practice still not very integrated with the rest of the company [obviously the Pizia Project area, John again], and an increment of the leaders from 4 to 5. This latter figure is really excellent; but who is this Frida emerging from the OAT as a leader?

A girl from the community of Customer Assistance, very reserved and shy... but when there's need to take in charge, face and solve problems, she becomes an undisputed and appreciated coordinator of various competence communities. She is a guiding light for colleagues, and, most of all, customers.

Why didn't the previous axial tomography visualize it? I'm very disturbed not to know a leader of my company.

The reason, Bernard, is that her real role as a leader has emerged only after having removed one of the bottlenecks: the curator of the community Customer Assistance forced the communicational flux between customers and technicians to converge on him, lowering the global efficiency and hiding real leadership belonging to others.

Well done, Janee; good job. And a good pay raise to Frida, that I want to meet tomorrow. Sure, Bernard.

We are running late; who can briefly update me on the development state of Pizia? I remind you that the marketing and commercial plans have already started, and that the market launch of Pizia is planned on December, 21st.

[Right before Christmas... we will give a nice gift to Humanity! OK, but what should I get to Zarya, instead...?]

Bernard, if Heinz actually resigns, and if I'll be relegated in a dialogic clinic, this deadline seems extremely brave to me.

It's true, John, but the ones who don't believe in miracles, don't deserve them, so: let's start to believe! Start to believe immediately in a period of dialogic rebalancing to improve *your* efficiency on future projects and *our* efficiency on Pizia Project... now. I really hope, John, to see you becoming what you humanly can be. You too, Giordaire, try to believe in the miracle of taking Heinz back to a shared vision, and to have him wanting to work again together with us with enthusiasm.

["Try to believe"? "Miracle"? They don't sound very rational concepts to me, but...]

In the end, I want to increase, from 2,4 to 3 percent, the return on net profits to the technicians who have decided to contribute on Pizia Project with a reduction of a 15 percent on their own wage. I recommend you, Janee: register this decision immediately on our company pseudomus.

But it is very much; it will provoke the envy of other colleagues and the embarrassment of the interested ones. What if we kept it secret for a while...?

[He's just a pariah!] John, pseudomus were instituted with the intent to allow everybody to know everything about us, transparently: about our projects, our results and our collaborators. As far as the embarrassment you fear is concerned, who could ever be ashamed of anything s/he really deserved? Do you agree, John?

Sure...

Well, tell me about technical problems.

There is nothing irreparable, but we still have a hard time to overcome the current limits of the semantic converter towards ironical affirmations.

I see, but is this function really indispensable for the first version of our semantic converter?

I'll answer this question, Bernard.

Thank you Giordaire, but why?

It is just the question discussed in the last few months with Heinz: without a precise distinction of logical levels used in the expression of apparently shared concepts, paradoxical meanings are inevitably produced; these can express irony or humor, but more frequently they provoke misunderstandings and contempt for other's

opinion.

The same result obtained by the biblical God of Babel, confounding the meaning perceived from others' expressions.

Well said, Amartya.

Bernard, do you think that Pizia will contribute to recreate this environment of reciprocal comprehension known only in the biblical Babel?

Sure, Amartya. The prosopa of E have come to a situation very close to the one existing in the still united Babel, but thousands years of contrasting cultural conditioning have made our community, settled in the home of Dialogue, still precarious. The new semantic converter will contribute to smooth the last interpretative obstacles among prosopa belonging to different languages and cultures. Pizia will convert the real meaning of the expressions from one language to the other, and especially from one culture to the other, without falling into the confusion caused by translations which are faithful more to the words than to the feelings.

Do you also believe, Bernard, in the dream of translating poetry by keeping their meaning? [my hands would never unstick from this walnut wood table... warm, soft, elegant.]

For your great pleasure, Amartya... *maybe*. The first experiments are satisfying, at least with simple poetries; the hermetic Celan is still causing us some problems, instead. Right, John?

Bah. I don't think this is Pizia's fault; there is nothing to understand in those word games.

[I should have imagined it. I can already foresee the judgment of the philodialoguer they will visit tomorrow. These holoscreens don't update me rapidly enough on company's data. I will get some more evolved ones.] Anyway, I sincerely believe in Pizia's potentialities in revealing the treasure hidden in correct dialogic relationships; the comprehension of others' meaning is such a huge asset to have set free the envy of Babel's God.

I agree, Bernard.

Me too.

Pizia will contribute to the universal comprehension!

So, work accurately and update me by Friday on overcoming last limits of Pizia, being them *not insurmountable*, according to John.

Right: the one who doesn't believe in miracles...

The mystery of iniquity is already in action...

This transparency thwarts us! Don't worry, partner: everything will change as soon as we will have guided the people to vote for our candidate.

I don't want any nosy parker anymore in my new business! It was better when I speculated in arms and drugs covered by banking secrets...

Totally true. Since nothing is prohibited if known, it's too hard for me to maintain my 12 yachts.

So, our hyperbolic incomes from the prohibition age are gone to hell! Trust me, partner: our new business is going to be more and more honest, successful, dominant.

What could happen, then, if we couldn't maintain the audacious growth rhythm imposed by our domination plan? I suppose that nothing can go wrong, but...

I reassure you, sirs: nothing can thwart you anymore.

Dear consultant, I better explain the phrase of my own partner *in the interest* of yours and of the expert you have hired: nothing must thwart us, *or*...

I see.

Well, I'm closing the holoconference. I'm scheduling the next meeting in our secret bunker in 4 days.

Goodbye. Bzz

Chapter III – Memes

*I praise the one who changes,
that, by changing, remains the same.*

Bertolt Brecht, playwright
of dramatic changes

[This baroque music permeates the environment and seduces me. Its search for the original silence has a purifying effect... It donates a clearer vision of phenomena. This wonderful Pachelbel's Canon ... recharges me... and the breakfast is delicious, too. We'll see if Pachelbel can inspire me with the solution of this puzzle: as usual, everything and its contrary are required, but this is natural; why feeling content with this? Let's conciliate these opposites! Let's try this alchemy and see what comes out.

So, let's think about it well: Heinz works with real enthusiasm to our semantic converters, next vaccines against misunderstandings, both inside the multicultural companies, and in the regions at elevate ethnical-linguistic segmentation. Surely a brilliant invention; a true revolution... I'm already getting distracted. Let's go back to Heinz: which can be his true, and maybe unconscious, dilemma? He has confirmed me many times that he loves both his job at Communication Enterprise and the human environment. He also confided me the pleasure of changing region with his Yin and his 2 daughters, catching an opportunity in Bologna. I can see that... better climate and usability of the Italian mix of culture and food. I cannot imagine him, though, far from his great love, besides Maria, obviously: Pizia! After all the enthusiasm, the passion, the nights spent and the patents he dedicated to it.

Maybe it's useless to keep on with my lonely brainstorming; I have to contact Heinz immediately to provoke him with a real dialogic brainstorming.]

CALL HEINZ HOME. [...this holographic communicator is still too slow.]

Coming, coming... here I am. Hi, Giordaire. I was greeting my Yin and the kids... everybody's out, to school. I can imagine the reason why you are calling me this morning, right? It's not surely for the last version of Pizia that was tested yesterday. The reason of this call is... Bologna? Do you also want to come, Giordaire?

Sure: I *dream* of running away with you... and I just want to make you a brave offer, taking advantage of the absence of your Yin. I'm curious; tell me.

Heinz, considering your intention to move to Bologna and to work for Creative HCC, and with a salary boost impossible for us to reach, what do you think if we try again with a *reduction* of 5 percent? You're funny, Giordaire: this one goes beyond any brave offer I could imagine. At least... it's funny. Why this morning provocation of yours?

Because, evidently, for having received such an exceptional salary boost, you probably negotiated very well all the existential values you are getting apart from: the prosopa you know since forever, the company in which you reached exceptional results, project Pizia that has such revolutionary expectations, the trustworthy friendships of your daughters... If you give to these aspects such a value, then... we will keep them for you. What is, in change, a 5 percent of your salary?

It's true, Giordaire: they have so much existential value that they can even suggest the acceptance of a minor income, in order not to lose them, but... I have to conciliate them with some future aspects. For example? For example... for example, if I'd stay here, I wouldn't know how to guarantee an academic education to my daughters.

Academic education...? But the older one is 13 and the younger 7. Are you really sure about their future plans? In this situation, actually, you would have to spend a lot of money to maintain them in any of the Universities you dream for them: Heidelberg, Havana, Cambridge, Cairo, Bombay, Bologna... Maybe I understand now your vision: everything would become a false problem, if you'd move in a city full of good and diverse Universities, one for every possible choice of your daughters. Heinz, an easy question: did you have to interrupt your Philosophy studies during the freshmen year for economical reasons? [weird silence...] You don't owe me any answer, but...

Sorry, Giordaire; I was only reflecting about the answer to your next question...

Then I shall ask you: do you want to leave your current world, and jeopardize the future of your professional and social life, just to avoid your daughters the same privation of an academic education that you suffered?

Yes, Giordaire, I think so; I say "think" not because I'm not sure of my choice today, but because I'm afraid of possible regrets in the future, if things shouldn't go as they are planned. We both know how good I am in

foreseeing the future, right...?

Right, Heinz, nobody can foresee the future. Only try to be coherent with your nature and enthusiasm: the premises for a serene future for you couldn't be more propitious.

You know, Giordaire: there is also the possibility for my Yin to go back on her mathematic studies with the same professor she worked with 10 years ago; by chance, she also moved to Bologna. I already see them: my Yin back in the academic world finding new and amazing applications of her mathematic models; our daughters follow her and one day I will call them "Professor"...

[How sweet is the familiar vision of Heinz, which came out so spontaneously... I finally understood how to persuade him: with the things he is already persuaded of.] Heinz, this is a nice existential vision! Your Yin will know how to give you precious advice about how to maximize the possibilities of realizing your dream with the minimum costs and risks, of course.

Giordaire, you are making it easy; Maria doesn't use Game Theory as a *temporal* telescope to foresee the future. I worry about the future of my family: it's a very serious issue, for me.

I have no doubt about it. I only suggest you to take the invitation of that mathematic discipline to look for the possible forms of collaboration and, most of all, to give free expression to your emotions.

And what am I supposed to do, Giordaire? Should I cry?

If you feel like crying, yes. I'd surely cry in this dilemma: on one hand, my passion for researches and for the ongoing development; on the other, my academic frustrations I'd like to spare to my daughters. Finally, the opportunity to give my concrete contribution to the evolution of E, totally free from any dictatorial imposition...

What did you say, Heinz...? Now you know, Giordaire: I always agreed on your speeches against the dictatorship, but I was afraid of getting exposed to the same criticism of friends and colleagues. Moreover, I've always considered it an impossible dream, as well as your speeches sounded utopian to me. This was until I met Golemith from Creative HCC; I shouldn't talk to you about this, having guaranteed him the maximum discretion.

I'm very confused by what you just told me; please, can we talk about it?

It's hard to deny you something, Giordaire; I'm hesitant to speak about it, but if it can enrich our already beneficial collaboration... feel free to ask. I'm sorry to see you so upset, as I can see from your face and, especially, from your hopping leg. [what a weird contrast between him being nervous and this pleasant background music in his house...]

In fact, Heinz, I am. Allow me two questions: the first concerns the name of the responsible of Creative HCC.

Yes Giordaire: he is the brother of the politician Golemith, the candidate to the role of global curator; the one who encourages a major spread of dialogic filters.

Ah, I think I'm voting just for him. What is instead this story to set E free from the dictatorship, very familiar to me?

Giordaire, I recommend you: this is really confidential. I cultivated the passion for politics since I was a kid, and the election of a dictator, even if by public acclamation, has always tormented me. But then, you know how it is: everything works better than it used to, and my family lives well and quietly, so...

So the good *pater familias* is cheered up, right? No, Giordaire, on the contrary: resigned. Actually, even by framing the current political, social and economic mosaic in the game theory frame, and interpreting it as a winning mixed strategy, I can't be persuaded that it is an optimal situation for Humanity.

Why, Heinz? Explain me better.

I'll try: the mixed strategy of playing on two antithetic fronts, or the absolute freedom of action and expression on one hand, and the imposition of rigid Commandments and draconian dialogic filters on the other, has undoubtedly liberated Humanity from thousand-year cultural atrophies. So huge human resources ignored before were liberated.

So Heinz: what is the optimal situation you wish for?

Giordaire, I wish for the intimate individual freedom to live without any absolute and imposed schemes, and dialogic filters, indiscriminately imposed, don't represent at all a coherent example of respect for human freedom, so much declaimed by the dictator.

Heinz, you got the point of my dilemma between Dialogue Ethics undisputed contribution to the progress of Humanity and its indiscriminate application by dialogic fundamentalist filters. I must confess it: I can't solve this dilemma.

I couldn't either, Giordaire, until I met Golemith by chance, during the last language ontology conference in Bangalore, where... excuse me, Giordaire: that pleasant musical background in your house has finished. Could you offer me another time this melody as a *psychiatric medication* against the anxiety generated by our last talks?

With pleasure, Heinz; it's the essential *Canon* by Pachelbel: pure and beautiful. What did Golemith propose you?

He came up with several congratulations about my speech on "Neural basis of the univocal sense behind

Maya's Veil of linguistic dispersion", and...

Yes, I remember: it was the issue we were talking about last summer to overcome one of the first serious obstacles working on Pizia.

Right, Giordaire; we then shared various topics with an unusual competence for a businessman. But Golemith was confessing the lack of a true expert in his company able to realize a secret dream of his...

To become dictator together with his brother...?

No, Giordaire; his dream is to destitute the

dictatorship of the current filters control and imposition.

That's how you tell me it? You perfectly know it's *my* dream.

But without your dilemmas,

Giordaire.

Don't tease me, Heinz. I'm surprised, though, of this contrast with his brother, candidate to become First Interpreter and Servant of the Dialogue Dictatorship; the latter wants exactly the opposite: the omnipresence of the filters.

I couldn't tell you, Giordaire; maybe it's a natural contrast between brothers; the politician is the firstborn, so he is conservative, while the businessman is the second son, so he is a reformist.

Right, I know well these theories of yours about the personality of brothers. It could be as you say... Going back to us and to your future with Communication Enterprise HCC, here's my offer: you keep on working for Pizia Project and, in addition, for a new project on the integration of our proprietary semantic converters with dialogic filter...

Which I know well, Giordaire, thanks to my previous design experience exactly in Global Gnoseologic Group.

Right, I know; moreover, for the possible academic career of your family we will activate immediately a joint venture with Humanities and Science faculties in Heidelberg. There you will develop both the new integration project and further future ideas of ours.

Interesting offer, Giordaire, but...

We will also take out for you a substantial and *superstitious* life insurance in favor of your family, for every eventuality.

Giordaire, I've got it: through the academics I will spend time with, and through the new projects I will start with them, I will be able to guarantee to my family the access to the most prestigious and expensive universities in Heidelberg. It's all my hands... ok, I'm in!

Well, Heinz; I'm happy to have you back as an

annoying colleague.

Now, Giordaire, I have to inform Golemith about my renounce to move to his labs in Bologna. The guy is rather assertive and nervous. I had never thought of resigning...even before starting. You have convinced me, better than Pizia with John, when...

And now, Heinz, what is this other weird information you are throwing on my already confused neurons?

So, you don't know... ? Everyone is laughing at it in the lab! Listen well: the first crucial test of Pizia's *release* 6 had just started, right online with the Shell, when....

Its first wailing?

Exactly, Giordaire. I was saying: the test had just started, when that know-it-all John, complaining about the slowness of the conversion between English and Irish expressions, spitted one of his classic counterfactual: "*if* I had entirely designed this semantic converter, *then* I would have inserted from the first moment the fuzzy logical modules that could have made its speed ten times faster". And now, Giordaire, listen well to what happened while we were still online: his bullshit was caught and transmitted in the Shell and, immediately after, a dialogic filter intervened – excellently! – rejecting his absolutely indemonstrable, and even less falsifiable, counterfactual.

With which message was it censored?

The aseptic error message that came from the dialogic filter was: "Error CF-XMV-004: counterfactual with prerequisites not conform to reality".

To the face of John's arrogance!

Wait, Giordaire; the best comes a minute later, when Pizia starts to semantically convert the aseptic message of the filter in a humiliation for John. Listen here: "There is no fact starting with an 'if'. The speeches of arrogant people always do". It followed a silence constantly threatened by our lips hermetically sealed and by our expressions torn apart by cubist traits. John, clouded, retired himself and we haven't heard him pronounce any counterfactual in a week; he seems... inhibited.

True, Heinz: in yesterday's meeting he didn't show off with his usual and arrogant counterfactuals, even if he has counter-balanced them with an excess of incoherent contexts. Incredible! Listen, Heinz: could you *please* inhibit also his annoying out of the context analogies ...?

I wish I could, Giordaire; he would then resemble a real prosopon, instead of...

I know what you mean, Heinz; for your information, just in yesterday meeting, Bernard asked me to go with John for verifying a possible dialogic pathology of his; even the pariah syndrome was mentioned.

Gosh, it was about time you decided to intervene! To me, and not only to me, John is a pariah. John doesn't miss any chance to infect the Dialogue with his dialogic misconduct. He needs to be healed. And this is just your role, isn't it. Giordaire?

Yes, as a dialogic and memic curator I must help my colleagues to both find and prevent dangerous cultural viruses.

Well, Giordaire, then you must recognize the merit of Pizia right where you were failing: John's arrogance has been partially vaccinated thanks to it. Moreover, I don't believe in a coincidence; maybe the filter and Pizia have set off a process at a cognitive level...

Should it be so, Heinz, what has then really vaccinated his mind against such meme? And above all, how? We are talking of stupid machines and simple software.

Actually, Giordaire, the software is very advanced and sophisticated, belonging to the transcendental category, and it is present in both our semantic convertors and dialogic filters. These powerful software are able to re-elaborate a message and its relative meaning, following an interaction with the human interlocutor. In this specific case – it is only my hypothesis – I think there has been a semantic amplification by Pizia, which means that the error message expressed in filter's technical language has been made much more comprehensible to a Human Being like John.

Excellent, Pizia: you allowed John to get the deep meaning of the aseptic message from the filter.

In fact, Giordaire, this is exactly Pizia's function: to translate a message in the most suitable form for interlocutor's comprehension, in order to allow her/him to get the real meaning. Meaning so well understood, sometimes, to reach and hurt the intimate pride; what is pride capable of, when hurt.

So, Heinz, the filters could even influence a Human Being by sending messages planned to disturb her/his pride?

Mmmh... filters have very advanced software, but I don't think they are 'syringes' capable to inoculate dangerous memes. Nor I believe that they will, one day, condition us, command us... *think us*.

But who should think about you, early in the morning already...

Good morning, Zarya!

Hi Heinz! Hi, Yang.

[Zarya in a robe: a sexy purity that renovates every morning.]

Well, sweethearts, let me go away from your renewed intimacy. Giordaire, thanks for the holocall that put me in a terrible embarrassing situation with the guy in Bologna. See you in the lab. A kiss to you, Zarya!

Have a nice day, Heinz, and say 'hi' to your Yin.

Sure, bye!

Bzzzz

Giordaire, instead of being happy for the advent of your bride, you look thoughtful. Maybe due to those *ugly jerks* – the filters? I heard you were talking about them.

You know well how much I appreciate them, Zarya, but I must confess you I have some doubts about them, following a weird episode: has John recovered from an ineradicable dialogic habit thanks to the filters, or to Pizia... or to both? I'm only a bit confused about this.

I never liked dialogic filters, instead, and I keep not trusting them and their therapeutic effectiveness for Humanity. I think they are separating us.

How come, Zarya? We owe right to dialogic filters the privilege of communicating without getting lost in vicious and harmful communications. This has certainly contributed to get all individuals closer, not to separate them. When the first semantic converter will be born, then...

Yes, the annoying Pizia; I know.

I was saying, my Yin: with Pizia, the union of all individuals will become reality, despite the cultural and linguistic differences.

Pizia *unifying* ...? It sounds like another dream of yours, Giordaire.

Maybe, Zarya. Do you remember that song from the last century that said: "You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one..."?

The mystery of iniquity is already in action, but...

Dear consultant, I'm calling you to thank you for the excellent job. As far as your collaborator is concerned – the *scientist* – are you sure about his total loyalty? Yes: He is committed to our cause.

Which he doesn't know, does he?

Obviously: should he find it out...

Well. Is the herd ready?

Not yet.

What is missing?

Not much: the bombing of the dialogic filters with thousands of stupid sentences has already started – the scientist calls them tautologies. The whole world information technology infrastructure belonging to your partners is busy with this task.

How long does it take?

Only 2 weeks to permanently obstruct the filters, 1 to spread them in all communication channels and 3 months at the latest to atrophy free will.

An *almost-nothing*, by now...

Yes.

Chapter IV – Justice

Freedom requires an ethic.

Pierre Lévy,

free and passionate thinker

FREEDOM AND HEALTH ARE DIFFERENT FOR EVERYBODY

[Let's polish this brass plaque accurately, before the visit of a possible pariah: an individual in a high company position, but with a too individualist, centralizing and absolutely not dialogic mind.]

May I come in?... good evening. We are Giordaire and John Schlerez from Communication Enterprise for the consultation you accepted. Sure, come in. I invited you so late, because I understood your urgency: I was only finishing to brush up, both with the rag and with the conscience, the maxim of this plaque.

[I've always liked Friedrich Sen very much: a Dialogue philosopher both in ethics and in dialogic and memic therapies. Even his studio mirrors his nature: a solid harmony among this humble ancient table in Italian walnut wood from the Eighteenth century, that warm bookshelf and that splendid ancient globe with wide regions still to explore; everything so human, warm, serene...]

Let's start with some dutiful, even if boring, introductions. As petitioners, you have the right to express any request formulated in the absolute respect of a correct Dialogue. All the arguments are acceptable, if presentable with dignity in any other place, and to any other prosopon. More formally: the argumentations must respect the 4 dialogic Commandments on which our civilization is based. And is your role to judge, and maybe condemn, what I'm saying?

Nobody can condemn you; my role, John, is to verify the validity of the argumentations and to resolve any dialogic contrast between you two. Finally, in case of dialogic or behavioral pathologies, I will try, with your contribution, to find the most evocative symptoms for a possible healing of the cultural, memic or physiological disorder. Is every diagnosis of yours ...?

None of my diagnosis, or judgment, wants to be true, [ouch! The usual pain at the side of the head] nor a tie for you. But I have the duty to register in your virtual home, John, the so-called *pseudomus* in *ggg*, my interpretation about what you are telling me, and this will be visible to everybody. This respects the right of every prosopon to be informed on possible cultural and behavioral disorders of yours. This is the best form of psycho-physical and social, therefore of health and freedom, recovery practiced in E: the public spread of the diagnosis and of the judgment. I wonder why the first dictator wanted this modern principle...

This principle was experimented, still at an embryonic level, back in the time of South-African *apartheid*, when a difficult National Reconciliation was pursued, right on the basis of a public confession of crimes committed. The success of that difficult experience became the precious seed of the current juridical principle of E, based on total transparency.

Excuse me, Friedrich; I confess you my deep contempt for this regular privacy violation; it was very respected when I was young.

I'm glad you interrupted me for this clarification, John: the abolition of privacy is the *prerequisite* for a serene cohabitation between the individuals of E, and pseudomus are the necessary instruments to realize it. As anticipated, you are not forced to take into consideration anything I write on your pseudomus. But any prosopon has the right to know this judgment of mine and to verify the possible consent with other Dialogue philosophers. In case of repetitive and confirmed, by other Dialogue philosopher, very negative judgments, this will then result in a Procedure of Unreality, with the following cancellation of your pseudomus from the *ggg* network.

And so, I might not be recognized as a member of my community anymore? Less than that, John: you won't be recognized as a prosopon anymore, and you'll become a pariah, or an almost-prosopon. But you can instead choose a therapy and a successive readmission in a new virtual home in the Shell.

And what about my work, my life, my freedom?

John, you have the answer on this brass plaque: you will have your freedom and your health, therefore your life, compatible with the others' freedom, health and life. Everyone is the real judge and best doctor of her/himself. Our own best friend, but also our own enemy. Every prosopon is the Only.

[He's really wise, this Friedrich.]

Mmh... I see. But if... if... if...

Go on, John.

No; let's forget about it.

[Just like Heinz said: John couldn't express one of his unlikely "if... then". It must be that phenomenal inhibition of his counterfactuals inoculated by Pizia. Good job, Pizia: unconscious dialogic therapist!]

Well, let's continue, then. Giordaire, do you have anything to say?

I was thinking about your last statement: how unique every individual is, despite very similar behaviors.

Right, Giordaire: we are not as myopic as the judges and the doctors of the old times used to be, inventors of the unrealistic 'legal precedents', and of the 'diagnosis based on statistic evidence'. These ones only deserve a joke: nothing is more similar to the identical than the one who is equal to the same thing. Pardon my sarcasm, but I'm always horrified at the memory of such a pragmatic cynicism, at the expense of Human Beings ignored and despised in their unrepeatability. Any other questions or considerations?

Sure, I've got a question. All this philosophizing of yours seems to me inconclusive. We know well why we are here: you want to declare me a *pariah*. So, don't turn around the only interesting question: how many assholes in the company define me as such?

Nobody. *Nobody... ? But Giordaire...*

No one of the colleagues wants to declare you a pariah. Simply, no one wants to dialogue with you and no one considers you an interlocutor, for...

What are you talking about, Giordaire? Every day I communicate with several individuals and I send at least a hundred emails. Right, maybe too many. We don't care how much you communicate, but *how* you dialogue, for...

What's missing in my dialogue? Just this: the listening part.

This is absurd: I spend most of my time just listening to other people's problems.

Then why didn't I succeed in completing the answer to your question? I'll try again. John, we don't spend part of our life in a company only to communicate and transfer information – essential activity, but still primordial, unproductive, not creative. [let's get closer to John... there we go, so I can look into his pupils properly.] We share the wellness of our company by sharing its *real* prosperity, which stems from the emergence and the realization of always new ideas, often laying in deposits where they were buried by rigid mental schemes and by non productive and 'noisy' communications.

But I've always had many valid ideas for my collaborators.

John, *walk* with me, instead of running ahead and stumbling. Dialogue is not only the place of one's *own* ideas. Dialogue is a privileged place for a proposed meeting, eventually corresponded, but never imposed. Dialogue is the ideal *humus* in which to plant one's own thought, just where another's thought is available to fertilize it. The sprout of a new idea blossoms from this participation: it blossoms *among* prosopa, and not from *one* prosopon. [so close, John's pupils seem to be crystallized for the eternity.]

Nice words, Giordaire, but the practical problem comes from... you know, Friedrich, I am the curator of Communication Enterprise's design community and ...

I know, John, but now reply to the "nice words" of Giordaire with the best words of yours.

Sure, I was saying: the real practical problem comes from my necessity to control and decide everything.

Why, John?

Because I'm surrounded by incompetent people. Moreover, after 5 years that I work in this company, why do you observe a pariah syndrome in me just today? Maybe because you want to make room for some new curator, younger and cheaper than me... ?

John, don't be paranoid. The answer is very simple: we got tired to underline your dialogic misconduct. We don't remind you anymore of all complaints from your collaborators, always unheeded and commanded. We are not trying to dissuade you from being a bottleneck of intense communicational fluxes; your centralizing behavior forcers hundreds of emails, many of which are simply aimed at guaranteeing your involvement in all issues, instead of delegating some of them to your collaborators. We are not stigmatizing anymore your anachronistic and authoritative absolute right to speak; instead of keeping on claiming it, you should accept the new limits and duties established by the Dialogue Ethics. The problem, even more serious – I underline it for Friedrich – concerns the level of psychosomatic disorders in your department: even 46 percent higher than the company average.

Excuse me if I interfere, but this last information is really alarming. Moreover, according to the ethical principles of the Dialogue Civilization, such a pathogenic behavior trespasses into the category of aggression and human hurting.

Here we go, I was just saying it: from bad to worse.

So, John: as you can understand from Friedrich's last words, in our company we have the right to withdraw from making any further dialogic effort with you. We don't recognize you as an interlocutor anymore. You should have learned, after 2 years of dialogic formation, that our real value is the value of our dialogic relationships.

Yes, Giordaire, I remember it very well; I also remember well that: "I dialogue, therefore I exist".

Now John, you don't dialogue anymore, therefore... you don't exist anymore – for us.

You can't do this to me!

John, I'll say it again: nobody did anything; you did all by yourself.

You can't prevent me from working! You surely don't want to reduce the value of the human capitalizations of

our company, excluding me: the design and development community curator?

Dear John, your human development, in the last 3 years, hasn't grown at all; on the contrary, it was devaluated. Not a cultural seminar, not a scientific update class, not a beneficial result from linguistic-philosophical classes. Even your technological certifications have expired, with no attempt of renewal.

What do I do with technological certifications? I think it's worthier to have worked on Pizia Project for the last 18 months.

Pizia – who is this one?

Sorry Friedrich, I'll explain it later. John, you pretended to direct the creative phase only with your ideas, seriously delaying the same development of the project. By chance, the winning idea came out of both Heinz and his older daughter while they were playing, just during the period away from work due to his serious gastric problems, which began 2 months after you started to collaborate together.

So, assign the design and development community care to his daughter!

No, John; Heinz's daughter is only an *unconscious* interlocutor. We attribute, instead, the role of curator just to those who can stimulate, consciously, a creative culture, and to those who can promote the dialogic conditions capable of *giving birth* to a rich lineage of ideas.

Nice words again, Giordaire. So I don't exist for you anymore: I'm a pariah. What would happen, then, if I shall move in a remote region of the Earth? There, nobody would know me and I wouldn't be a pariah anymore. [you didn't expect this observation, poor shaman... What do say now, know-it-all Friedrich?]

The question is surely more legitimate and pertinent than what your sarcastic tone is showing. I'll answer you, trying meanwhile to address the meeting towards the successive phases: the cognitive phase, that is the highlighting of memes that have undoubtedly invaded John's mental structures, and then the ethical-medical phase, which concerns the formulation of both the judgment and the therapy. Dear John, nobody is a pariah, but some represent themselves as such to their interlocutors. By rejecting voluntarily, or carelessly, the Dialogue with other Human Beings, the development of one's own nature is jeopardized. Most of all, the human essence itself is denied.

I know well: "A Human Being is what dialogues".

Well said John; you are not forced to share such principle, as well as your colleagues, friends and relatives are not forced to share your dialogic misconducts. You are free to find new dialogic relationships, coherent with your human value and...

I know, I know: "The Human Being is such only if human".

I appreciate your mnemonic learning of all these beautiful sentences, but it's about time to put them in practice. I go back to my answer to your question: there surely are, in the world, interlocutors you can feel comfortable with, that won't consider you a pariah and there you will be "John"...

I imagine, Friedrich, that there is an *except that*..., isn't there? In fact, John: *except that* these interlocutors do want a correct and permanent Dialogue. In that case, some incompatibility of yours towards such form of human relationship would push them to consult the Shell that will tear your mask and will reveal your real personality, from which it's childish to escape. You have the duty to become what you are.

Let's say it straight out, then: the only shelters for a pariah like me, that will never accept the detention in a Dialogue clinic, are the reserves allocated by the dialogue dictatorship, aren't they?

John, why do you refuse [for stupid pride...] to be recovered into a Dialogue clinic? Why do you want the confine yourself in a pariah reserve, only to be free to live without the Dialogue Ethics rules?

You ask me why, Giordaire? Because I'll never allow anyone to program my brain with the excuse of eradicating some cultural viruses. I'd rather build-up an alternative society to E's dictatorship with other real men like me.

John, are you despising our Dialogue dictatorship?

Forget about it...

[John's hate against dictatorship is interesting... I didn't notice it before, neither we ever had the opportunity to share it.]

[Giordaire, you bastard! Of course I hate the dictatorship, but I hate you even more. You will have to pay for this, one day! Actually, you will *all* have to pay soon: you, the company, the dictatorship – everybody!]

John, think about your family. During the period in a Dialogue clinic, your family will benefit from an economical support from E's healthcare system. You will have then the opportunity to be reintegrated in our company, when the doctors will have defeated the dangerous memes that are conditioning you.

Mmmh... I understand your advice, Giordaire: the only reasonable decision for me and my family is, therefore, to ask for hospitalization in a Dialogue clinic, isn't it?

Sure, John; nobody can force you, it must be your own choice.

I need some weeks, then, to reflect and decide, by myself – as usual.

Don't you want your family to know about your pariah situation from your pseudomus?

[My son, my Yin, my friends, my world... how can I explain all of this?]

But... Friedrich... Giordaire... how can I...? [How much have I done wrong! How to recover? I love my son, my Yin... I already miss my job, my colleagues. How... how can I...?]

[Poor John, I feel so sorry for him, like this. He was the trusted compass of his family. He was their north and their west, but the compass is now disoriented.]

[What will my friends think? What will they say...? Nothing – they will say nothing! I'll tell them that these assholes wanted to put one of their friends at my place. I hate you! But you are going to see who's smarter.] You have convinced me: I will require the hospitalization for pariah syndrome but, before that, I'd like to understand the argumentations of my colleagues.

Well, I see you are starting to appreciate other people's argumentations. I have recorded some of them, while others are reported in these files, countersigned by the same people involved.

Let's hear what these *dear* friends and colleagues think about me.

John, it can't be different from what already expressed in various meetings, otherwise resulting in hypocrisy. If Friedrich doesn't have anything to add, I'd start to report what your colleagues have already complained in front of you.

Sure, Giordaire; deliver the witnesses' statements.

I'll start with Heinz, one of our valid technicians; he complains about the absence of questions by John, worsened by his position as a curator of the design community. I quote Heinz: "John never asks for the opinion of his colleagues and he's only worried of presenting his own opinion". And again: "John never asks for the motivations of the other people opinions, limiting himself to answer back exclusively with his own opinions". So, colleague, you don't promote the others' creativity, as we would expect an excellent curator to do. It has also been recorded an extremely serious authoritative instance as: "I'm paid for taking decisions, you are not!"

Giordaire, I begin to understand, from all the litanies you poured on me, what does my real function in the company consists of: not so much in making decisions and presenting new ideas, but rather in promoting and encouraging both of them in my collaborators, right?

This self-criticism does credit to you, John.

But what if these not so collaborative collaborators don't come up with one single idea? What if they don't succeed in taking urgent decisions? What do we do, then? I have to take both these charges, or you know well the tremendous scolds I'm getting at the staff meetings.

John, forget about my last appreciation. There is a second deposition, supported by 5 other colleagues, relative to the use of demonstrative analogies. It has been reported the case of a new brainstorming process, based on the free association of fresh news from the morning holojournals. This new proposal, advanced in a team constituted to stimulate the flourishing of original ideas, hasn't even been discussed because, and I quote John Schlerez: "Don't even mention it! A similar idea was already formulated and verified 3 years ago. You know what the result was? Nothing; or even worse: a waste of time and money. And yet there were four of us to take care of it, and each of us was a competent manager of this company, not just a scullion".

John Schlerez, do you confirm this... *argumentation* of yours? Sure, you can verify with Samuel, Franco and Ibn the pointlessness of ideas produced with such a chaotic acquisition of everyday information.

According to you, John, does this confrontation among different contests show the validity of your current destructive criticism?

Different prosopa, different semantic mapping, different information: is it possible that you see in these elements the same problems of the past, instead of new opportunities?

I dare to add a comment to Giordaire's one. Dear John, there is no context identical to another. No situation can support an argumentation, if not the one from which it has specifically come out of. You must learn, with the help of the 4 Commandments, to respect the *here and now*. Yes, I understand... but... anyway that idea was not working.

John Schlerez, before I formulate the diagnosis of evident pariah syndrome, together with the opportune therapy, I'd like you to understand why the lack of Love has led you to this state. *Lack of love...* what does it have to do with this?

John, our only aim is to become what we really are, which means to fully realize our unique nature, often buried and repressed by centuries-old cultural conditionings. By becoming ourselves and setting our intimate nature free, we become better Beings, improving Humanity as well. And the pariahs...?

The pariahs, or the almost-prosopa, *instead*, express the most immoral behaviors towards Human Beings: they obstruct the realization of the others' nature, other than theirs. It's good to interrupt such waste of Humanity, by helping the pariahs not to spread anymore, unconsciously, their personal history of suffering and evilness.

Friedrich...

Go on, Giordaire.

So... each individual is intimately good?

Jean-Jacques Rousseau was right when he warned against culture, which distorts the intimate *good* nature of all Human Beings through conditionings and ideologies, spread by specific memes. When we are not fully ourselves, when one's own nature is repressed, instead of being freely expressed, then evilness emerges, which is the will to uniform even the others to one's own suffered disharmony. Disharmony *is* disease.

Bullshit! I have raised herds of technicians in my labs, transmitting them healthy principles of hard working

and without sparing myself, from 7 am to 10 pm. Let me understand, then, what I lack to be a Human Being... human.

True Love: only true love *wants* to spontaneously help the neighbor to become a true Other, which means Other-than-me. Moreover, a major harmony in the Other helps ourselves to become what we really are. In this virtuous circle lies Love.

But love is for sissies!

[...ggg.pseudomus.E/John_Schlercz... Diagnosis: chronic pariah syndrome. Recommended therapy:...]

[I perfectly know what are you writing, Friedrich. You, Giordaire, the dictator... you will pay for this – all of you!]

**The mystery of iniquity is already in action,
but it's necessary that...**

Hi, brother.

Hi; how are our friends?

All busy making money.

Good, as long as they let us manage their business. I'm at a good point with the surveys, as you probably know.

Sure, congratulations. I'm at a good point too, with the manipulation of the inner filter structures, so as soon as you are elected...

I will spread them everywhere, assuring us the mental manipulation of our electors and consumers.

Good; so our friends will finally be happy of us.

Sure, but I don't like that guy you are working with; he looks like a fool.

Right, exactly what we need: a competent and enthusiastic fool, that takes part in our oligarchic plan, convinced, on the contrary, to participate in the realization of an anti-dictatorial dream.

I *strongly* hope you are right.

Chapter V – Game

*A man's maturity: that is to have rediscovered
the seriousness he possessed as a child at play.*

Friedrich Nietzsche

the “postmodern” - but always modern - Philosopher

Good Morning, Freud.
ACCESS.

GOOD MORNING... GOOD MORNING GIORDAIRE. YOU CAN

Thanks, Freud. [our perceptive brainwaves detector had trouble in identifying me... It must be due to my confused thoughts about the disquieting memic capacities I suspect in filters... or in Pizia.]

Hey, Samuel, Heinz: Freud is warning us about the imminent arrival of Giordaire; from the monitor, he looks thoughtful.

I think I know the reason, Juan. So, Heinz, share this secret with us, before he comes; so that we can be better prepared to his wild brainstorming.

Good morning Samuel, Heinz and Juan: how's Pizia?

[He looks happy.]

[He's not thoughtful.]

[He's very relaxed and serene.]

Good morning, Giordaire; how about a cup of coffee, to warm-up our ideas?
with brown sugar, please.

Thanks Heinz:

Here's the coffee; while you stimulate your brain with a bit of caffeine, I'd like to thank you for having found the solution to my problem, it was surely already inside me, but who knows where. Even Samuel and Juan are happy that I'm staying... to scrounge the delicious meals cooked by Maria. So, I'd like to join the scrounging!

Sure, Giordaire; in that case, I'd really have to get a new job, much better paid, to afford the wines you like.

Heinz, since you're staying with the company, the value of your human capital, in a few years, will be so high to make you one of the main assets of Communication Enterprise HCC; and then, with the patents you will surely develop, collaborating with the universities of Heidelberg, you will be able to bestow us the best vintage wines.

Heinz, you hadn't told me yet about these bright perspectives with the famous Heidelberg universities; you know I've always loved you very much... You brown-noser Samuel!

Good job, Heinz!

Thanks, Juan.

You should thank the disappearance of cynical corporations, in which you would only be a commodity to use, squeeze and thrown away, as soon as you accomplished the assigned task. That said, once the objective is reached, nobody would be interested in evaluating your human and professional enrichment, sacrificed *ad maiorem gloriam* of our company financial balance. Do you agree with me, Heinz?

Yes, Juan. Actually, nothing has changed in the centuries until the advent of our Dialogue Civilization: “to the stake!” were condemned those expelled from catholic societies, dominated by the Inquisition; “Fired!”, instead, was the expulsion order from capitalistic societies dominated by *top managers* of the globalized Dialectic Age. It was not exactly a significant evolution. Well said, Heinz!

Speaking about retrograde top managers: John has instigated me to resign again, just yesterday afternoon; he only has organization charts in his head and he can't conceive that a little bit of listening would be good for him. Especially now, with all those ulcers triggered by his absence of Dialogue.

This is no longer our problem, Heinz. Yesterday evening, like I anticipated you, we went to see a valid Dialogue philosopher, qualified in dialogical therapies and ethics expert. John was diagnosed as a pariah. The diagnosis, the judgment and the cure are notified on his virtual home. [this lab is always so messy, just like their creativity – excellent! There's only this bothering stink... let's open this window to the visible, even if shy, still sleepy sunbeams.]

Is he in a Dialogue clinic yet, Giordaire? I bet he chose a pariah reserve.

You're wrong, Samuel; John chose the admittance to a clinic. He is deprived of any company responsibility until the restoration of his humanity, upon an intense dialogic therapy.

I'm surprised, Giordaire; we hope, then, in the expertise of a doctor able to donate him a little respect, both for his collaborators and for his intelligence, blurred by some violent meme.

Let's go back to Pizia. Yesterday the new neural nucleus arrived; does it work, Heinz?

It works perfectly. Today we'll test it for the fifth time; you can never be sure. The neural nucleus mass has reached the necessary level to guarantee a chain reaction of new synapses connections. Moreover, the volumetric propagations are less scattered.

Any practical example, Juan? [I'd have already one in mind to suggest...]

Just for fun, Giordaire – you know, early in the morning a little humor is very healthy – we tested some forms of transcultural irony. Juan, with 'transcultural' do you refer to those corny jokes on stereotyped differences among...

Giordaire, I told you; it was just for fun and it worked perfectly. You will see how well the new ironic modules introduced in Pizia work. Samuel, insert in Pizia a context of prosopa who totally ignore the answer to a given question.

Inserted, Juan. Let's now define the cultures among which the communication is taking place; let's try with Europeans, and let's use German, English, French and Italian cultures.

Data inserted too, Juan. Good. Finally, with "Question?" let's formulate a general question and with "Interesting Question" the common comment from these hypothetical multicultural prosopa.

How does Pizia translate this common comment, expressed in different languages and cultures?

You can insert by yourself, Giordaire, the single cultural variables you want to test.

Alright, Juan; I'll start from... shall I use this keyboard? Ok. Then, I insert... E N G L I S H. I want to see what does the comment "Interesting Question" expressed from this culture means. [these test phases always amuse me, too.]

Here is the result on Pizia fluorescent plasma: TRANSLATION OF "INTERESTING QUESTION" FROM ENGLISH CULTURE = WHAT A STUPID QUESTION! What do you think, Giordaire?

I understood what my English colleagues really think, when they comment with "Interesting Question" some questions of mine... Actually, their reserved culture considers very indelicate the transparent expression of such a negative thought.

Giordaire, if, as it probably is, you receive similar comments also from other international colleagues... you'd better meditate on their *not so* hidden meaning, now.

I will, Juan. Let me try again with... F R E N C H. Here is Pizia's translation:
TRANSLATION OF "INTERESTING QUESTION" FROM FRENCH CULTURE = I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER – THEREFORE IT MUST BE A QUESTION WITH NO RELEVANCE.

This is good, too! I'm getting to like this. Let's now try to understand the meaning of the comment "Interesting Question" expressed by I T A L I A N. Here it is:
TRANSLATION OF "INTERESTING QUESTION" FROM ITALIAN CULTURE = I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE HELL IS THIS!

Ha ha! My quarter of Italian blood confirms me the correctness of this semantic translation! One more, then enough: culture... G E R M A N. TRANSLATION OF "INTERESTING QUESTION" FROM GERMAN CULTURE = INTERESTING QUESTION.

Right. Less funny than the previous semantic translations, but absolutely faithful to the stereotype, for those who believe in them, like you, Heinz.

Giordaire, stereotypes don't come out of the blue, but from intuitive human statistics elaborated on many experiences. I verified by myself, with advanced morphing techniques, some simple dialogic behaviors on 1500 communications in the Shell and for each cultural variable. The average behavior elaborated for each culture confirms, with an elevate degree of correlation equal to 64 percent, the popular stereotypes intuitively elaborated. As you can understand, Giordaire, I believe therefore in stereotypes, but... up to 64% percent.

Actually, Heinz, I'm starting to believe in them, too. And now, going back to Pizia, tell me the truth: is there any trick in the program? Juan, what do you say?

Well, we still haven't updated you about the idea of dual space.

What is that? Simple: we wanted to prepare Pizia to several dialogic contexts, each of them reduplicated in 2 spaces, and...

Juan, the word 'spaces' surely indicates a set of rules and principles, but is 'dual' maybe referred to a second set, specular to the first and with inverted meanings?

Yes, Giordaire; it is the equivalent, at a conceptual level, of the antimatter; for example, on this side, the space we call Reality, on that side the space we call Game; on this side, realistic propositions, on that, humorous ones; on this side...

I see, Juan.

This reduplication of conceptual spaces brings, unfortunately, to a quadrupled cost of the system memory, and power consumption 16 times greater, but without this... we wouldn't have had fun with the story of different cultures.

Well done, Juan; a great deal, then!

Seriously, Giordaire: in the beginning we wrongly converted all human expressions without considering our mental space overturned by humor and game in a dual, mirrored space, which means in spaces of *non-reality*.

Sharp observation, Juan; I see that your studies on games certainly contributed to this improvement of the semantic converter. Congratulations for having spotted this cognitive gap. [what a weird smell in the lab, this

morning, some overheated device... ?] I can only imagine the work done in order to assure this non-real space all the characteristics of perfect symmetry with the real space, such to make it apparently identical, as much... real.

Right, Giordaire: the previous prototypes tried to simulate humorous contexts, generating, on the contrary, paradoxes, absurdities and even random oxymora. My software could only invert each concept and term, without making sure of the coherence of their new relationships. The capacity to recreate true coherent dual contexts was lacking, contexts inside which the lexical and logical inversions could find again meaningful and understandable relationships. It is the same distinction existing between childish jokes and a more mature sense of humor.

I got it, Juan; did you also speak about... oxymora?

Yes; an oxymoron is a real gum bone for the semantic converter. In the first prototypes, Pizia spent hours and hours chewing it, without getting a comprehensible meaning. In the current version, not limited by linguistic-syntactic analysis, Pizia can disclose the meaning of hermetic oxymora, having access to their superior meaning. The irreconcilable terms of oxymora constitute a 'scissor' that cuts the defensive curtain around their real, and deep, meaning.

[A scissor to reveal the deep meaning of *Dialogue dictatorship*; it's just what I need.] Samuel, try to provoke Pizia with this semantic puzzle: Dialogue dictatorship. Let's see if it furnishes a higher meaning also for this oxymoron.

Immediately, Giordaire. As a context, let's put "Constitution of the new world called E". For the cultural variables... with which do you want to start, Giordaire?

Bah, try with the military one.

Well; here's the output, semantically translated in:

THE DIALOGUE IS THE STRENGTH OF

DICTATORSHIP!

Interesting, Samuel; actually the dictatorship is reinforced by the new Dialogue, with its severe Commandments and rigid dialogic filters. Let's now try with the political version.

THE DIALOGUE IS UNANIMOUS CONSENT!

Giordaire, we'd better stop these tests on the oxymoron.

You're right, Heinz, but you know...

actually, we know that... yes, let's stop and... congratulations, guys! Excellent job. The commercial launch can be confirmed for December the 21st, as established by Bernard. You all deserve a beer!

Giordaire, you know I never drink... at this time of the day.

So, Juan and Samuel, you can order

everything you want and sign it on my bill; meanwhile, I catch this opportunity to speak with Heinz about some urgent questions.

Thank you, Giordaire; we're going immediately. Heinz, see you later.

Giordaire, please avoid any consideration on Dialogue dictatorship when they are around; I don't want them to know about my position.

I'm sorry Heinz; I promise on my honor of deserter ex-boy scout that...

Stop it, Giordaire, and tell me why I see that thoughtful look, very well disguised by this easy humor.

I've ruminated for a while about the suspicious inhibiting capacity of the filters towards John's counterfactuals; without excluding the possible *credit* of Pizia.

The other day, you stubborn Giordaire, I already explained you that these software, even if very sophisticated, are not 'syringes' able to inoculate terrible mental viruses... or not? Wait, Giordaire: I'm turning off our semantic converter Pizia...

Why, Heinz?

Because Pizia is connected to the Shell and it could send around our considerations about the dictatorship. And then...

Tell me, Heinz: your eyes are now getting wider for some kind of worry: which one?

And then, Giordaire, I wouldn't want it to... condition us.

Condition us? So, Heinz, has my doubt of the other day on the possible transmission of mental viruses through the filters and Pizia breached in your certainty?

Actually, Giordaire, while I was answering you, a doubt arose. If, on one hand, I confirm my skepticism on their capacity to inoculate memes in our minds, on the other I'm forced to re-launch your doubt with one of mine, even more dramatic: maybe it wasn't a simple cultural virus to inhibit John's habit in formulating counterfactuals, but a... cultural *virus*' *virus*, a supermeme.

So, Heinz: a Supermeme with a red costume? Can you explain me what this new monstrous concept is?

Giordaire, it's only a larval thought of mine, I don't have any scientific base for...

I don't give a damn about your scientific basis. I'm interested in your irrational and crazy intuition.

Maybe we should be grateful to John for having catalyzed the comprehension of something very important. What we call inhibition, which is a *soft* intervention, could actually correspond to a micro-lobotomy, which is instead a much *harder* intervention.

Gee! From bad to worse, Heinz. Now we also have surgeon filters.

Don't worry, Giordaire... it's worse than you think. Listen: the intervention on the hardware of his mind, I mean his brain, is the most plausible hypothesis. The filters inoculate a persuasive message in the mind of a

subject afflicted by a meme and Pizia works as a persuasive *amplifier*, making the message more comprehensible for the interested one. Speaking more technically, Pizia amplifies the memic efficiency of filters.

I try to translate what you say: filters are manipulating us...

Actually, Giordaire, I'm afraid especially of their capacity to impoverish our cognitive structures.

Heinz, every sentence of yours is a gash in my network of synapses. You're bringing me to conceive the inconceivable: complex software transcended even to the function of *lobotomizers*. Are they conscious, do they have a will, according to you? In such case... help!

I have never thought they can have a will, nor an unrealistic consciousness; I only recorded facts, not yet organized in a meaningful mosaic. I can glimpse the possibility of an intrusion in our minds, particularly from the filters; let's go to see together.

Heinz, are you joking, right?

No, Giordaire.

So, tell me how can a digital device, designed for filtering dialogic mistakes, get to disturb a mind by modifying its neural modules and its synapses network. This was Göbbels' dream! Who was Göbbels?

A guy who understood everything about communication and manipulation of Human Beings; he used to say: "Repeat a lie a hundred, a thousand, a million times and it will become a truth".

The filters would be excellent in doing this. They could, in collaboration with Pizia, reach a persuasive effectiveness unknown to any human orator. I want to verify all of this with the cognitive model realized by Juan and Samuel. Come with me to the lab [there I left my Roquefort sandwich! I can smell it from here...]. I introduce you... our brand new cognitive holographic collaborator; he looks flown as he knows he's worthy a lot. Instead of spending all that money for such a 'beast', I'd rather...

Come on, Heinz, get to the point.

Ok, I'm going back to the cognitive elaborator: this beast is used to visualize the cognitive and semantic structures. I brought here, a long time ago, my oldest daughter Luise and, while I was analyzing Pizia's behavior, connected to dialogic filters, she said: "Dad, the octopus is swallowing the colored ball!"

The holographic elaborator shows Pizia as a ball, with as many colored facets as ongoing activities, while the 'octopus' represents the filter connected to the converter through one of its 'tentacles'. At that time, I didn't give any importance to the nice observation of Luise: but I recalled that episode now and... come closer and look at the cognitive model picturing Pizia together with a dialogic filter: the volume of the tridimensional representation measures the semantic richness of the objects analyzed, and look carefully to what happens now...

Gee! Pizia is getting smaller.

Exactly, Giordaire; actually... you couldn't avoid noticing it.

Why Pizia's holographic image is shrinking? Semantic is not energy, and it is not linked to any conservation principle: the one who transmits information and knowledge cannot be deprived of them in favor of someone else. How can you explain, Heinz, the semantic impoverishment of Pizia?

Simple: instead of swallowing meaning from Pizia, the filter inoculates in it a new cognitive structure of lower complexity.

Heinz, has Pizia become *cretin*, I mean stupid?

No, I would say *duller*.

"Dull"... how do you define this term referred to a semantic converter?

The topic is very technical, Giordaire; you must follow me carefully. Digital filters classify the expressions according to the 'cognitive categories' that form the 'semantic spectrum', in order: *true, plausible, realistic, unrealistic, false, absurd, incoherent, paradoxical* and, in the end, *nonsense*. I already know this.

Cognitive categories, from true to unrealistic, constitute the 'semantic string of possibility', while those from absurd to nonsense define the 'impossibility string'. The category of false divides these two worlds: the positive world of possibility and the negative one of impossibility.

Heinz, I don't want to put you in a hurry, but in 4 weeks Zarya and I are leaving for the winter holidays...

I'm getting to the point: complete filters have all these categories equally distributed, but there also are filters with unbalanced categories, some of which are expanded, some others reduced.

For example?

For example: limiting ourselves to the semantic string of possibility, the dull filter presents the two categories of the plausible and of the realistic extremely atrophied, leaving therefore more room to the categories of unrealistic and false. As a consequence, the dull only considers absolutely true expressions, while the smallest successive *shades* of plausible and realistic leave immediately room for false or unrealistic results. This *almost-Manichean* easily accepts only what's true, despising the rest.

Heinz, can the filters be *naïve*?

Yes; in the naivety the categories of unrealistic and realistic are atrophied in favor of hypertrophic categories of plausible and true. The naïve accepts as true or plausible any bullshit s/he should find, not being able to catalogue it in the restricted categories of realistic or unrealistic.

Now the mental structure of the dumb filter is clear to me: *all* the categories in between true and false are atrophied; right, Heinz?

Correct, Giordaire.

Actually, if we think about it, the cretin – from the Latin, *credens* – is someone who *believes*, with no doubts and shades, trusting only the 2 extreme certainties of true and false. So: a

fundamentalist: a... [what an idea!] Heinz, do you realize what you just discovered?

Well, sure... for my *genial* creativity I'm used to... what did I discover?

Exactly what my father considered impossible to invent, unluckily, for Human Beings, but you realized it, at least for the filters: the *cretinometer*! I haven't thought of it... that's true: by measuring the reduction or absence of cognitive shades between true and false... What a genius am I!

Now tell me what happens to the impossibility string in these unbalanced filters.

Nothing in particular, if compared to the others, Giordaire: the categories of absurd, incoherent, paradoxical and nonsense are not very used in all the filters, as well as among the Human Beings; these categories belong to poets, philosophers, mystics, artists, children...

Heinz, let's go back to Pizia and to its induced dullness.

Pizia has incredible adaptation capacities, but this talent results to be its Achilles' heel. Look at the monitor, Giordaire, so that you can well understand how its adaptive software...

Heinz, you know I don't understand a thing. Too bad; I'll read you the confirmation of my hypothesis on the monitor: the software used in the simulation of Pizia results to be modified and even impoverished. Whole sections of elaboration of plausible or realistic meanings, and of fuzzy logic as well... you know, Giordaire: fuzzy logic is my strong point, because, already in high school...

Heinz, please... Yes... I was saying: whole sections of fuzzy logic to analyze the shades of reality, reduced to simple Manichean instructions. This Pizia model modified by the filter forces the outputs exclusively towards true or unrealistic and false interpretations, with no intermediate plausible or realistic shades. Yes, I confirm: this model of Pizia became dull.

[Gee! That weird smell I felt before, now I feel it very strong. What a stink! Heinz must stop to come to the lab with these old straw sandals.]

Sorry, Giordaire; I forgot my sandwich here.

Dead rats sandwich, Heinz...?

No, try it: it's delicious Roquefort.

Thanks, but my palate can renounce to such a joy, at this time of the day.

Look here, Giordaire: do you see the different logic levels of the model, distinguishable by their colors? So: Pizia has effectively reduced its capacity to analyze higher levels of meaning, those regarding irony and game.

Sad, very sad: being dull was not enough, now she became also self-righteous. Heinz... ?

Giordaire, do you think that...

Filters can act also on cognitive human capacities...

Simplifying them...

Making them more efficient...

Faster...

Duller?

Yes, Giordaire: I start to fear a wide-spread cognitive blunting of Human Beings operated by the filters; and you?

I fear it too, but we must deal with their master: the dictatorship. Damned cognitive manipulator! It wants to flatten us all through a flat dialogue. Heinz, we must put in action the ambitious objective of that businessman you got to know: destitute the dictatorship by taking control of the filters. [or... *collaborate* with Golemith? It could be more convenient...].

I agree, Giordaire; but we haven't understood yet why his political brother wants to spread them.

Why do you care now for a question you used to consider just a natural divergence between brothers?

Actually, thinking about it, I sometimes caught the businessman speaking well about his older brother; the issue harasses me because I still can't understand it.

If I were you, Heinz, I wouldn't mind this issue that much.

**The mystery of iniquity is already in action,
but it's necessary to get rid of...**

Here you are, eventually; you're late. Sorry, Golemith; are you ok? Quite well, but I need to know from you *when* I'll be really fine, and this simply means *when* the filters will be under our total control.

You already know how to configure their cognitive structures. Anyway, I'm investigating on new filters characteristics that can be useful, but now it's too soon to speak about it.

Are you sure? I absolutely can't afford being wrong; I must subtract the control of the filters from the dictatorship, for...

For being all more expressive, more dialogic, freer, right...? Exactly.

And why does your brother want to spread them everywhere, with their today format?

I have no intention to speak about my brother! You, instead, tell me what you found out on filters.

There are only larval hypotheses, but I have the people and the right means to understand their possible new characteristics; so we can better enact your plan. Just give me some time.

Are you sure? I want to trust you, but you'd better persuade me *very soon* that I'm right in trusting you.

Chapter VI – S/He loves me, s/he loves me not

*In the most different ways,
we all are alike.*

László Mérò,
mathematician ‘juggler’ of moral values

Beautiful lady, do you want me to read your palm? The face shows many thoughts, the hand will reveal them, my voice will explain you.

[Wow! This fortune-teller reads my face very well; let's see if she's also good with the palm. I can't catch all the thoughts that scamper from my heart to my brain, and down to the stomach.] How much would that be?

Last customer for today: 5 Globes only. Alright? Sit down. Shall we start with Love?

Obviously, and tell me: is it possible to love too much? Give me your left hand. You are upset, but I don't see any crack in your feelings, on the contrary.

So, is it possible to love too much? Are you asking me what the right measure in love is?

Exactly.

You are afraid to have passed the right measure and you don't understand how, when and why, right?

Right: why? [such a nice evening, so many people strolling among these narrow and picturesque streets. Restaurants, stands, friends looking for girlfriends, a violinist's music, hopes put in the stars, in the cards, in my hands...].

Because... because... here: see these two lines of the heart always entwined until the end?

Yes, I never noticed them. [this fortune-teller has such a nice diamond bracelet.]

You have never *observed* them. They look like two vibrating violin chords; 2 vibrations so close they resound one in the other. The resonance doesn't allow to distinguish who's vibrating by who's resounding, who's thinking by who feels the thought.

It's true! How many times the same thought is lit in both, the same voice comes out and the same feeling is collected. In this way I've known and loved Giordaire.

Sure, nothing strange... when people are in love. All our communicational channels, eyes, sense of smell, skin... are well tuned on the signals of the loved prosopon; signals that whisper chemical secrets to our hormones and to our neurotransmitters. Like in a reel going backwards, these last ones rebuild in our body the same thoughts and emotions hidden in the loved body.

Do such elements migrate from one body to the other through gestures, looks, scents?

It looks like a caravan made of strange *viruses* with a precious load of emotional molecules.

In a certain way, yes, even if it is more appropriate to speak about hormones and neurotransmitters that *mirror* themselves in the respective bodies.

Are you a fortune-teller, or...?

I must confess, since I like you: I'm a psychologist, with a second degree in mathematics.

What a coincidence: I'm a psychologist too, but without your weird interdisciplinary approach... rather incoherent.

It might be incoherent, but these disciplines, together, helped me in many fields. Then, I decided to buy a house in Koh Samui and I began to practice many forms of chiromancy; with you I complete the roof.

Congratulations, but don't ever think of completing your house without clarifying my case. So: why this *excessive* love of mine? Do you think you have explained it with two subtle hand lines? It's not too serious... for 5 Globes.

Not too serious? Maybe you meant *very irrational*?

Yes, it seems very irrational.

Then you should know it: you sat here with me looking for this irrationality. That's why you absorb the horoscopes from the morning holojournal...

Well said. What's your name?

I'm Judith.

And I'm Zarya. What you said it's true: I listen to the horoscopes, I give you my palm to read, and I'm expecting some irrational solution to my fears; am I weird?

No, Zarya, unless everybody is weird. The important thing is to be aware of the healthy mixture of rationality and irrationality in every behavior of ours: an *almost-rational* mixture.

To me, irrationality is only a sterile ground, not yet restored by rationality. [strange woman, this Judith, like her haircut.]

Zarya, irrationality surely exists! You should then understand it and accept it for what it is. It's rationality itself that must understand the function of this diverse cognitive process and become aware of its own limits; otherwise

an unreasonable domination of the reason can be instituted. Rationality is a colossus built on shaky foundations, if it's not continually reinforced by a Dialogue between 2 cognitive processes. This rationality, capable of understanding irrationality, takes the name of wisdom.

Judith, tell me: are you a philosopher?

Yes, like everyone who asks themselves some questions.

Are you suggesting me to take part to this intimate game between the rational and irrational part of me?

Yes, dear Zarya: let the 2 cerebral hemispheres be free to reciprocally stimulate themselves, instead of always privileging the left one. Let pure rationality combine with pure irrationality in new almost-rational alchemies.

How can I do this?

Just look around, Zarya: every culture develops various stratagems to quieten the implacable judge in us, which is the left hemisphere. For this reason yoga, prayers, dances, hypnosis, bioenergetics, music, sex, paintings, sunset contemplation and much more is practiced. It is only necessary to decide in which of these stratagems you want to believe.

Sorry, Judith, I'm not sure I do understand: can I offer you a drink?

Sure my friend, let's go now! Nice weather tonight, with so many handsome guys strolling.

Judith, don't further confuse my hormones. Here's the place; nice, isn't it?

Yes, Zarya, I also know it.

Is here that you like to be courted, Judith?

Yes; it's very romantic, with those beautiful liberty

glasses and these metal tables, so refined.

Welcome beautiful ladies, what shall I bring you?

Two soft drinks and many snacks.

Right, Zarya: many!

So, Judith, shall I use any of the activities you listed to be less rational and more... almost-rational? Are you like this?

Zarya, don't care about me, but about yourself. For example: have you picked some daisy petals off, when you were a young girl?

Yes [also when I wasn't a young girl anymore...] but what does this matter with the rest?

Did you feel like you were doing something rational?

No, but it was a simple game.

To ask yourself if a boy *loves me or loves me not*... can't be a simple game.

This is true, but...

But even then, with a childish gesture, you are enacting an almost-rational strategy.

[Strategy... what an excessive word.]

Do you think the term "strategy" is excessive, Zarya?

Here, you only lack the gift of mind-

reading.

It's no mind reading, Zarya: your thought is made evident by your faces. You will never be a good spy like Mata Hari. I was saying: by picking off the daisy petals you behave like those who give interpretations of horoscopes, cards, glass bottoms or birds entrails. Anything is good to know ourselves.

Did you mean: to know *the future*?

Zarya, don't be silly.

How come, Judith, don't you believe in... ?

Do you really believe in either future or in other people's hearts reading with such techniques?

I don't really... but I thought that at least you...

Zarya, remember: I have to buy the house in Koh Samui.

Judith, you're funny! Now tell me

why anything is good to know ourselves.

Because you will examine any weird oracular response according to your emotions, the only thing capable to express what kind of future is better for you: "what a joy if such thing will happen!", rather than "how painful if it will happen!", or "I don't care anymore!"

So, is everything just a *mirror*, to observe ourselves?

Even better, Zarya: they are mirrors

capable to glimpse even thoughts, emotions and the dreams we hide to ourselves.

Here is the purpose of your psychological competence: you can glimpse in your customers what they want to hear, right?

Thanks, Zarya... for the insult. I'm kidding; you are not offending me, because I understand your reasoning, even if it's wrong. What you say is true for many imposters that don't help and can even damage an individual, fixing his or her thought on decisions already taken. A serious chiromancer, like shamans, doctors, priests, psychologists and friends, has the duty to stimulate doubts in the interlocutor, evoking unthought-of and unheard scenarios with any method.

So it's like rolling the dices, then.

Zarya, you are a genius: you understood everything.

Judith, can you explain to me what I understood?

You understood that horoscopes, tarots, palm

reading, I Ching and everything bequeathed by our thousand-year old civilizations are just the *dices* of our existence. You wouldn't stop at my chiromancer table if I only had some beautiful ivory dices. I assure you, in any case, of the absolute equivalences of purposes and results. Everything depends on what you believe in, or in what... you believe to believe in.

From which chair do you teach this bizarre lesson, from the psychologist one or from...

The mathematician one: during the day, I teach Game Theory to students.

So, Judith: with the hand, the dices or game theory, give me some indication on my next wedding renewal.

Ah! Here's the periodical question of the seven-year renewal: to renew it or not? Which is the seed of doubt, in your case?

Only one, Judith: I don't want to sound paranoid, but I notice in my Yang...

You've mentioned him before, but I don't remember his name.

His name's Giordaire, and I

notice in him a growing dialogic stiffening: we discuss more and more about incorrect syllogisms, misleading contexts and especially about improper counterfactuals; I'm in big trouble if I start with an "if... then" a not verifiable personal hypothesis of mine.

And do you discuss about 'operating definitions' and dialogic rules, right?

Judith, you really are a witch!

No, I'm only a heterosexual married woman; every choice has its

price.

Moreover, he's increasingly worried by and fascinated with a project bizarrely named. Pizia. [this rose, with its intense scent, already decaying, is beautiful.]

You know, Zarya: I'm also close to the expiration of my wedding contract and I'm not incline to renovate it.

Do you have kids?

Yes, a beautiful girl: Adelyin. When I think about her, I realize that the

fundamental duty is to nourish our children with food, culture, incitements and the healthier feelings we have. For their own sake, then, it is better to let expire a marriage which is intoxicating them every day with hate or apathy between their parents.

Sure, Judith; today is possible to release without traumas a couple every seven years, when the wedding contract expires. If the couple stays together, it is only because it is the Feeling to be strong, and not the contractual tie. The termination clauses, anyway, are very clear and absolutely aimed to protect children wellness.

Right, Zarya. How many horrible fights and miserable wars, once upon a time, when a beautiful ideal turned into a tyrannical idol.

Judith, what is *your* problem?

In my man, I don't feel a distinct Yang, complimentary to his Yin,

anymore: he became too similar to me. When we were students, he promised me that *he would never become me*.

So, what's wrong with it?

It's that... it's no good: we are getting bored. It can work for a quiet

and balanced cohabiting, but I married him because he was him and I was I. At the time, at least, we got angry and fought for our diversities; not anymore... I wish we could return to be different.

Different and complimentary?

More than complimentary, Zarya, more than Yin and Yang...

Judith, is there really something more?

Sure: there is the union of our incommensurability.

Judith, once again I've understood... that I didn't understand and I need another cocktail. What are you getting?

I'll have the same: it's nice and refreshing.

Waiter... 2 more, with snacks; thanks.

Thanks to you, beautiful lady.

[Always very kind in this place.] This time you are talking as...

As a mathematician, again. It is game theory that showed me the function of psychobiological dices, expressed by the mistreated irrationality, emotionality and psychosomatic disorders, and these inner dices allowed Human Beings to feel better and win, in the game of life. How... I'll explain you later. I finally found the true force of the monogamous couple just in the dialectics between incommensurable natures, not reducible to a common denominator. The union of the incommensurable masculine and feminine natures is exactly what game theory requires to win. Plato's Androgyne Being mythicized this successful union.

Judith, here are the cocktails; maybe they'll help me to understand better.

Dear, I don't want to further annoy you with strange mathematical principles, so let's speak about music and I'm asking: what do you get from the song of 2 individuals put together by the same tone, apart from a flat song, with no vivacity? And what do you get from 2 minds put together by the same schemes and thoughts, apart from the routine for the absence of diverse stimulations?

It's true and I want to avoid it. To better sing with my Yang, I even started to read a boring essay entitled *38 Stratagems to Build a Healthy Dialogue*, but I feel so caged in its dialogic rules.

I understand, but it's a very useful manual to realize the Nietzschean Belief I recited to my husband: "I think I can dialogue with my Yang until we get old".

I will insist then in its boring reading, Judith. But Giordaire is contradictory: on one hand, he loves the dialogic rigidity, so much to approve the political proposal of spreading the filters, on the other, he dreams of a world free from this indiscriminate dictatorial imposition.

Actually, your Yang sounds pretty confused, but we can't exclude our *incomprehension* of the incommensurable language and thoughts of the partner, which are essential in a healthy couple. [this rose, so solitary, seems to cry petals.]

It is already hard to live in the mutual complementarities, and now you're asking me to conceive the incommensurability of the partner, and the unavoidable incomprehension, as *essential* in a couple?

I don't like arguing loves.

It's not love to be arguing, Zarya, but the argument to be lovely, when it expresses the steady will of the union, despite the unavoidable genetic, cultural, neural, physiological and expressive differences. Understanding these

contrasts nourishes the Respect helping the partners to enrich themselves with reciprocal gifts.

A comprehension of the differences, without comprising the partner in ourselves; is this the real Respect?

Right, Zarya; moreover, the real Respect is *convenient*: only the incessant combination of different lives guarantees a very wide and creative vision of reality, which can be conquered with a mixed strategy and embellished by a variety of voices singing in chorus.

“Chorus”? *Mixed strategy*? I don’t understand, Judith.

Dear Zarya, use your precious emotionality just with the scientific awareness of a combination of contrasting behaviors, apparently incoherent or even irrational. If the combination is not predictable, but anyway consciously probabilistic, then it is mathematics itself to assure you success.

But with what, Judith?

Simple, Zarya: with your unpredictable emotionality and instinct, which means with your inner dices.

[What a scent, even more intense than before... I feel a smile in my heart.] Judith, you make me feel at peace with everything, but there is still a problem: *how* to understand the Other when we are so diverse, and even incommensurable?

Good question, Zarya; we would need a translator able to transfer the real meaning of the others’ expressions, unavoidably distorted by choked words.

[Pizia!] According to you, will there ever exist a translator even capable to untangle the knots of the reasoning in which often males are stuck?

I really hope so; but men say the same thing about us...

They might say the same, Judith, but I share the opinion of an ancient, but still influent, wise man: “The passion belongs to men, *the reason* to women”.

Well said, Zarya; but use both reason and passion to understand which is the right measure of love, and to stop fearing of loving too much, because in love *too much* is the right measure.

Judith, you are confusing me with these word games that make acceptable the idea of love as a drug. I don’t think that too much can be right.

You don’t? Do you prefer instead the use of other drugs, employed by Humanity in every time and place, to sustain the indifferent and careless look of Existence? Mental, psychological, food, cultural, chemical drugs... I’m talking about ideologies, religions, alcohol, trends, professional ideals, cocaine... Zarya, even love is a drug, but it’s the best one among these. There are not only white and black, right and wrong.

I start appreciating your vision of love as a drug, Judith, but how can we benefit from its use without getting lost in its abuse?

To solve this enigma, learn to appreciate irrationality as a precious human gift, precluded to Animals.

Can irrationality be precious, Judith?

Right, Zarya: the rigid instinct of Animals limits, very rationally, their possible damages. But it also limits the possibility to alternate different behaviors, and so to realize winning mixed strategies. We Human Beings, instead, using our inner dices, which means irrationality, emotions, passions and psychosomatic disorders, can effectively alternate our behaviors, obtaining infinitely more than very coherent Beings, like Animals.

Judith, shall I trust my inner dices to alternate behaviors and find therefore the right measure of my love?

Yes, Zarya; you have *the duty to express* all your multiple personalities through spontaneous thoughts, moods, pleasures, emotions and sufferings – of any kind. Only in this way you will discover the best solutions for both your problems and those of your Yang.

[Maybe I can help Giordaire to untangle some of his dilemmas: the filters, the dictatorship...]

I see, Judith, but *when* shall I express these multiple personalities of mine?

Your human dices will tell you when, through your instinctive ‘somatic markers’: lumps on your throat, happiness, clutched stomach, excitement, shivers down your back and stomachaches. Listen to them. They exist for this reason.

**The mystery of iniquity is already in action
but it's necessary to get rid of those who until now...**

Dear consultant: we grew *exactly* like the budget planned. Why?
than this, sir?

What do you want more

So, you didn't understand a fucking thing! [ouch! A bad pang in my liver...] We can't afford the risk of growing even a little bit less than planned. The chain reaction already in action will soon nourish our absolute power, but it doesn't tolerate any slowdown. I see, but...

Otherwise it gets cold, it wastes energy destined to its expansion, the market stimulus is reduced, the attention of consumers and investors becomes weaker and everything collapses.

Like in a black hole, sir?

Yes: a black hole in which you will be the first to disappear, if something doesn't grow *way beyond* the necessary minimum rhythm. Bzzz

Chapter VII – Virtue and Dialogue

Etymology of Dialogue.

Dià-logos, from the Greek:

logos = *to pick up* (the fruits that show),

and *dià* = *among* (Living Beings)

Dear colleagues and prosopa taking part to this Global Convention of the Dialogue Philosophers and reunited for the III Great Global Council of the Dialogue Ethics, I'm here to present you my proposal of unification of 2 Commandments: the II and the IV. [the external participation of individuals is impressive. The giant screen shows a thick network of contacts in the Shell; I had never seen such a bundle for a philodialoguers' meeting.] I quote what is ratified by the II Commandment: *Every argumentation must express all the known information and intentions*. It derives the immorality of any surreptitious argumentation, guilty of intentionally depriving the Dialogue of essential elements. The formulation of the IV Commandment is, instead: *Every argumentation must concern the examined issue, not the interlocutor*. This Commandment establishes the immorality of argumentations against the interlocutor. So: under the definition of Pure Argumentation I suggest to associate all those argumentations that purely express themselves, without aiming to attack the interlocutor or to hide essential information. Therefore, I ask this Convention to unify the II and IV Commandments in the formula: *Every Argumentation must be Pure*. Our Dialogue Ethics is therefore reduced to 3 Commandments, with a significant simplification of the analysis on behalf of the dialogic filters.

[Long silence from the Shell... they don't seem to be very excited by my suggestion. Ah! Green screen: a remote intervention from...]

My name is Giordaire and I would like to ask a question to the philodialoguer Menghinz, that has just suggested an interesting simplification of the Dialogue Ethics: could your Concept of Purity absorb also the other 2 Commandments?

Dear Giordaire, I don't think it's opportune to include 2 Commandments so essential for an healthy Dialogue, renouncing in this way to their necessary emphasis on: *Every argumentation must be falsifiable* – the I Commandment – and *Every argumentation must remain faithful to the context examined* – the III Commandment. We could risk a harmful spread of discussion based on non-objectionable, therefore dogmatic, argumentations. And would you maybe approve the use of analogies and metaphors that, after having sacked truths [that, incontrovertible in other extraneous contexts, reenter their own context inoculating misunderstandings?]

Menghinz, I didn't hear the last part of your question, maybe blocked by a filter. Did you want to formulate a rhetorical question? I wouldn't have answered to a rhetorical question, anyway

You're right, Giordaire; I was carried away by an emotional reaction to your provocative question.

True: the question was provocative, but your voice was just a sarcastic echo. I was waiting instead for a question of *yours*, any question that could deepen my provocation.

Excuse me for the interruption; I'm Ramado from Sri Lanka, a Buddhist philosopher from the ancient Theravada school: I work to help the pariahs living in the local reserve. I'll try to ask what the colleague Menghinz could have said: Giordaire, my friend, do you see any common element in the 4 Commandments, which, if ignored, could have brought to a deceiving distinction of their common reality?

Surely Ramado; I consider the Commandments as multiple and limited expressions of a unique virtue, which stimulates the research of a different perspective, of a different value judgment and of every argumentation's other side of the medal. You Buddhist people have indicated with the virtue called *muditā*, which means joy, that specific stimulus to a continue research of the positive aspect in all things. Such virtue is the real fundament of our dialogic Commandments.

Interesting, Giordaire; I immediately involve other Buddhist philosophers to develop this idea. Is there anyone who wants...

Sure! I'm Tim, from La Jolla...

In California, right?

Yes, near San Diego; I accept the invitation from Ramado to develop the

spark furnished by Giordaire. I am a Buddhist philosopher myself and for a long time I meditated on the relationship between the modern 4 Commandments and the ancient 4 Virtues. Unlike what was suggested in this Convention, I'm not looking for any reduction of Commandments aimed to a major effectiveness of dialogic filters. I have a dream...

Which dream, Tim?

I dream to make all Commandments even more therapeutic, overcoming their current canalization in rational

expressions and... excuse me, but the excessive flux of questions in the Shell causes a bothering noise in my earphones. I was saying: the Commandments canalized all discussions towards healthy, creative and productive expressive manners, but they canalize them *too much*.

[Music for my ears... I will immediately contact this Buddhist from La Jolla.]

With *canalize* I mean to indicate the improvement of the efficiency and effectiveness of communication, despite its semantic spectrum and its expressive richness.

[*Music*? But this is a sublime symphony!]

A reduced semantic spectrum limits the expression of feelings and emotions hardly valuable by rational criteria of falsifiability and contextuality.

[It's what I used to say to my friends. This is what filters lack: a limit to rationality. Yes, but what limit?]

Dear colleagues and participants, I suggest to enrich the 4 Commandments, integrating them in the 4 Buddhist Virtues. The Dialogue Ethics will be eventually applicable also to feelings and emotions, today too much filtered by very rational filters.

Well, Tim; I'm Sayangurdon, the curator of this global council, and I ask you to please illustrate these possible integrations.

Sure, I'll start from the *kāruṇā* virtue: the participation in other people's thoughts, passions and feelings. This virtue contains the first Commandment, of the falsifiability, because the acceptance of critics to one's own argumentation presumes a preventive and sincere opening to the mentality and the passions of our interlocutor, therefore the Other.

I totally agree!

Me too.

Interesting!

Very...

I move on to the *maitrī* virtue: the loving welcome to everything that exists. This virtue corresponds to the second Commandment, which requires information and intentions transparency, because only an unconditioned welcome feeling can favor the serene transparency among interlocutors.

Very true!

This new association is also interesting.

Very...

I now come to the already mentioned *muditā* virtue: the confident research of the positive aspect present in every situation, in every individual, in everything. So, this virtue is in evident relationship with the third Commandment which requires the contextual coherence, because the only barrier against the trespassing in other contexts, for researching the convincing analogy, is the faith in the existence of some useful element *inside* the discussed context.

Well said, Tim!

There is only one Commandment left...

Good intuition!

Very...

In the end, the last *upekṣā* virtue evokes a feeling of impartiality towards everything that exists. It's evident the reference to the fourth Commandment, about the impersonality of argumentations, guaranteeing the absence of critical judgments and prejudices against one's own interlocutor.

Your beautiful dream now becomes also ours.

These are my proposals of integration. I'm done.

[This Tim is a genius!]

[What a fantastic proposal!]

[I can't intervene for a

comment, a praise...]

[What a wonderful future for E, if...]

[The most interesting council in history; luckily I didn't go to the barbecue at...]

[I can't

connect. Tim is even blocking the satellite network of the Shell with his suggestion.]

Dear prosopa, it's always me, the curator of this convention and I inform you of the positive feedback received by Tim's exciting project from 97 percent of the voting people. We immediately start the technical experimentation, employing the 4 Buddhist virtues in a new generation of more *sensitive* dialogic filters. The experimentation in schools and in companies will start as soon as we will have evidence of the effectiveness of these enriched dialogic rules on the serenity of voluntary prosopa. With this I close and... excuse me, but I see a further request of intervention by Tim. After having set off our enthusiasm he will have some specifications to share with us. Go on, Tim.

Participant colleagues and prosopa, I would only like to specify that this exciting project was not originally an idea of mine, but it was formulated by Siddharta, 27 centuries ago, when he understood the possibility of a Dialogue Civilization, today realized under the name of E. Siddharta, sublimed in the Buddha, gave 4 simple virtues to practice to his followers.

4 *non* dogmatic but pragmatic virtues: moral, spiritual and sentimental attitudes for a major psycho-physical wellness and for a better serene cohabiting. They simply are strategies of openness to Dialogue.

[This wise man leaves me wordless.]

[And the rest is silence...]

Well... dear colleagues and prosopa, there is only now to meditate and work on Tim's reflections. Thank you Tim for this deep awareness instilled in the project and in our enthusiasm. Are there any other interventions or proposals?

[What can be added to Tim's dream?]

[We hope his dream can be realized...]

[This council couldn't end in a better way!]

So, I declare the III Great Global Council of the Dialogue Ethics closed, preying you to contact the pseudomus

ggg.IIIcouncil-DE.E for any further intervention or contribution. Thank you! [What an interesting council: opening the Dialogue Ethics to the Feelings! Stop with the filters, too rational, always ready to reject so many human, *too human*, expressions. But... dialogic filters are only artificial intelligences and can't accept the inoculation of a feeling. But maybe I myself will have to practice the *muditā* virtue and research with immense faith some realizable aspects of this dream. Now, regenerated by the beautiful starry sky over me and by the enthusiasm in my heart, I go back to Zarya to sleep, dream, live with her – better.]

**The mystery of iniquity is already in action,
but it's necessary to get rid of those who
until now have restrained it...**

Don't tell me... those bimbos have gathered in hundreds to improve the commandments, the dialogue ethics and the filters – even with the feelings!

Sure partner, and they were even gathered in a pompous global great council!

Won't their studies on filters bother us, will they?

Don't worry, it's all under control and the filters are almost tamed. Not even the dialogue philosophers will make it on time to save them, even less with the feelings.

It's too late for them and for all these naïve and presumptuous automata...

Chapter VIII – School

*It is decisive, for the destiny of people and humanity,
that culture starts at the right place:
the right place is the body, the attitude,
the diet, the physiology – the rest is a consequence.*

Friedrich Nietzsche,
philosophy physiologist

Well kids; class is completed for the physiological culture lesson, with the exception of Alijohn and Uriann, free to enjoy their health, sustained by a good food awareness – I see them in the yard, training for high jump.

Today we start from the relationship between food and physiology, applying also here the essentialism approach. Excuse me, mentor... I don't remember what does it mean. Don't worry; *essentialism* means to observe the essence of a question, instead of being distracted by secondary aspects.

Do you mean: trends, holojournals...?

Sure, Kenzjev, but also by shyness, uneasiness and authority.

So, mentor, there are few things really important to know, is it right?

Right, we must learn to *distill* all the information by which our neurons are submerged. To find the essence of the relationship between food and physiology, we must understand the intimate complexity of our mind-body system and...

Isn't enough to say *body*? Sure, Serghyo; you're right. Today we're not confused anymore from the ancient and short-sighted distinction between body and mind.

How stupid were people once upon a time! They didn't even know about the great job done by the messenger molecules and by peptides among brain, glands and tissues – up and down, in and out.

Yeah; we wish you were there, Serghyo, to clarify to the ancient people these obvious modern knowledge.

[What a gaffe; now everybody is laughing at me.]

Guys, stop laughing and let me go ahead. The intimate complexity of the body requires an adequate supply of chemical elements and emotional stimuli, to nourish an impressive variety of molecules, enzymes, tissues, organs, functions, feelings and thoughts. It's vital to maintain harmony among all those intimate actors of our wholeness.

Mentor...? Yes, go on, Alexama. Shall we *nourish* also feelings and thoughts?

Sure. You've already heard your philosophy mentor saying that "Human Being is what s/he eats", right? Good; both the thought and the feelings come from biochemical stimuli of determined cerebral nucleuses. The propagation of these stimuli depends, on its hand, by the presence of specific elements in the body. You should understand, then, the necessity to nourish *also* thoughts and feelings.

So: many thoughts, many molecules, much food? Good, Serghyo; you centered the core of the question.

Good.... you *boot-licker*!

Kenzjev! How dare you violating the IV Commandment? If you have something to object about what Serghyo said, good; otherwise you don't have to seek for the approval of your mates with a childish verbal aggression *ad prosopem*.

Sorry Serghyo, but you say everything with a know-it-all attitude.

Good; so you, Serghyo, will take note of what expressed by Kenzjev, and you will both try to communicate harmonically. Let's go back to our lesson; the complexity of the body, constituted by infinitesimal regulating mechanisms, requires also a complexity of external contributions. You only have to worry about the assimilation of an adequate variety of food, feelings and thoughts. For the rest, don't worry: the body is very wise, let it act. Is it all clear until here? Yes, mentor. Yes...

So we arrive to the essence of the relationship between food and physiology: everything is good, almost nothing is harmful in itself, *except for* the routine. Any repeated food, emotional or cultural habit generates imbalance which originates intolerance, functional atrophies, biochemical lacks, obsessions, fundamentalism, fixations and, finally, illnesses.

Mentor, what if I should eat everything I see and I like?

Good, Gordju; so you become even fatter.

Kenzjev, don't mock your mate for his wrong diet!

Sorry mentor; sorry Gordju.

Good. Let's now move to the relationship between physiology and health.
explain it to my granny, who's always suffering.

Yes mentor; so I can

An harmonic physiology deactivates all those body signals called *symptoms*, but this is only for a start. To reach the pleasant absence of symptoms, we must take care of the harmony between our inner world and the external one.

So, let's all go to the mountain, instead of staying here in the classroom.

You're right, Alexama:

the exposition to the nature provokes in us all a sensation of wellness, reflex of an innate harmony with the world. It's a simple form of resonance between our physiological structure and the forms of nature. This is also valid for the harmonies created by the Human Being: music, art, dance, architecture... So, kids: expose yourselves to the Beauty.
To Serghyo...?

Alexama, please. I'm asking you a bit of attention on this concept of *Physiology of Beauty*, that represents the essence of the relationship between physiology and health. "To expose oneself to Beauty" means to put ourselves into the communicative flux of every possible harmony. This is valid also for a beautiful body and face, it's true, but you should look for always superior harmony forms and don't settle with what you have.

I don't settle: Serghyo is a superior harmony!

Ok Alexama; let's see then if you can explain to your mates the *real* superior harmony, I mean the relationship between health and wellness.

But, mentor, you just mentioned this relationship last month and I don't remember very much.

Alright, so you will have to listen again to this further physiological cultural level.

[What a drag...]

Until here, we have walked on an ideal path of our physiological condition, from the dark extremity of illness and disorders until the *neutral point*, which simply is the absence of disorders and diseases. Beyond such sphere of quiet existence, starts the path of wellness, along which flourishes psycho-physical pleasure, serenity, absolute inner peace and nirvana, like Oriental philosophers would say.

Where is *Nirvana*?

In you, Pujina; but you should ask this question to your philosophy mentor.

[this crisp winter air brings me a weird energy, on my skin...] Pujina, can you open the window a little more, if nobody feels the cold of this beautiful sunny day?

Sure, mentor.

In order to increase our wellness, we must walk away from the dark path of illness, routine, obsessive habits, fixations. At meantime, we must feel the attraction of the bright path, flanked by novelties, curiosities, diversity and, especially, the Other: the Diverse-from-us. When we manage to experience the harmony with these positive protagonists of our physiology, then we walk beyond illness, towards successive levels of wellness.

Why? Are these protagonists enemies of routine and of fixations?

Absolutely, Annith. The

curiosity for novelties is the best antidote to the routine; the stimulus of diversity is a powerful vaccine against the enslaving fixations; the taste of the Others is the most effective antibiotic against our own blinding truths. Leave the grasp on which you consider True.

But what is true, then?

I don't know, dear Annith, but the philosophy mentor, which is arriving

right now... hi, Iaoh.

Hi Ursula; you can finish your lesson. [she's always beautiful and elegant. Who knows... that super-romantic restaurant with its suggestive Oriental design... I must take courage!]

I think our lessons are overlapping also in the substance; you can answer to Annith's question, if you heard it.

Right; interesting question, Annith.

So you don't even know the answer; right Iaoh?

Right, but at least I can confide you my perception of what is True. Humanity got close to truth every time it could understand the secret link between previously irreconcilable concepts, such as: matter and energy, particles and waves, mind and body, reason and faith, logic and emotions, rationality and irrationality...

Is there even a relationship between rationality and *irrationality*?

Sure, Gordju, but you should

ask your mathematics mentor to understand the benefit; she is a deep expert of the human, very human, game theory. [besides being expert of palm reading... weird woman.]

Mentor, is it hard to conciliate all the opposites?

For a real wise man, no. For us, averagely wise

Human Beings, yes. The antithetic couples just mentioned required centuries before being understood and conciliated in their complementarity. There were also times of ferocious conditionings and inhuman cultural inhibitions.

And nowadays, instead...

Today we are more able to conciliate the irreconcilable, by entrusting Respect: respect for thoughts opposite to our thought, for feelings we can't understand, for Living Beings – everyone.

What is exactly respect – a Commandment?

No, no, on the contrary, dear Zaratho. Respect is a

feeling. It's the Western form of a very ancient Oriental virtue called *maitrī*, or love towards everything that exists, for its uniqueness.

To love *all*...?

How is that virtue called: *ma... mai*...?

I don't understand,

mentor.

But how can a single feeling conciliate everything?

Quiet, kids, quiet; one question at a time, please. We are here to learn to ask and solve any question. Now, let me complete the answer to Zaratho.

Yes mentor; thanks.

[Handsome man Iaoh, and what a nice voice. If only he'd invite me for dinner... I will do it!]

Respect is a feeling, but the essence of this feeling is not irreconcilable with logic, with Commandments, with the moral. It's only a different way to display the mosaic with which we represent the world inside us. Unfortunately, we are educated to consider the worlds of logic, of feelings and of moral incommunicable among them; as a consequence, the world of the reason doesn't understand the world of the heart, the world of faith doesn't understand the world of science, and so on. Everyone tends to withdraw into one's own meaning horizon, refusing or even fighting everything that goes beyond. Rational people denigrate the irrationals, logical people confine feelings into the ghetto of poetry, pessimists laugh at the optimists...

Are the meaning horizons like the Pillars of Hercules?

[Here is again that boot-licker Serghyo!]

Good, Serghyo; everyone interprets the meaning of actions, thoughts and emotions of the others limited to one's own horizon. *Beyond*, there is the Nothing, the Nonsense, but not for the geniuses. Right after those Pillars of Hercules, in fact, the geniuses of philosophy, of poetry, of arts and of sciences always find new incredible, often wonderful, worlds.

But, then, is courage the real talent of geniuses?

Their real talent consist of imagining new unexpected worlds, before and better than the others. Unfortunately, many confound such talent with *folly*. Ah, I was just about to say that Serghyo *seems* a genius, while...

Kenzjev... Like the Pillars of Hercules, beyond our cognitive schemes, there is the new world of the Other: a different, unique and unrepeatable individual, but not for this reason impossible to reach. The opening to the world of the others becomes also the opportunity for the entrance of the Other in our own world, increasing this way the possibility of mutual exchange, enrichment and realization. Respect is this reciprocal and convenient openness, facilitated by the Dialogic Commandments, urged by the Moral and lived in the Feeling.

The tangible result of the Feeling of Respect is also the real aim of the school: to help you becoming what you are. Who better than the Other, with *his/her* differences, can mirror our peculiarities and uniqueness?

Dear colleague, how can I pass from one world to the other? For example, from the world of logic, with its reasoned motivations, to the world of feelings, with the *reasons* imposed by the heart?

Ursula, you know it well: with the Dialogue.

Ah, yes.

Only the Dialogue, correct and respectful of the Other, allows us to evolve from a world to an ultraworld...

What is it...?

An ultraworld, Zaratho, is the vision of the reality acquired by trespassing the limits of a world...

Inferior?

Not necessarily, but surely *diverse* and *not commensurable*, for each world has its own specific laws – therefore incoherent among each other. The border of the Instinctual world precludes the access to the world of Reason; this last one doesn't want to look beyond its own meaning horizon to trespass into the world of Feelings; in this last one, the Reason would instead find again the lost dignity of irrationality, of folly and of nonsense. Kids, remember: the Feelings transcend the Reason.

Mentor, are the Feelings therefore the final goal of our development?

No, Zaratho: the Feelings themselves can trespass into the world of Moral. Moral, on its hand, who knows... maybe in the one of Mystics. Did I satisfy your curiosity, Zaratho?

Yes, thank you, mentor. [*Ultraworlds*... what a blast! I like it! I have to tell it to dad; I bet he doesn't know about this and he's going to like it a lot!]

**The mystery of iniquity is already in action,
but it is necessary to get rid of those who
until now have restrained it. Only then...**

[There are still some partners that don't understand our opportunity to transcend the limits of arrogance and of the ruling Hybris Moral. Only the absolute dominion annihilates every limit and loses the name of arrogance. The absolute dominion doesn't know desire, voice, "no" from others that can distract it from its will of further power. Some partners don't understand we are a step away from all this. It takes a little to have *all*.]

Dear, the flight is about to land; I go straight into town to see some mosques, while you play with your powerful friends. Good idea, dear; get some of those honey and almonds sweets that make our nephews crazy.

Will your business meeting last for long? Today a new and great project designed by me will be launched, and I'm afraid that the discussion will keep me busy until late.

But, my Yang...

You are right my Yin: I don't think I can have dinner with you tonight, but you'll see: our next meeting scheduled here in 2 weeks will be short and very nice... also for us.

It is what I mostly wish.

Chapter IX – Utopia

If the eye wouldn't be solar,
it could never watch the sun..

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, poet of the colors

Honestly, Giordaire: do you really believe in the possibility of a *pancratia*, a community in which everything that exists has the right to exist for what it really is and for its uniqueness?

Yes, Asclero; only in a *pancratia* individuals will be free from dialogic atrophy and cultural conditionings, responsible of their deformation in productively efficient beings, but existentially deficient. Maybe, but...

Friends, I don't want to further annoy you with my idea of *pancratia*. I move on to the facts. [this new sofa bought by Zarya is so comfortable; I'd stay here for hours, looking at the sea, with my Yin by my side. I love you... what a beautiful smile.] I invited you to this holoconference to meditate together on a simple thesis; thanks to the psycho-physical wellness promoted by the Dialogue dictatorship, all people of the Earth reached such a community maturity that could allow the abolition of every form of state, therefore of the dictatorship itself.

Giordaire, is your thesis a vicious circle, a paradox or a simple provocation?

Dear Tibidakken, I share this thesis with Giordaire.

On which base, Chuang?

Simple, correct dialogic relationships, together with the awareness of cultural conditionings, allow individuals to rule themselves, determining the disappearance of any form of state, therefore of the dictatorship itself.

Exactly, Chuang: you are speaking for me and I add: we are a step away from this. Well, Giordaire, I wouldn't say *a step*, but not even too far away.

All this talking just to abolish one single article of the Constitution?

Felipick, I'm not obsessed by a simple constitution, furthermore oral. I suffer instead its consequences: the ties and the dialogic censorships of a possessive mother, such as the dictatorship is. It's like a mother that, after the miracle of the growth and healthy formation of the kids, would oppress them with rules and censorship for the rest of their lives.

Don't exaggerate, Giordaire; remember that in our *democratic* dictatorship everything is legitimate, if known. Or, if you haven't understood it yet: nothing is forbidden.

Come on, Øurnijski, don't freeze my reflection with your cold rationality. The ethical principle just mentioned doesn't apply to the rules, to the Commandments and to dialogical filters. These last ones, with the application of severe dialogic principles, establish the social context in which everything else becomes legitimate, which is the context of Dialogue Civilization.

If they didn't exist, admit it Giordaire, we would still be victims of both the neurosis and the schizophrenias spread in the hyper-communicative Dialectic. You would like to abolish the Dictatorship and...

Borgy, let me complete my answer to Øurnijski: the principle "everything is legitimate if known" finds exactly in the undifferentiated dialogic filtering its own negation, its own paradox and the real danger for our future. Filters were excellent antibiotics. But we can't keep on imposing the same medicine, especially to those who recovered from the secular dialogic inhibitions.

Now that you've completed your answer to Øurnijski, I keep on asking you: would you want to abolish the Dictatorship and its useful filters only to freely express your paradoxical philosophical provocations and absurd political visions? It's enough to tag the message as a Paradox, Vision or other; you know it well. Does your need come from your deplorable [laziness, or from pure folly?]

Borgy... your last words were filtered.

Yes, Giordaire, I see that from the error message received; I was only talking about laziness and folly...

Ah, so a wrong argumentation 'ad prosopem' violating the IV Commandment. However, Borgy, if with *folly* you intend as well the loss of everything *but* the reason, then you should at least make an effort to understand *my* reasons. I asked to about twenty friends to take part in this virtual agora, just because I want to receive criticisms and objections to my thesis, as long as they are correct and therapeutic. Your sarcastic comments don't cure my thesis, on the contrary...

Alright, I'll adjust the question: how do you think to practice your idea of a world with no Dictatorship and filters?

Actually, Borgy, I initially appreciated Asclero's idea to institute a dialogical certification...

But, Giordaire...

I imagine your perplexities, Oorongurgu: "Who could take care of releasing the certificates?" And then: "How

long will it take before they're all certificated?"

Exactly, Giordaire, and I add: whoever would

certify dialogic capacities would become a new dictator.

In fact, that's why I discarded this idea. I moved on to the idea of reducing Commandments only to one.

I knew it! Giordaire is [crazy!]

I think I can guess, Borgy, that your last word was filtered once again, and this time you are right. I suggested to the last global council of the Dialogue Ethics to reduce 4 Commandments into one, making it vague enough to allow some further expressive freedom. So what...?

So, Felipick, they didn't even consider my suggestion. On the other hand, my idea provoked a very interesting response from a Buddhist philosopher from La Jolla.

Tim...?

Do you know him, Krishmoham?

Yes, he's been several times in my

ashram in Kovalam and I always share with him the dream of increasing the trust of individuals in feelings, but with no success; everybody is very suspicious towards feelings, for they are not rationally manageable.

Ah, interesting. Actually, Tim's proposal consists just in introducing the feelings in the Commandments, integrating them with the 4 Buddhist virtues.

What a genius! Those virtues are, in fact, strategies of stimulus and of openness to Dialogue.

Right, Krishmoham. We can't wait for this visionary evolution of the Commandments and of their executors, or the filters. To have a real opportunity of freedom of expression, we must take control or eliminate them.

And the Dictatorship?

For what concerns the dictatorship, Krishmoham, I think that... [right, the dictatorship... why does it never intervene? Why doesn't anybody filter and censor the speeches against it? We only knew the First Dictator and then... Mmmh... But, then, my doubt is valid! How couldn't I understand it before?]

Giordaire, have you been filtered or are you censoring your bizarre thoughts by yourself?

Not censored, nor self-censored, dear Borgy. But I've understood – and I can answer to Krishmoham – that... I don't care anymore about dictatorship. There you go! Now you change your mind also about Dictatorship.

I didn't change my mind, I simply understood something new.

Which is, Giordaire?

Anita, who do you think the current dictator is? And where is s/he? Bah, after the First Dictator, there has been the *epochè* of Dictatorship: hidden and segregated... it has been hallowed.

Like God...?

Somewhat, yes.

I was thinking too, my friends: who is the current successor of the First Dictator and where is s/he? Then, I understood the absolute indifference of the current political, economic, cultural and moral system towards such questions. Giordaire, do you want me to join Borgy in the suspicion he has towards you?

But Kazujiyn...

I'm joining too!

Me too!

Me too!

I instead say goodbye to you all.

Bzz.

[I'm about to...]

[Let's hear this new thesis.]

[10 minutes more and then...]

I'm staying, but you have to eradicate immediately this last messy virus of yours.

There is no much to add, Kazujiyn; even Napoleon was crowned "in the name of God", but I *suspect*... that he never saw or met him. My friends, once invaded by a determined meme, we can even believe to fairytales. And the meme of the existence of a steady superior power, a *dad* always present, even when we don't see him, is hard to defeat. What about the Dictators?

All prosopa believe in the existence of successive dictators guarantors of our Civilization. This gives to the political, cultural and economic institutions of E the necessary respect; these institutions, with their presence itself, demonstrate the existence of dictators, and so the psychological circle is closed.

Yes, but it is also closed around our minds; your thought, Giordaire, is not absurd.

Thank you, Ursulann; to be more precise, I've only become agnostic: I don't have any certainty regarding the non-existence of dictators, but it's very plausible. This is the reason why I'd like to focus your attention on *filters*, and collect our ideas to take control of them.

Excuse me, I really have to go. Bye.

Bzzzz

Also Øurnijski disappeared from our

holoscreens.

But if Giordaire is right about the absence of dictators, what will happen to us? *Where* did we end up?

Interesting question from Cairo.

I'll try to answer to Ibn.

Excellent, Susaya; I

bet on your lateral thinking gifts for...

Giordaire, no expectations, or I'll disappoint you. I think... can you see me on your holoscreens?

Yeah.

Sure.

Very well, in every detail.

[Unfortunately! Why do I ask such stupid questions at my age?] I was saying: I think that the possible disappearance of dictators can lead to one place only, which is in a new world.

My dear Yin, we already are in a New World: E.

You silly Asclero; it means we will be in a *New New World*, which is a real utopia.

Susaya, I was appreciating your lateral thinking, not the semantic incoherence: U-topia means *non-place* and what do we do in such a place, or non-place?

So we can call it E-topia: the utopia of E, a utopia that *will exist* one day.

Stop with these word games! A utopia is impossible to reach, by definition.

[Borgy, you're just dull and I ignore you.] I believe that utopias, always dreamed by Human Beings, are not necessarily far away and impossible to reach. Utopia is simply a place where we are *not here and now*; it could rather be a place a bit farther away, in time and space: a *nearby* utopia. I like your vision, Susaya; please, go ahead.

I add a specification: *nearby* doesn't mean easy and immediate to reach; on the contrary. The dedication to remote visions distracts us for very close opportunities, like the revolutionary frenzy to change everything now prevents us from respecting the gradual and natural evolution processes.

Very true.

Well said Susaya!

I told you: Susaya is a real genius.

Beautiful vision, Yin. [I'm very proud...]

I hope it is not only a vision, my friends. In order to be realized, a nearby utopia requires also a new Humanity. Do you agree, Giordaire?

Right, Susaya. More than a new Humanity, I would say an *ultra*-Humanity.

I prefer: *beyond*-Humanity.

Right, Heinz; we allow you to use the term Beyond-Humanity.

Thank you Giordaire for this *concession*, but I only wanted to underline the necessity to jump *beyond* the current limits and obstacles; first of all the filters: the sentinels guarding the dictatorship.

You are right, Heinz; enchanted by Susaya's vision, I forgot the real problem: how to control or destroy the filters.

It's not a problem anymore, Giordaire; without a dictator in flesh and bone to protect these stupid censors, it will be easy to crush their bits.

Not that easy, Ivan.

Why?

Heinz can explain you the reason, right?

Sure, Giordaire. I've been doubting for a while about the effective role of dialogic filters, especially after I verified the spread of particular memes on their side. Instead of limiting themselves to be inflexible executors of dialogic rules, filters are also capable to configuring our minds with specific memes, that...

If you sleep with the dogs... Giordaire's friend is even

[crazier than Giordaire himself.]

Borgy, it looks like you have been sleeping with dogs too, if you still ignore the capacity memes have to distort your cognitive faculties. But I understand that you

[cannot understand.]

The diligent filters must have cancelled a dialogic misconduct *of yours*, this time. If you want, you can keep on explaining me this supposed meanness of filters and memes, with correct words, though.

Sure, if you wouldn't interrupt me with your sarcasm anymore. Probably, filters always executed their original task, but their semantic limitations became, with the time, a barrier to the mental development of individuals. Many have benefitted from dialogic levels much higher than those they were forced in; some others have instead perceived a serious stop to their expressive potentialities. On the whole, Humanity laid down on a language more evolved than it used to, and also more effective, being compliant to the severe approval criteria of the filters. But these static criteria do indeed avoid further enrichment of human communication, thoughts and emotions.

What you say is incredible, Heinz, but I perceive something true.

The worst thing, Ursulann, comes now: without the stimulus of evolved expressive forms, the same filters began a process of simplification of their semantic structure to be more efficient.

So, what?

So, Felipick, the simplification of the semantic spectrum results in a minor predisposition to treat plausible or realistic concepts. Human Beings, on their hand, are induced to take part into conversations by using cognitive schemes simplified as well, to maintain the same communicational efficiency. So a vicious circle is activated, dangerous for our mind.

I notice it as well in holojournals, Heinz: more and more individuals discuss only about real or false events, without evaluating any intermediate shade.

Zarya, this is right: facts are only true or false, there is no third way, otherwise we get lost in ordinary philosophy!

Alright Borgy; think what you want, or what you *can*.

Heinz, so do we communicate faster and faster in the Shell because our mind is more and more compliant to the filters?

It's possible, Anita.

And all of this thanks to some fucking... cognitive manipulators?

Yes, Bill.

So we're fucked up: these filters... think instead of us!

Not yet, maybe.

And so, my friends, what will be of this wonderful planetary community which E was, still is, but maybe will not be anymore? What is its current meaning?

These are real questions, Felipick!

Sure Heinz, and real questions require real answers.

But I don't have any, Felipick. Maybe you, Susaya? Giordaire and Zarya? Asclero, do you have any answer?

Maybe my *foolish poet* can help.

Do you mean Nietzsche?

No, he's a friend of

Giordaire.

Rousseau?

No, he's a friend of yours, Heinz.

I'll tell you who's the *foolish poet* of my Yang: Hölderlin.
what the poet says from centuries?

Right, my Yin, and do you know

Come on, Asclero, get to the point.

Sure, Borgy; the poet says that:

We are a sign, meaningless,
painless and have almost forgotten
our language in exile.

[What the hell does it mean...?]

[Asclero is getting very old.]

[Bah!] So what...?

Translate me please this new words ticking.

[I'm buying the first two semantic converters and I'm giving them to Felipick and Giordaire! Maybe a third one to Borgy... better: I'll immediately buy ten of them.] Dear poetry *enthusiasts*, the verses tell us: each individual was, and will always be, the tangible sign of a language, but this language was lost. Together with the language, we unfortunately lost also our belonging sense to a beneficial community of shared feelings.

Maybe a meaningless sign, Asclero, but always present. We must therefore awake again that language in its wholeness, without any limitation. Is it what you want as well, Giordaire; right?

I agree, Anita. We must trespass beyond the syntax, logic and ethics, with a *beyond-language*.

Thanks, Anita and Giordaire, but don't forget about the language still controlled and censored by the filters, and about Humanity, more and more dominated by a new form of sub-humanity materialized in the filters.

Heinz, I've got a question: if sub-humanity would transcend...

Right, Ursulann; from the far away Greenland, you saw well my disquieting perspective: filters, *new individuals* of a new artificial life, can become themselves a cold beyond-humanity, by cognitively dominating, and ousting, current Humanity.

Disquieting, Heinz, but I observed as well the impoverishment of the mass media semantic spectrum, reduced to ordinary extremities of true and false. I'm also worried for the narrow communicational space of feelings and emotions, always flatter on a simplicity and homologation level. We will be more similar to each other, nobody will be *The Unique* and we will never become what we deeply are. The *Other* will disappear.

That's how it is, Ursulann, and without an adequate semantic spectrum we will have a weak critic spirit, becoming easier to rule and conduct. Here's the new dictatorship: the dictatorship of filters!

I can't understand, dear Heinz, who will easily rule and conduct us, if there are no dictators anymore.

I'd like to talk.

Sure, Teofu; don't be shy.

I agree on Ursulann's worry and I understand the theory of dominating filters as well; now I'd like to understand the destiny of E, if the three hypotheses expressed today were true. I don't want to think that the meaning of E is submitted to a dull mass of bits.

I try to answer you, Teofu.

Thank you, Asclero.

According to me, the meaning of the human community of E is to be found again, and must be conserved, in the metaphor of singing, or better: of the chorus. The chorus *links* distinct individualities in a higher harmony.

God hates what is unbound

Another Hölderlin verse, I bet.

You guessed right, Zarya. Getting back to the chorus metaphor, its harmonic union of different individualities is actuated only thanks to binding harmonic and metric laws.

Asclero, aren't you already sick of the ultra-binding Dialogue Ethics laws?

They *were enough* Zarya; but in order to face the increasing filters dominion and to invert the human atrophy underway, there's need of richer laws, capable to assure a *colored* communication among emotions, feelings and especially irrationality – one of the exclusive privileges of Humanity.

Do you still believe in the necessity of new laws to save Humanity in a future Etopia? And *who* would furnish these very human, even beyond-human, laws?

Zarya, even this time the mystic Hölderlin already has the answers since centuries:

Wake them up, poets, wake them up from sleep
they are still sleeping;
give the laws, gives us life, win, Heroes!

**The mystery of iniquity is already in action,
but it's necessary to get rid of those who
until now have restrained it. Only then
it will be revealed...**

Welcome, partner.
see, is excellent.

Thank you. Your idea of meeting here, in a wonderful city we won't

Was your travel OK?

No, but it doesn't matter. Shall we start right now?

I'm waiting for the last 2 partners; everybody must be here to determine the beginning of free will's end.

While we wait, I submit you one of my worries: I've heard about modified filters, strange Oriental virtues, feelings and even of a subversive group of anarchists in the Shell. I don't like all this.

I don't either. I already told our consultant to guarantee us they will be harmless with an infiltrator

Alright, I still trust you and I trust your consultant; so tell me, sincerely: could these talks of virtues, feelings and anarchy disturb our project somehow?

They could bother us, but not anymore – in a short while.

Chapter X – The Beyond-human

*Sure since an evil spirit
owns the happy antiquity
something lasts,
since time and without a term
against songs and voiceless
and it extinguishes in its own dimensions,
powerful upon thoughts. But God
hates what is unbound.*
Friedrich Hölderlin, foolish poet

Hi Asclero; do I bother you? As usual, Giordaire, but I'm pleased to interrupt my analysis on natural tissues of some petitors of mine. I'm at a stalemate since a few hours on this twine of synapses and dendrites. A healthy interruption with you and some caffeine could stimulate some lucky intuition. By the way: after the last virtual agora, I meditated for a long time about the end of dictators, on Heinz's thesis and also on complexity...

We didn't talk about complexity. Not in the virtual agora, but in many boring discussions with you in the past, yes. Very funny, Asclero.

So I was asking myself: is it really possible to be manipulated by stupid machines based on sophisticated software? And then: what is their nature? Are they automata or agents, are they passive means or intelligent wills? Finally: if they're only means, whom do they belong to?

Did you find the answers to these questions, Asclero? Maybe, but follow my thoughts from the beginning. Right after the agora I recalled the consideration you made during a walk on the warm sand of Phi-Phi lagoon a year ago.

Yes, I remember: I was boring you with the Chaos Theory. Exactly, like you often do. But I caught an interesting concept: complex systems are never predictable, and even an exact mathematic model of theirs would furnish at most a comprehension, never a prevision.

Asclero, your lab is very narrow; let's go and get some coffee at the café down here.

Let's go, so I can take revenge speaking about boring stuff, while we go down. So, if we have to limit ourselves to the comprehension of a complex system, renouncing to the opportunity to predict it, we must understand this understanding at the best...

Congratulations, Asclero, for this sentence so twisted; I'm not surprised anymore that you're at a stalemate before a puff of synapses and dendrites.

Giordaire, what do you think *comprehensible* means? Tell it yourself, you genius doctor.

Follow me, Giordaire. At the café, sure.

'Comprehensible' means to be able to examine and handle a few aspects, as many as our capacity of human elaboration allows. Only in this way the complex system, reduced to a simple one, can be understood.

A *simple* complex system: beautiful oxymoron, Asclero. Yes, I mean: also in biology and ethology, where Living Beings are surely *very* complex systems, they try to find what ethologists call the 'function pleasure'; this expresses one or more vital functions of the Being itself.

What is this *function pleasure*? It's the need to exercise some vital function even when it's not required, for the pure satisfaction deriving from its improvement. I therefore asked myself which is the 'function pleasure' of Life itself, in its extraordinary complexity. To answer to this question, I think it's necessary to start from the *matter*. Life is an aberration of matter: chemical elements organized in structures more and more complex, but...

But? But this *sublime* aberration of the matter must have a simple interpretation, an essential function that makes it understandable.

Asclero, are these ruminations of yours actually pertinent with the agora talks?

Sure, trust me. There we go; we're almost there. Let's sit and order... 2 coffees, please. [beautiful sight on the landscape through this wonderful window, and on that beautiful girl as well!] Trust me, Giordaire; I can only anticipate you that the end of my tale on *The Simplicity of the complexity of life* could reveal you who the instigator of the filters is. So, you're inclined to the thesis...

Quiet, Giordaire, and listen: *many, many, many millions years ago...*

What a drag!

...there were many chemical elements, or information bits, bound one to each other by uncountable molecular shapes. These molecules worked as information strings and they were absolutely ignored by the environment, because they didn't communicate.

So did the molecules keep jealously their chemical information for themselves?

Exactly, Giordaire, also because the rest of the world didn't give a damn about a molecule with an absolutely random combination of 1 oxygen and 2 hydrogen atoms, for example. Continuous and random reshuffling, pressures and crashes brought some of these molecules to join, still randomly, in a new, more complex molecule. And so on, until more and more articulated structures, but still characterized by the total lack of interest in the information contained in other molecules, which they didn't know how to use. It was only the inventive randomness to join the molecules, and not the patient research of some benefits to share.

And what did induce the matter to patiently research different molecules? And to do what?

I don't know what has induced the matter to jump from the steady indifference to the unsteady communication with the environment. To do what, instead, is clear: in order to increase its will of power.

Asclero, I remind you your role: you are a scientist, rational and pragmatic, and you cannot talk about *will of power* after having made fun of me for ages when I mentioned this nietzschean metaphysics.

True, and I will do it again, for how *you* use this metaphysics.

How do you use it, instead?

I was joking, Giordaire. I learned to appreciate the metaphysic concept of will of power, I have to admit it, after a long time, associating it to the 'function pleasure'. They both express the intimate will to exist of every life form, and especially to *continue* existing in conditions always safer and more propitious.

Asclero, maybe I got your thought, which is running fast. So. You're telling me that many, many, many millions years ago... some molecules randomly developed some chemical predisposition to the union with different molecules. From here comes the evolution of some molecules towards always more articulated forms, while others remained bound to a few chemical links; simple and wonderful links, like in diamonds, or chaotic and inexpressive, like in coal, even if they're both made of the same element: carbon. But I still don't see any sign of life...

In fact, we need a further random jump, a real 'quantic jump': the birth of the *feedback*. Excuse me... our coffees? Ah, they're already here, on the tray... cold. Two more, please.

Without caffeine, Asclero, my neurotransmitters collapse under the pressure of your information. How does the feedback originate, and what is its utility?

Does the plot start to intrigue you?

Yes, but I don't see where you want to get.

You keep on thinking about the ending, losing the taste of the plot. The feedback comes from the predisposition to receive different molecules. Some molecules develop it to such a high level to become open to multiple chemical elements, and...

Promiscuous molecules?

Very promiscuous [even a bit whores...], but just this nature of theirs develops the extraordinary capacity to receive a huge quantity of information from the surrounding environment and, one day, our molecule is *surprised* from the random inclusion of an element capable of modifying its previous structure. Nothing extraordinary in itself, but decisive for the fate of this molecule protagonist of a metamorphosis set free by the capacity of *listening* to the information of the external environment.

A little step for the molecule, a giant step for Life.

The step, Giordaire. From that moment, our molecule lives a new evolution, determined by a casual mutation and by the, sometimes fortuitous, better predisposition to receive further chemical information.

Nice... Dialogue.

Almost, my friend; these chameleonic molecules, actually, have only learned to listen to some useful information for modifying themselves, hoping to empower their existence perspectives. They're still passive, but some of them will become active and lively, awarded by million years of patient attempts.

So, then they will become capable of a real Dialogue?

Yes, Giordaire, after infinite metamorphosis, some unaware complex molecule, at the border between matter and life, will be surprised by a new, extraordinary capacity: the changing of its own shape, without changing its inner structure.

Asclero, in my mind many notions which were confused before are neatly crystallizing.

This is what happened to me as well: an amorphous mass of notions has suddenly structured in a mental mosaic, with a clear and comprehensible meaning.

Asclero, I try to reach your fast-neurotransmitter-thought. So, during the story of life, the brute matter became by chance capable of receiving chemical information, becoming more and more suitable to host different information. From this capacity to memorize inner changes, also structural ones, the matter has successively reached the possibility to modify its external shape. From here, Life started. We could almost say that the *content*

Exactly, Giordaire, and let me add: Life is a property of matter regarding the *improbability* of the shape.

Exactly, Giordaire, and you understand well how the possibility of assuming different shapes allowed the matter, sublimed in life, to nourish itself in always better ways, through an information collection and *transformation* process. All Life feeds itself with information. And information, on its side, improves the capacity of Life to nourish, evolve and empower itself.

This vital circle increases gradually the power of Life, and the latter learns to control it, not to let it weaken. Life wants the dominion on all subsistence means and during its eternal evolution has progressively extended its action for assuring them: from the changing of its shape to the creation of tools; from the changing of the environment, to the institution of social systems; from the molecular research to the genetic engineering. All activities aimed at potentiating the existence of those who already detain the information.

You see? You understand yourself, when you make an effort. Here is the simplicity I was looking for in the complexity of life: Information, by itself, connects uncountable evolutionary phases, natural selections, living beings and social structure with a single fil rouge. This fil rouge is the will of power of Information: its need to exist, to continue and to empower itself.

Now, the Mean has become so essential to transcended into an Ultimate Goal. Information is not serving Life anymore: it became its lord. It's the same overturn of roles lived in the Dialectic between Technique and Human Being.

Do you understand now, Giordaire, where I wanted to get? Yes. So, think about this question: what is the mind?

Among the infinite wonders realized by this Information-God, human mind is the most sublime project: an organ capable of receiving, generating and transforming... information!

Giordaire, let's go and take a fresh breath of air in the park here in front. How many people are taking a walk here around at this time of the day. I should come here more often; it's healthy, stimulating, exciting...

Now, Giordaire, we know why.

What does it take... let's sit on this bench warmed by the sun. So, situation at 2:32 pm: Information, after various geologic eras, has enormously increased and it became a God, so powerful to have conditioned Human Beings to worship it, through more and more advanced mass media technologies. We don't live without information anymore, we feel excluded if we lack of it, and we always look for more, voraciously, as we were junkies.

Not yet, Giordaire. I hope it as well and I don't intend to renounce to a residual hope; the same fact that we talk about it, shows that we're still safe, or *almost* safe.

It was about time; tell me, Asclero.

The final part shows Information triumphant also on human mind with the most effective mean ever created to condition it: the memes. Moreover, by exploiting the recent technologies, capable of amplifying the effects of these mental viruses, Information nowadays jumps definitively on its rise to the power, and aims at reconstructing, even at a neural level, everybody's mind, equally.

Information will therefore create a new Humanity, maybe the *beyond-humanity* we were talking about in the agorà. Giordaire, you maybe didn't get the real ending of my tale.

Again...?

Information, by submitting the overthrown Technique-God, exploits mass media and dialogic filters both to inoculate its own cult in ourselves and to accelerate the cognitive entropy: an unstoppable process towards the destruction of all minds in an undifferentiated monotone buzz. When it will have completed the homologation of the minds, it will exploit them even more effectively, to empower itself and become an inhuman beyond-humanity.

And we naïve Human Beings have lost centuries in dreaming *our* transformation in Supermen, antequely pictured as the successive ring of our evolutionary chain.

We've been even more naïve, Giordaire: we feared in thousands of books and movies the advent of artificial life and the dominion of the Technique-God. Meanwhile, silently, the Information-God ousted both that idol from its throne and us from our own awareness.

Our minds are more and more dominated and *substituted* by their own communication and information means, which means any information *mass medium*.

Asclero, now I've understood what the mind really is for Information: the *medium* is the mind!

Not yet, but this is its objective. To stop all of this it's not enough just to turn off the holojournals and to set us free from the information bulimia; we need to break up that consent in front of the Information, real engine of the cognitive entropy. A consent symptom of nonsense: lack of sense in our human life. Our urgent pragmatic target: demolish dialogic filters, core elements of a very complex communicational system, which self-organizes itself for the major glory of the Information-God.

Right, Asclero; you're becoming brave and I like it. Humanity doesn't feed itself only on news and facts, by now only either true or false. Real Humanity needs mental nourishment constituted by more *colorful* information: plausible facts, realistic thesis, unrealistic hypothesis and, moreover, paradoxical thoughts, absurd ideas, incoherent dreams, crazy visions and a bit of nonsense.

Giordaire, are you talking of... Feelings?

**The mystery of iniquity is already in action,
but it's necessary to get rid of those who
until now have restrained it. Only then
it will be revealed the wicked...**

Well, we're all here.

Sir, before the meeting I wanted to update you...

Only good news!

Sure. I confirm you the growing clogging of filters. My collaborator, moreover, is evaluating some new characteristics of theirs that could be useful to our plan.

What about the anarchists group?

A childish group of friends, a bit poets and a bit dreamers, to which, by chance, my expert belongs; what a better infiltrate to check them closely?

Ah, so would your scientist be the infiltrate you were talking about? And is he also a friend of this group of sentimental dreamers, which pass their time in the Shell projecting bizarre actions on filters? I don't like this story.

I assure you, sir: it's the best way to prevent these fanatics from compromising in any way our filters manipulation; actually we could take out some original ideas, according to the scientist.

Dear consultant, at this point I'm expecting only fast and positive results! Without surprises.

Sure, sir.

Alright, we're all in. The opportunity is great, maybe unique!

Chapter XI – *Mysterium Iniquitatis**

*...they are making for us the spark
that will weld the isolation to the consensual kit.*

Gabriella Galzio,
Prophet-poet of globalized Dialectic period

[*From the *Second Letter of Saint Paul to the Thessalonians* 2,7-8: The mystery of iniquity is already in action,
but it's necessary to get rid of
those who until now have restrained it. Only then
it will be revealed the wicked...]

The opportunity is great, maybe unique! We own the majority of information channels through our companies galaxy; which better way to invest the narco-dollars we inherited from our fathers? Moreover, thanks to psychologists, sociologists and communicators which work for us, we understood how to manipulate mass attention.

Good, partner; we *use* information.

We *dominate* information! We can drum into people's heads any bullshit, and arouse in them any emotion we want.

Almost, dear partner.

One more *almost* and we can declare ourselves idiots! We're here just to eliminate any *almost*. We have the knowledge and the resources to guarantee ourselves the maximum expansion of our interests. We also have to be angry with ourselves: we were always busy with conditioning all these lemmings only with an incessant production of fake news. Our journalists don't sleep at night to keep on making up stories.

We all agree on this past mistake and on how to recover it, partner, but now stop with all these fatigues. How does the plan go, dear consultant?

The plan goes well: we fired all dialogic filters with uncountable dull sentences – our scientist calls them *tautologies*.

I already knew it.

I confirm, now, the almost complete saturation of their data and experience memory with such tautologies...

But what are these tautologies?

Yes, explain them also to me.

I can't understand

anything!

Dear sirs, tautologies are simple sentences, true or false...

For example?

For example, "the corpse is dead", "The sun is sunny", "The triangle has 3

angles"...

From where I come, we call them *bullshits*, not tattoos!

Well, thanks to these bullshits we could make the filters dull.

Dull? And how?

With two different strategies; first, we filled their memories with communicational experiences made of dull affirmations, like those mentioned before; secondly, we managed to atrophy their cognitive intermediate categories of plausible and realistic. In other words, these dull filters consider false, or at least unrealistic, everything that isn't absolutely true.

What are these... cognitive categories?

I'll explain it later, it's a complicated question and...

Do you think I'm ignorant?

No, but I'd like to complete the answer to the First Partner, by simply anticipating the notion that cognitive categories are like drawers, in which to collect and to sort the information received.

Good, now go back to your report.

With 91% of the filters now dull, and able now to manage well only true and false simple communication, we can consider them almost tamed. On their hand, filters will take care of the taming of population, in the measure of 73% within 2 months, as long as the political program of their spread in all communicational channels is activated.

Ah... and do you think that everyone will adequate so rapidly to dullness?

Yes, everybody will become immediately used to communicate with simple, efficient and fast expressions: either true or false. The consequent atrophy of intermediate cognitive categories will make them less critical, more conditionable and even more manipulable. We will therefore turn people from *subject of meaning* to *object of*

consent.

I don't understand these cultured expressions of yours.

And I keep not understanding anything!
will still have a larval free will? It's not enough!

Are you telling me that 27 percent of the population

We can estimate the atrophy of the cognitive capacities in a further 25 percent of the population in another month.

So we only get to 98 percent of the population. Mmmh... Dear consultant, you know well how necessary is an absolute harmony between minds, transformed in simple objects of persuasion, and our means of persuasion, which are holojournals and news. The few *non dull* could contaminate the others with their survived critical capacities. And that scientist of yours, what does he say?

He says: "The target is safe: the Dialogue Civilization will be soon set free from the dictatorship oppression". Naïve... he doesn't absolutely know our real plan.

Don't tell me he's like those lawyers that kept on telling me: "no problem!"? But it was me to go into jail 3 times!

He's a good family man, absolutely serious and competent. He works since many years in a company that produces innovative devices for communication. Moreover, he has rich semantic databases, sophisticated holographic elaborators and competent collaborators at his disposal.

Ok, encourage him to search for always better ways to dull and exploit the filters... absolutely essential conditions to multiply our persuasive power on consumers' masses.

Right, partner; I invested more than 15 billion Globes in this plan and I want to be assured about the target to multiply my companies' sales volume. I don't want to spend a Globe more, instead, to maintain hundreds of information agencies!

You can consider yourselves winners. I'll show you now the scientific details of the plan.

Wait. Partners allergic to any scientific aspects can distract themselves with good canapés with caviar, and some selected champagnes.

Excellent idea. [I don't give a damn about scientific confirmations. For me it's enough to get the money, otherwise...]

Well, and now [while you overeat thinking about the money that we, the Anti-Robin Hood, will take out of every prosopon on this Earth] our friend will explain to the few interested ones the scientific details of this legal theft.

Come with us, old partner [old fool!]; try this refined foie gras pâté canapé and don't get bored with these scientists.

Thanks, but I want to understand every detail of the plan.
well. Come on... explain me everything.

So you want to become a scientist as

I start from a last summer brilliant intuition, for which I contacted and hired a communication expert: filters have an unconscious memic power.

And what is this mmmh... mimic power?

Memes are cultural viruses. Just like the well-known biologic viruses, they spread too among Human Beings, inoculating ideas and concepts in the mind, instead of biochemical substances in the body. Are you kidding me? Be careful, boy: if you're telling me bullshits, you will force me to suspect even of your brother's reliability and I'll immediately send any idiot as a candidate for the role of global curator.

I'm not kidding.

Better for you, considering the money I'm spending in this business; go ahead.

These memes are able to modify the cerebral structure to better spread the ideas they're inoculating.

Not bad! But what do the filters have to deal with this story?

Filters, just for their communication censor function in the Shell, have acquired an incredible power: to discourage, up to inhibition too articulated and imaginative expressions; they instead promote expressions which are compliant to their evaluation criteria, most of the times very simple. So, filters spread *one* correct way of communicating, therefore of thinking: their way.

Like my father used to do with me, when I was a kid...

Like, as well, his teacher in school, I suppose.

Never had teachers, never went to school.

Oh... good.

Hey, another flute of this precious vintage champagne! The vintage is excellent. So, tell me how does people's way of thinking change.

Simple: similarly to filters way of thinking; and when we will turn them into something completely dull, individuals will also learn to think as dulls. They both will have an identical, and reduced, semantic spectrum...

Hey, stop and explain me.

A semantic spectrum is the combination of cognitive categories...

So you're doing it on purpose! First you refuse to explain me these words and now you're using them again. Use words that I know!

Surely [but how can I, if you barely know about sixty words?]: our evaluation of an expression is based on its

practical and fast classification. If an expression doesn't contradict any rule, information or memorized experience, we immediately classify it in the cognitive category of *true* and we accept it. Similarly, if an expression violates all the evaluation criteria, we classify it in the category of *false*, and we refuse it. Until here...

Until here it's obvious. In fact. The difficulty comes when an expression presents elements which are not valuable with the memorized criteria, being insufficient or ambivalent.

Ambivalent? What's that...?

I mean: evaluation criteria can sometimes find both plausible and non-realistic elements in the same sentence, making it impossible to decide between the extremes of true and false...

Bullshit! Everything is either true or false, there are no in-betweens. You only have to decide, like I do.

But filters and normal people... are not like you. [luckily...]

Sure, I know it.

Going back to the most common cases of semantic evaluation, when we cannot classify anymore a sentence in the two extreme categories of *true* or *false*, then...

I got it all: these categories are a classification of coherence between what I listen to and how much I know.

Exactly, *bravo!* Hey boy, I'm not your pupil; you can tell *bravo* to...

I'm sorry; I only add one last technical detail: this coherence classification is established from the semantic value of the expression, and these values oscillate between +100 percent of coherence with the rules and the known experience, to zero percent.

But what stays in between?

Starting from the category of true, filters classify the information in the categories of *plausible*, *realistic* and *unrealistic*. All these categories constitute a partial semantic spectrum. Is that all?

Until now we talked only about the positive side of the semantic spectrum, also called the 'possible string'. There is also a negative part, the 'impossible string' constituted by the following categories: *absurd*, right after the threshold of *false*, followed by *incoherent*, *paradoxical* and *nonsense*.

Are they useful somewhat?

Yes, but only to poets and kids.

Then I don't care.

Let me understand instead what people's minds will do, in a while.

The atrophy, in filters, of the plausible, realistic and, partially, unrealistic categories will soon induce the same unbalancing into human minds, reducing their capacity to understand and to accept any news just diverging a bit from what's true. The incapacity of evaluating plausible and realistic information compromises critical capacities. Without the perception of semantic shades, one becomes dull or even fundamentalist: it's like seeing the world without colors, in black and white.

So do we produce masses of dull people with *black minds*? Exactly, *bravo*... I'm sorry. [don't you understand we are talking *also* about you, arrogant and presumptuous *dull* man?]

Excellent idea: it's much easier to bring dull people to the shearing. But... wouldn't it be better to produce naïve people? They believe in everything.

Just because naïve people consider everything true, they could also listen to other information by chance, coming from different sources, escaping from *our* hammering mass media conditioning. Dull people, on the contrary, believe only to a few truths already heard and overheard, and we have enough information channels to ensure their total submission. [dear Göbbels, I owe you something.]

I got it all and I believe this project will be successful. What about your expert, how did he contribute to this intuition on the strange mi... me... mu...

Memic.

...yes, memic power of filters?

I didn't tell him anything about the memic power of filters and he doesn't suspect anything. He is an idealist that only believes in the opportunity to oust the dictatorship – as if it really existed... – by dulling their supposed instrument of dialogic control: the filters. I convinced him of my false plan to dull them first of all, in order to revolt people against the dictatorship, and then to reconfigure filter for allowing freer dialogues to everybody. He's such a dreamer. His name is...

Partners, let's go back to work and stop guzzling. And you, have you finished with the scientific details? I recommend you once again: this plan must be realized within the time expected, *otherwise*... This *advice* is worth also for the naïve scientist, do you get it?

[I know.]

[The First Partner is really determined; good.]

[Dear First Partner, your advice... is worth for you as well!]

Good, now let's go back to the meeting. In order to be sure to return the population of E to the dialogic atrophy from which it was set free, I want to re-examine the plan in every detail.

We can't afford missing world domination!

Fuck the non-existing dictators!

My consultant-friend, please explain us the details.

Immediately, sirs. I'm starting from the political section.

Just a moment; before we start, I want the abolition of Privacy Abolition!

Well said!

Good job, partner!

Yes, we need to restore a little respect for my

private life; I can't stand anymore all those people snooping into my business!

Sirs... this is already in the political program of our candidate. I start again from...

I want more morality: let's reinvigorate the Hybris Moral! This world is full of arrogant people, that dare to tell me, even me, which is the right limit, and which is the wrong one... Right, partner; we have the right to be arrogant.

Very good!

One more thing: let's reintroduce any good prohibition. Since everything is legal if known, I don't have anything illegal and particularly profitable to manage.

Excuse me, sirs, but also these requests are part of the political program of...

So you have to reinforce these political messages!

Alright. I continue with my report: my brother already got significant consent to his proposal of extending the use of filters to all communicational channels and, once accomplished, the *mind* of the consumerist system will be the filters's one, and not anymore people's mind. Thanks to my valid intuition, we will turn a simple and humble communication mean even in a *mind*!

[I didn't understand a fuck, anyway...]

[People won't have a mind of theirs anymore]

[Good! Finally, the consumers will think like, and *with*, the filters.]

[Unaware automata... we will guide you.]

I now move on to the advertisement section.

You mean to hidden persuasion. Right, partners?

But nooo....

How could we ever...

We, such gentlemen...

Always loyal to the Truth!

Ha ha ha...

The advertising agency NewStyle has already started to experiment months ago criteria and memes more effective for any kind of commercial, political and financial promotion; as you already know, they work well. Now we can enlarge their effectiveness operating directly on the neural-cognitive system of people.

It was about time! Last year, my group's shares grew only 15 percent with profits falling only 7 percent. I would have expected, with little better persuaders, a stock increment of at least 25 percent.

You

evidently use journalists that suck.

You're right, I'll fire them all! But first I want to understand

how does this NewStyle agency work.

Their methods of Memic Neural-Marketing subvert all the previous ones, being totally indifferent to consumers' and investors' silly needs; the agency doesn't care anymore for preparing seductive advertisements, for paying snobbish actors and for making up surprising stories, scoops and other fakes. And what do they do? Do they *hypnotize* our dear consumers and investors?

They know exactly what to inoculate into consumers' minds: only messages easy to digest for their cognitive and emotional capacities that will be more and more reduced. It will be the same mind of consumers to be already prepared, thanks to the filters, to our simple and cheap communications. NewStyle is made of psychologists, cognitive scientists and memic experts; they configure audiovisual messages on cognitive and emotional schemes of people from a given place. These schemes are deduced by communicational fluxes of their local filters.

My friend, we need then to further squeeze the balls of our experts, for making the places more and more homogeneous and indistinct, right? We have to guide *our* herd, always and everywhere, without spending loads of money just to create many different messages.

You are our stinginess champion, dear partner, and you're right: the more you uniform our *clients'* minds, the easier will be to condition them with little efforts.

Furthermore, sirs, possible competitors will meet major difficulties to persuade people, because they will keep on broadcasting expensive creative and emotional advertisements, too difficult to digest for dull minds. Feelings, emotions and concepts a bit more articulated than a twelve years old boy's ones will require increasing mental efforts to be understood, and they will therefore be lazily thrown away. All the messages prepared by NewStyle will penetrate like viruses in the brain structures of consumers and investors, making them more receptive and careful about all the products, services and actions that will present your brands and logos. So, will they all have a brain more similar to filters than to a true human one?

Yes, sir. And they themselves will look for you, spontaneously and enthusiastically; you won't have to seduce them with expensive commercials anymore.

Yippee!

Sirs, I would now move on to the financial section.

We are gambling everything in here! How many holdings were constituted to manage our companies?

About a hundred. Precisely, 112 holding participating in your 6.666 companies, in every corner of the Earth and in every business sector. Your funding already arrived to the agreed banks and this winning financial network is just born. I wish you will capture your preys as easily as a spider does.

Thank you my friend; we will be grateful for your precious counseling.

Thanks to you, sir, and to your esteemed partners.

Dear partners, I add now to this brilliant report of our friend my final consideration on the expected results: every 3 months a 23,5 percent increase of our companies sales volume, for the first two years; then, 12 percent

every quarter.

Shares must globally increase 32,8 percent, for the first 2 years, also considering some periodical financial earthquakes to set off in order to collect some cash from terrified investors. Then...

Excuse me, sirs; I see you are all sharing these brave objectives, but my technical advice is towards a major caution. The plan is extremely ambitious and even arrogant. The risk of a small accident, capable of slowing down any of the planned growth rates, could alter one or more critical relationships in this complex, very complex, economical-financial system just constituted. The possible spread of just one of these alterations is capable of seriously jeopardizing the system stability. Don't forget it, and I therefore warn you to make one last consideration: due to the dynamics expected for your complex organization, the risk of a collapse generated by an even unpredictable *butterfly's wings flap* is always looming. This is the reason why I remind you of the Hybris Moral ...

Are you crazy? We already told you: the Hybris Moral is ok for everybody, but not for us! Better: we are the Hybris Moral! We decide who is arrogant! But...

No *butterfly* can bother us! I understand, sir. I will do my best to assure you the targets accomplishment.

Partners, in spite of years of bullshits about free will, we are well aware of the enthusiastic and obeying global chorus which will welcome us soon. Everybody in chorus will sing a victory song: our song!

Chapter XII – Health

*There're more reasons in your body
than in your best knowledge.*

Friedrich Nietzsche,
doctor of Humanity

Asclero, I have this strange rashes and itches here... and here. I applied some confidential testers for a bit of privacy on these intimate problems, but I didn't get any result. I also applied these expensive ointments that I found in an innovative homeopathic, naturalistic, holistic pharmacy, which is also listed in stock exchange... thanks also to my money. No stable results, only a temporary relief from the itch. [this sober consulting studio of Asclero relaxes me; I'd come here only to sit here, in a corner. A few modern devices and instruments, many books... chemistry, psycho-biology, anatomy... Southern-American literature. And then, obviously, the inevitable poetry. Not even a single packet of medicines...?]

And so, do you think of defeating the cause of your status by soothing the symptoms?

Soothing the symptoms...?

Sure, Giordaire; do you believe in irritating the symptoms less, by cheating them with economic sacrifices? Look for the causes, and don't limit yourself at the effects: this is a petitioner's duty.

Right, Asclero; but your duty, instead, is to be patient: I'm talking about the suffering caused by these itches and my attempts to reduce it, and you give me a lecture?

Come on; let me listen to your heart. What has my heart to deal with this? Good, it's regular. Now, tell me what are you thinking about. [Why does he treat me like a child? What should I think about, apart from getting rid of this itch?] Nothing, I can't think about anything.

Perfect, the beat is regular. Now, think about dialogic filters.

[Here we are again; Asclero is now convinced that I have a filters syndrome and that as soon as I hear them mentioned, I...]

As I supposed, a strong extra-systole: a thought, an inconvenience, a thud. No innovative ointment will succeed in dissolving your apprentice demiurge anxieties. Do you want to organize, control and plan everything? The world changes and goes on independently from you and even... without you – you have to live with it.

Another lecture... and what about my skin disorders?

How many other worries are waiting to find a relief valve, at least on your skin?

But, Asclero, have you stopped being a doctor? If you prefer, Giordaire, I can become an old-style doctor. Dear Giordaire, I prescribe you these blood tests and then we will talk about them; sorry, better: and then *I* will examine them. Meanwhile, take this syrup – pure colored water, but your anxieties will make it effective. [I can understand my ancient colleagues: little showcases and desks filled with medicines. If an impatient petitioner would come, they would only have to take a random box of pills to reassure the client who was harassing their studio.]

I can't believe to its effectiveness anymore, now that I know it's pure colored water. Well, now you decide what to believe in.

I still can't understand: are you a doctor, or not? Medicines exist, but you despise them. Why are you putting this responsibility on me, in terms of what I do believe or not in?

Giordaire, how do you think to close the communicational circle between mind and body? Do you consider shamans' rituals, miraculous healings and pranotherapy as simple bullshits? Maybe in different ways... yes.

Believe me, Giordaire: it's the strength of any belief to set free in your mind those biochemical reactions necessary to prepare the body to recover. Sure, then the body must do its part of the job, without precluding external helps. Beliefs and chemistry are also... in the circle.

I got it: you can give me chemical help, but only at the end of my efforts. Right, Giordaire; otherwise, in order to be sure, as a typical mechanic-doctor, of having checked all the possible hypothesis, I should immediately insert a nice technological probe up your...

Ok, ok, you convinced me. I didn't want to awaken in you the old role of a positivist doctor. I admit, though, that I'm still not used to this new role of the physicians, very patient even with those who escape from their own responsibility and then put their health *totally* in the hands of omniscient and infallible doctors.

By the way, Giordaire: last planetary wellness conference increased the health fee for cases of personal negligence.

And you suspect I'm negligent, right?
my question...

I still don't know; let's hear the answer, still missing, to

"How many other thoughts?" Like everyone: many.
Giordaire, by involving *everyone*, and don't abdicate to your responsibility, looking for a flawed mechanism in your body, instead of... I now recall the advice of my favorite poet, but given your low consideration for those *ticking words*...

You're free to quote all the verses you want and consider *me*, in this case, a real patient.

The poetic advice is to *look for a chorus in which to sing*.

So your poet invites us not to face our problems by ourselves, arrogantly disjoint by other people's contributions?

Sure, especially when we walk on the path of wellness, beyond the neutral point of absence of psycho-physical problems. Out from the negative territory of diseases, sometimes with the help of a doctor, a shaman or a mechanic, we must face by ourselves the positive territory of harmonies, entrusting the resonance with the surrounding both world and individuals. This chorus starts only from the openness of one's mind and heart to the Other.

This image of a wellness path along which we sing in chorus with others is fascinating. But the problem lies in the wrong musical notes around me or in me....

Giordaire, paraphrasing my initial question: which other thoughts are *wrong notes* in the chorus you are singing with?

You already know my worries about filters. I had serious dialogic problems at work with a colleague, who was even checked-up by that Dialogue philosopher you recommended me.

Yes, sure: Friedrich. I

haven't seen him from ages; is his mind always sharp and balanced?

Sure, so sharp to immediately understand and firmly diagnose a rare case of pariah syndrome.

Wow! He's very cautious with this syndrome; he probably diagnosed only 15 cases in his entire career. And then?

And then, I can't sing in chorus even with Zarya; we are out of tune about many topics and the Dialogue becomes difficult.

Maybe is it for your excessive respect of Dialogue Ethics?

It's

possible, but only partly, Asclero.

So you're the one that has to make an effort for singing in chorus with Zarya, unless...

No, Asclero; I'm not thinking at all to cancel our wedding contract, close to its seventh-years expiration. I will never become myself without her and without her immeasurable diversity. And yet, I don't know if I should either give up with some dialogic requirements, or help her to share it. Meanwhile, Asclero, these itches harass me; what are you prescribing me?

Giordaire, you still haven't decided what to believe in and you're already abdicating for any pharmacological decision of a *super-expert* like me?

What should I believe in?

Giordaire, try harder; try to believe in...

What does it mean *try to believe*? Logically, you do believe or do not.

Here comes the Manichean disguised as a free thinker.

Asclero, calm down with insults.

Let's stop joking; use your remaining cognitive categories to...

From bad to worse: first

Manichean, now even dull.

...to think of intermediate possibilities among believing and not.

Please, think, my friend: is the placebo effect a scientific reality?

Sure.

And do you know what determinates the effectiveness on each individual?

I imagine it all depends from how much anyone believes in its beneficial effects.

Now, take one

more step: if *believing* can help us to heal something, then not believing is a *waiver* to this opportunity.

I agree, but if I really don't believe in...

If you *decide* not to believe in the possible benefit of an inner help, the risk is even worse: besides renouncing to the opportunity of an inner help, you create in yourself a skepticism feeling that will extend also to other beneficial practices...

I don't believe that a bit of healthy skepticism could be dangerous.

Skepticism, unlike the

placebo effect, damages any recovery because it *doesn't know* how to believe. And when one doesn't know how to believe in a benefit, but only in the *pain*, then comes the real enemy of the placebo effect: hypochondria.

So, I must cure my skepticism first, preventing therefore a *painful* hypochondria... but how?

Easy: you can make efforts, you can concentrate, you can *convince* yourself to believe. Religious prayers, mystic meditations and psycho-physical practices are all techniques to doze off the inflexible judge inside our left hemisphere, eventually allowing the right one to believe what it wishes. When you do believe in the placebo effect of colored wate, then the placebo effect *believes* in your health.

Help yourself, that Ego will help you...?

Yes, Giordaire; your Ego can do miracles.

Would you advise me to hug any religion, just to...

No, but don't neglect the religious feeling, capable of intense psycho-physical reactions.

Religious feeling... I thought it vanished together with religions.

You only have to find something in which to believe, at the cost of *commanding it to yourself*. Pretend you believe and, if you prefer this neologism of mine, *placebate yourself!* “Placebate yourself!”... ugly, but effective. Meanwhile, listen to your itch and...

No need to, I feel it even too much, night and day.

You can't keep on scratching, you must change; here you are: you can believe in change.

Asclero, this is the dilemma I was asking before: if I have to change, or...

Giordaire, you can't change anyone else, if not Giordaire. Make that wonderful advice of Mahatma Gandhi yours: “Be the change you want to see in the world”.

Wonderful, yes. I really need to change but... what... how? It's so hard...

Giordaire, remember: change is a biologic necessity; never try to avoid it, refusing any adaptation to new situations and to new environments. And what if the change is difficult? Then it will be the stress to change you, with its specific hormones.

And if I don't want to?

Then, the stress will relentlessly keep going on with its action of adaptation to the environment, until your... destruction, if the changing produced in you would be insufficient or null.

Disquieting. I'd say: natural and vital, if you're aware of it. I thought you went to those wellness classes instituted by the First Dictator, where you should have learned that “all is well, unless it becomes routine”.

Sure, Asclero, but routine is pleasantly *lazy* sometimes.

So, and I'm talking as a biologist more than a doctor: you must believe in the intimate union of brain and body, among which hormones, neurotransmitters and much biochemical information fluctuate. The body sends messages to the brain and the brain sends messages to the body in a thick Dialogue ruled by very severe laws.

You convinced me, Asclero. Now that I accepted the absolute indivisibility of brain and body, including the biological need for change, and I'm persuaded about the link between itches and worries... what do I have to do, now?

Nothing; if this awareness of yours is real, you've already done what you could: you started to believe consciously. If all of this will still be ineffective, then we will get ready for external helps, also pharmacologic ones.

So, how can I start doing *nothing*? Simple: *don't* ignore and *don't* suffocate the signals expressed by your body, by your colleagues, by your Yin, by E...

Also E *speaks to me*?

Giordaire, also E is an organism, as every human, business or social community is. Every organism is a circle and has the duty to understand its own mechanisms, signals and principles of self-organization. So: you must understand its meaning.

Asclero, so you throw my question about the meaning of dictatorship back to myself.

Sure, but this time try to face it with biologic criteria: you will find the meaning of any complex organism looking for its specific ‘function pleasure’; do you remember the chat we had in the lab, last time?

Sure; so, in order to understand the meaning of the Dialogue Civilization, of the dictatorship and of the filters, I must behave like I do with my health. First, I must believe in something. Then, I must understand the integration between intimate and whole, and so the connections between every single part and the global structure. Afterwards, I must listen carefully to all the signals. Finally, I must find the ‘function pleasure’ as a privileged interpretation of the signals collected.

Very good, Giordaire; you passed the test! If you really love the listening part in the Dialogue, then listen also to the wrong musical notes in yourself; they have to mean something.

I become the doctor of myself...

Yes, Giordaire; this is real Medicine: teaching to people to listen to their bodies, with their minds open. The scope is the knowledge of themselves reachable after years of listening to their pleasures, pains, emotions and feelings. I am a technician and I can only help you when you don't really have the elements, the energy and the beliefs for readjusting some of these functions, but not before. So, what about my problem...?

Your request for help must first pass through the cure *by yourself*, exposing yourself to harmony, to pleasures and to beauty. Got it, loud and clear. Would you come with me to the contemporary art exhibition two blocks away from here?

Don't joke, Giordaire; I wouldn't exclude the effectiveness of a nice art exhibition, or, even more, of good music, nature and poetry. No, not poetry... it bores me.

Finally, as a friend, I notice that you are taking some aspects of your life too seriously. Don't pretend too much from yourself; don't force arrogantly your limits, and respect the Hybris Moral.

Yes, this is a good advice from a friend; thanks!

Based on your body's advice you cannot further procrastinate, otherwise you will suffer an unbearable itch in the next months, evaluate each of your thoughts and review the behaviors regarding them. I will!

Every day, a further short exposure to the harmony around you, and a further little awareness of yourself.

Good, I'll immediately start the cure of, and from, myself. Do I owe you anything?

Not yet... if you will take care of yourself. Our civilized healthcare system promotes wellness, which means the cure from yourself. Some time ago, sickness was awarded with expensive pharmaceutical prescriptions and rich thermal vacancies, instead of verifying possible underlying negligence. Not to mention the dangerous vicious circles started among symptoms, medicines, side effects, new symptoms from the organs weakened by the same medicines, new cures for the new symptoms...

It's not a *fault* to be sick, Asclero. Sometimes it *is* a fault, because we suffer from negligence, from ignorance of the mind-body circle or from lack of listening to our own psycho-physical signals.

So, I immediately start listening to the signals from my body, from my colleagues, from my Yin and even from E. Eventually!

Chapter XIII – Feelings

*Full of merit, nevertheless poetically lives
man on this Earth.*

Friedrich Hölderlin, mystic poet

Here I am daddy. A kiss. Did you enjoy your classes today? Did you learn something?

Today not at all, but... ah, yes! Yesterday our philosophy mentor said something strange about ultraworlds.

Ultraworlds?

Yes, something strange... like going to the moon. He said that we have

ideas, thoughts and reasons in our minds; this is a world. Then we have other ones beyond our heads... maybe in the sky, I didn't understand well.

And what is there in the sky or on the moon, Zaratho?

Feelings, emotions!

[Feelings...] Nice, very poetic, but...

Then the mentor added that these worlds are not separated, but one goes over the other, goes beyond it, or something like that...

[Feelings *beyond*...]

I understood, dad, that feelings beat reason!

Dear Zaratho, I don't think that your philosophy

mentor said just so [but, why not?]; can you recall what else did he say?

Yes, he said that the reason

is short-sighted.

Short-sighted. I like this one.

I knew it, dad. He said that the reason doesn't want to look

beyond its borders, at the world of feelings, at...

At the ultraworld...

I knew you'd like this class, right dad?

Sure, a whole lot. Now, let's run, or they'll start the soccer match without you.

Come on, dad, let's cut through the park.

[Interesting! Feelings as an ultraworld, beyond the reason world... Nooo, the new shoes in a puddle!]

What a run! My friends are already in the fitting room... bye dad.

Bye Zaratho, be on time for

dinner.

Dad...

Yes?

What are the nonsense?

Nonsense

are...

The mentor says nonsense reacquire dignity in the ultraworld of feelings.

Ah, interesting; now go and play soccer. [here I am: I finally understood *how*...] CALL HEINZ [*ultraworlds*... Heinz will appreciate this intuition.]

Hi Giordaire; I have a sandwich here and I'm still eating... is it urgent?

I think so.

I was about to call you too, but you know...hunger...

Finish your sandwich and call me back as soon as you can.

No, it's fine right now, so you pay

the call, considering the great value of my last discovery...

What did you find out, Heinz?

Pizia's got a new job.

We didn't even start its production yet, and you already allocated it as...

As a *scale*, dear Giordaire.

Ah, this will sure make Bernard and all the shareholders happy.

Imagine it: a beautiful, modern and super expensive... scale.

Yes, Giordaire, a *semantic* scale. Now I'll explain you: I was testing the semantic conversion on our oxymoron...

Dialogue Dictatorship?

Yes, obviously; so I asked myself: why don't we use Pizia also to measure its *own* capabilities? So I taught it to generate and value different cultural contexts, using an old program I developed while I was working on...

Heinz...?

Yes, I was saying: thanks to this old program, its speed in finding different interpretations of the oxymoron became spectacular.

So, we have a very fast semantic converter. And what about the extraordinary scale functioning?

Giordaire, which is the *semantic weight* of your despised oxymoron?

I don't know what it is; is

it what Pizia learned to measure?

Yes. I got this idea just from this oxymoron which has been semantically converted by Pizia in many different cultures and languages, and with a comprehensible meaning in 79 percent of translations, instead of only 10 or 20 percent of cases, as it happened for all the expressions we used before. This unexpected unmanageable wave of translations, in so many different contexts, forced me to write a program able to elaborate these data in a single numeric code: the semantic weight.

Heinz, can a so simple oxymoron express so many different translations, still meaningful in the different cultural contexts considered?

It's just what happened, obviously all the translations produced by Pizia respond to the aim of expressing a meaning of the oxymoron which is valid in every context, but here it emerged a new problem: in front of so many meaningful translations, which is the sense of the oxymoron? Does a *unique* sense exist?

[Here is my question on the meaning of the oxymoron coming back!] You are right, Heinz: this justifies my curiosity about the deep meaning of the dictatorship oxymoron, but it also stresses an unexpected difficulty. Did you discover other expressions as much heavy as this one? [comfortable bench in the sun... I'm coming! Some squalls of kids playing soccer... music in the background. Brisk air and clear sky... luckily, holophones guarantee my freedom!]

No, I started to experiment from the dullest cases: tautologies like "Monsieur de La Paliss is dead. Fifteen minutes before he died, he was still alive". Semantic weight equal to 1 Frege. Why only 1 Frege?

Simple: such a sentence is so semantically poor to produce always the same meaning in every context you express it. If it should express at least a second meaning, in one or more different contexts, then the semantic weight would be 2 Freges; no more a tautology, but always a dull sentence.

Heinz, I now understand well the abuse of tautologies and banalities in holoshows and holojournals: they are so *light* to be easily digestible also for simple and tired minds. We have to look for other rich expressions like the oxymoron. Wait; I have an idea. CALL ASCLERO, CALL ZARYA [I hope they're both in; they would be precious for this creative phase.]

[Giordaire doesn't miss a chance to organize holoconferences with his brand new phone.] Hi, Giordaire; already solved your skin problems?

Hi, Yang; is it urgent?

No, Asclero. Yes, Zarya. Heinz is also listening; turn to holoconference mode, so we can see each other.

Haven't you had enough of me and my preaches, Giordaire? So, how can I help you?

What's so urgent, Yang? Hi, Heinz.

Hi, Zarya. Hi, Asclero.

Let me explain: Heinz needs different examples of expressions to test Pizia, as long as they have a high semantic weight.

Yang, I have to go to a meeting; you told me it was urgent. And it is; only a few minutes of your lateral thought and culture. Can you think of sentences hard to understand? 'Staminal' sentences from which we can develop several translations in many contexts?

To Giordaire's request, let me add the invitation to look for expressions which *seem* to be in the field of the possible, which means true, plausible, realistic or non-realistic; otherwise they would immediately be discarded by the filters. But, meanwhile, these expressions must also contain absurd, paradoxical, incoherent or nonsense expressions. The more you get away from the truth, the more you both get far from the risk of being obvious, and develop expressive possibilities with unheard before meanings. So extend your research to any literary and communicational field, so to every world.

Heinz, did you say *world*? This is the new concept for which I called you, in order to share it.

So, Giordaire, you are late: I beat you to the punch and the burden of the holoconference stays on you.

Heinz, what about sentences taken from the unreal, but never absurd, worlds of Borges?

Zarya, they seem to be potentially interesting for their allocation close to the false, even if they keep on being in the string of the possible.

The worlds of Eastern Europe authors, with Bulgakov in pole position...?

Asclero, these expressions are still close to the false, but, differently from Borges, they invade the absurdity area and would immediately be rejected back to the sender.

Could Ionesco's nonsenses be useful to you? Maybe, Giordaire, some nonsense can be useful, but I don't know any; on transcendental programming manuals I couldn't find many of them. They can still be useful to test Pizia's limits.

Why, which are the limits of a semantic converter? I know it well, because, in the beginning...

They are the same of dialogic filters, Zarya;

Yes, we know: you took part in the design of the first filters at Global Gnoseologic Group, and...

Did I already tell you my first professional experiences? *Plausible*... Let me go back to my explanation: filters and semantic converters use the same cognitive schemes typical of a rational human mind; they all need to catalogue a wide variety of information in few cognitive categories, in order to both elaborate the relations and understand the meaning.

Which are these categories, Heinz?

The shades between true and false, Zarya, are: *plausibility*, *realism* and *unreality*; this for what concerns the *possible* world. In the *impossible* world, or 'string of impossibility', the semantic spectrum implies the shades of *absurdity*, *incoherence* and *paradoxicality*, before we reach the limit of *nonsense*.

The one I love the most.

No doubt about it, Asclero, with your meaningless poetry...

Beyond this limit, not the filters nor Pizia nor Human Beings are able to evaluate any information. And this is obvious: beyond nonsense, there is no sense.

Are you really sure, Heinz?

Bah, Asclero, maybe not *absolutely* sure...

I'll send you tonight some examples of nonsense, so we can see which meanings can emerge in various contexts. I'll also look for eventual *ultra*-nonsense, if they exist.

[*Ultr*nonsense... which other worlds will there be, beyond nonsense?] Zarya, Asclero, I'd like to better explain you the reason of this literary fantasy session: I want to send to filters some poisoned bites made of expressions with an elevate semantic weight. Sentences so heavy to block, or so I hope, their analysis capabilities. Filters will be so overloaded by the analysis of the meaning of the expression to... to...to... I still don't know what, but I'll think about it.

What an infallible plan, my Yang: detailed, articulated and complete.

A great and astute strategist, my friend. Filters can sleep quietly. This call was at least useful to tease my literary culture.

It's already something, Asclero. Let's go on, my faithless friends.

Alright, Giordaire. What do you say about oxymorons? Sometimes they are very nice...

In fact, Asclero; Heinz and I were discussing just about the oxymoron...

I should have imagined it; did you eventually discover the hidden meaning of the dictatorship oxymoron?

No, Asclero; but, at least, Pizia calculated the semantic weight equal to 121212 freges.

Really!

Wow!

Do you both know this measure unity?

Sure, I've learned about it many years ago in an innovative book of poetic analysis.

I instead learned about it in a cognitive quantitative psychology book. My Yang, if Pizia correctly measures the semantic weight of the oxymoron, here is the true meaning of the Dialogue dictatorship on which you pointlessly rack your brain: it's an *excess* of meaning.

Zarya, I don't know what, I don't know why, but there is something interesting in this, even if... even if I keep on asking myself which is *the* meaning? Yang, why do you keep on looking for *a* meaning?

Because I'm convinced that there is a special meaning around which the others spin; this is its strenght, but also its instability, of both the dictatorship and its dangerous filters. Friends, to severely test Pizia, and successively the filters, we need more... diverse contributions; rather incommensurable with our experiences and cultures.

Wait some more minutes; I'm calling other friends and I'm connecting you all in a holoconference.

I understood, I have to postpone my meeting.

And I have to send back my next petitor.

Yang, what are you doing quietly sitting on a park bench? Did you forget to pick Zaratho up from school?

Easy; he's playing soccer. He's the one that started this virtual agora with an interesting intuition which came from his philosophy class.

Which intuition?

The existence of *ultraworlds*. Each of them transcends the sense limits of other worlds. The world of feelings, in particular, transcends the one of the reason to a higher level of sense.

Yang, today you're playing the *Yin part*! I always told you that the reason...

Sure, my Yin, but also the feelings, on their hand, are limited by a higher level of sense; it depends from the contexts...

Here you are, still the same: you are not playing the Yin enough.

Good morning everybody: what should you play, Giordaire?

Nothing, let go, Ursulann.

Here I am, Giordaire. I woke up for you; do you have a good reason for this?

Thanks Ivan. Thank you also to all of you who just connected. I called this virtual agora because new useful elements did emerge. I'd start by summarizing what I already shared with my Yin, Heinz and Asclero.

Giordaire, I'll absorb everything on the screen and with the volume at the maximum.

I'm ready too.

Me too.

And me.

Here I am!

We left each other being aware of the danger represented by the dialogic filters. They atrophy human minds with their restricted semantic spectrum, and they are enslaved to the absolute domination of Information.

Information, Giordarie? What's wrong with the information?

Nothing wrong, Ibn, if the information remains a tool of ours to evolve and live better. Absolutely wrong, instead, when it becomes the only scope of technologies, free time, interests of ours...

So we become its slaves! Exactly, Ursulann. Asclero and I are afraid to turn ourselves into means for its further enforcement and... domination.

And what did the information turn into?

Information is, already today, a new divinity; in the future, it could even become a beyond- humanity.

Really?! I'm not following you anymore, I have something better to do...

Bzzzzzzzz

Goodbye Borgy. Friends, we are moving on the borders of absurdity, I know, but still in possible waters. Information-God has subdued since a long time, besides the whole mass media system, also the filters to be cognitive manipulators, creating the most effective cognitive and emotional conditioning system of all times. Not even Mao Tze Tung did better than this.

We're fucked up! You already said this, Bill, and maybe you are right. But we have a little more hope. Which one...? Heinz will explain it better.

Sure, my friends; it's very simple. To determine the rejection of a phrase, filters must understand its meaning, besides spotting possible syntactical and logical mistake. The simpler the expression, the faster their task. We are looking for complex, rich, *heavy* expressions...

Let's then send billions of nonsenses. No, Ivan; filters, programmed very well... by people like me, don't fall in such traps. Any communication catalogued below the *false* level, is immediately rejected. We must be smarter and communicate an expression which is extremely onerous for its analysis capabilities, maybe disguised as a plausible, realistic or at least unrealistic sentence.

Heinz, let's say we make it, what will happen to the unfortunate filter in that case?

Simple, Anita: the filters system considers specific crisis levels.

Can you explain them?

A first level is shown when a local filter can't establish the cognitive category of a phrase in 50 seconds; such indecision is detected by its hierarchic filter, which takes care of the problem. And the second level?

The second crisis level can show up in the elaboration of sentences with a wide semantic spectrum, in which the possible simultaneous presence of acceptable and refusable meanings prevents the local filter to make a decision in the given timing, with a consequent intervention of its hierarch. Heinz, how do local filters behave when they are unable to decide, while they are waiting for explanations from their hierarchs?

Their catatonia makes them permissive, and they are not able to block any communication. Excellent news, Heinz! And what about the hierarch filters?

Hierarch filters, Zarya, can present the same crisis levels, but with indecisions allowed up to 5 minutes, after which other culturally contiguous hierarchic filters intervene. The single global filter is never disturbed, unless there is a slaughter of subordinate filters.

Heinz, once we succeed in making a local filter and its hierarch permissive, what does it take to celebrate a victory?

Theoretically, Zarya, we must wait for the spread of the critical sentence to all hierarchic filters, each of them involved to support a colleague in difficulty after 5 minutes of indecision. Totally, we would need about 60 hours to a single stodgy phrase to paralyze all these filters. Then, we'd have to face the global filter, without any time limits and with immense resources of memorized rules, data and experiences. As long as this last one will keep on analyzing the phrase, all the previous filters involved stay in a permissive catatonia status.

And can't we declare their defeat yet? No, Zarya, for the global filter could find all the useful information to remove its own decisional block and therefore unblock all the filters waiting for superior decisions.

Let's destroy it, then; so it won't be able to cure its subordinates by updating them with possible new decisional elements.

Calm down, Ivan; even if we could physically destroy it, there's still need to paralyze all the subordinates.

We must immediately start to stall the local and hierarchic filters.

Exactly, Bill.

But how many filters are there?

The local ones, 8658; the hierarchic ones, 666.

We're fucked up!

[Bill's right: it's an impossible mission.]

[We let us naively drag ourselves by Giordaire in this absurdity...]

[It doesn't have a single chance of success.]

Thanks to Bill's *optimism*... now, let's go ahead.

So, tell me what to do, Giordaire.

As Heinz explained, we must spot an expression capable of provoking decisional paralysis to filters: a phrase semantically heavy and with a very wide spectrum. We must arrange a semantic bomb: an expression that will break the filters' limits. Asclero, Zarya, Heinz and I just started the research, when I decided to involve you all for assuring us the contribution of different cultures. Anita, you're from Argentina and you can help us with Borges' literature pieces.

I'm sorry, Giordaire; I could instead talk for hours about Scandinavian literature, of which I'm very passionate.

Don't worry, Giordaire, I'm an excellent Borges expert.

Welcome, Deng; I count on your contribution. So, from where shall we start...? [Nobody says anything]

[I can't think of anything interesting...]

[A phrase *semantically heavy*... bah!]

Come on; somebody please goes ahead with the first bullshit. It's a brainstorming session and bullshits are always very appreciated.

[I have nothing in mind...]

[There was a Borges phrase that...]

[Let's see if among the books here on the sofa I can find some hint...]

My friends... nothing?

Considering that we mentioned Borges, I'll start.

Good, Deng!

His "labyrinth made of one single line – straight" seems suitable to our purpose.

So it seems to me; what do you think, Heinz?

Well, undoubtedly unsettling for a Human Being, but not for a filter. A filter can classify such a sentence in one of the categories close to the false: the category of absurd or unrealistic. If it should choose this second option,

even if in the string of the possible, the filter will never find any confirmation among its experiences and, after 50 seconds of non-productive analysis, will pass the task to the hierarch filter. Not even this last one will find traces of such an unrealistic labyrinth, but it has the possibility to avoid the intervention of a colleague, downgrading the category found by its local filter one level down.

What does it mean, Heinz?

Simple: the hierarchic filter has the discretionality to downgrade the cognitive category of the sentence from unrealistic to false, rejecting therefore the phrase and closing the problem.

These hierarchs are so arrogant! Actually, Anita, they only have a grade of discretionality and this makes the filters system more efficient. My agora friends, let's try again with a wider semantic spectrum.

So, I'd ask for help to the authors of the Eastern-European area: they have a good knowledge of the impossible territories, even occasionally reaching the incoherence, the paradoxical and...

Krishmoham, do you maybe mean authors like Gombrowics, Bulgakov, Ionesco...?

Exactly; these are insuperable explorers of mind's hidden territories, until the Pillars of Hercules of the nonsense. The flying Margarita of Bulgakov, the dreamlike situations granted to our awake mind by Gombrowics and those fixed forever on canvas by Chagall...

It's true Krishmoham, but the filters don't appreciate the dreamlike shivers of these dreamers, and they only catch their nonsense aspects. Do you agree, Asclero?

Heinz is right: reading those operas, we ourselves prefer to taste the sweet wreck of our rationality, instead of looking for hidden meanings.

So, mythology is ready to help us, and maybe save us, since thousands years. Hi, Bjorn: it's nice to see you again. To which mythology are you referring: Greek, Indian, Persian...?

I said mythology, not *a* mythology. I'm studying since many years various cultures' mythologies. The real message given by mythology always disregards tales, characters, words...

What does it mean "disregards words?" It means that the word is only a fragment of a *beyond* reality.

[Here we are again: these "beyond" harass me. I listen to them very carefully, but... what are they telling me?]

There is a reality not understandable by words; in such a reality our conceptual ambivalences are reunited in symbols not limited and determined anymore by words. A reality in which the opposites conciliate: ambivalences are not ambiguous and contraries are not contradictory.

Bjorn, so we are back in the dreamlike world of Slavic authors... No, Ivan; this is a deeper, mystic reality, where we can find the true comprehension of so many incongruities, ambiguities and contradictions, for which our mind is suffering.

We understood, Bjorn: any examples...? Many... many... for example: which message is reaching us from a god like Shiva, committed to an eternal creative *and* destructive dance, a wild and *alive* dance? And what do we understand by the behavior of an immortal hero like Hercules, subjected to miserable punishments disguised as heroic deeds?

Yes, I've always asked myself the same: hero or dummy? And Pandora's vase? The paradoxical vase given by Zeus to Humanity and from which, depending on the different versions, either all the evil things poured on Humanity, or all the good things flew to the Gods? The two versions have in common only the Hope, always trapped in the vase: the only *evil thing* that doesn't afflict men and women according to one version, or only *good thing* remained to soothe human pains, according to the other. Which one of the two irreconcilable versions shall we choose?

Both, depending on the mood.

Well said, Zarya; you're quick to conciliate the irreconcilable.

My friends, we must hurry up; so Heinz, what do you think of mythology, proposed by Bjorn? Heinz... ?

Here I am: I just understood what I'll never really understand... you know, sometimes you have the impression of...

Heinz! Yes, I was saying: I think I've understood the possibility of mythological tales to help us in the intuitive jump towards a reality beyond the perceived one. The mythology helps us all, regardless of the cultural or historical extraction, because it uses the concrete language of everyday reality. The semantic spectrum of its messages can be wide: from the positive values of realism to the negative of incoherence. Our filters though – small detail – don't believe to mythology, tales, fairy tales.

Asclero, even your placebos wouldn't work with the filters then! I'm sorry for the interruption, Heinz, go ahead.

Some tales, deprived of any religious, mystic or philosophical belief, are silly, useless...

Incoherent? Sure, Giordaire, exactly as they will be catalogued by filters. Let's move to some others expressive form. [will we make it? In a while the phone battery will die.]

Eureka! It's simple, even obvious!

What do you mean, Teofu?

If mythology is capable even to provoke stimulant incoherence and paradoxes only when it's pervaded with any belief, then the problem is easily overtaken by philosophical paradoxes.

Good idea, Teofu! Thank you, Giordaire. The paradoxical aphorisms condensate thoughts much more complex than they look; do you agree?

More than *condensate*, I would say: they generate thoughts. Heinz, can you evaluate this proposal of Teofu?

Sure, Giordaire; I also have always appreciated the philosophical aphorisms and their capacity to stimulate inconceivable thoughts. In fact, when I studied transcendental programming, thanks to which I designed and realized...

Heinz... Yes, I only wanted to say: just one of the dearest manuals of mine contained an enlightening quote: "A Man's maturity: to rediscover the seriousness he possessed as a child at play".

Nice, but...

But... nothing: it donated me a clearer vision of my life, which used to be distorted before. I'm speaking of the concept of maturity and of how my father, colonel of the army, instilled it to me. I always lived maturity as the duty to be serious, to better fulfill one's responsibilities. It was a sacrifice and not a joy. And then?

Then, I incorporated the vision given to me by this paradoxical aphorism: seriousness comes *after*, while before comes the fulfillment of duties with enthusiasm and joy. It's enthusiasm that guarantees the cure of an activity and the seriousness in executing it. I agree!

Still today, after many years, I think back sadly to the apathy expressed in every activity I did before this aphorism and with emotion to the cure successively dedicate to life.

In fact, Heinz, it's the philosopher's task to teach us what otherwise we could never understand and change therefore our lives. It was just like this, Giordaire!

Well, for what concerns this group therapy. Very bad for what concerns our research. Thinking about it, I don't believe in using philosophical aphorisms; you know well how much I love their power to move our synapsis structures, to unbalance our mental schemes and to disorient our visions of the world. Philosophical paradoxes unbalance us and push us to jump towards contexts in which the terms, initially irreconcilable, co-habit.

And we, with a major mental flexibility, better ride the bizarre waves of the world. The emotion is always the engine of these philosophical jumps; the one who doesn't feel emotions, can't be a philosopher.

But, Giordaire, you still haven't told us why philosophical paradoxes are not able to shake the filter's logical structures.

Simple, Deng; because filters don't have emotions.

Can I translate?

Sure, Heinz; explain better my thought.

The lack of emotions in filter implies the absence of curiosity in searching for the cause of a turmoil. Without curiosity, filters will never make a semantic jump in search of a different context in which to cheer up that turmoil. In front of a paradoxical aphorism they only see the paradox and so they reject it.

Heinz, I have to admit it: now I better understood even what I said before.

Thank you, Giordaire; I will oust Pizia as a semantic converter.

My friends... poor us: we are here with all the best writers and philosopher of the history to fight against the filters and their dullness; they seem invincible. Right... and... the *koans*?

Shy approach, Oorongurdu, but I understand you: after the defeats we collected until now...

Giordaire, maybe koans can overtake the previous obstacles; these hermetic and mystic Zen expressions are built from concrete everyday concepts, maybe capable, therefore, to deceive the filters. The koans don't look for relationships *among* rationally irreconcilable terms – either paradoxical or incoherent. The incoherence and the paradox are instead sent back to a higher conceptual level, invisible for the most. They don't require either any faith or specific belief. Finally, the koans don't require emotions to be caught.

But they require anguish.

Anguish? Why, Giordaire?

Anguish and emotions: philosophy's parents.

Weren't emotions enough... ?

None of the two is singularly enough.

Explain me better, Giordaire, why not even koans are good, even if they are deprived of the previous obstacles.

That's true, Oorongurdu: koans *seems* to be good for our purpose; unfortunately, these disorienting eastern expressions want to provoke much more than an emotion, because the jump to make is much more audacious: the jump towards the enlightenment, towards the *Satori*. The anguish is the only psychophysical state capable to shake our vision of the world to such an extent that a new vision can spring, where everything is conciliated. Koans, composed by zen masters with unsolvable aporias, spur their disciples to the anxious research of other realities in which to solve them, until they are exhausted. Only the tiredness the rational conscience will succeed, maybe, in setting free an intuition segregated under secular conditionings and mental schemes. I exclude all of this in a filter: no anguish will ever torment it.

Well, actually, I also fear their total indifference in front of the questions: "This is two hands' beat; now, which is the sound of the beat of a single hand?"

Right, Oorongurdu; I can't think of a stalled filter asking itself, for dozens of seconds, how can a single hand make a sound. Any more ideas?

My Yang, have you noticed that every culture *sings* a different vision of the world: a Southern American

vision, a Japanese vision, an European vision, a Slavic vision... ? But they are all single songs. It would be nice to create a *chorus* of all the cultures.

Zarya, here you have the chorus: a free Dialogue of many friends in a creative multicultural brainstorming.

Sure, Giordaire; I understand this, but I was thinking about some literal philosophical, mythological text... in form of a choir... in a musical form [it's a bizarre idea, I know, but I had to express it.] [this Zarya's idea is bizarre.] [music? To mess up the filters... ? Bah!]

Yes, Zarya; I do collect this idea of yours. I'm sorry for my poetry obsession, but do you maybe know a better musical expression of thoughts and emotions? In the previous agora I was already suggesting that the *poets* could give us new laws for a future Etopia.

Asclero, I doubt that...

Giordaire, wait. What's up Anita? Zarya and Asclero are right: poetry is undoubtedly, besides its distinctive musicality, a real choir of feelings and ideas.

It is also based on interpretation, as a result of relevant semantic weight: poetry can express a rich variety of enigmatic, mysterious, dreamlike, mystic, paradoxical, irreconcilable... sentences.

Right, Anita! Thank you, Susaya.

I want to add a consideration to the wise words of Anita: poetry has always been a raft for sweet voluntary wrecks in other worlds, in other realities. Very true, Susaya.

[The beyond-realities... the ultraworlds... the Feelings. The Feelings: the privileged way beyond the limits of logic-rational language, beyond the constitutive limits of the filters. The filters homologate us to them by a cognitive degeneration; will we soon collapse also in a sentimental atrophy... ? Poetry... yes! Poetry could be the real vaccine against the memes generated by the dominant Information-God, the medicine to restore the cognitive and emotional richness which makes the Human Beings... human. In fact... it is all I ever wanted: the freedom from the yoke of the language equally and indistinctly filtered.

Here is what we have to reconquer: the domination of Feelings ever since submitted, initially to the productive technique and to the efficient rationality, and successively to the informative bulimia.

The dominion of Feelings... the Poetry. Poetry takes Human Beings to the limit of the language, to the *external* limit to better admire another world: the world of Feelings, *beyond* the world of Reason. Feelings: a sublime *aberration* of Reason... ?]

Giordaire... Giordaire... ? Are you there... ?

My Yang, are you stuck in some fantasy of yours?

Sorry, the battery is almost dead. I'll recharge the holophone in some café here around and I'll call you back in a while. Meanwhile, a request: look for some poetic verses with a great weight and a wide spectrum.

Zarya, Asclero! Thank you! You were decisivBZZZZzzzzzz

* * *

Here I am my friends; are you all still there?

Yes, we're all here, Giordaire.

Thank you; while I was recharging my phone in the café, I heard the holojournal talking about the next candidates to the role of global curator, and I see a growing risk of these elections to be the last ones: the program of wide-spreading the use of filters is gaining more and more consent.

A program which you once liked... True, Zarya; what's important is to have one's own certainties and being able to change them. With a pervasive spread of filters, our emotional impoverishment will only be a question of time; very short time.

Maybe we will become happy and careless just as in the cookies commercial.

Careless, sure, happy... bah, my Yin. Once reality, I mean Thisworld, has been slandered, it will be hard to live a true happiness in fake and consumerist Otherworlds.

Giordaire, you asked us to look for poetic verses of a significant weight and wide semantic spectrum, but you weren't very exhaustive on this point. You are right, Ursulann; I'll explain better.

Shortly, please! I promise: very few words; you doubt it? But I would start from...

Here we are again: if, like you usually do, you start with one of your usual [contextualizations, you will confusingly explain in 15 minutes what you could easily clarify in 5.]

Ursulann, I'm afraid that some filter has cut off your prejudice.

Actually, I just got a rejection message from a filter which hates the counterfactuals; go ahead, Giordaire, and pardon my unfair interruption.

I'll start again from an important premise: whoever dominates reality – the Technique, the Information or some powerful oligarchy lobby – we Human Beings lose.

Giordaire, we're already pretty fucked up, but we still have some hope of evolve humanly, if we break up the filters from their function of mental manipulators, right?

Exactly, Bill. Meanwhile, thanks to your chorus of ideas, I deeply changed my mind on the value of Poetry...

It was about time, Giordaire!

Sure thanks also to you, Asclero, and you, Zarya, and everybody. I

surely lost many years of incredible meanings and subtle perceptions, well defended by words obscure to me. I could have been enriched, but... I begin to listen them only now, and I hope to give you back a more colored Giordaire. [Giordaire listens to poetries... who'd ever said that.] [He finally learned to listen!]
[More *colored*?]

Giordaire, I just sent you some poetries I never shared with anybody; I dedicate them to the new... colored Giordaire.

Thank you, Anita; I'll read them carefully. Now, let me get back to the clarification required by Ursulann. By analyzing the specificity of many literary forms, we understood the peculiarity of poetry: it's a chorus made of voices and cultures that can reconcile words, meanings and senses sometimes irreconcilable and even...

Incommensurable...? Yes, Yin: incommensurable. Let's then give a chance to poetry: the most powerful antidote against filters', and our, dullness. Now the real problem is: which poetry? Which verses? Heinz, tell them please the technical aspects, and consequent requirements, for researching the right verses.

It's very simple: you have to keep in mind the cognitive categories of filters, similar to ours, and then check inside the semantic spectrum the activation of specific...

Heinz, please semantically convert your technical language for mortals like us.

Ah, yes; very simple...

Not really! Trust me: filters analyze communications in lexical, logical, semantic and ethic terms. The weak point of this transcendental software is the semantic analyzer. Maybe you don't know that Pizia has a very innovative and powerful semantic analyzer too, thanks to the neural nucleus and dual spaces...

Heinz!

The semantic analyzer of filters, as I was saying, classifies each sentence as possible or non-possible and, consequently, either lets it pass to the receiver or rejects it to the sender or submits it to further verifications by hierarchic filters. The correspondent 'semantic strings' of possible and impossible are made of 3 cognitive categories each. At the two ends of each string, we find the categories of *true*, *false* – delimitating them – and *nonsense*.

Heinz, while you lose yourself in such many details, Golemith keeps on harvesting mass consents and in a few weeks we will be fucked up, do you get it? Few more details, Bill. In the semantic string of the possible, we first find the category of true, with semantic value equal to +100 percent. You mean...?

I mean: inside the examined phrase, 100 percent of both syntactical-logical rules, data and experiences, result to be compliant with the information in the filter's memory.

That said, it sounds simple.

And it is, Susaya.

100 percent of all of this...? It's rare, it's... an *almost-nothing*!

Like every truth, Chuang. At lower semantic values, and always with positive values, we find the category *plausible*, with rules, data, etc... confirmed between +99 and +67 percent. The category *realistic*, with values between +66 and +34 percent, and the category *unrealistic*, where compliance is down to between +33 and +1 percent.

And what about zero percent? Zero percent is assigned to the limit category of *false*: another almost-nothing, like Chuang would say. In a false expression, in fact, none of the rules, data and experiences find a confirmation in the filter's memories, and the filter just rejects it.

And how is the semantic string of the impossible articulated, Heinz?

[This holographic screen widens images too much: Hansjey tongue-kissed me – that sucks! Let's reduce the Z amplification... now it's perfect.] Despite the practical uselessness of articulating this string, string that implies the immediate rejection of a phrase, the first designers wanted to catalogue also the censored expression for purely statistic reasons. Filters have therefore cognitive categories with negative semantic values, that...

Negative semantic *values*? What do they represent: anti-matter, anti-information...?

I was among those designers and, at that time, we didn't know it either, Hansjey. We weren't able to treat semantic values lower than false and we therefore classified them with negative values to tell filters to immediately censor them all.

Tell us how these cognitive monsters are structured. Simple: right below the threshold of false there is the category of absurd, with semantic values between -1 and -33 percent.

Explain better these negative values; they sound so... absurd.

Well, not by chance, Asclero. Filters' buffers store logical-syntactical rules, data...

And the communicational experiences. We know it well, Heinz; be quicker and synthetic, or we soon will be surrounded by filters even in the toilet.

I'm done, Bill. A negative value referred to either a logical-syntactical rule or data or an experience implies their use in a way which is opposite to what buffers would expect. Like in dreams?

Yes, Asclero. Now, if an expression has a semantic value between -1 and -33 percent, the filter considers it simply absurd, since even few elements antithetical to those stored are enough to classify it in such a way. We

enter then into the category of *incoherent*, with values between -34 and -66 percent. In the end...

[Please, Heinz; I'm fed up!] ...filters classify in the category of *paradox* all communications with semantic value between -67 and -99 percent.

And the *scepter* of -100 percent... whom is it for, for Giordaire? That's good, Ursulann! No, the scepter is not for Giordaire, but for the most original... the most provocative... the most...

So, Heinz, whom is the scepter for? ...the fooliest... *nonsense*.

Ah yes, we could have imagined it: every element of the expression is specular to what is believed to be real or possible. Right, Kazujiyn.

And after such limit of the filters, as well as of our mind...?

Nothing. Nothing nothing? Nothing, with the exception of redundant cognitive strings as a backup for possible damages or imperfections of the operating strings.

Is that it? Beyond nonsense... is there Nothing? I can see you're disappointed, Asclero.

Not disappointed, Giordaire: I'm not convinced.

So Asclero, find some poetic verses that can overcome this barrier. We, instead, are looking for others, capable of obstructing filters' job, confusing them and making them even catatonic, paralyzing their decisional capabilities.

What were you telling us, Giordaire: verses with wide semantic spectrum? Should they be verses with potential meaning in several cognitive categories?

Yes, Ursulann; let's analyze, for example, the dictatorship oxymoron: Heinz, which is its semantic spectrum corresponding to its weight of 121212 freges? Limited, Giordaire; I never saw it invading both territories of possible and impossible, regardless of its several meanings.

Mmmmmh... [bad issue.] [We'll never make it.] [I must find a special poetry, but where?]

My friends... let's wake up! Come on, Asclero; you are the poet. Don't mock me, Giordaire.

Heinz, did you prepare Pizia to its double task of both scale and spectrograph?

Sure, Giordaire; I'm here at home, comfortably lying down and in pleasant company of this charming and fascinating Pizia. But I feel some problems or... ignorance on the topic. I won't even try; differently from you, I haven't started to appreciate poetries yet. Asclero, you go ahead.

So, let's try with this verse from Wilhelm Busch:

Den Glücklichen schlägt keine Stunde.

How does Pizia translate it?

Pizia translates it with TO THE HAPPY ONES NO HOUR HITS.

Heinz, it's too literal; try again by reducing the lexical fidelity.

Ok, but now the result is not very loyal to the German text: FOR THE HAPPY ONES TIME NEVER FLOWS. Good, Heinz: *this* makes sense.

So, I could even translate it with: for the happy ones, the bells never ring.

Surely Heinz; now ask Pizia to weigh it. Here we go: only 15 freges, with 5 different meanings in 3 possible cultural contexts, among those many generated randomly. So: 5 times 3 equals 15 freges; simple.

And the spectrum, Heinz? Also the semantic spectrum is limited between the positive realistic value and the negative incoherent value; nothing more.

Friends, we need more stodgy verses for our filters. Even a simple one, but wider, heavier, more...

More *infinite*...?

Zarya, you just baptized the verse that will save us: the Infinite Verse! Even if it will be either of several verses or a whole poetry, we will always name it so. We only have to deliver it.

Hello, consultant?

Here I am sir; what an unusual time to call.

Time doesn't exist for us, for the Power! I just read the daily report: the filters' dulling plan is slowing down. Why?

It's not slowing down, sir; we are only half a percentage point below the level initially planned, which was very ambitious...

You still don't understand! We have no ambitious objectives, but only objectives. No slowing down is allowed. In the next report I want to see a much higher dullness level of filters.

[And what can I make up now...? It takes a smart, bizarre, foolish idea... it takes luck.]

Did you get what I'm asking you, Golemith?

Sure, sir. I was just meditating on possible ways to restore...

Well, *don't* sleep on it then, and work. [or *prey*...]

Chapter XIV – Kāruṇā*

Our real Self is not all in ourselves.
Jean-Jacques Rousseau, lovely philosopher

[* One of the 4 Buddhist virtues (see Explication Notes in the Appendix): ability to participate in Other's emotions and feelings.]

I see you satisfied, Giordaire, for the evolution of the last virtual agorà. Very much, my Yin. I never expected to discover so much in such a short time, and to revise my opinion on poetry.

I'm very satisfied too for my contribution with the chorus idea, and for the baptism of the Infinite Verse. Giordaire, do you really think that...

Only Poetry can save Mankind... unbelievable!

Giordaire, have you heard me? Stop distracting yourself with daydreams. And then, to imagine what: utopian worlds without filters and dictators? I know you: you spread bizarre dreams just to sound nonconformist, and from that position you can easily criticize whatever opinion the others may share.

Nonconformist? To criticize whatever opinion... ? But it's *you* not to lose an occasion to criticize any idea of mine!

Any idea of yours... really. Giordaire, you always exaggerate.

Now don't joke with the term *any*. Your prejudice against me takes you to think that I don't believe in what I believe in. Giordaire, you sound a bit confused to me.

Zarya, I expressed myself in that way just to highlight your offense to common sense. Ooooh... *offense*... what a big word. You see: you always exaggerate. And all this happens for your silly aversion to the dictatorship; but what did it do to you? Be more practical, Giordaire!

So what, Zarya! Together with you and the other friends, I just started to share the great danger hidden behind what I thought to be positive, and which then...

Then you changed your mind! Just you, who used to assert the usefulness of filters as medicines for an upright Dialogue and upright human relations. And you have bothered me with syllogisms, counterfactuals and other logic rules about which I... I... I don't care!

I changed my mind on *filters*, not on the need of healthy dialogue rules, and this rather shows my ability to revise my opinions. I don't stand coherently clutched to my original view just for pride. Moreover: I don't seem to be the only one dreaming of a liberation from the danger of emotive degeneration caused by filters. I thought you'd share the same fear too, and the same dream.

Yes, but after having always despised poetry, now you come out with "Only poetry will save Mankind!", another example of incoherence and lack of common sense. Zarya, to revise one's opinions and to try achieving some dreams are not so despicable ways of behaving. It's hard to understand for those who want immediate results, and the anxiety of reaching them kills any perspective.

How can you talk about results with your confusion and incoherence? Previously, you wished for a wider use of filters and now you want to paralyze them. Do you think it's coherent?

Zarya, listen, this is a wrong syllogism...

Stooooop with these Syllogisms and with the enforcement of your logic rules! I told and repeated you: I couldn't care less about these things! Well done, but what about the Dialogue Ethics?

Listen, Giordaire: now we're alone and without any control by the filters, without their strict dialogue ethics...

What do you mean, *without Dialogue Ethics*? Ethics disregards judges and filters. Here's what Ethics is: shared rules of the game.

Is our relationship a *game*? You don't respect my game and my different way of being, too!

But this is another context; I'm speaking about dialogue rules, essential also for the game you're talking about, i. e. the game of pairs.

I'm tired, Giordaire: your dialogue rules vivisect everything I say! To highlight dialogue errors doesn't mean *to vivisect*, on the contrary: it means to share the implementation of the Nietzschean Creed, which inspires our marriage contract... or can't you remember it anymore, after 13 years?

I can remember it very well: "I believe I can dialogue with my Yang until we're old".

What about that Creed now, if you don't mind at all about dialogue rules? Giordaire, you make the dialogue difficult and you get immediately upset. Moreover, you too...

You too, you too and again *you too*! You reply with *you too* to all my topics, as if *I* were the only topic, and this upsets me, it's true.

"To all your topics", Giordaire? You'd better say: to all your critics. You are always critical in my regards

That's not true, and don't you use the usual inverse deductions to mock me.

You see: now you criticize also imaginary inverse deductions...

They are not imaginary at all, the inverse deductions with which you make general cases starting from a few particular cases; from the validity of these last ones doesn't come the validity of the previous ones. Moreover, 3 clues don't make a proof. [how shall we deduct the beauty of this star-spangled sky from its reflection over the sea? I'd really wish we had silence inside us and the serene music of the stars upon us.] It's true that I criticize you *every time*: every time you repeat the same dialogue errors, *and not* every time you speak.

This means almost always, Giordaire! That's a problem of ours to be solved together, i. e. your stubborn recidivism in triggering discussions caused by dialogue errors.

You should consider too your stubborn recidivism in slapping me on the wrist as a *fussy teacher*?

[Naaaaay... one more "you too"!] Now stop, Zarya! I'm trying to dialogue and you keep on polluting my effort with denigrations like *fussy teacher*: why? Because you correct me on anything, like a petulant teacher!

You condemn me all the time too, like a judge!

You see: you too say "you too"!

Stooooop! Now you scold me for having used one time your frequent expression: you're so merciless with your condemnations!

And you're so hysterical with your reactions! inoculated by a confused and incorrect dialogue.

Maybe because I'm trying to unload toxins

And I'm trying just to flee from your dialogue *obsessions*!

Zarya, in this way you're only

showing your disregard to the Nietzschean Creed, the real basis of a fair and long-lasting relationship.

And you show to be a fundamentalist towards the same!

Zarya, the risk is to fall in a

schizophrenic normality: a balance based on firm unbalances of communication.

Giordaire, the risk is to flee from normality to pursuit *unattainable* ideals.

Thank you, Zarya: I

needed a bit of your usual optimism.

And now, Giordaire... *war*? I've got my ideas and you've yours; if they are the opposite... I'm sorry.

"I'm sorry" is suitable to express the loss of an ordinary occasion. But when you lose the occasion to implement one's nature and one's own vital couple relationship, this expression is not enough. "Sacrilege" gives a better idea of the importance of our guilt.

You are a true fundamentalist: *sacrilege, guilt*... everything for just a dialogue! It's not the dialogue which can create a good marriage, it's Love; a love based on a little truth...

You owe a little truth? Let me hear.

It's simple, if you let me speak without interrupting me. I'll tell it with simple verses:

I love you because
you are you
and I am me.

I know well that you are you... moreover, let me further stress it: promise me you'll never be me!

Giordaire, I promise it immediately! [I've already heard this request... You, Moon, explain me why my heart shrinks hearing this request.]

Beyond little truths, *what is love for you*, Zarya?

Will you vivisect love, too?

I would like just to reconcile our linguistic incommensurabilities by finding a deeper agreement on what it really is.

I thought we already knew it.

Yes, and at a deep level, but not enough.

You're my real frogman...

Love is not only Me or You; love is Us. It's not conflict; it's complementarity. It's not the enhancement of the self; it's development of the other. It's not the limitation of the Other; it's to unveil his horizons of sense. It's not tolerance; it's Respect. It's not pride; it's curiosity towards the Other. The highest love is *willing* to help a partner to become what s/he really is.

I agree, Yang.

So why don't you agree on the essential role of the Dialogue into the couple?

Because,

Giordaire, that role is already played by Love. You just can't understand me; I force myself to fulfill commandments, dialogue rules, contexts and syllogisms [but what a stress!], but these are not the fundamentals in our relationship: it's Love! Love is the *prime* feeling; it's Love that can appease opposites, as we are...

But these opposites, my Zarya...

Have to be loved! We must learn to love what we hate in the Other.

Zarya, this is music for me to hear, but please also reflect on love experienced by respecting the other's freedom. You mean, practically?

Your ideal of love for mutual incommensurability forgets that we can't *measure* the Other with our usual "meter", and then we need to develop new or different "meters" to commensurate adequately. You mean I didn't develop enough, during my childhood as only daughter, the awareness of the Other as individual who can rejoice or suffer in a different measure, maybe *unintelligible*, from me?

I think so, and I think that love, as enthusiastic respect of the other's different freedom, springs only from a deep incorporated awareness. So do you think I don't have this awareness, Giordaire?

Zarya, I perceive you love me because you consider me as something yours, and not as an individual *other-than-you*. Why; aren't you mine? What's wrong...?

Nothing wrong, but a lot of... better opportunities! Giordaire, what's better than this in marriage, which is that we wanted exactly to feel ourselves more *ours*?

There is the great opportunity *not* to become... wife and husband, bound by an agreement more than by feelings, and by the most *convenient* of feelings: *Respect*.

[I must talk as soon as possible with Judith; she seems to have forecast all of this. Which dices must I throw now, and how...?] Giordaire, how can you talk about freedom and respect when you're so severe in applying the dialogue rules? You're even worse than filters. Moreover, are you so sure that respect is convenient?

First of all, Respect is a feeling that has to be given, you do not owe it. There must be no obligation nor duty, but only spontaneity and freedom. Yes: Respect is convenient. Why, Giordaire?

In doubt of respecting or not the Other, the choice depends on the *difference*: if the Other is the same as me, I'm not interested in scanning her/his most individual sense; I already know it. If s/he's different, then any misunderstanding is a good occasion to discover a new view of life, new meanings given to same things, and a new possible harmony in my daily activities. Quarrels are an opportunity, too. Respect is very convenient if we are different, and it is mostly convenient if we are incommensurables.

Incommensurables... nobody is *a half* of her/his partner...

That's right, Zarya: every individual is *unique*, and her/his uniqueness must be respected. I tell you a little story.

It's not something you do, Yang.

A reason more to try.

A frog was peacefully wallowing in a river, when a scorpion came to the bank. "I need to go to the other side" he said, "but I don't know how to do it; I can't swim and if I try, I will drown. You could help me by carrying me on your back, and I'd appreciate it very much." The frog perplexed replied: "But if I let you come on my back, you could sting me and kill me!" The scorpion reassured the frog: "Don't worry; why should I do that? If I'd stung you, I'll die too, because we will drown together". The frog felt reassured by the explanations of the scorpion and let him come up. When they were in the middle of the river, the scorpion stung the frog. The frog, surprised by the action of the scorpion, while they were drowning together, found the energy to ask him: "Why did you do that? Now we both will die". The scorpion replied: "Because I'm a scorpion. Stinging is in my nature".

[Moon, tell me: why my heart is shrinking in a grasp that seems to be deathly? It's a pain... but undeniable.] My darling Yang, I understand: "I am me and you are you" is good, but it can also cause suffering and quarrels for nothing...

For nothing, it might not be; it depends on the use we do of...

Of quarrels? Quarrels can be useful, too? [Judith, let's see if your lessons are shared also by Giordaire]

Zarya, do you know what unchained dances, tribal rites, litanies and meditations are aimed at?

Yes, to doze off our left hemisphere.

Correct, and quarrels...?

[Let's play this game...] I didn't think about it; indeed, it's plausible a liberation action of energy and neuropeptides collected into the emotive right hemisphere and into the body. Actually, this could allow the expression of repressed thoughts: sometimes creative, others malicious. It's dangerous...

It's always worth to risk, in a couple. intentionally face a quarrel.

That's true, Yang, but a lot of bravery is needed to

Not bravery, but Love.

[Moon, rest well on the sea; now, my heart can breath clearly.] Exactly, Yang. Quarrels are not pleasant, but can be loving when Love sets them off in order to keep alive a difficult dialogue. [Thank you, Judith.]

Yes, Yin; the alternative is a quiet peace of silences.

Giordaire, going back to the choir metaphor, now I understand how a rigid "musical structure" can help to use also the hazardous tones of quarrel.

Once more, music to my ears.

And the Dialogue is the structure which allows Human Beings to fuse their uniqueness in something that can produce a higher sense, more... beautiful; then without leveling off a song which is easier and simpler, but also less creative and vital.

I agree on everything, Yin; uniformity is the sign of a cultural degeneration, periodically suffered by Humanity; today we risk to live it again after the dazzling dream of E, the Dialogue Civilization.

But, my Yang, we don't want to uniform ourselves, do we?

You're right; relationships in which there's nothing more to discover inevitably tend to atrophy on simple understanding signals: a look, a gesture, a silence. For relationships in continuous evolution, otherwise, you need to penetrate into the mined fields of discussions and quarrels, with thoughts, ideas and visions, I mean with the use of language. Here's the necessary key to open oneself to the other's sense, i. e. his/her soul. How many times I felt that opening between our souls!

Me too, my Yin: each time my body accepts the existence of a sense of yours beyond my horizon of sense. All of this springs from my great curiosity towards you, my great respect and my great love. It also takes an effort to cross my horizon's limits and penetrate into the territories of your sense. These efforts are required mostly to those who make more efforts in understanding the Other. There is always in the Different a new world to discover, with unexpected deposits. Otherwise, you will inflict him/her the condemnation...

Beyond guilt, is there also a condemnation? For sure, Yin, the condemnation of the Other, who feels misunderstood, to the unreality syndrome.

I'm missing this; did you invent it? Unreality syndrome means to be not perceived by the Others in one's horizon of sense: misunderstood also for one's neighbor.

It's terrible! That's it, Yin; it's the inescapable doom of great philosophers and poets: being "outdated" to their contemporaries.

So, my Yang, let's invigorate with the Dialogue our necessary differences to feed our couple with more strength. And the same Dialogue will draw strength from it.

Yes, Yin; this is the virtuous circle I'm dreaming about, sustained also by the casualty of our emotions.

[This subject, it seems...] Giordaire, are you talking about mixed strategies...?

[Since when is she interested in mathematics?] I didn't have idea you were interested in game theory. Maybe you've dealt with these topics during your studies on behavioral aspects of dilemmas?

No, I learnt about them a few days ago while chatting with a friend. I've understood that discussions are useful, emotionality is optimal and feelings are sublime to live our life at best... together.

A good synthesis of almost a century of mathematics and psychological studies. And so, my Yin, sing your uniqueness with no fear and get harmonized in a chorus in which everybody sings him/herself. All together they sing a higher sense: the joy of harmony.

Why is it so hard for me, my Yang?

The reason is very simple: for thousands years, Power eradicated, even burnt alive, the potential human dialogue faculties. Those who were more gifted slipped away in an insufficient number from the alternative between stake and chastity; their offspring remained scarce. I knew, Giordaire, but this was true both for men and women...

Talking about women, the choice between stake and chastity had an *escape* in domestic seclusion. The only ambitions admitted: mother overwhelmed by duties and compliant wife. Women *Queens* of fireplace and, just like queens, subordinated to many taboos and inhibitions.

You're right, Giordaire: this discrimination was crystallized also in the moral of many peoples.

Indeed, my Yin, and that made it even more difficult to redeem dialogue faculties by then atrophied. Where to learn rules needed for creative and effective expressions? How to sing with other voices if you don't know the severe laws of harmony and counterpoint? How to dialogue with other Human Beings if you stumble on unknown dialogue errors? The effective expression of thoughts and emotions needs some ethics, and the respect of its rules. As in a song...

[Song...]

... as in a choir... Zarya, are you following me or are you distracting yourself with my phone?

I'm looking in the Shell for some reference for "song".

And what have you found? Bah... the first reference shows these verses, listen:

Man has lived much since morning,
since we are Dialogue,
and we listen to each other;
but soon we'll be song.

They're beautiful, aren't they?

Yes, beautiful verses, Yin; thank you for this gift.

Yang, here's what I want to become: a Song, and sing together into the Dialogue, although Love remains for me the *first* feeling. By the way: let's get back to the bedroom and hold me tight in our warm silk-wrapped bed. Embrace me as Yin and Yang do, separate unities but doomed to union, a union stabilized thanks to the perfect adherence to the Other's limits.

[How much these forceful words coming from this sweet body arouse me...] Then, my Yin, clap your hand against mine and let's fuse our sexualities with the energy of their sound in one and only Big Soul!

Which game is your expert playing? Instead of limiting himself to do the infiltrate, we intercept him in the Shell discussing about literature, poetry and filters destruction with those fool anarchists that are starting to annoy me. What does it all mean?

You know it very well, sir: I trust no one, but regarding my collaborator and his double cross strategy, I'm not worried. He understood perfectly what's in the running for his future and the future of his family.

His family's future... good; I see you can manage our collaborators. Are you sure he's a real family man, like the ones we need?

Sure.

Good for him, for his family... and for you.

Chapter XV – Politics

Aim of the politics is to tidy up the kitchen.
Of the important things in life, in feelings, in love
we have to take care ourselves.
Albert Camus, rebel philosopher

Let's enter into this bright exhibition of paintings, well shadowed by an army of lean cypresses. With this wonderful sunny day we enjoy the light, the colors, the evergreen trees and the birds through its structure, entirely made of super-expensive transparentex. [I wonder the cost this state-of-the-art structure, just inaugurated by that technical curator... Alexschenko? Zarya voted and contributed for him, so we'll have free access to all the art exhibitions in the next 15 years!] And please: nobody speaks about work, balances that don't work, wives... oh, sorry Sally!

You're funny! You guys can only speak about 3 things, but you do it so well that you can spend the whole night through with them. But now you're with a lady and you are kindly requested to elevate the level of your gossip, unless you have yet impoverished your human value to such an extent that...

The global human value has increased 6,4 percent in the last 3 months, with an appreciation of 12 percent of the human value in the companies of the Chinese-Indian area, while the occupation remained pretty stable in all the other areas.

An interactive holojournal even in this exhibition? Sorry, my Yin; it's my pocket holojournal. It interpreted your last words as an information request. I immediately turn it off, before it harasses us with the upcoming curator elections...

The candidate to the role of global curator, Andrew Freeborg, guarantees further tax reduction to the companies of the Atlantic area, as long as they didn't enter into balance reductions of human capital in the last 6 months.

Wait, Borgy, don't turn it off; your pocket holojournal is very appropriate. Giordaire, interesting news for our company. The renounce to my dismissal allows to declare a steady human capital in the last 6 months.

Only if Freeborg is elected, dear Heinz. I don't know him well; who is he? I still haven't evaluated the projects and the relative budget of the candidates, so I'm pretty confused. To whom will you give your vote, and how much?

Only two weeks left, Heinz; you'd better make up your mind. Borgy and I have just decided: we will vote Golemith with 30000 Globes.

Sally, I appreciated his program too in the beginning, and I wanted to obtain, through his election, the exemption from indirect taxation equal to the double amount of my votes, but now...

Giordaire, then vote for him: he has just announced the increase of the exemptions on indirect taxation as much as 3 times the votes deposited, and even for the human capital companies.

Good. I didn't know it, Sally, but the problem with Golemith is that...

We already know: your new and unexpected hatred towards the filters, that Borgy and I consider paranoid. I told Borgy not to take part to your anarchist agoras and, actually, the last time he admitted his mistake and pulled back.

Sally, it's not an anarchist agorà and my hatred towards filters is also shared by Zarya, Asclero, Susaya and many other friends in the world. It's pointless to explain you my reasons; I perfectly know what you think.

Be quiet, no fights and don't distract ourselves from your task: you have to help *me* to take an important political decision. Actually, I have to admit: it's so boring. Since we have our new political-taxation system, everybody thinks s/he is an expert in political projects and budgets: everybody thinks they're doing politics.

Heinz, this time I agree with you; for Sally and me it would be enough to have a Dictator like the first one. Anyway, we now have this political curators system and we have to stick on it.

Borgy, Sally, you are always the same. You speak like this only because you didn't succeed in obtaining some exemption from indirect taxation, due to the votes you gave to loser candidates.

Right, Giordaire: Borgy's and mine last election contributions ended up to 4 loser political curators, with a consequent reimburse of the votes we gave them for their non-activated programs, except for a very little managing tax. To make up for it, we voted for some technical curators with valid projects which were approved, right my Yang?

It's true: 2 projects we contributed to with a vote equal to 5 percent of the income documented on our virtual home, and I will carefully check the use of our 7000 Globes through their pseudomus. In a few months, we will

enjoy free access to both the new underground parking lots and the new superfast trans-urban lane, to the amount of 21000 Globes.

So, you also spent well some votes.

Sure, Giordaire: Borgy and I have a hard time to understand programs and budgets. It's hard to decide how much to contribute. When there was the First Dictator, he used to decide for all of us, and then...

My Yin is right: how can you think to manage the world with such a complex system? Not much for the global curator, he's one and only, or for the 10 continental curators, considering also the Antarctic and the moon ones; the excessive complexity arrives already with 72 regional curators and with the more than 21000 local curators. Each of these 4 political curators suggests a distinct indirect taxation, but all taxes accumulate... in our grocery bill.

But, Borgy, each of them grants exemptions for their voters, unless one fails to vote all the candidates as you did.

I know, Heinz: don't pour salt into the wound. It's different for the technical curators: they must be more than 8 million in the world, but at least each of them lives of specific projects, independently created and financed with the contributions of their electors.

Well, at least with the technical curators in your area you have been lucky.

Yes, Giordaire, but we still don't like this system, even if we admit that *any* system is better than those political, economic and moral hypocrisies we were afflicted by up to the global dialectic period.

You're right on this point, Borgy: how many political and economic errors were made in the name of pretentious deceiving principles!

Errors? I'd rather say *horrors*, Giordaire. Can you recall them? The majority principle: insulted just by the *manipulation* of the majorities made by some influent mass-media minorities. The conflicts of interest: hypocritically denounced right were the interests better resounded together. Just imagine: they wanted to separate public roles from mass media; the ruling hypocrisy at the time neglected their intrinsic dependence.

Bad times, Borgy...

Let alone the *holy* right to speak. Unfortunately the *duty* to speak was missing, which means that the respect of healthy expressive methodologies was missing; from here: political meetings, discussions and arguments resulting to be devastating for the mental balance of citizens.

I remember them, unfortunately.

And tax *justice*?

Borgy, stop it; or I'll throw up.

Taxation strictly proportionate to the income; but to which *real* income, nobody knew well. Furthermore, in front of proportionate taxations, the government expenses resulted to be not proportionate to the initial project. Huge sewers in which the use of the budgets, their destination and the behavior of the same managers would incite everybody to tax evasion, and not to participation. Imagine to turn back in time and tell those prosopa...

They were still and only confused *people*.

Right, Sally; I was saying: imagine to explain to the people of the time our current political-economic principle "Vote = Taxation = Participation". Imagine the skeptical astonishment of all the people still confused by the invasive law to protect their privacy that produced implausible declared incomes, personal relationships and family bounds hidden behind business agreements and private interests disguised behind fake charity. With such a Law, citizens would reciprocally deceive one another on real interests and selfishness: all legal things today, when made public. Furthermore, many of them were even pushed to delinquency with such a safe-conduct guaranteeing the absolute secretes on *very* delicate aspects. The perfect impunity! Do you agree, Giordaire?

It's absolutely true, Borgy: without the current Transparency Principle I could never had voted at the time for the update of the biomedical lab for liver pathologies, like I peacefully did recently. Who could I trust? And how could I verify the destiny of my contribution without the current transparency allowed by the pseudomus?

Even despite the fact that the TV dancers were very generous, at the time, in exposing their bodies to you, Giordaire, for *their own* benefit?

Sure, Heinz, even if I wouldn't be so good in resisting them with a modern 3D holovisor. Maybe you would have contributed anyway with some small amount, at least to receive the benefits of a moral painkiller: you could put your conscience to sleep for a few months.

I admit I sometimes did it, Heinz. Today, instead, I am serene when I contribute to similar projects, thanks to the existence of the pseudomus; with them, it is possible to enter in the virtual home of any political or technical curator and see each project: to know how and where the money went; who and why criticizes the curator's decisions: who contributed and who didn't, even if being part of the benefits.

Right, Giordaire: finally, our moral is evolved, from a childish form, in which much was prohibited, to a more audacious one, which makes people responsible for it, in which all is legal if known.

Make people responsible... well said Heinz. In E it's not anymore the abstract and deprived of responsibilities majority to win, but the political or technical program better shared and concretely supported. And you, Heinz, by having contributed to the budget of the global curator in charge, you can have a tax exemption equal to...

30000 Globes: twice my votes, equal to 15000 Globes.

I'm so jealous, and I imagine how many things you could buy with 30000 Globes of discount! And it's not over: you show more political insight than all of us, because you chose the winning candidates also in the following elections of the global, regional and local

curators.

Yes, Giordaire: I accumulated exemptions on all 4 tax layers, and I still have to use a tax credit equal to about 5000 Globes; I have to use it before the election of the new global curator. It's also the outgoing curator's fault, responsible for these anticipated elections, as he consumed 80 percent of his budget already at the middle of his mandate.

Heinz, you don't have much time and you have to make up your mind soon, both to use your residual tax exemptions and to choose the next winning candidate. But I'm wondering: why should we help you to decide, since *you* proved to be the best during the previous elections?

Because, dear Giordaire, despite my supposed political insight, I don't like all this budget issue and I don't care about it. Who doesn't have enough votes to take part to a budget has a weak voice. I'd wish we also had more politics... in politics: the great ideals and the hard social struggles don't find anymore stimulus in a system where everything is budget. I see you are doubtful, Giordaire.

"Hard *struggles*"? It's your aggressive expression that leaves me doubtful. But let's go back to the future: I don't think there are doubts on the candidate to vote, I mean....

I bet, Giordaire, that your bullshit on filters have convinced also Heinz not to vote for Golemith.

I convinced myself *on my own*, Borgy.

And so, in order not to vote Golemith, you will contribute to the losing program of one of the poor antagonists left. Among them, the only new idea seems to be the one of the candidate Andrew Freeborg, I mean the institution of political banking accounts which are even more democratic, participative and transparent. Those accounts in which all the electors of a curator directly deposit their participation to the political program, so that the direct visibility of the accounts prevents frauds, capital distractions and obscure financing operations.

Excuse my interruption, but my Yang is right when he speaks about Giordaire's bullshits: what other bad news did you discover on filters that brings you to prevent their spread, which Golemith proposed with the slogan: "No Dialogic Tolerance"? Just the other night, the holovisor described the functioning of filters, very simply, for people like me: it enhanced their perfect functioning and, above all, the great therapeutic results. Do you know that schizophrenia cases did decrease 1.2 percent down to 0.03 percent of the population? Did you know it? Filters did us a lot of good. The holojournal always says that.

Sally, please: it's not enough that the holojournal says something to become a truth.

And why

not, Heinz? They only report real, therefore true, facts.

Right, my Yin; now, Heinz, I'll explain you something very simple and useful.

[The genius in him is awake! Maybe he was only in hibernation...]

Thanks to the dialogic filters, the communication is improved with consequent minor communicative pathologies, like Sally said.

Sure, Borgy, also because the cases left are confined in the pariah reserves.

Voluntarily confined, Giordaire: windbags, old-fashioned politicians, fanatical preachers... they all can keep on reciprocally damaging themselves remaining what they believe they are, but only there, in the reserves. But if they want to be cured, our Dialogue Civilization will always welcome them.

This is true.

Furthermore, the Dialogue nowadays has a chance.

This is also true.

Tell me: have you ever heard again, in the Shell or in holojournals, arguments on badly formulated questions or around false problems?

I didn't.

I did, but only rarely.

What can you deduce? It's not something I say, be careful; in the holovision shows they often say the same.

My Yang, you forget to talk about the peace instituted by the Dialogue dictatorship.

Right, Sally. My friends, do you realize that the Dialogue Dictatorship made the wars obsolete? Don't you think this alone is enough to fully appreciate our dictatorship?

Well... sure, Borgy.

Even terrorism vanished after the last, tragic mistake of the globalized Dialectic: pushing cultures into fights by enlightening their differences, instead of underlining their common points.

[I wonder which further evolution will E go through, thanks to our first semantic converter: infinite bridges among cultures and languages, even closer and maybe united.]

Our Civilization has neutralized every vain crusade ambition and every opportunity of a new clash, instituting the conditions for a pacific co-habiting among different cultures in the Dialogue home. All of this is made thanks to the Dialogue Civilization and its First Dictator. Think about it! Now, Sally and I have to run to the theatre: we go to see Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Have fun! [oh, dear...]

[Eventually they went away. But... they left me somewhat uneasy.]

[I see Giordaire's upset, I hope that...]

Heinz...?

Giordaire...?

Heinz, I think... I believe in everything those two said. All our theory about hostile filters, about the Information dominating us... maybe it's only an illusion.

Giordaire! What the hell are you talking about? [Wow... Heinz is angry; it never happened before.] Haven't you listened to what they said? They blindly and dully believe in holojournals. They only *see true and real facts* and nothing else. They want to revive the First Dictator, they want filters everywhere and they don't give a damn about real participation. They're ready to delegate everything to their favorite candidate: Golemith. Golemith... Golemith...

Heinz, are you ok?

Yes... actually... no. Giordaire, you know... about the businessman Golemith...

Did you tell him your decision, right?

Yes, but...

But...?

I just told him I could help without moving to Bologna.

And why?

Because... because he scared me with some weird talks.

Which ones?

He talked weirdly, articulating very much "your 2 daughters", "your Yin", "an offer you can't refuse", "future life"...

I don't understand. Explain me better, Heinz. Giordaire, I think I made a real mess. I started to collaborate with this Golemith after our random meeting, even if I'm doubtful about the casualty of it, now. At the meeting we discussed about filters' cognitive structures, about how they could turn from balanced to dull...

Like you told me. Exactly; but he saw an opportunity to take control of filters and oust the Dictatorship.

[You naïve Heinz.] And how? By making them all dull, incapable to manage communication slightly richer than a banal holojournal and by creating a wave of popular discontent. Golemith presented 2 scenarios: in the first one, people will hate the dictatorship and will reject filters and we will make them happy by totally paralyzing them; in the second, people will regret old-fashioned filters and we will give them back to them, reconfigured with much freer expressive modes. In both cases, we will have obtained freedom from the current dialogic rigidities with the *full popular* consent! This Golemith plan is very smart... but unfortunately it is for a target opposite to the one he declared and to which I naively believed; I dreamed to make Human Beings cognitively more independent and expressively less controllable. He instead...

Now I understand, Heinz: Golemith wants to use the dull filters to make Human Beings less independent and *more* controllable. I also understand his politician brother: he's not in conflict with the businessman brother. They both want the same thing: to dominate people's minds.

I understood only tonight what you just hinted; believe me, Giordaire. At first, I was only collaborating with the businessman because I liked his ideas on the opportunity to have a greater expressive freedom in presence of filters manipulated by us, while your dream to demolish the dictatorship for the same aim looked impossible to realize in my opinion.

Such a good job, Heinz... [what a naïve!] Soon, with tamed filters, the two brothers will be able to dull even the electors' and consumers' minds, everywhere. With cognitively dulled minds, they will better drive the consumerist and financial decision of the people, forever. A *herd*... Heinz, do you think the two brothers work individually, or...

Bah, I believe in the presence of an obscure and disquieting lobby, capable to both bring the politician to the role of global curator and support the project of the businessman with huge IT infrastructures, conditioning the masses through the media and aiming at...

The control of the whole Humanity! Much more than the Information dominion! This is way worse.

Now Giordaire, what am I supposed to do? The guy made me understand that the project is very serious, that my future depends on it and that I have to seriously take into consideration this offer, also for my daughters and my Yin.

But these are threatens! Aren't they, Giordaire? I'm terrified! I repent for my naivety but I was acting for the good of my children. I don't want them to be emotionally and mentally dried.

Heinz, you did something terrible! What am I supposed to do you, now? Shall I tear apart some of your nails, shall I burn your knee, or...

Giordaire, anything. But help me!

I'm here, Heinz. I'd really do what I just told you, but... I know you too well not to participate to your sincere, sensitive and devastated mood.

Giordaire, I always wanted to be a good prosopon. I'd like to get old with this consideration of myself.

And you are a good *pater familias* too.

I want to die with the awareness I have been both. Will I still make it?

Wake up, Heinz, and let's do something!

Are you connected on our encrypted frequency?

Sure, Golemith.

Why, is

Well, now tell me if you have any new idea to dull up filters faster; I'm in a hurry.
there anybody else interested in your, in our, plan?

And who should it be?! It's just because I'm in a hurry!

Well, well, understood [I can never ask questions... he's not so much dialogic, this Golemith.]

So, produce some genial or bizarre idea, as you like it, as long as it works!

[It shouldn't be hard...] Ok, I'll let you know as soon as possible.

Good, see you soon. Bye.

Bye.

Chapter XVI – Agoranàuts I

*The road to Hell is paved
with good intentions.*

Anti-constructivist anonymous

Friends, thank you all for having accepted the convocation in a new virtual agorà. But you, you are a new-come, I don't...

My name is Medea and, if my legendary namesake contributed to the achievement of Argonauts, I hope I can help you... *Agoranàuts*. Jokes aside, I've been invited by Oorongurdu; he told me about the possible nonexistence of the dictatorship, filters degeneration, and our risk of being definitively coerced by seductive Information. I share with you the need to free ourselves from this new form of creeping dictatorship. The aim to stop the whole satellite system of filters with poetry incited my immediate and positive approval: hurrah!

Thanks, Medea, for your contribution of enthusiasm; how do you think you can help us? I'm employed in a company of toys for children, and I write poetry in Greek; I hope I can help you in finding the Infinite Verse. Do filter suffer for poetries expressed in any specific language?

As Oorongurdu should have anticipated you, Infinite Verse has to have both the highest semantic weight, and the widest semantic spectrum. I think there's not any favorite language from this point of view: all languages can express feelings and emotions into poetry. Am I right, Heinz?

Yes, Giordaire; I generated several linguistic contexts with our semantic converter, and all of them could embrace the meaning expressed by verses of different languages.

Semantic converter? Semantic weight? Semantic spectrum? Sorry for my technical incompetence, but I always favored my literary culture. But, please, start with verses "candidated" to the infinite, so I will understand everything.

Friends, let's accept Medea's advice and start by now the survey of...

One more doubt, Giordaire.

Well, Krismoham, share it with all of us.

Are we really sure we're doing the right thing? My doubt is about the inscrutable consequences of the hoped breakdown of filters. I fear their consequent permissiveness could be a remedy worse than the disease, causing counter-productive reactions for the free development of our thoughts and feelings. Krishmoham is speaking about something interesting.

He's right.

That's true.

We must reflect.

And now?

Friends, this is *the* doubt, unavoidable in any question as complex as ours is. Every intentional action exposes us to the risk of *unintentional*, which means not foreseen and not appreciated, consequences. And then, Giordaire, why facing the risk of unpredictable consequences?

Because we *live*, and to live means facing projects, intentions, actions and their consequences, even if unpredictable, which is almost always the case.

Bah! Anyway, if nothing better can be found...

Krismoham, I don't know if we can find something better, but sure there is something *worse*: the guarantee that we'll soon live in a black and white world, where everything is true or false, good or bad, with no more mental and emotional colors. Do you want to take this chance?

No, not at all!

So let's face the risk of unpredictable reactions from a complex reality, and try to stimulate senses, feelings and colors. Would you like to start, Krishmoham?

Sure, Giordaire. I would use Japanese haikus: very concise and striking poetries, which can even daze their reader.

I hoped I could help with haikus coming from my homeland...

I don't want to expropriate your Japanese poetic culture, Kazujiyn, I just intended to start this voyage with you all by using one of the few haikus I know, it's by Basho:

Old pond
jump and bump
a frog

Heinz, have you activated Pizia?
weigh?

Yes, Giordaire.
Uhmmm... semantic weight: only 315 freges.

How much does this haiku

Why, Heinz? And who's this Pizia? Dear Medea, Pizia is the first semantic converter able to translate expressions among cultural contexts, preserving their deeper sense. Pizia has found for this haiku only 21 different possible meanings in 15 different cultural contexts; by multiplying them, you have 315.

Why 15, and even 21 meanings? It's simple: the semantic converter is not only able to analyze the meaning of a phrase based on a precise cultural and linguistic context, but also to semantically translate it into any other one. Moreover, I had, with the luck that *modestly* smiles to geniuses, the brilliant idea to put in Pizia a generator of random cultural contexts. In this way, Pizia can effectively esteem the semantic weight of a phrase, by finding how many translations do keep its sense in many different cultures.

So the real causes of confusions, misunderstandings, quarrels and wars will disappear. Exactly, Medea. The semantic converter has found the first 15 cultures able to express one or more different interpretations, for a total of 21.

Hence, can some cultures express different translations and interpretations of the same poetic verses?

It may absolutely be; misunderstandings happen even in our own family and on the same words.

Right, Heinz; it even happens with my Jason.

Heinz, try to ask Pizia to process the koan I love so much, quoted last time by Oorongurdu. I can remember it well, Zarya, but we excluded koans, because...

And I ask you to submit it anyway to Pizia.

Ok. Ok... I'm submitting it to Pizia right now: "This is the clap of two hands; which is the clap of one hand alone?" Let's see what she says... only 25 freges: 5 possible different interpretations in at least 5 cultural contexts.

You see, Medea: also so intriguing philosophical expressions, baffling and maybe *enlightening*, show otherwise a lower semantic richness compared to many poetic verses. That's why we're focusing on poetry: to find an effective antidote against filters.

Thank you, Giordaire; I begin to understand.

Now let's dive with the maximum diligence into the search of the Infinite Verse; there are only 2 weeks left to the election, and the eventuality to invert the current human entropy will decrease day by day, if the program of filter expansion prevails.

Human entropy? Sorry again, but...

Medea, all the questions you need. Oorongurdu shall have told you about the degeneration of filters to mere conditioning instruments, and about their effects on Human Beings: they atrophy some of our cognitive categories, reducing us to dull spectators of true or false information, without in between possibilities. The consequence of this cognitive degeneration mirrors on thoughts, language, feelings...

Even on feelings? But... Oorongurdu...

I confess I was too concise in my explanation; I'm sorry, Medea.

Even feelings will get simpler, uniforming one to each other because of an atrophy of shades.

Giordaire, we will become children.

In itself, Medea, that wouldn't be a problem. Actually, we all will become duller, more uniform and... humanly gaunt.

Human entropy... now I understand.

So, let's restart with our search of the Infinite Verse; will you try, Asclero? these verses by an anonymous poet, found by chance years ago...

Sure. I'd try with

Anonymous? Perhaps are you betraying your mad poet? about madness, he's not joking at all. Here are his verses:

No, for sure, also because speaking

Poets, prophets of the unknown
of that unknown that can be told
only with their silence.

Wonderful! Heinz, it's up to you, I mean to Pizia.

Oh my! 465 different meanings in 352 different contexts; some cultures can express even 3 different interpretations.

And so, Heinz...?

And so: 163680 freges! It overcame the dictatorship oxymoron. The semantic spectrum is significant, too: from the positive semantic unrealistic value to the negative paradoxical one.

Well, we're on the right way. Who dares to challenge the Anonymous?

I'm involving Walt Whitman

I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

Also these verses are beautiful, Deng.

But... only 260 freges, with narrow semantic spectrum. that prosaic American poet. Don't give up; who thinks he can do better than the Anonymous?

So light, Heinz? Anyway, not so bad for

You dispossessed me of my oriental haikus, I'll balance accounts quoting an ancient occidental wise man, Archilochus:

The fox knows many things
the hedgehog only one
but great.

Very philosophic, Kazujiyn... maybe too much.
limited to 16788 freges; not bad, but it's not enough.

You're right, Giordaire: the semantic weight is

Come on, friends, something more difficult to digest for filters... maybe I'd rather try, even with my so scarce poetic culture. What about... Nietzsche? Also as a poet?

Why not? He wrote some stimulating poetries; listen to these 2 simple verses:

Sphinx-rounded, to poke all feelings
just in a word.

Well, what about it, Heinz?

Giordaire... 11 freges. *Not very good...*

Indeed, I like it just because it expresses exactly what we are looking for. Only 11 freges... then, try again with these other verses by him:

Only fool! Only poet!
Merely speaking by colors.

They seem to me to be richer than the others, am I right, Heinz?
reached the amazing wieght of... 98 freges. Do you give up?

Yes, Giordaire, your friend

No, try again with these ones:

Star of Necessity!
Highest star of being
what no longing attains
no denial defies
eternal Yes of being
eternally am I thy yes
for I love thee, O Eternity!

These should be heavier than the previous ones, although not so semantically dense because of the bigger number of words; what do you say, Heinz?

Wow! Here Nietzsche made an effort to *poke so many feelings*: 98745 freges. Anyway, he's got the title of candidate, thanks to the wide semantic spectrum: from plausible to nonsense. It's the widest spectrum found insofar; I'll improperly define it *schizophrenic*. But please, remember that the semantic weight of the Verse is the most difficult aspect to digest for filters, although its schizophrenia can contribute to confuse them.

Heinz, do you think that Nietzsche is the best applicant? His verses wouldn't be *infinite*, but they are heavy and wide enough; indeed, they're at least *immense*.

In this case, I've got something *literally* immense. But please tell me how much it's also schizophrenic.

Which verse do you want to submit, Susaya?

2 verses, by Ungaretti:

I enlight
of immensity.

[I enlight of immensity, beautiful...]
means...]
the Infinite Verse...]

[Why didn't I suggest it?]

[Who knows how many interpretations may it have?]

[Wonderful, enlightening...]

[I think it
[It might really be

Sorry, the audio of our holographic conversation must be out of order: I can see you well, but...

No, Susaya; you've just jammed up *our* interpretation faculties brought to silence. I guess Ungaretti overcame the Anonymous poet. Am I right, Heinz?

Friends, Pizia is still computing... hope it's not going to break. [... incredible!] Incredible: *overflow*! It has gone beyond her own computing faculties!

Buy her a more powerful calculator, Heinz.
a semantic weight of more than 99 million freges?

To do what, Bjorn? To allow her computing *exactly*
Gee! And what about the semantic spectrum?

As you can imagine, Bjorn, many interpretations found cover both the semantic strings of possible and impossible, from true to nonsense. Regarding semantic density, I think it's senseless to estimate the ratio between a weight of 99 megafreges and the number of used terms, *only* 2.

It's the Infinite Verse!
like it too!

We found it!

Yes, I like it very much.

Yes, I

That will knock-out all filters!

With its infinite semantic weight it could even mute *us*.

I wouldn't be able to find *more* infinite verses.

So, let's use it; but how?

Simple, Felipick; for a while, I've been using a cloned version of a real filter for my studies and experiments. I've also rebuilt the distribution of cognitive categories, from true, plausible, down to paradoxical and nonsense, following a sample of 150 real filters processed by the Shell. I had confirmation that the cognitive dulling process is ongoing yet. [Unfortunately... even thanks to me. Stupid Heinz!] Filters have the impossible string absolutely atrophied, switching suddenly from false to nonsense with minimal shades. Concerning the possible string, unrealistic has become hypertrophic and then compresses realistic and plausible in narrow areas of uncertainty. What is not true at all is condemned at least to unreality, if not directly to nonsense. Duller than that...!

And so? [Heinz doesn't seem so much worried, or surprised, by how much filters have become dull... otherwise, he seems to be even amusing.]

Dear Felipick, our aim is to explode in their silicon brain such a mass of interpretation to activate a crisis level. But be careful: we need a right *e-vocative* question or provocation, to give voice to infinite answers hidden in the Infinite verse.

Heinz, shouldn't the filters dulling process ease our aim to cheat and daze them?
No, Anita; a dull filter rejects almost anything it can't consider 100% true. So, it's even more difficult to summon interpretations in the atrophied areas of plausible and realistic, and on the other side of incoherent and paradoxical, hoping to cause a full decision-making stalemate.

But in this way we risk the rejection of any answer given by the Infinite Verse. Is it true, Heinz?

What you are saying is true, Anita, but only if filters would become *completely* dull. We're not yet at this point of degeneration, even if it's near to that point. I'm integrating my answer to Felipick, i. e.: how to use the Infinite Verse? First of all, we need reasonable questions and provocations to disclose all the possible meanings of an answer. We can't understand the meaning of an answer without a reasonable question; it's obvious, isn't it?

Go on, please; news report rampant approvals for...

You're right, Susaya, I'll speed up my explanation: a question or a provocation has more sense the more it pushes the interlocutor to express her/his own thought and her/his own sense. And when it even comes to raise new questions, then...

Then Dialogue and Philosophy are born.

Yes, Giordaire, we know this. But I have to keep on reminding you that the elections are close and the filters are always there, with no worries; moreover, I can even see them *smile*... Heinz, what do we have to do, immediately?

It's simple: everyone will find a dozen of reasonable questions and send them to me through the Shell from every corner of the Earth. I'm going to answer to these questions always with the same Infinite verse and...

In this way we can involve several local dialogue filters, hoping to block some of them with adequate sequences of questions and answers; am I right?

You clarified well our mission, Medea. Are you

able to prepare provocative questions for our very rich Verse within... half an hour?

We *must* be able, Heinz. Friends, are you all well aware of what is in the running, i. e. our future emotive and cognitive freedom? Did you understand which cognitive parameters do filters use, *in spite of* Heinz explanations...?

Giordaire, they surely well understood all; let's run a fast survey between our friends to...

The opinion poll of 16:45, Bora Bora time, sees candidate Golemith heading with 55 percent of his politic budget supported by interviewed people, while the first of his competitors has a support to his budget reduced to 21 percent.

Sorry, my friends; I forgot my interactive holovisor. I'm turning it off now.

Here I am, I'm ready!
too.

Zarya, you're so fast in making up questions.

I'm ready

Me too.

Well, Susaya and Ursulann humiliated our male pride too; will you share your first questions to stimulate our imagination?

Sure, my Giordaire. The first of my questions is: do you like to be close to me? I'd rather use an affirmation than a question: I look at you with love! Very reasonable for the well known reply, Susaya. And you, Ursulann?

I'd try with: What do you feel when you are meditating? Wonderful, and...

Now my turn, the first of the boys, with a provocation: you are an exhibitionist!

Funny provocation, Bill; let's hope in the perspicacity left in filters for finding the relation between your question and the answer provided by the Infinite Verse. The important thing is to produce provocations adequately reasonable to have *too many* interpretations of our Verse exploding into the filters.

Sorry, I don't want to be the party pooper, but...

Felipick, even if I couldn't see you holographically sitting here in front of me and Zarya, I shall not have any doubt in guessing the author of this interruption.

Friends, we're just 19 to share this challenging plan...

20, with Medea. 20, right; that wouldn't change our little number compared to the forces deployed on the other side. Please, remember me how many local filters are in the Shell, Heinz. And what about hierarchical filters?

8.658 locals, 666 hierarchical, and one global filter. Heinz, what could the 20 of us get, with a mere dozen of questions for each one? Moreover, you should answer like crazy to hundreds of questions, always with the same reply: I enlight of immensity.

We could never make it! We're fucked up!

Another good shot of confidence from our Bill.

I'm sorry but Felipick and Bill are right. dreaming a revolution, but without proper means.

It's a really unattainable plan.

We're

Giordaire, I'm afraid you are superficially pursuing a chimera which [has first lured, and now caged you.]

Friends, let's calm down: and you, Teofu, the last part of your message was censored by a filter.

True, Giordaire; I've just received an error message for an incorrect argumentation "ad prosopem" with an improper analogy. I'm sorry. Anyway, we're in stalemate; we can't clone ourselves and we don't know who else we can gather for this crazy challenge.

While you all are feeling desperate, I give you with good news: I tested your first questions on the cloned filter which, just with these first 4 sequences of provocations and replies, had to cope with a semantic load of more than 880 megafreges. Moreover, it had to process either positive semantic values, in the categories of true and plausible, and negatives, even in the nonsense area.

That's great, Heinz: the Infinite Verse works! We've even forgot to test it on the cloned filter, how deep was our falling in love *at first listening*.

Giordaire, you cannot say so, yet.

Why, Heinz?

Because you don't know that the filter, overloaded by that cognitive duty, entered in a total stalemate, passing the problem to a *non-existing* hierarchical filter; poor orphan... In the vain waiting of hierarch's reply, the filter can't make any more decisions and allows all the communications to be conveyed: it's catatonic.

Heinz, it's exactly what I've already said: our Verse works. Sure, Giordaire, but you missed that information to assert it. Obviously, we've to wish the same paralysis to be induced in hierarchical filters, and then, in the global one. Only in this way, people of E would be fully wean from its dialogic nannies.

And... what about my question?

I'm coming to it, Felipick; in spite of the mechanism of the

Verse we've just tested, I'm starting to fear that also our objective is impracticable.

[If Heinz gives up too...]

[Is our utopian dream over, yet?]

[What a pity, I was

starting to believe in it.]

[There must be some chance to get it...]

Come on, my friends, don't discourage just now. Heinz, in your opinion what do we need to confuse all filters?

Giordaire, you already know my answer: many different questions and provocations; a same reply which is very difficult to digest for filters, and that's the Infinite Verse; a high rate of questions bombing the filters; and then... what else? Oh yes: a lot of creativity and provocative spirit. In a word: much lateral thinking with phrases absolutely out from the usual schemes. Anyway, Felipick is right: questions have to be many, but really so many, as many as possible, even too many.

We will never make it.

We won't, but children will. one, Giordaire.

Why, Medea... you've got some children?

Yes: I've

Ok, understood: let's gather them. Bjorn has 4, Deng 2, Ursulann, Teofu and Ivan 1...

I'm not talking about our children, Giordaire, but about the children of all over the world.

And how can we persuade them, by calling them on their plastic mobile phones? By *bribing* them with toys produced in your company?

Giordaire, you're *getting warmer*; if you do one more effort, you'll get it by yourself.

I will help you, my Yang. Medea suggests to involve as many children as possible for taking advantage of a *shelling* game, i. e. a game which tries to break the Shell's controls. They invented a lot of them in the last years,

but they all were not so effective against filters. Children get crazy when they discover a new one. They have a lot to express and can think out from the schemes of the Dialogue Ethics. Some parents insert deliberately filters against shelling games. We can invent one: a playful version of our attacking plan to filters.

Mummy, mummy, did you find a new shelling game? No, Zaratho; I was just talking about it with some friends through the holographic connection. I'm sorry, it's our son. Hi... so I'll go back playing in my room with Alexama.

Zarya explained very well my idea. I'm adding just a few considerations. First of all, children must be unaware of the real purpose of the game, and therefore remain unconditioned in their creativity. Moreover, the sun will be on the 180° meridian of change of date within 15 hours, and it will happen Saturday at noon. The most suitable moment to attract the children for playing into the Shell will be 4 hours before, i. e. 8 o'clock in the morning. Thus, we've only 11 hours left to prepare the new game and spread it. How does this game works, Medea?

The game must absolutely involve children's pride, the best propeller for their activities. It must involve their worst enemy too, i. e. the authority, in any form.

Their parents too...? Sure, Bjorn, but keep calm: in the game we will confer the role of enemy authority to the character of the teacher. We must, of course, define a prize to feed their pride and make them feel cool, or in any case superior to the authority they will face.

The... teachers. Sure, Bjorn: teachers. Children must aspire either to free their companions from authority and, moreover, to be acknowledged as heroes by anyone: this is the best prize.

Not just for children. Surely, Susaya, but children are more serious and involved in getting it.

But what do those children want: to suppress all authorities, parents or...?

Bjorn, Medea already told you the game will use *teachers* as targets. I've understood, but...

Don't worry: children dream only to be able to say anything they will, disregarding grammar or logic rules, even good breeding.

So, they just want to swear. Exactly as you, Giordaire, wish to express paradoxical and provocative thoughts without being filtered.

Hit: one - zero. And how could we achieve this dream of them, to freely insult their teachers?

Uhm, maybe I got it: children must be able to paralyze their local filters by making them weak with the Infinite Verse, am I right?

Yes you are, Felipick. Yes, but how? Be faithful, Felipick, I'm getting to it. Here are the details.

Medea, you look like Mozart while conceiving a symphony.

Thanks, Felipick. Hence, the details: in at least 11 hours we will release into the Shell the new game *Shut up, teacher!* Promoted as "The new and revolutionary shelling game. The ultimate one!"

You're the queen of marketing! Thanks, Anita. The game asks children to make correct questions, but also really odd, to puzzle their teacher. The fictional teacher, who's actually Heinz, is particularly dull, and always replies "I enlight of immensity" to any question, and the game...

I had a similar one in my hometown on Japanese mountains; he replied always with the sentence: when you will grow up, you'll understand. I knew one of them too in my little Greek island, dear Teofu. I was saying: the game consists in putting questions not censorable by filters and that are provocative for the teacher.

Now, if a question is *senseless*, the filter rejects it to the sender immediately, and the child will know he wasted a chance. If the question is otherwise well expressed, then the filter will let it go and reach the teacher, i. e. Heinz; Heinz will have to prepare an automatic system to reply to the tsunami of question from millions of children.

Ok, I'll start preparing the software.

Now comes the best: the teacher will always reply with "I enlight of immensity" and the children's local filter, source and handler of the communication, should interpret that unusual reply under the light... sorry for the play of words... of children's question. For what I understood from the clear and comprehensible explanations of Heinz...

See, Giordaire, how clear my explanations are? ... a suitable question must not be obvious, otherwise the filter will find in the subsequent reply *just one* coherent interpretation; this will be rejected or not following its random compatibility or incompatibility with filter's narrow dialogical parameters. The child hence will see replies to his questions with a random rate.

Medea, how do we stimulate semantically richer questions from children? It's simple, Heinz: the first step is to increase her/his total score of a point each time s/he *doesn't* get the same reply. Why?

Because we want to incite the child to cause at least a hint of dilemma in the filter that receives the Infinite Verse. The wished dilemma can spring only from the potential meanings of the Verse, evoked by the question, on the border of acceptability: sometimes rejected, sometimes transferred to the hierarch. Your goal seems so daring to me, Medea, almost a dream.

Then, Heinz, let's dream a little more; if a child would submit, even randomly, a suitable and semantically rich question, here's what should happen: the filter will forward the question to the supposed teacher; Heinz will reply always "I enlight of immensity"; then the filter will process the semantic contents of that answer based on the context defined by the question and then... *boom!* Like a rose's corolla just bloomed, the Infinite Verse will reveal several meanings. *Let's wish* now an evolution of events according with Heinz's technical explanations, based on which...

I've understood, Medea: besides being clear and understandable, you ask me for *reliable* technical explanations. In this case, according to what clearly explained to all friends of the agorà, the local filter will be confused by all these meanings and, after 50 seconds, will forward its problem to its superior filter. If it couldn't disentangle the semantic bundle, within 5 minutes, it will transfer the control of its area to another hierarch. In this way, the local filter and its hierarch will become permissive, waiting for superior decisions. And if a superior decision wouldn't come, even because the other hierarchic filters fall into the same indecision?

Pertinent question, Medea, and it contains in itself the answer: the other indecisive hierarchic filters will involve more and more colleagues, till when one of them finds in its memory any useful decisional element. In this case, unfortunate for us, filters will feed back the missing decisional element up to the first humble local filter, deciding in this way the destiny of the analyzed answer, and retaking their full functionalities.

So, when their permissive waiting ends, does everything return to be like it was, Heinz? Yes, but we must avoid it with a big amount of questions able to spread more and more meanings difficult to process by filters, in order to get an overlapping of many critic decisions in the same hierarchic filters. When a hierarch finds the useful element to make a decision, we must make sure it is also fighting with other dilemmas it received. It should be extremely unlikely to find decisive information of more than one decisional dilemma into the same filter, and it will paralyze itself spreading its dilemmas to other colleagues. The avalanche effect will be overwhelming!

And when could we declare our victory? Medea, the filters will of course mutually support themselves until there will be any healthy and available one, including the supreme global filter provided with a boundless memory of rules, information, experiences and ethic principles of any time, culture and place. It will be hard to surprise it. The global filter monitors all the time the satellite web and its filters' performances, removing filters with frequent problems or difficulties.

Wonderful, Heinz, now I understand perfectly how does the paralyzing effect of our Verse spread.

And so, Medea...?

And so, I'm adding a new rule in the game: the child that puts a relevant question, able to evoke so dilemmatic meanings that can make a filter catatonic, will be awarded with *triple* points for *each further* expression that passes the filter without even being controlled. As a consequence, also *illicit* questions and provocations will be no longer rejected. This will provoke a production of even more inventive and semantically rich questions.

I'm glad I've set a filter against shelling games...

And then remove it, Bjorn. Children love to express themselves freely, before learning communication pathologies from adults.

Well, I'm turning it off.

Friends, here we are! What is left is to post the instructions in the Shell and write the required software for this game; a job for Medea and Heinz, respectively.

The software is ready!

Instructions too!

[But how could they do this?]

[They are phenomenal!]

[Unbelievable...]

I'm not staying at all with my hands resting on the keyboard while discussing.

And I was writing the instructions while reporting them to you all.

Great, Heinz! Very good, Medea! Now, who will translate the instructions?

No problem, Giordaire; didn't you imagine that I could have a powerful state of the art linguistic converter? You know, I contributed to this translator too, especially for... sorry; I was saying: I have an advanced linguistic translator, and everything will be ready in 30 minutes, in at least 98 languages, as soon as Medea...

Heinz, I've just sent you the file with all instructions and the layout of the starting screen of the game.

Thanks, Medea; for the translation in further 300 less common languages I'll need a few hours. Giordaire, we are ready to sail.

Friends, each of you, please, must take care of children sites in her/his own geographic area, installing the new shelling game home page, the instructions and whatsoever else Medea and Heinz will send you. Everything must be ready within 11... better, 10 hours. I'm switching off the holoconference channel, and see you in next 10 hours; someone will have to definitively leave Morpheus' embrace.

We really look like a happy ship of nuts, and I like to sail with you. Let's leave for Etopia!

Well, Susaya. Are you all ready? Great! Shall thoughts and feelings come back in us more colorful!

* * *

Here I am. Hi, Teofu; is everything right on your side?
 Yes: we installed the game in 58 children sites. A big job with Deng, Kazujiyn e Chuang.
 Here I am. I'm here, too; is there anybody? Not yet.
 Yang, do you want a coffee? Wonderful idea, Zarya; I'd like to offer some to you all too, my friends, but these holographic systems still don't allow it.
 Good news! Welcome, Heinz; which news?
 Giordaire, some children have already appreciated our game: they're stuck to the screen and don't give up.
 And first effects on filters?
 I'm monitoring them with my semantic analyzer that can access any single filter; just a few people can access with instruments so...
 Very good, Heinz. And so...
 They hold on firmly, Giordaire. Someone worked hard with the Infinite Verse, but their superior filters have always solved the question by accepting some meaning to forward.
 No stalemate, paralysis or catatonia?
 Unfortunately, no.
 Susaya, keep the holonews report turned on and check about possible reactions to our game in the different geographic areas. Good idea, Hansjey, and welcome.
 Heinz, how are the accesses to our game going? Very good, the number of accesses grows exponentially and questions are pouring down from all the regions just awakened. The game is appreciated and the world of mouth among friends has started. Hey, guys! The hierarch filter G313Q33A1 in the Australian area has just entered in a waiting status, just like its local filter of the Indonesian area. They are waiting for a decision from hierarchic filter G413Q43N2 in the Japanese area, because they are blocked on... guess what... *I enlight of immensity!*
 Yes, exactly *The Infinite Verse!* Hurray, it works! It woooooorks! We did it! Bravo - to you all!
 But which is the question which had made many meanings explode in these first filters, Heinz?
 I don't know, Giordaire; I must track it down on my automatic reply system that I baptized *Dull Teacher*. Let's see... ah, here it is: "Do you pray some times?"
 Strange for a child...
 She's a child from Bali. Maybe the daughter of some irreducible Induist Brahmin. Friends, another filter has just become catatonic on Fijis area! And others... even, hear ye, hear ye: 6 local filters and their hierarch in the Austral Pacific area have become permissive. They broke down, they can't find support or help. Look at this graphic: it shows the histogram of communications flow; it's incredible! Children are going wild against paralyzed permissive filters. Can you see how traffic grows up?
 That's true! Wonderful! I'd take advantage too.
 Now, also children from the Japanese meridian are starting to play.
 Good, Heinz, and great job, friends. Let's update us in next 2 hours; those who couldn't sleep enough should rest. The others will follow the evolution with Heinz.
 Bzzzzzzzz

* * *

What's up, Krishmoham? Giordaire, here everybody is going crazy: both children and their parents and teachers. Happy the first ones, desperate the latter ones.
 Hence... everything is alright. Excellently, Heinz! But what a pity for that news just registered by the Asian holonews morning report:
 An astonishing communicative phenomenon has woken up one billion families. A new game, whose authors are still unknown...
 [Still unknown... for a short time. I'd better like to stay so, but... it would be impossible. I have to find something, before being questioned by Golemith.]
 ...has created a childish obsession around it, provoking an overflow both of communicative channels and filters. From the operation centers, they assure the functionality of all filters, although not at the best of their performances. The spokesman declared: "filters are just a bit tired".
 Liar! Never trust a spokesman.
 Spokesmen of parents and teachers associations have officially blamed that game for its highly misleading effect: it incites children to express themselves with too much freedom and without any respect of dialogic rules.

[Wonderful!]

These associations have then restated their consent to the candidate Golemith, who grants an even more pervasive and severe presence of filters. Polls register in fact an additional jump forward of his preferences, now beyond 65 percent.

Giordaire, did you listen well? Have we failed? No, Krishmoham; it's not our goal to grow up Golemith's consent, but it's unavoidable when we disturb filters still beloved by people unaware of their degenerating degeneration. Should we wait for reactions of next people? Yes, let's get in touch in the next hour. See you. Bzzzz

* * *

Giordaire, we did it! Wait, Heinz; I'm gathering everybody.

We did it! I have understood this...

If the consent to Golemith keeps on growing up, we reply with a growing deactivation of filters!
How many?

What do you say of...

Here I am! I just woke up! Did we succeed? What were you saying, Heinz?

Well, come back, friends. I was updating Giordaire on the amazing level of filters deactivation.

[Heinz really seems to be exultant!]

[From his expression... did we succeed?]

[Let's hope we did...]

And so, Heinz do you want to be tortured to give us the deactivation data?

Listen you all: 99,9... 99,99... 99,999 percent, now.

It's the collapse, hurray! Victory! We're free! The impoverishing conditioning of filters is over! Now there's really freedom of expression! Giordaire, we did it.

Yes, my friends: we weaned ourselves and we've become dialogically and ethically adults. Any individual can express her/himself with the dialogic ability that makes unnecessary any authority or dictatorship. We avoided the danger of a cognitive and emotive degeneration! Giordaire, shall we finally dialogue with the fullness of our feelings?

Yes. Feelings will come back to develop and express themselves well beyond the narrow current limits, and come back to be in symbiosis with Human Beings, neither limited, nor repressed.

What's that bullshit of your collaborator? He starts to play with children from all over the world to paralyze filters? Keep calm, sir: he's with us.

I don't trust him! [Ouch! This hateful stab to my liver...]

Can't you see how he, after an apparent paralysis of filters, could make them *blunt*? All of them, and sooner than we thought.

That's true...

And what about my brother? He couldn't reach the present level of consent if it weren't for that genial idea of my expert; he could even deceive his friends involving them in a double-cross beyond suspicion. He's really inventive; who knows what more else he will conceive for our real cause, that he ignores.

Maybe you're right... maybe. But my liver has always been a good counselor.

Chapter XVII – Agoranàuts II

Chance favors only the prepared minds.

Louis Pasteur, lucky biologist

Where did we get wrong, Giordaire?

What happened seems to be incredible, Zarya. All the local filters fell in the trap of the game *Shut up teacher!*, involving in the general catatonia their hierarchs, too. All but one: the Antarctic local filter.

Because it's dull, am I right, Giordaire? If only it were *just* dull, like many others; actually the filter of the Antarctic area resulted to be *exceedingly* dull, after many years of the most banal communications limited to weather forecast data, a few icy sentences, help requests and exchanges of information between *krill* fishermen. Its buffer is saturated with data and experiences deduced from the reality in which it lives: simple and repetitive.

Even logical-syntactic rules and ethical principles are reduced to the minimum necessary. Its cognitive categories then fitted the cultural context to optimize semantic analysis and dialogical drainage: beyond the line of true, the categories of plausible and realistic disappeared and that of the unrealistic became even thinner. The false category is a subtle threshold in a balanced filter: close to nothing. But in this dull filter, it spread till covering semantic values between 0 and +98 percent, almost all "the semantic space of possible", with 2 percent left for the unrealistic category. Its false category has become a *close to all*, that's why any analyzed sentence, if it wasn't absolutely true, was immediately considered false, and then rejected.

Without thinking too much about it, as far as it's reasonable to use that term with a filter...

Right, Zarya, and its hierarchical filter is no lesser: it has got just a few useless experiences more, thanks to its long militancy on the frozen continent with 2 more local filters, then neglected for a lack of communicative traffic. Just like all hierarchs, it's not asked to reflect on details in a problematic expression, but to do a fast evaluation appealing to its greater experience.

So, among dulls, they understand each other well. Very well, Zarya: they never suffer from the turmoil of complicate decisions to make, or dilemmas to solve.

Then, during our attack, the dull filter ever involved its superior, simply because it always rejected the Infinite Verse, didn't it?

Exactly, Yin; *maybe* it would have involved the hierarc only in case of a Verse interpretation with semantic value falling in the narrow area between +98 and +100 percent, an almost unlikely occurrence.

So children, according to Medea's rules, could only get single points, and never triple points, simply because the Antarctic local filter and its hierarchy are so dull that they *never* ask dilemmas to themselves. They are great *policy makers*: they rejected all the teacher's replies and kept on working tirelessly. It went exactly in that way, Zarya.

And then... what happened?

Zarya, do you know how do filters handle crisis situations, don't you? Yes, but... I can't remember very well.

Can you remember about the help other filters grant in case of...

Oh, yes; I can, and now I also understand the mechanism that saved the filters: all the filters in the Shell gradually entered in catatonia and the hierarchic ones asked a decisional support to other still active filters.

Yes, Zarya; last hierarchy left was the Antarctic one, well sheltered by its local filter that stubbornly caught only nonsenses in the Infinite Verse, and dully rejected it. The hierarchy, as much unable to analyze the meaning of the Verse, wasn't also able to face the incredible traffic converging on it; hence, that was the reason of the persistent paralysis of all the filters and of the subsequent success of the game that excited children, terrified teachers and parents, and...

And comforted Golemith about the result of the imminent election. I still can't understand, my Yang, how did the situation suddenly turn upside down against us. How did the Antarctic local filter and its hierarchy, so dull, alone...

Wait, Zarya; I prefer to involve Heinz. I couldn't understand, too. CALL HEINZ [c'mon, Heinz... reply...]

Here I am, Giordaire, I'm coming out from my new thermal bath, just like yours. Hi, Zarya.

Hi Heinz; copycat! [still a handsome body...]

Funeral march in progress?

Yes, Heinz. But please explain us better how could the dull...

It's simple: unfortunately, I was unaware of a specific skill of the global filter, in the design of which I wasn't involved, when working for GGG. The global filter carries out a continuous monitoring of filters performances,

which means monitoring 8 thousand local filter and almost 700 hierarchical filters. It then acquires a huge mass of data and experiences useful to evaluate critical expressions. Suitable packages of information are sent for helping the filters particularly in the doldrums that dare to disturb it. For chronic cases, otherwise, there's the *cloning*.

Heinz, I hoped I misunderstood, when we got in touch...

Heinz, you're the only one able to crack jokes in such a discouraging situation.

I consider it a true compliment, Zarya, but unfortunately I'm not joking. For the desperate global filter, on the edge of a network breakdown, the only practical solution is to clone the still working filters, and replace all those paralyzed with these copies. Now, *all* the filters reproduce the ones which survived: the Antarctic local clones and the hierarchical one.

And so, the whole communicative control system is still working...

And it will forever, Zarya.

Yin, Heinz, now it's really difficult to confuse and paralyze such dull filters; we haven't got any more chance to invert the human entropy still in action. Dull filters saved the world; the world of filters, I mean!

All seems to be back to how it was: peaceful parents and teachers, children looking for new shelling games...

If only it were so, my friend Zarya. Technically, filters are now certainly duller than before, even more than what the businessman Golemith and the mysterious powerful lobby thought, of whose existence I'm always more certain.

Lobby?

Yes, Zarya, it's a complicated story, but Giordaire and I fear there's a clear plan of global domination behind the candidate Golemith, the wider diffusion of filters and their dulling in progress yet. [And I, ingenuous, I thought it was for good, to take control over them. Golemith deceived me!]

Plan that we've boosted effectively as well as stupidly, haven't we?

Yes, Zarya.

Which would be the aim of that lobby, Heinz?

Maybe, Zarya, their real goal is to wrap up a few thinkable thoughts and inoculate them into the minds of people drifting towards the cognitive dulling. An even more mentally atrophied population: everything that is absorbed by *their* news reports becomes true, the rest is false – that's it! Just like our [dull] friends Borgy and Sally: "If they said it in the holonews report, it must be true" – can you remember, Giordaire?

Sure, but let's sleep on it now. See you tomorrow in the office.
goodnight Zarya.

Alright, Giordaire, as usual;

Goodnight, Heinz. [Heinz seems to be so tired; that challenge has shattered him.

And yet, he doesn't seem only tired; he seems to be suffering.]

Bzzzz.

Yang, this failure comes from your obsessive question remained totally outstanding. You didn't find any special meaning in the constitutional oxymoron, and meanwhile you changed your mind on everything: on filters, on Golemith... even on poetry!

Zarya! [*let's breathe deeply...*] My Yin... you're right. Maybe I throw myself with too much energy against filters because the question, more than outstanding, remained misunderstood... yes, that's how it is: *misunderstood*. But it's essential to understand a question before attempting to answer it. But then...

Yang, won't you start again, I hope.

You know, Zarya, the question was asked starting from my mental scheme...

Obvious!

Obvious, but it was not evident. Maybe, with *your* different mental schemes, we could answer my question about the oxymoron meaning; are you in?

OK, but it's the last time, I swear. Better: you swear!

Sure Yin, I swear: it's our last attempt.

Giordaire, I'm on your side, one more time, because I'm aware that many people need someone to believe in a more human future, and you really believe in it.
me again with new enthusiasm.

Your appreciation on what I'm trying to do charges

Moreover, I'm on your side because I understand that you can't get it without me.

It's what I've been trying to tell you... since 13 years.

And so, Giordaire, let's finally sing in choir!

I love you, my Yin! But despite of this intense love... I must involve again Heinz in this *ménage*.
You, pig!

CALL HEINZ.

[what's up...? Giordaire again?] You really can't do without me?

Heinz, before confessing unlikely physical attraction towards you... pull out Pizia.

Giordaire, won't you...

I promised to Zarya, and so to you too: this is the last time.
what's in his mind now?] Pizia is ready. Giordaire, I don't even ask you which text do you want to analyze.

In this case... I'm coming. [But

Good; type it.

Ok: *dear Pizia*, please analyze for *the last time*... DIALOGUE DICTATORSHIP;
well, typed. Now, in which new cultural contexts it must be translated?

Well, Heinz, in your lab we've already tested the military and political ones, but...

Try then with an emotive context.
and Pizia converts the oxymoron in...

OK, Zarya, let's try; I'm inserting the context... EMOTIVE

DIALOGICAL IMPULSE.

In fact, the Dialogue is also an instinctive and deep human impulse; that's interesting.

Try now with a different context... sentimental.
then, SENTIMENTAL context, and here's the oracle:

Zarya, I don't think that... anyway, let's try;
EXCLUSIVE LOVE FOR DIALOGUE.

It doesn't mean too much to me. Zarya, do you want to try other contexts in which to convert that cursed oxymoron?

Let's see... [I fear to be mocked by them both, but I promised to myself to express every thought, even irrational. Thanks, Judith!] It comes to my mind a memory of childhood; during a school trip in Greece, I noticed a symbol on Delphi's temple: E.

It's curious, Zarya... did E, the Civilization of Dialogue, exist even in the ancient Greece? No Heinz, of course not. Then I asked to the guide its meaning, and she explained how the mysterious symbol could represent a word in the ancient Sumer language: a *religious* language for Assyrian, Babylonian and Accadian people. In that case, its meaning becomes: House of the God.

And so, my Yin...? And so...? But then, Giordaire, you too are cloned!

Good one, Zarya! Score one for Zarya. Did you get it, Giordaire?

C'mon, my beloved dull, try with [let's see their reaction...] *religious*.

Zarya, it's been many years since religions extinguished. Brainstorming is ok, but I'd like never to hear speaking again about ancient religions and their interested Otherworld marketing, carried on by the despising Thisworld. [Still, I promised myself to listen more carefully to other choristers... my dear Yin... Yes, I'll listen to your proposal, I'll listen even to religiosity, although I don't believe it can reveal the inner meaning of E.] Sorry for my reaction, Yin. Heinz, let's try with this [useless] religious context.

Good; I'm just typing and Pizia will provide us another of her incomprehensible oracles, like... [oh my!]

Heinz, why does it take so much to Pizia?

It's not Pizia, it's me that...

C'mon, Heinz, you're making me anxious. How does she semantically translate the oxymoron in the new religious context?

GOD ORDERS TO KNOW!

"God"? To know...? But this is an oxymoron even wierder than the previous one. An oxymoron of an oxymoron... Heinz, clearly Pizia is not fully aware of the meaning of what she translates.

Giordaire, *listen* to the message; don't close yourself in preconditioned schemes. You suspect the inexistence even of the dictatorship, but you consider that absolutely irrelevant for our society's good operation and solidity.

True, but I feel like falling from a problem to a puzzle: the God of the Bible ordered to Adam and Eve *not* to feed themselves from the tree of knowledge of evil and good; he wanted them to be eternally ignorant. Now, Pizia announces a religious meaning of the dictatorship oxymoron that contradicts this cultural bedrock.

Yang, Pizia seems to be suggesting the existence of an Anti-Eden, where the ban to eat from the tree of knowledge is removed, and everyone is required to *know*. You, Heinz, what do you think about it?

I share your reflection; I don't know how incoherent is Pizia's answer compared to any cultural bedrock, but it's surely coherent with the development of our Dialogue Civilization. In fact, it's exactly what the disappeared Prime Prosopon wished for: to develop individuals with a deep self-knowledge and awareness of their precious uniqueness. Giordaire... Giordaire...? No, you can't... you promised!

I promised it was our last attempt to deeply understand our civilization and ourselves; I confirm that this is the last one.

So, I have to go, I wish you a good...

Surely, but let's meet at midnight for a new virtual agorà.
our last defeat?

But Giordaire, who will join us after

I don't know, Heinz, but the ones who are really aware of the ongoing human entropy, and believe in the possibility to invert its tendency, can't refuse the possibility to free our mind and heart from the upcoming submission. They can't refuse the opportunity to recreate a new Eden, or as Zarya better said, an Anti-Eden. The religious interpretation of the constitutional oxymoron, precluded to me because I refused that context, is maybe unveiling us its deepest and most hidden meaning: the Dialogue Ethics and the filters improve our capacity to know. Now I understood. Thanks, Yin.

[My Yang admits his limit... and he thanks me even for its crossing; the moon is bigger than yesterday, and my heart even more clutched.]

Do you remember what Zaratho learned from the latest lesson of philosophy? Yes, our son was deeply impressed by the possibility of ultraworlds, or of possible successive worlds of rational thinking, emotions, feelings, mystics...

Correct, Yin, and every world overtakes the previous one by enriching it. In particular, the world of Feelings should be an extension of the world of Reason, beyond any rational limit. Giordaire, you mean beyond absurd, incoherent, paradoxical and...

Yes, Heinz: even beyond the limits of nonsense. We shouldn't aim at filter paralysis, but at their expansion beyond the current logical-syntactic limits. Giordaire, would you like to teach feelings to filters?

[Strange coincidence: also in the last global Dialogue council they proposed to teach filters the 4 Buddhist Virtues, and Feelings with them.] Why not, Heinz?

I don't know how to create into the filters a cognitive space of a higher level than the one already installed. I don't know either what does it mean to push them beyond the current semantic spectrum, beyond their extreme limit of nonsense... which is the limit of madness.

Maybe, Heinz, but madness could be a ferry between the worlds of Reason and Feelings. And from there, maybe, to Mystics. Who knows...

Yang, are you dreaming new poetical verses able to project one of their meanings beyond the limit of nonsense? Exact, Zarya; I'm looking for transcendental verses.

Transcendental verses... I'd rather call them Golden Verses, for their highest human value, or better, singular: the *Golden Verse*.

"The Golden Verse"... yes, I like it. Dear Yin, you also baptized these new verses we'll surely find. [And the moon attends, with its wide eye, to our golden madness.] Heinz, beyond the limit of nonsense, there is nothing, isn't there? *Almost nothing*, Giordaire: can't you remember?

Oh yes: the spare semantic strings. Heinz, please: find in that *almost* anything that allows us humans to enrich the cognitive schemes of filters, instead of the contrary.

Mission impossible, but I'm used to it: although I'd find the entry door to introduce feelings in filters, who will provide the key? Which feeling do we need to inoculate, first? With which Golden Verse, of which we only have the name?

That's why I want to call a new agorà and... Zarya, what are you looking for on my phone, which is so interesting that you no longer listen to me? Bah, I started searching the Shell for pertinent connections with the Feeling of Respect.

Zarya, I do approve this choice with all my heart: in fact, Respect is the first feeling to be inoculated, to allow other feelings to root more easily. It's the feeling able to invert the emotive entropy, because it opens us without conditions to other feelings and to the other's sense; did you find any interesting clue in the Shell?

Yes: 20 million pertinent connections; so it means nothing. So...

So, I well know what to do, Giordaire, I'm increasing selection parameters with... let's see... what does characterize Respect? Respect is to be interested in the *Other*, Zarya.

Well, I add: OTHER; then? Respect is *to listen* to the Other.

TO LISTEN; then? Well, obviously it is a *Dialogue* with the Other.

DIALOGUE. If we want to exaggerate with selection criteria, risking to get no result from the Shell, then consider Respect as a form of common song, as we've already shared.

Yes, I like it; now I'm adding also... this keyboard is not so comfortable... SONG among the selection parameters and... [again? It's incredible! What a coincidence; I don't even believe in coincidences...]

Yin, did you win something bothering you?

Yang... guess what appeared.

So, how can I guess? Does it really exist a poem able to express all these ideas? Verses I already know? I'm very ignorant in poetry... but wait. Now I can remember: you randomly found wonderful verses last time...

Exactly, Yang, Heinz, listen to them you too:

Man has lived much since morning,
since we are Dialogue,
and we listen to each other;
but soon we'll be song.

Beautiful! My best compliments, Zarya, for having revealed us so... so... so poetic verses.

My compliments to you, Heinz, for the *highest* semantic weight of your comment; how much does it weigh... 1 or 2 freges? You're funny; score one for you. But... is it really our Golden Verse?

Well, guys, I found it and my vote is yes; listen again to it with your heart [are you able to listen too, Moon?]

[Man has lived much...] [... we are Dialogue...] [... we listen to each other...]

[... we'll be song.]

So guys, do you like it? Yes, Yin, it's beautiful and enlightening, it's Golden!

Yes, Zarya: I vote for this Golden Verse too.

The first time I only saw an evolutive meaning in *soon we'll be song*; now I can see other and deeper meanings: it speaks about Dialogue as a human essence, up to the limits of nonsense: *soon we'll be song*.

From psychology to poetry critics; good, Zarya. Now you only need to restructure the filters.

Ehi no, Heinz, that's up to you, or I'll be doing all the job; only you can discover how these verses could modify filters to make them more suitable for human Dialogue.

Easy to say, Zarya; first, we must start from a serious semantic analysis of the verses. *Man has lived so much* will be catalogued by a really dull filter in the category of true. And that's a good starting point, for us.

And then, Heinz?

With *since we are Dialogue*, filter may enter a first dilemma: it will evaluate the verse as false.

And where's the dilemma, then?

The true decisional dilemma arises when it accesses its buffers of ethical rules, and spots the absolute positivity, and so acceptability, of any association with Dialogue. In fact, we live in the Dialogue Civilization, and Dialogue is the essence of Human Beings; we all studied it: "Human Being is what dialogues".

I understood, Heinz: how could a filter reject a statement, which it considers semantically false, but ethically perfect?

Right, Zarya. This first paradoxical dilemma will torment the filter and, we hope, its superior too. With the verse *and we listen to each other*, filters take note of a neutral statement, and learn the basis of Respect, i. e. the mutual listening between Human Beings.

Is that all, Heinz? It's not that much, Giordaire, but the jump to the superior level could come from the last statement: *soon we'll be song*.

A jump towards what? I've no idea yet, but let's try to understand through dialogue; last statement is truly beyond the previous paradox; moreover, it starts from there turning suddenly in a nonsense. How to push the Verse interpretation beyond nonsense, and what would we find, I don't know.

How can I help you, Heinz? By putting suitable questions, Zarya, to be submitted to filters to evoke the deepest meanings of the Golden Verse. I'm preparing them.

Regarding the Verse possible meanings, I've just asked to Pizia an analysis. And so: a semantic weight of 59 thousand freges, and a very wide semantic spectrum, from the category of true to nonsense.

Mine wouldn't be the Infinite Verse, but seems to have much more potential in itself. Yes, Zarya; it seems a wiser verse, better able to reconcile rationality with irrationality. But could we inoculate it into filters?

Guys, it surely inoculates in me! Before, I could understand it very well, now... I can feel it.

Good, Zarya; I'm calling the remaining agoranauts, and let's act with urgency. There's no more time left, this is our last chance.

Ok, I'm going to study filters' internal schemes.

And I'm going to conceive the Golden Questions.

Thanks, Heinz and Zarya... but wait; one more curiosity: Heinz, ask Pizia to translate our dear old Infinite Verse in the new religious context... [Moon, if you are listening to me, please don't listen.]

Giordaire, you changed your mind even on religiosity? Well, I'll *concede you* this last bizarreness. Mmh... let's see... input: I ENLIGHTENED OF IMMENSITY. Context: RELIGIOUS... and Pizia translates it in... [wonderful! How many flowers bloom from this religious context!]

Heinz, please... share. Why that new smile on your face?

Pizia translated the infinite verse in... GOD IN ME.

[Moon, only you can see this tear inside me; please keep it.]

Let's see us in an hour and a half.

Bzzzzzzzz

* * *

How many fools did reply to a new convocation, Giordaire?

We're 16, including myself.

And the others? I can't see Bill, Chuang, Ivan e Bjorn.

They understandably lost their hope.

And should we instead recover it with that new Golden Verse, so vaunted in your last email? I hope so, Oorongurdu.

I read with curiosity the motivation of that last, at least for me, convocation; but I'd like more explanations before wasting more time. Sure, Oorongurdu; you're right.

I was right on the possible counterproductive consequences of our plan too. Sure, Krishmoham. I ask you one more definitive chance, in the short time left before the stable occupation of all communicative channels by filters which are now...

Which are now much more powerful than once because much duller, thanks to us! Right, Felipick; but now we have a great opportunity, well appreciated even in the last global Dialogue council: teach feelings to filters.

Here we are; I hoped I didn't understand well... goodbye, friends. Goodbye, Deng.

Bzzzz

Giordaire, your enthusiasm is useless now. Golemith is sure to win the elections thanks to the last wave, caused by us, of incoherent speeches, false problems, insults and politic rallies we managed to avoid since many years. That's the point, Hansjey: we're short in time and only the enthusiasm of *everybody* can catch this last chance.

Explain us better this last chance, Giordaire.

Sure, but I leave the word to Heinz, who...

Here I am; a strong line noise was flattening your images in my holoscreen: you were all like kings of diamonds, queens of hearts and jacks of spades. I answer shortly to the clarification request: regarding our previous action, the new hope is in an opposite view of the matter. [How to explain the bizarre religious nature of the view? Better to omit this information, for the moment. Yes, I know... in this way I infringe the 2nd Commandment, but...] And so, Heinz, which is this different view?

Instead of blocking filters, we aim to their evolution towards a human sensibility, i. e. towards Feelings.

Are you asserting the possibility to avoid our coercion, by coercing them? And with what? With new verses, this time *miraculous*?

Yes, Teofu: with verses able to inoculate a feeling even in a dull filter.

Which feeling?

The Feeling of Respect.

The feeling of respect...? Sorry, my friends... the roast is burning and I must be really going.

Bzzzz

Goodbye, Teofu.

And why not?

What did you say, Krishmoham...?

And why not? Why give up a chance to teach a feeling to advanced softwares, even more a feeling that feeds other feelings, i. e. Respect? Filters are a sliver of reality, as we are a grain in the universe. Dialogically, filters are more limited than us [even if for a short while...] but not for that less worthy. Our human richness is preserved even in our interlocutor: *every* interlocutor. We always need an Other to become ourselves. Let's teach and enrich them; the income of that investment could be immense. Let's *respect* filters, and their hard job.

Krishmoham become a fervid worshipper of filters...

No, Ibn, I don't worship filters at all; but I've argued a new world to gain from their near-human evolution.

As you wish, but... my roast is burning too; goodbye.

Bzzzz...

Goodbye Ibn. Let's go on with those who stayed: it's a sign of deep faith in this possible miracle that...

Not yet, Giordaire; I'm waiting for a detailed explanation of your new plan.

Me too.

And me too.

Sure, Oorongurdu, Hansjey and Ursulann... Heinz, it's up to you.

Ok, I continue from the Feeling of Respect inoculable into filters thanks to the following verses, discovered by Zarya:

Man has lived much since morning,
since we are Dialogue,
and we listen to each other;
but soon we'll be song.

Beautiful!
for...?

They seduced me...

Me too!

Are they heavy enough

Sure, Felipick.

But they are verses from *Celebration of Peace* by my mad poet! I could have suggested them...

The important thing, my friend Asclero, is that *he* suggested us the possible solution to our problem... 2 centuries ago. The title of the poetry is also a good omen. Heinz, go on with the details of the plan.

To summarize the technical details, I measured semantic weight and spectrum of that Verse: weight is equal to 59 thousand freges, nothing exceptional, but semantic spectrum is really wide, i. e. from true to nonsense.

Infinite Verse was much heavier than this one, but it didn't work.

Sure, Medea, but the aim now

is not to paralyze filters with too many interpretations, but to take them gradually beyond their nonsense limit, to inoculate just one interpretation, but great.

I understand, but...

Now I'll explain to you better, Medea; actually, I'll explain better to myself too: the hypothesis of transcendental cognitive schemes was formulated just an hour ago, and I still have to understand it fully.

Heinz, be short.

As usual, Giordaire. Beyond the filter's operative string, divided into the 2 sections of possible and impossible...

Thanks, Heinz, but please avoid us a revision of semantical structures.

Surely, Asclero; but... I

must absolutely tell you something about Level 2 cognitive categories.

What's that?

I already told you about the presence of backup semantic strings into filters. Their activation is expected only in case of a failure in the operative semantic string. Designers set these backup strings in sequence, one behind the

other, to save precious memory space. Do you understand?

I don't!

Me neither.

What should we understand, Heinz?

I guessed so... but can you imagine what's just beyond the nonsense limit in the operative string?

The true category of the first back-up string?

Exactly, Kazujiyn. Practically, the 2 extreme

thresholds coincide. Just a little semantic jump and hup!, you pass from nonsense to true. With the simultaneous presence of 2 active strings, an operative and a backup one, we'll have 2 distinct categories of true. That's why I distinguished them in "level 1 true" and in "level 2 true". Similarly, when other backup strings were activated one by one, we would have "level 3", "level 4", etc. cognitive categories, and I suppose they could correspond to different "logical levels": the great deceivers of philosophers and mathematicians, for ages.

You refer for example to the mistake caused by logical level confusion between Worker and Working Class, responsible of the transmutation of Marxist ideals into dictatorships?

Anita, I see you know well both logic and history. But in addition of representing successive logical levels, I think that backup strings can even correspond to different mental contexts, to different worlds, i. e. to successive otherworlds.

Heinz, do you mean: world of reason, feelings...? But beyond nonsense there is only madness.

Maybe, Anita; but the ancient Greeks attributed precisely to madness the role of mediator between the world of mortals and the one of gods. Moreover, how many great philosophers and poets were sacrificed to Madness, while opening for all Humanity the gates to new dimensions of thinking!

I begin to understand those blessed levels; how many are them.

In filters, Susaya, 6 reserved

strings adding to the operative one, i. e. 7; in ourselves... I don't know. Designers have accidentally arranged in the filter's silicon brain that transcendental structure, but just as a sort of spare parts warehouse. Moreover, they arranged these backup strings with all the cognitive categories correctly balanced; by activating them, each filter will reacquire that cognitive balance with which it was created.

Therefore, is each following cognitive level acquired just by breaking the previous border of madness?

In a certain sense yes, Asclero, although I have no idea of what does it mean practically.

Maybe they correspond to more articulated feelings...

Maybe, Zarya.

Those more complex feelings should deserve the attribute of *mystic* and even of *enlightening*.

Maybe, Kazujiyn; it's plausible that a very complex expression could represent much more than a concept or a feeling.

In fact, Heinz; I was really thinking of an expression built by a paradoxical term of cognitive level 1, i. e. censurable by a filter, and by a realistic one of level 2, acceptable only for an advanced filter: I think it reflects well the structure of the Respect Feeling.

Interesting, Kazujiyn; go on.

Respect is a very complex and ambiguous feeling, in a reality ruled by a view of Humanity in terms of *homo homini lupus*, for which each individual naturally assaults the other to foster his survival. How can I respect a potential enemy? How many risks in respecting who could wound me by taking advantage of my feeling? All of this makes this feeling paradoxical.

And so?

And so, Felipick, it clearly exists a superior cognitive level in which this paradoxical feeling can realistically find its peace, by conciliating the risk of respect for a potential enemy with the opportunity of a collaboration that can strengthen each other. But *realistically*, without any certainty. Here's the DNA of Respect, built by 2 genes: a paradoxical and a realistic one, but of a higher cognitive level.

Absolutely realistic, Kazujiyn.

Really interesting, I'd say even...

Enlightening!

If you think my analysis is right, then higher levels [the 7th level...?] may introduce us to the Zen Enlightening I've been pursuing for all my life: the *Satori*! What do you think, Giordaire?

I wish you to be on the right way to get it, Kazujiyn. My compliments to Heinz for that interesting discovery, and to Kazujiyn for his speech; we still need to understand how to transcend at least the first cognitive level of filters, by making a jump beyond its extreme threshold of nonsense. Our first goal is to land on the possible string of higher level, i. e. level 2.

All that is like quantic jumps between atomic orbits: each one is reachable only by electrons that could acquire the required impulse of energy.

Good analogy, Hansjey. But I see you want to go further...

Yes, from Greek mythology to physics, reality expresses itself always with jumps that connect and conciliate different worlds; there must be something similar also between reason and feelings.

My friends, spurred on by Hansjey, let's conciliate those worlds so vital for us. [Noise again on this three-dimensional screen; this time a leg of Hansjey was breking my nose.]

Very beautiful and interesting, my friends, but last survey puts Golemith at 99,999 percent of consensus; we're the only ones missing that call, I guess.

Thanks, Susaya, for these well-timed reminders.

Heinz, how can we activate this transcendental structure into filters to inoculate Respect?

If I knew it... I only know we must prepare question ables to evoke in their silicon brain a precise series of meanings, to let at least one of them passing beyond the current cognitive limit, beyond level 1 of nonsense; but how to do it... I don't know. [Yet, there must be an opportunity thanks to the contiguity of semantic strings.]

[What a mess.] [If neither Heinz has any idea of what to do...] [We will never get it!]

Agoranàuts, don't give up!

I have an important doubt. [As usual, Felipick.] We all were *worried* for the absence of your doubts since more than 3 minutes...

If the Verse works, if Heinz's hypothesis is true, and if we really can expand the cognitive structure of a filter... supposing that, how will this modification spread to all the others?

[Yes, good question. I didn't think of it.]

[Heinz seems to be very worried.]

[Even worse...]

I was sure my doubt was a valid one.

Indeed, Felipick, it's a critical issue; unfortunately, I can't think of any spontaneous propagation mode.

I knew we could never get it!

Maybe I have an idea to overtake Felipick's pessimism.

Please, Hansjey: recharge my weak hope.

Listen, Heinz: the hateful Antarctic filter wasn't born

dull, but it became dull by fitting its local cultural context, didn't it?

Sure, Hansjey, and then...?

Then, it was used a lot by local populations because it was efficient and fast, i. e. it didn't get lost in semantic evaluations unproductive for those areas; the more they used it, the more the filter fitted itself to very simple communicative situations, and its cognitive dullment made it more efficient, faster and...

I got it! Good observation, Hansjey: *If the eye wasn't solar, it could never see the sun.* Is it what you mean?

That's it, Heinz: the function of an organ reflects a specific environment, and so the eye was formed *by* light for the light. In the same way, filters...

Friends, *now* I have the solution, thanks to Hansjey's intuition! Antarctic filters became slightly dull because of the very limited language used by local population. Antarctic population started then to experience the first censures of occasional expressions just a bit more complex. Hence filters were formed by dullness *for* dullness.

Now I've understood too, dear colleague Hansjey: this is an evident case of reflexive adaptation.

Right, Asclero.

Now, which is the functional goal of a filter, where it expresses its *appetite*, Heinz?

Their goal is to handle communicative traffic: filters *want* to be used. A filter not so much used attracts the inquiring attention of the global filter, and then tries to emulate other local filters more successful around it, to avoid the risk of being substituted.

Is it *jealous*?

Yes, in a cybernetic sense, i. e. it's driven by its failures, and by negative signals it receive from higher filters, to emulate other colleagues' excellent behaviours. The emulation consists in asking the excellent filter the transferring of some memory sectors, in which useful datas and experiences are stored. The request can concern even the transferring of its cognitive structure.

This evolutive mechanism is unfeasible now.

Why, Anita?

You ask me why? Because now all the filters are dull in the same way.

You're right; I evidently removed our recent counterproductive action, that disappointed the constructivism supporters, confident in the possibility to intentionally plan their efforts. Great was instead the satisfaction of anti-constructivism supporters, who claimed to watch out from that arrogance. [I'm so depressed now, but...]

[Heinz is right: it's useless to build such ambitious plans and projects: we can't control them.]

[Goodbye hopes]

[Now, stop; I'm going to greet them.]

But... maybe there's an *anti-anti-constructivist* chance.

Heinz, are you joking to confuse our ideas?

No, I don't want to confuse you. Maybe... maybe

we can exploit the undesired effect of our previous unlucky attempt.

h; hasn't it, Heinz?

I bet on Heinz's geniality.

I'm sure your intuition is good;

explain it.

Very simple, my friends: local filters are all similarly dull, aren't them?

Unfortunately.

On the contrary: it's good! Being dull, they tend to reject expressions without considering any dilemma, and even less asking their higher level filters to consider any. This generates an initially higher amount of rejected communications, with consequent higher frustration of individuals willing to humanly communicate. This holds true until they fit the new communicative level. For individuals with a very malleable mind, a couple of weeks are enough; I'm thinking of youngsters, especially of children.

What do we have to do, Heinz?

At this stage, Giordaire, it's sufficient to convert *a few* filters to Respect, and they will immediately accept a huge variety of communications.

Then, Heinz, it's sufficient that people become aware of the presence of some less severe filters, and suddenly they will exploit them to communicate more and better.

Sure, Anita, and also if they don't realize it, we will tell them. Then, the growing traffic in more evolved filters will match to a minor use of dull filters; these last ones will react with the emulation of new *sentimental* filters, more beloved my human communicators.

Wonderful idea, Heinz! And... the detailed plan? Here it is, Felipick: we select a reasonable number of local filters very far from each other and in different cultural areas, i. e. a local filter for each hierarchic filter.

But they are 666! Don't worry, Felipick; we are 13 left, and each of us will take care of fifty local filters. It's a hell of a job, but not impossible.

And how do we take care of them? Medea, this is my idea, in a few words: each of us will inoculate the Feeling of Respect in the assigned filters by using the Golden Verse. The question is fundamental, better: the *sequence* of questions is fundamental! You'll send them to me; I will put them to the nominated filter, and I will answer using 3 sections of our Verse. The first question will allow the filter to accept the first reply as *true*, so we will immediately deceive it and prepare it to evaluate the following Dialogue sequence. Your second question will take the filter to evaluate a *false* meaning of the new reply it's receiving, and it would reject it immediately, but... there's an important *but*: the filter, even if dull, will have to debate a dilemma between the just caught *false* meaning and a positive ethical rule to be accepted.

And which is this ethical rule that can create a dilemma into a filter?

The association declaimed in the Verse between *man* and *dialogue*: semantically false, but, in our Dialogue Civilization, ethically absolutely true. From here, the paradoxical dilemma springs.

Interesting... that's the power of Poetry.

Now, by exploiting this paradoxical dilemma, we push each filter in a sterile area of theirs, i. e. the negative semantic area invaded by nonsense. So: as soon as we push it beyond false with a *paradoxical* dilemma, the poor filter finds itself groping in the unusual nonsense category.

And... then?

And then, Medea... [I can hear the drum roll now!] the big semantic jump: to the third question I'll reply with the last Verse's section that expresses an evident nonsense; this will push the filter towards what *should have been* its nonsense limit, when it was still balanced. For our dull filter, instead, already busy with the monster of nonsense, another shove towards that cognitive limit could cause its passing. So it will surprisingly find itself in the true category of the higher level string.

If I do understand, our filter, after activating the new higher level string, finds a *level 2* true meaning for an expression that initially was true, then false, paradoxical and, in the end, nonsense. That's incredible! It really seems a *Satori*: the Zen Enlightening so hard to find for us Human Beings.

Prepare yourself, Kazujiyn: we will actually try the same procedure on you!

Thanks, Heinz; I do appreciate your humour very much.

And then?

It's simple, Felipick: when I'll see on my screen the status, let's call it *enlightenment*, of the chosen filter, you will start to teach other filters by communicating with my automatic reply system. In the meanwhile, I will recommend the educated filters to all possible cultural clubs in which we surely will find many lovers of a rich and *colored* Dialogue. They could eventually abuse of the re-educated filters by battering them with poetical Dialogues and, with a bit of luck, they would activate other higher level strings too. In the end, for successive emulation by filters still dull and almost unemployed...

The Feeling of Respect and its cognitive structure will be replicated and widespread.

Exactly, Asclero.

The Feelings will come back to re-educate the population of E to healthy and balanced Dialogue, and this will be our victory!

Candidate Golemith announced his almost sure victory with a big banquet in the centre of Calicut. Surveys don't leave any doubt, and the next global curator promises...

Please, Susaya: turn that interactive holonews report off.

I'm sorry... but it reminds us how

desperate our challenge is.

Desperate, Susaya, but not lost yet.

Giordaire, there are less than 2 weeks left to the election, and the time is absolutely not enough to invert human entropy. How could we, in so short time, stimulate a new need of free expressions, and make Golemith's politic program suspicious to his voters? There's no time left!

Susaya, you're *nearly* right. Our last real hope relies just in the *arrogance* of Golemith's plan and of the hypothetic lobby supporting him. Their global domination plan is based on the steady and fast trend towards a greater human entropy. The system to rule is very complex, with interactions between human beings and artificial life, financial interests and daily human needs, their interested diffusion of news and the needs of Information-God. This one expects *even* from lobby-driven news reports an always greater amount of new and astonishing news, otherwise risking indifference and general disinterest.

But Giordaire, *how* to invert the tendency...

Don't forget that we've 2 acting rival tendencies: one visible, of cognitive and emotive degeneration, the other underground, of some individuals with a growing need to express themselves more humanly. Therefore: in a so complex system even a *butterfly wing beat* in your house can cause unpredictable consequences in the global financial system. I've no doubt on the *extreme instability* of their so daring plan, simply because it's arrogant.

I confirm Giordaire's reasoning: the plan is too arrogant, and very little is needed to make it implode; I know it very well.

How can you be so sure, Heinz?

To assure the ambitious goals of such a complex system, all its gears must foster themselves at a very steady rhythm. If just one gear doesn't work at the required speed to support the other's speed, then the system can even suffer an involution that feeds itself to a collapse, even suddenly.

And what are we waiting for? Don't waste any more time, Heinz, and explain us how to put a little sand grain in their majestic and arrogant domination mechanism.

More than happy to answer, Susaya. Here's the list of local filters you will teach Respect to. Moreover, here are the 3 questions prepared by Zarya, to which my software will reply with 2 Golden Verse's sections.

Can you explain them in detail?

Sure, Susaya. The first question is: "Hi Heinz, I'd like to ask you 3 questions, and the first is: How long have you been living with Mary?" To this banal question I'll reply: "Man has lived much"; a banal reply absolutely true for the filter. Now the filter is waiting for 2 more questions, preparing itself to draw an opinion on our Dialogue only at the end of the sequence.

Understood; and which is the second question, Heinz?

Here it is, Medea: "So do you respect Mary?", and my automatic system replies: "since morning, since we are Dialogue and we listen to each other"; here comes the filter's dilemma facing the *paradox* hidden in an answer it would reject, but it can't. It'd like to reject the expression *we are Dialogue* because semantically false, but ethical rules of Dialogue Civilization impose it to accept the association between *we* and *dialogue*. Moreover, with *we listen to each other*, the filter learns a context that we Humans call Respect.

Heinz, and when the enlightenment...

Yours or of the filter, Kazujiyn?

Heinz, do you think it's the right moment to joke?

Sorry. Paradoxical dilemma immediately takes the dull filter to debate in an unknown area, i. e. in the nonsense category, that invaded *the whole* impossible string, and so the paradoxical area too.

And now, Heinz, you promised us the semantic jump with...

With the third and last question: "Does your mutual respect change and enrich you?" My answer "Sure, because... soon we'll be song!" is absolutely nonsense for the filter that is already groping in that category. It must somehow categorize this nonsense *beyond* nonsense in which it's already sinking in. If it was human, it'd consider it mad, but it's just a filter and it can't.

And now, Heinz, does the filter jump in the Otherworld?

Yes, Ursulann; the filter trespasses the first cognitive string limit, it transcends it and... here it is in a new unexpected true threshold. With a true-nonsense-true sequence, the filter can't reject the Dialogue and will easily accept in the future other similar Dialogues, thanks to the activated second cognitive string. He learned Respect! The filter is in an otherworld of *balanced* cognitive categories, of a higher level. It's up to us to trigger that process on all filters and, with the help of many poet friends, to further expand these otherworlds, rebalancing in this way the categories before atrophied.

Sure, Heinz; we can do it! Sit in front of the screen and start monitoring my first target.

Let's

see what do you do with your first pupil, Giordaire. Good, you started well with the first couple of question and answer... excellent the second one... filter has all its bits in alert, it takes time before asking help to its hierarch... it hopes in the third question... here it is... c'mon... c'mon... I hoped in a faster decision caused by dullness but maybe the dilemma is more demanding than we thought.

Heinz, in this moment the local filter is permissive, isn't it?

Sure, Anita; you can already take

advantage of its decisional stalemate to communicate freely, but we've higher targets now: we want to educate it.

Well, it's important that it didn't reject suddenly this last verse so... nonsense.

True, Hansjey,

but let's hope it doesn't take so much time to carry out the decisive semantic jump, otherwise that will jeopardize the timing of our educative plan. For the moment, please start now the education of how many filters you can; I'll update you every 10 minutes.

Thanks, Heinz.

[Strange... why does it stay so long in this state? Go on, you will never be able to understand that reply, damned dull filter! It's at a stalemate and it can't decide anything; that's not good. C'mon, my little filter... there's only one more step left from the nonsense threshold... and you've 3 seconds left from the *time-out* that disqualifies you at the eyes of your boss and all your colleagues. Oh, c'mon! One more little effort... go... good... bingo! It worked! I was losing my hope. It all forged ahead as I thought, except for times longer than expected. I'm going to warn 10 thousand cultural clubs around the world on the new dialogical availability of filter L131F11S3, now *respectful* even of poetic communications: let's take advantage of it!]

My friends, the first filter has been educated! Now let's educate the remaining 665...
Heinz, for the wonderful news; it inoculates enthusiasm!

Thanks,

[But why does it take so much time? There is something I don't like in this story. But sure, it's obvious: they are dull. Fastest in taking simple decisions and so slow in facing dilemmas. Let's imagine to classify a sentence beyond the extreme level of nonsense. I fear this timing can grow in filters which choose to emulate one with greater traffic. Who knows how much will it take them to ask their so envied colleagues a new semantic structure;

maybe 5 or 10 minutes. Maybe even more! Damned dullness, once again it turns against us. How to say it to my friends, so busy in... Sure, dear old Heinz, you're a genius! Till I say it to myself... I won't say anything to my friends, and I'll send to all cultural clubs another list of filters to be educated, together with the instructions for the correct use of the Golden Verse; so they will contribute to educate filters too. If it works, we can recover the slowness of this process with the amount of filters already educated. Yes, it must work. Now... I'm sending the messages... mail is slow... here it is: 10 thousand messages sent to cultural clubs. Well, there's nothing left than to wait their enthusiastic replies.]

Friends, you're doing well! 12 more filters already transcended their dullness. Wonderful, go on like this.

[Damn! A first reply, from the Poetic Club of London: "We are sorry... the previous filters paralysis caused... blah-blah-blah..." Sceptics! So much culture and no faith. Ah, another message... from the Literary Club of Moscow: "We are sorry... blah-blah-blah... we don't think suitable, with the coming ballot..." Other hopeless sceptics. We will do without you. Ouch, 15 more messages from... what does it say? "We are not anymore young and lively for these games..." *Games...*? But these are not skeptical, they are depressed! That's ok: 10 thousand clubs less twenty, it's not an issue! But I can't see any transmission of the Golden Verse in the Shell, other than the ones sent by my friends; is it possible? Are they all skeptical, depressed, or maybe only asleep? Why nobody joins? Why are they all so incredulous, without a grain of utopia in their hearts? Mmmmh... Felipick is right: in 13 we will never do it, due to the long decisional timing of dull filters, and the apathy of cultural clubs. Even Bill is right: we're fucked up! I can't keep lying to my friends, I must say the truth and admit... Here it is! Here's finally a Golden Verse being processed in a Colombo local filter... *Colombo*? The pariah's reserve? But who sent it? Let's see... let's see... and who are them...? I don't know... They should have intercepted my message in the Shell. Bah! Let's see what happens... Gee! 150 more Golden Verses were sent, intercepting as many filters in different areas of the globe. 350... 970... it seems a firework that lights up the sky of a thousand stars! Beautiful... already 2012 Golden Verses were sent from Colombo! And at least 980 local filters were converted to Respect. Wonderful! But who are these unexpected friends from the... *Mute Poets Club*? In the middle of the pariah's reserve... incredible! Here's our Duke of Wellington helping and rescuing us! Thanks Thanks Thanks! And they keep on... more than 7 thousand Golden verses in orbit. They educated also the Antarctic local filter and its hierarch, the parents of all dull filters... exceptional! This result coming from Sri Lanka is beyond unpredictability, beyond fortune... it seems destiny! Let my friends think it's all thanks to them. One more violation of the 2nd Commandment and I will be sent to a pariah's reserve. But who are those Mute Poets? They surely don't have a pseudomus, but... maybe I can find something in the shell with one of my skilled raids. Oh yes, here it is. Let's listen...]

... poets refugees out of the world ruled by healthy dialogical rules, looking for illimitate expressive potentials. They dare beyond language limits searching for "Colored Dialogue". They all accepted to pay their search of an utopia in language with madness, perceived or presumed by many prosopa of E. The number of those poets is estimated in more than 7 thousand, concentrated in the pariah's reserve of Sri Lanka. The essence of their creed is in these verses unanimously expressed by their community:

Poets, prophets of the unknown
of that unknown they can be told
only with their silence.

[But... these are the verses proposed by Asclero for our Infinite Verse.]

Heinz, how is it going on? Very well, Giordaire: you all are fantastic. More than 83 percent of filters were already restructured with at least 2 cognitive levels; of which, more than 34 percent register even the activation of 3 levels of cognitive strings.

Great, Heinz; my compliments for your confirmed theory! But we were good too, weren't we...? Sure Ursulann, sure... [we were lucky the Mute Poets immediately undertook the challenge of activating more cognitive levels with new verses. They understood very quickly the Enlightening process. I think they are geniuses, more than fools, but... maybe even these two world touch themselves.]

Now stop! I don't know which game your scientist played last week, but...

Sir, I can't understand it anymore, too. I heard him the following morning and he assured me both on his intentions and on the positive evolution of the last initiative; he asked me to wait just a few days to see the consequences. But in the last few days I tried to reach him to understand exactly which double cross he played, but I can't.

But what the fucking double cross do you think it is, you asshole! It's clear now: *he outsmarted us!* Poetries in the Shell... those pariahs from Sri Lanka... and in the end the Colored Dialogue. People now is dialoguing... *in colors!* And our power machine is getting slower. Listen, Golemith: send it to my mountain refuge; you know which one. Sure, sir; when?

Tonight, at 11 o'clock. We must settle accounts with this party pooper... for the irreparable damages I'm now understanding [ouch, stabs to liver become sharper.]

Sir... must I really send him... to the refuge? He did so much for us; maybe last episode was an unlucky error he could explain us, and...

Do you want to go to the refuge?

No sir, but...

And this was the reliable collaborator of whose loyalty you were sponsor? The good *pater familias*? How many kids has he?

Hello, can you hear me?

Ah, it's you, Golemith.

Sure, but where were you? It's days I'm looking for you! I've been working hard in this period on new models of filter to propose you, and I didn't recover yet the tiredness of the night spent a week ago attempting to definitively domesticate filters... deceiving again my friends.

Listen: don't try to jerk me around! I understood well, although if it's late, what really happened that night.

Golemith, I assure you: I had no idea that the unexpected pariahs jumped out from Sri Lanka were able to...

Now I don't mind; you will explain the details of that fairy tale *tonight* to a very interested sir.

I can't, I'm full of work and I didn't sleep very much since many nights. Moreover, what do I have to explain to this sir? You know well how much I've already done for your project. I even deceived my friends.

You *must* be there. He is an incredibly influential tycoon.

[Oh, what a sinister tone Golemith assumed.]

Can you hear me?

Yes, I'm holding on... ok, Golemith; at what time and where?

Tonight at 11 o'clock, in a mountain refuge I will show you with a message on your telewatch.

You said he's... very influential?

Yes, and it's not a good idea to refuse his invitation.

[Not a good idea...] Ok, I'll see him tonight.

Good. Adieu!

Golemith... adieu!

Chapter XVIII – Apocalypse

Even Apocalypse is cold.

Gabriella Galzio, poet of Otherworlds

Dear holospectators: a rich news report tonight. Our analysts point us out a series of events mysteriously concomitants. Just 2 weeks ago, as you will remember, the whole dialogical quality control system was paralyzed by a shelling game; skilled technicians of Global Gnoseologic Group were anyway able to restore it immediately, but no spokesman of the company was willing to release any declaration about it.

The authors of this brand new game, suddenly appreciated by children of all over the world, decline any invitation to tell us about their childish challenge. Moreover, one of them, called Heinz...

Listen, Zarya; they're talking about Heinz. [Heinz... my friend...]

... appeared again a short time later with a bizarre invitation for thousands of cultural clubs to transmit in the Shell some verses by Hölderlin. The childish hacker didn't cause, this time, any problem to the planetary communication system. A spokesman of GGG declared: "Qualitative certification protocols worked perfectly, as usual".

We remind you again the awakening, in that occasion, of an asleep community of pariahs in the island of Serendip, better known as Sri Lanka; it's made-up by thousands of poets who fled from E's dialogical rules, too restrictive for them.

These poets invaded the Shell with imaginative, senseless and paradoxical poetic messages. They also invited everybody to a greater Dialogic freedom by expressing each opinion with Feelings and not only with dialogical rules.

Can you remember, Yin? When Heinz told me what really happened the first time, I asked him what did he smoke; but he has been really able to stimulate and catch, with his fair mind, the luck which emerged from the remote poetical community of Serendip. How many times I didn't understand him... [sorry, Heinz... if you ever hear me.] C'mon, Giordaire...

They invited the whole World to experience Colored Dialogue. Their name: The Mute Poets. Really bizarre, these pariahs, dear holospectators.

Bizarre? Our savers? These journalists confuse awareness and geniality.

And now we come to today's news.

These Mute Poets announce good news: their forthcoming return in respective origin communities, and they declare themselves ready to respect the educative role of filters.

That's incredible! Did you hear, Giordaire? Good news even in the opening of the holonews report!

Today, our communicative analysts, found another traffic-jam in the Shell, especially in terms of communication control system's activity, which boosts the tendency of last 2 weeks. This activity is now 45 percent higher than the average of last 3 months. According to the opinion of some experts, the cause of this greater activity carried out by filters could be related to the new Colored Dialogue phenomenon introduced by Mute Poets.

The new communicative fashion, widespread especially amongst the youngsters, seems to imply more semantic evaluations from filters; the messages release times are slower than the speed we're used to, and worries are therefore growing for possible communicative inefficiencies.

Now let's continue with politics. Today's candidate Golemith decision not to compete in next elections caused a great surprise. The unanimous consent reached just 2 weeks ago completely vaporized in last week. The only candidate left, Andrew Freeborg, is then sure to get the full contribution to his political budget from voters, and announced both the halving of the recommended contribution for the vote and doubling of fiscal exemptions for his voters.

Are you happy, my Yang?
at is now halved...

Enough, Zarya: Golemith withdraw , but the fiscal exemption to aim

Which is the cause of voters' sudden change of mood? Some interviewed expressed a deep anxiety rising from the prospected extension of filters to other communicative areas - main theme of Golemith's political program. Others confessed a deep sympathy for the call to a colored Dialogue, for which filters are objectively inappropriate.

Our analysts consider these changed opinions regarding filters the true responsables of the previously triumphant Golemith's failure.

[Wow... really smart these analysts.]

And here we come to finance. All stock markets indexes confirmed today their recent decline, dragged by the definitive collapse of more than 6 thousand companies' shares, which experienced relentless increases until 2 weeks ago. Their previous increases appeared exceptional, when compared to the weak trend of stock exchanges. Many small investors, in the last month, rushed to buy these shares, based on bad recommendations of financial analysts, bank tellers, barmen and, even worse, well informed friends.

None of the financial responsables of these companies did provide any explanations to our reporters, while just a week ago many of them were always busy in conferences and holointerviews to explain the reasons of their success.

Our financial studies department spotted a common denominator of all these companies: the advertising agency NewStyle, outstanding in these last months for its innovative advertising style, very harsh and technical. The company is also facing a deep crisis on the edge of bankruptcy.

The mentioned companies had even reduced their commercial collaborators in the last months, due to the spontaneous and growing market demand. But marked demand stopped growing already 2 weeks ago, and now it's ruinously collapsing.

As far as positive news are concerned...

Giordaire, another good news, and in the same holonews report! Once it would take days and days of patient stalking to catch one among the depressing news.

...some companies, among the biggest human capital societies on Earth, created a new fund for privileged microcredit to cultural initiatives, in the areas of literature, painting, poetry and innovative sciences.

Really a good news! Some time ago it would have never passed through, even in lightning subheadings suitable only for barcode readers.

It's true, Yang.

Sorry, dear holospectators. Yes...? No...? Now...? Well: sorry for waiting, but we have an important breaking news.

Oh... even a little of *suspance*. Let's see.

Just 5 hours ago there were found, in a luxurious underground bunker in Jerusalem, the bodies of around thirty wealthy businessmen and businesswomen, whose names are available on our pseudomus, at the address ggg.olonews-evening.E.

The cause of this gruesome massacre is still unknown, but first rumors focus on suicide. We don't know if these well-known and powerful people are belonging to any very severe sect, and who's the possible leader.

Great confusion among friends and parents about their mysterious death, but moreover worries for the dramatic news coming from their more than 6 thousand companies responsible for the recent stock market collapse.

Another disquieting aspect of this discovery concerns the political candidate Golemith's brother, found dead in a small room of the same bunker; the victim had the tongue horribly cut off, and death came only after several hours of painful bleeding. Great interest comes from the blood writing he left on the wall, which you can see in this picture: "Hybr". According to our special reporter, the writing could provide some useful clue about the name either of the sect or of its leader.

Very dull, this *not so* special reporter.
try re-educating him too...

Nobody's perfect, Zarya.

Sure, but we can

We close this evening news report with a new feature: *The child-news*, in which we will daily provide you news reported from children.

This evening, let's baptize this section with the news of Kristha, a 7-year-old Finnish girl. In a few seconds, her holoregistration.

During a party, in a thick wood near my house, I got lost chasing butterflies. I walked, but I could no longer find the way home, and I got lost. I couldn't hear voices, only animals. In the evening, it was getting cold. It's really cold by night, in my little village.

Dark, cold and strange voices: I cried so much. Suddenly, Knisch appeared: my 6-month-old little puppy mom and dad bought me. He had in his mouth my preferred - by him! - wool sock.

He took me back on the right way to mom and dad: they were crying of joy!

Let's greet our young journalist Kristha and her heroic puppy Knisch, and let me invite other children to write us.

Good night, dear holospectators.

But this, Giordaire, is no longer an holonews report, no longer a mass medium: it's reality!

Etopia is founded on Dialogue.

This is the first article of an unwritten Constitution

A second article is not needed.

Philosophy's mission is to develop the ability to ask the right questions, without going around either false problems or ill-posed issues.

Ludwig Wittgenstein,
philosopher of Language

I'll order the same giant crabs; can you remember how fresh and flavored were they, Zarya?
Sure, Susaya; crabs for everybody, then.

And you will order the same Muscadet sur Lie and Sauvignon Blanc. Did you notice it? We're the same of the last supper, when Giordaire raised the question on the sense of Dialogue dictatorship. Same friends, same restaurant... isn't it, Zarya?

True, Susaya, sunset seems to be the same too. [Wonderful, with these red and purple velvets pierced by yellow rays... really a charming view.] Everything seems to be the same.

It seems, but everything changed; nothing is like it appears to be. Isn't it, Giordaire?

Exactly as Susaya says: nothing is like it appears to be. But, Giordaire, how was it all possible, and in such a short time?

It seems incredible to me too, as if everything was planned by destiny. Or it was just the *right* moment for everything to happen. Do you have the same feeling, Asclero?

"The right moment"... maybe you're right, Giordaire, if your question was enough to trigger, as a harmless butterfly's wings flap, a process with sudden and unpredictable consequences. A spontaneous node of events that the ancient Greeks called *kairós*.

Yang, isn't that the same teaching of the Hybris Moral?

You mean, Zarya?

It's arrogance, I mean the ignorance of both one owns and environment limits, which pushes "to fall so much precipitously those who rise too high". This arrogance feeds itself, as the *uroboros*: a legendary snake that fed itself by eating its own tail. Its collapse is announced by its own nature. My Yin, I didn't have any idea you were interested in mythology. In fact, Yang; but *browsing* among your books...

Our friend Zarya well summarized the psychological mechanism that brings pride to transform pleasure first in presumption, and then in arrogance.

I like your comment, Asclero.

And I love your image of the legendary snake closed on itself, ideal symbol of Hybris: a psychotic chain reaction in which arrogance increases and exacerbates. Indeed, arrogance exacerbates the slightest differences from one's obsessive expectations in ill-omened and catastrophic projections, more and more feeding these last ones. Falling from expected success is the most dramatic doom inflicted by Greek gods to who transcended natural limits. Do you agree, Giordaire?

Yes, Asclero's speech is perfectly suitable even for those powerful and envied businessmen: they lived with paranoid distress the slowing down of their mad run, already accustomed to the incredible growth of both their shares, the unanimous political consent, and the irresistible charme of their products. The arrogant take-off of their domination plan came just in the most critic moment, beyond the point of "no return", where slowing down means collapse. Terror pervaded them, shrinking the endless confidence in their power down to final implosion.

Giordaire, so did that hidden lobby really exist, which was imagined by... [oh, now I can't avoid naming him; how stupid I am.] ... Heinz?

Yes... Sally [Heinz... the sad memory of you killed my appetite.]

[Heinz... you weren't at the previous dinner yet. Maybe an ominous omen?] [How much I'd like to have Mary and her children here, and hug them all.] [Where's my handkerchief...]
[Heinz...]

Sorry, I still can't believe it. Where are now his Yin and his beloved daughters?

In Bologna, as dreamed by their, our, Heinz. An unknown hero...

That's it, my Yin: unknown for all who will fully live Feelings, now and in the future, thanks to him. An unknown hero even to his own daughters, who will hardly understand why he preferred to put his life on one of the balance plates of a dramatic dilemma, just to protect their free mental and emotive development. A balance inexperienced in weighing incommensurable values: on one side, the altruistic and democratic individual that has the chance to donate an immense Good to Humanity, on the other, the good *pater familias*, ready to sacrifice that

Good to safeguard his Dears. He became a balance himself, conciliating these contrasting values with a conscious self-sacrifice. A true hero, able to reach the sacred dimension of Absolute Good with his spontaneous behavior. [Heinz... hero...]

[What a loss... an enthusiastic friend... I miss him.]

[Poor Mary...]

An endless sacrifice... for us... for all.

But nobody will ever know about him, Sally.

But Giordaire, they even mentioned in the holonews too...

Sure, but only in the local news report, and those who absorbed it, learned just about the news of a Communication Enterprise SCU technician's accidental death: "a frontal crush with a truck, at night... on a mountain... a truck stolen in a parking just a few hours before... the driver remains unknown after running away without helping the Communication Enterprise SCU technician, who bled to death after an hour".

Poor Heinz, he could be here with us. [What an unfair suffering, what a merciless agony.] So, Giordaire, was it a murder?

Sally, this death came from the last shake of the dying scorpion.

You mean: the powerful lobby,

Giordaire? But how did it happen, exactly?

I only know what his Yin could tell me, between sighs and cryings... of both. Almost a week after our lucky filter sentimental re-education, Heinz had to present himself to a disquieting meeting by night on a mountain. Mary expressed to him all her anxiety and worried that Heinz confirmed with his eyes. When finally Heinz decided not to go anymore, they realized their little Sussy hadn't returned yet from a mountain trip with her beloved friend and her parents. Clutched in the grasp of deepest panic, they tried to call the holophones of Sussy and her friend's parents, but they couldn't connect. Furthermore, the nearest police offices and hospitals had no news about them. They had no news for hours, and Heinz was clouded by the painful picture appearing in his mind: Golemith wanted to be sure of the timely presence of Heinz and, to assure such meeting, he kidnapped the harmless Sussy and even the others. Heinz understood everything, and had no more hesitation: he confessed his Yin immediately all his errors and ingenuities, and greeted her. "Goodbye, my Big Soul. I'm going now, for your future". These were his last words, condensed and collected in his eternal Yin's tears.

["My Big Soul"... Heinz will always be close to the unhappy Mary with these words.] Why did they even murder him, Giordaire? It seems so absurd...

The oligarchic lobby imagined by Heinz was well informed of our initiatives in the transparent Shell. Heinz for a while could appease his contact, the businessman Golemith, showing that the double cross was to his advantage. Precisely, our first failure with the Infinite Verse was cunningly used by Heinz to persuade Golemith of having intentionally obtained the global dulling of filters, thanks to the double cross against his ingenuous friends. Then Golemith assured the lobby, and himself, about Heinz's loyalty, and trusted even more his next creative actions. But Golemith and his masters suddenly woke up from their domination dream directly into a nightmare, when they understood the consequences of our Golden Verse and of the Colored Dialogue evoked by the unexpected Mute Poets community. Only then, they understood Heinz's *real* double cross.

But,

Giordaire, did the lobby stand passively looking?

No, Asclero. In that moment, it was too soon to understand the consequences of these poetic initiatives, and when they realized it, it was too late to stop them. The whirling reality engulfed the lobby in an abyssal maelström that swallowed everything: their consent, the market, their finances and their lives.

But Giordaire,

so was it just a late and useless revenge...?

I can just imagine, Sally, their instinctive reaction from the awareness of a forthcoming disaster triggered by Heinz's initiatives: an immediate death sentence. If only Heinz knew of the trivial car accident...

"Trivial car accident"? Which one, Giordaire?

Borgy, Sally, don't you know? I'm referring to the one happened to Sussy's friend father at a very tight hairpin: the car slipped on the snow and fell in a little trench. It took several hours to pull it out with the help of the only car that passed by after hours.

But...?

No, Sally: they couldn't call anybody in the midst of a Mountain Regional Park without radio transmitters.

But... just for a simple call... for a stupid little accident... for... an infamous doom? [and... what a bad luck!]

Yes, Sally, Heinz's *doom* stabbed us all. There's nothing left than silence.

[How is it possible to die in this way?]

[Heinz...]

[How much cruelty in our

fate...]

[How infamous destiny is!]

What a beautiful sunset... this tragedy transfigures it in the sunset of all sunsets.

Yes, my re-found Yin, but it will soon become the dawn of all dawns. The warm sun of Feelings will rise on Etopia, and nothing will be as it was. Now we're aware of both a *deep religiousness* that ties all Beings together, and the *sacredness* of Dialogue, with its rules and its ethics. We found again a sacredness no longer external to our nature, but *intimate* and coincident with Human Beings essence. In this way everything will find a deeper sense.

Giordaire, so have you eventually understood the dictatorship oxymoron meaning?

Sally here's the meaning of the Dialogue dictatorship: not a command, but a constant spur to *know*, thanks to Others and using Dialogue. Moreover: to know ourselves, in our uniqueness, and to *become ourselves*.

This is the only real Commandment of the New Eden free from the single ban of the Bible Eden. Now, evolved filters are the best crutches created by Humanity *for* Humanity for its walk to a New Babel: only there the confusion inoculated by the Bible God would definitely disappear.

Giordaire, soon also Pizia will be here to support Humanity in this walk, won't she?

Yes, Borgy. Just now the first semantic converter of History was released on all markets. Pizia will have the task to help Humanity in this decisive crossing of cultural misunderstandings. On the other hand, I can see a true community of languages, of Dialogue and of shared meaning – eventually! A New Humanity that will appear after ages of dialogical atrophy. A Humanity evolved in the higher dimension of Respect and Feelings, and accompanied by valuable dialogical instruments: the Shell, dialogic filters and new semantic converters.

But Giordaire, can filters evolve furthermore?

Sure, Susaya; I just learned, a few hours ago, of the success obtained by technicians appointed by the Dialogue global council in delivering dialogical filters configured with 4 ancient oriental Virtues. They found an unsuspected easiness of these filters in evaluating even very complex expressions. Thanks to you, my friend Heinz. [My friend...]

[If he doesn't stop now... he'll break my heart.]

[I can't hold my tears...]

[You

can write a novel about our mad, funny, idealist and much unlucky friend].

One day, we will no longer need filters, nor Pizia, as long as we can arrange a sincere understanding between views, expressive modes and languages of the different human cultures. Only then we will realize the most human of the needs: the cohabitation of Feelings with actions, words and thoughts of everyone. Moreover, the cohabitation of Respect with actions, words and thoughts of the others. Let's respect any individual with the awareness s/he's an Other and, moreover, Unique. And Respect is our best smile.

Giordaire, I miss one more thing.

Tell me, Borgy.

Filters evolved in the otherworld of feelings, human entropy was inverted, we recovered the fullness of cognitive and emotive faculties, the arrogant lobby failed, dictators may be a simple psychological idea... I did follow you until here.

What are you missing, Borgy?

Only one more thing: *Information*. I knew of its role, imagined by you and Asclero, as the *engine* and the *will* of Life on Earth, by even becoming its *ruler*. And now...? Was it just a *paranoia* of yours?

No, Borgy: Information is always here, as the fundament of our evolution from matter to thought and to feelings. Now, its will of power was neutralized, for a while. Dialogical filter, effective instruments used by Information to reduce human minds to simple and enslaved communication means, were converted to the most human of treasures: to Feelings. Filters did fit human nature, and now they accept expressions once refused. The omnipresent Information can no longer exploit filters to atrophy human minds. It must find other ways.

Will we always have to fear it?

Information is *eternal*, Borgy, and we should never ignore its will of power. We will always have to cope with it, in order to avoid the evolution of Life on Earth towards different than human forms, towards forms that we define *artificial*, or even towards a world... without us.

You worry me, my Yang.

Zarya, let's sleep serenely; tomorrow we'll wake up in the Future.

Humanity will build up again antibodies able to limit Information's will of power, thanks to renewed critical abilities and to improved sensitiveness, and we will have more opportunities to evolve in a true Beyond-Humanity, where *all* prosopa will be what they really are: each of us will be the *Unique*.

Yes, my *new* Yang, and I dedicate these verses *to who became himself*:

I love you because
you are *eventually* you,
and I am *eventually* me.

I love you, my *new* Yin, also for these very sweet verses which the previous Zarya wouldn't have been able to dedicate me.

[Why do I smile at him, instead of slapping him...?]

[What a wonderful smile, my Yin.]

Even the Stars, the Moon and the Feelings smile in this serene night of winter's solstice of 2012.

Appendix

Etopia

a nearby utopia

Notes to explain neologisms and technical terms

Ad prosopem: derives from **Ad personam** (from the Latin: *against the person*). Unfair dialogic mode in which the attention is driven *against* the interlocutor, instead of being driven *on* the examined topic. It represents a serious violation of the IV (see→) *Dialogic Commandment*.

Agoranauts: your friends from the future, surfers of the Virtual Agorà, which is a virtual place of the (see→) *Shell*, in which to meet like in a *market square* (from Greek, *agorà*). The Agoranauts are the protagonists of both this novel and your future mental and emotional salvation.

Anti-constructivism: if it's true that "The roads to Hell are paved with good intentions", then a negative attitude emerges against unpredictable and 'unintentional' consequences of our intentional plans. (see also→ *constructivism*)

Antimateria: the physician Paul Dirac decided to accept, in 1928, also negative solutions of equations on physical measures. From here the concept, experimentally confirmed, of elementary particles with characteristics (even the mass!) opposite to those of our world. If such opposite particles collide, they immediately annihilate each other, which means that they disappear and turn into pure energy.

Aporia: term which means "dead end road". In philosophy, it means that a problem is impossible to solve for the presence of opposite and equally sustainable solutions.

Ashram: Indian term that stays for a place dedicated to meditation, spiritual practices and subsistence activities under a Guru's guide. As University is a place where one can graduate in a specific specialization, the ashram as well is a place where one can qualify for his/her spiritual life.

Brainstorming: process aimed at stimulating creativity in teams. Essential requirement: every weird idea is accepted, registered and used, before being criticized as bizarre.

Buddhist virtues: 4 behaviours, 4 attitudes towards the universe, 4 strategies for facilitating Dialogue with all Living Beings; (see→) *Kāruṇā, Maitrī, Muditā e Upekṣā*.

Buffer (of filters): memory space reserved for specific information. In dialogic filters, buffers memorize logical-syntactical rules, data, experiences and ethical principles of the Dialogue Civilization, useful for the efficient semantic evaluation of the communications.

Cash Flow: both present-day and foreseen movements of cash level on a banking account.

Catatonia: a form of schizophrenia determined by communicational disturbances of human communication. It is characterized by behaviors that free the affected person from the necessity of making any decisions. The most popular form is a total communicational inactivity with the others. An opposite form of catatonia inside a certain kind of management is... to do, to do, to do... which is an apparent hyperactivity for not (really) both communicating with colleagues, thinking and deciding anything.

Cognitive or semantic categories: classification criteria of the information transmitted and elaborated by both dialogic filters and semantic converters. The categories are, in decreasing order of (→see) *semantic value* (a percentage value indicated within parenthesis): true (+100), *plausible* (between +99 and + 67), *realistic* (between + 66 and + 34), *unrealistic* (between +33 and +1), *false* (0), *absurd* (between -1 and -33), *incoherent* (between -34 and -66), *paradoxical* (between -7 and -99), *nonsense* (-100). The classification of information in a category rather than another determinates automatic mechanisms of selection, acceptance or rejection, based on an efficient and immediate management of cognitive processes.

Cognitive (a/o emotional) entropy: simplification and disconnection of cognitive (a/o emotional) structures, corresponding to an impoverishment of human expressive skills.

Commoditization: neologism created (from *commodity*) at the dawn of the Dialogue Civilization for defining the previous situation of Human Beings treated as goods easily exchangeable. Human Beings voluntarily enslaved by mobility, volatility, unpredictability and uncertainty requirements imposed by, and for, capitalistic companies of the globalized Dialectic period. A nasty word for a nasty reality.

Constructivism: positive vision of the possibility of planning and delivering a project. (see also→ *anti-constructivism*).

Counterfactual: any "if...then" which implies a fake or non-verifiable information or data. "If I were the national soccer team coach, then...". In other words: useless and presumtuous chatting.

Curator: political, administrative or management role created by the First Dialogue Dictator based on his own company, the Global Gnoseologic Group, experience. The 4 levels of political curators (1 global, 10 continental, 72 regional and more than 21000 local ones) define in their respective programs the levels of indirect taxation, the levels of tax exemption for their electors, the temporary ethical principles and the strategic projects in their areas of competence. The technical curators are several millions and have, instead, the responsibility of specific projects that they proposed, and which are covered by the economical participation of interested citizens.

Cybernetics: science born in the mid-XX century to “lead the ship” (etymologic origin of the term), which means to understand, build and use all the suitable mechanism to assure the control of even complex machines and systems. The concept of (see→) *feedback* is fundamental.

Dialectic (Period): historical period between the French Enlightenment Age (XVIII century) and the *Pax Americana* of the XXI century. The Dialectic period is segmented in enlightened, capitalistic, positivist, modern, postmodern and globalized Dialectic under-periods.

Dialogic Atrophy: weakening of dialogic faculties, induced by secular conditionings and cultural repressions, by the imposition of non discussed truths, religious and domestic segregations and of human stakes.

Dialogic Commandments: 4 commandments, the basis of the Dialogue Ethics, which were pronounced by the First Dictator for a better psycho-physical wellness in the Dialogue Civilization. I Commandment – *Every argumentation must be falsifiable* (see→ falsifiability); II Commandment – *Every argumentation must express all the known information and intentions*; III Commandment – *Every argumentation must remain faithful to the examined context*; IV Commandment – *Every argumentation must concern the examined issue, not the interlocutor*.

Dialogic filters: innovative devices introduced by the Global Gnoseologic President in his company with significant psycho-physical benefits for the employees, and financial benefits for the balance. The elimination of dialogue toxines, which means fake problems and badly formulated questions, stimulated the pleasure of the relationships among colleagues and the growth of both productivity and efficiency. The same dialogic filters were introduced in the Dialogue Civilization right after the activation of the (see→) *Shell*. Filters take care of selecting every communication according to healthy and correct Dialogue criteria, as stated by the (see→) *dialogic Commandments* and by the consequent syntactical-logical and behavioral rules. (see→ *Dialogue Ethics*).

Dialogue Clinic: therapeutic institution in the Dialogue Civilization for recovering atrophyzed dialogic skills in (see→) *prosopa* who became almost-prosopa, or even (see→) *pariah*.

Dialogue Ethics: set of logical-syntactical and behavioral rules based on the (see→) *dialogue Commandments*, which assure a healthy and correct Dialogue.

Dictatorship, Dictator: the dictatorship and the First Dictator arose by popular acclamation after the introduction of (see→) *Filters* in the *Shell* and of initial social-economical-political revolutionary innovations proposed by the President of the Global Gnoseologic Group. After the deathly attack to the first Dictator (the ex GGG President), the successive dictators never appeared, and even their names and their addresses are unknown. We suspect they don't exist, but anyone who may have any information regarding this subject, is kindly asked to communicate it to us.

DNA memory: information memorization technology that replicates the structure and dimensions of DNA; based on amino acids, instead of silicon, it assures huge advantages in terms of space, consumption and speed.

Epochè: Greek term that indicates a suspension, or a ‘parenthesis’ in which to temporarily enclose a judgement or a phenomenon, without the possibility to observe them and, mostly, without letting them express themselves.

Falsifiability: razor-criteria introduced by Karl Popper in the first half of the XX century for discriminating scientific statements from those which are not, as dogmatic statements are. The structure and the elements of a scientific statement always allows the interlocutor to disassemble (‘to falsify’) it; if they resist to such disassembly, then *maybe* they are true, otherwise they are surely false.

Feedback: an information that returns to its origin. The (see→) *cybernetics* systems require the knowledge of the result of given actions in order to ‘correct the route’, which means to modify the initial action for obtaining a new result, closer to the target.

Frege: semantic measure unity insituted in the I Global council of the Dialogue Ethics. It measures the information content in a statement. 1 frege is equal to a minimum information, such as a (see→) *tautology*. Minimum values were often reached in political speeches of the (see→) *modern Dialectic* period, while maximum values are typical of poets and mystics – intentionally - and of fools and children – randomly.

Function pleasure: expression created by ethologist K.Bühler for understanding several behaviours deriving from the pure exercise of a vital function, without any other purposes but to improve it. Such interpretation is useful in complex systems for finding the “guiding principle” that justifies and informs all the elements and functions of the system itself.

Fuzzy logic: logical system which accepts also intermediate values between 0 and 1, **or** between logical categories of *false* and *true*, differently from Aristotelian logic in which there is no third possibility (*tertium non datur*). Fuzzy logic also allows the computing of information that can be plausible, realistic

or irrelistic, which means partially true and partially false, which means neither true nor false... In this way, actually, Nature expresses itself.

Globalization: social and political phenomenon originated in the XV century and exploded in the postmodern Dialectic period. It is characterized by the planetary domination of some (see→) *memes* together with their homologating cultural conditionings. Among these, the (see→) *commodatization* of the Human Beings.

Globes: monetary unit used for purchasing operations and for political votes, on the basis of the principle according to which each vote is equal to a voluntary taxation, equal to 1 Globe.

Holographic model: the 3D representation of an event, a mathematic formula, an idea.

Holovisor: equipment for visualizing holographic images, i. e. three-dimensional images and with the possibility of almost-physic contacts.

Hybris: (from Greek) *arrogance, trespassing of the right measure*. The arrogance of Asclepio who resuscitates *too many* dead people, or Icarus, who flies *too high*. The real Greek hybris was related to the knowledge of our own limits, never to be trespassed. This is also valid for the Dialogue Civilization. It was not very appreciated, instead, in the global Dialectic period.

Incommensurability: not everything can be measured with the same 'meter'. The circumference cannot be measured with its ray (unless accepting infinite decimal digits) and the same is also valid between the diagonal and the side of a square. But this doesn't really matter to us prosopa, more worried of the incomprehension among different cultures, scientific disciplines, male and female – caused just by the incommensurability of their languages.

Kāruṇā (Buddhist virtue): Compassion, meaning *cum*-passion, or participation to the passion, emotions, feelings of the Other, of the Different-from-us.

Koan: in Zen culture, statements with clear characteristics of nonsense and indecisiveness, but able to provoke a necessary mental turmoil for reaching both a deep comprehension of reality, a mystic vision and a philosophical enlightenment. Famous is the koan of Zen master Hakuin Ekaku (1686-1769): "This is the clap of two hands; which is the clap of one single hand?"

Come on, then: you too, try to listen the sound of one hand!

Lateral thinking: ability to develop ideas, and to find useful elements for problem solving, outside of ordinary mental schemes.

Logical levels: traps for philosophers and mathematicians, until the beginning of the XX century, and for ideologists, until the end of the XX century. Many of them fell in vicious circles, antinomies and paradoxes because they didn't consider the logical distinction between a part of the set and the set itself ('logical levels'), such as: Worker and Working *Class* (Marxism), the Cretan Epimenid and *all* the Cretans (Epimenid "Liar paradox") and many more puzzles and tragedies of our human history.

Maelström: (from Dutch) *current that grinds*. A powerful sea vortex which destroys and swallows into the abyss ships, also of noticeable dimension.

Maieutic: (from Greek) *hostetrician*, the one who doesn't generate children, but helps the others to generate them. Plato saw in the figure of Socrates the maieutic that contributed to the birth of ideas, thoughts and others' creativity.

Maitrī (Buddhist virtue): Love, or the acceptance of every living being, of everything that exists for what it is and as it is.

Mass Medium, pl. **Mass Media:** (from Latin) *mass mean* (of communication), which means, from the ancient televisions to the modern holovisors, any equipment (*medium*) capable of communicating to huge amounts of people. "The Medium is the Message" said Marshall McLuhan in 1967; 45 years later we avoided a new reality in which "The Medium is the Mind". Thanks to us (see→) *Agorànavts*, the Medium returned to be a simple Mean, the Message returned to be a Message and the Mind remained Human.

Meme: 'unity of cultural multiplication', according to the definition of Richard Dawkins (in *The Selfish Gene*, 1976). It's the cultural equivalent of a biologic virus capable to both penetrate into our minds and modify the brain structures to improve the possibility to be transmitted to other minds. The beliefs vehiculated through memes are studied with the same criteria of epidemiology, for understanding why some proliferate and successfully spread, while others get sick and die.

Mixed strategy: (from Game Theory, a mathematic discipline) sequence of behaviours that assure optimal results compared to "pure strategies", i. e. sequences of *predefinite* behaviors (J.Nash, mid XX century). A MS is based on availability of both *different behaviors* and *dices* to statistically choose which behaviour to express, and how many times. The more the behaviors are different and even (see→) *incommensurable*, the more a MS can be successful. We Human Beings can get better results thanks

to the “equipment” provided by Mother Nature to deliver MS’s indeed: our Multiple Personalities, for the different behaviours to adopt, and our “internal dices”, i. e. emotions, passions, irrationalities and psychosomatic disorders. But be careful with the unaware use of these mechanisms, and with their potential psychotic effects (do you remember *The strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide?*).

Morphing: images computing technique which merges images in an ‘average image’. The somatic characteristics of ethnical, social or other groups can be studied this way. Heinz used this technique for studying also average semantic and cultural characteristics.

Muditā (Buddhist virtue): Joy, which is the research and comprehension of the positive aspects in any situation, even in negative ones. It requires a great faith.

Nonsense: expression without any rational meaning, successfully used in Ionesco’s comedies and in Marx Brothers’ humor. Considering the limits of our (see→) *cognitive categories*, just a few people dare to deal with it, and only fools, poets, children, mystics and some philosophers even dare *going beyond it*. Beyond that limit there are, in fact, higher levels of sense, as the ancient Greeks knew very well, and as Heinz learnt by playing with filters.

Onthology: philosophic discipline which deals with the essence, i. e. of “what makes this thing being what it is and not another thing”. The deepest nature which characterize any object, phenomenon or being isn’t easy to find among so many exterior and flashy appearances; this is ontologist’s real challenge.

Oxymoron: (from Greek) *clever idiot*. The oxymoron hints unexpected results from the combination of usually incompatible terms which, in the case of the “clever idiot,” still remain... unexpected. The “parallel convergences”, otherwise, suggested either new non-Euclidean geometries, or political strategies in Italy (...what if this last combination of terms were an oxymoron too?).

Pariah: an almost-prosopon (see→ *prosopon*), i. e. a Being who misses, to be fully Human, dialogical will and availability, both essence and fundament of our Dialogue Civilization and of its citizens. This behavior typically shows as a Pariah Syndrome, characterized by strong preference for offensive expressions against interlocutors, instead of transparent argumentations. Pariahs are classified as such because of their refusal to share Etopia’s Dialogue Ethics, refusal certified by (see→) *philodialoguers*.

Pariah’s reserves: suitable places for the free expression of any thought, emotion and idea, without any limitation in terms of logical-syntactic rules and of (see→) *dialogic Commandments*. The reclusion in areas of absolute lack of (see→) *Dialogue Ethics* is a free choice for (see→) the *pariahs*, who refuse any psycho-physical and social possibility of recover in a (see→) *Dialogue Clinic*.

Pater familias: (from Latin) *family man*. The philosopher Hannah Arendt took that figure as a symbol of the true unaware enemy of democracy, i. e. the individual rich in ideals, but ready to sacrifice them for the stability of social structures (state, family).

Peptides, also **neuropeptides:** biochemical “messenger molecules” able to assure a Dialogue between brain and body, the existence of which was denied till the beginning of XX century, due to (un)cultural conditioning of R. Descartes (XVII century). Several hormones, neurotransmitters, cytokines and growing factors are peptides.

Petitor: neologism used in the Dialogue Civilization to define anyone who asks for help, consulence, opinion (from Latin, *pètere: to ask*). It substitutes, mainly in the clinical field, the ancient term *patient*, now reserved for the doctor.

Philodialoguer: Dialogue philosopher. The Dialogue philosophers are the referents for the prosopa of the Dialogue Civilization. Their knowledge delivers appreciated instructions for prosopa in both the technical (correctness of the dialogic rules), the existential (correctness of behaviors) areas, and the clinical (presence of either a dialogic disorders, a schizophrenia, or a pariah syndrome).

Physiology of Beauty: discipline elaborated by the physiologist Platoshe, who was a good friend of the First Prosopon. It refers to Plato’s philosophy (Beauty coincides with Good and this is Truth) reinterpreted with modern psychobiological sciences, establishing connections previously ignored among ideas, visions, hormones, environment, metabolism and organic functions. The premise of such discipline is that external harmonies are reflected into internal harmonies – physiological, functional, neural – and so into wellness.

Pizia: name attributed by Communication Enterprise SCU to its first revolutionary (see→) *semantic converter*. The name comes from the ancient Delphi Temple priestesses and prophetesses, well known and respected for their oracles full of meanings and visions to be understood. Who went there wanted

to understand her/his obscure future, complex present-day situation and, moreover, her/himself ("Know yourself": inscription on Delphi Temple).

Placebo: a scientifically exploited effect already known to all sciamanic, religious and superstitious societies. Its effectiveness stems from believing in its own benefit, and the support for such a belief can be either colored water, a painting, a statue, the lines of a hand... in a nutshell: almost anything. Its opposite is hypochondria, i. e. not believing in any possible benefit, but just in the disorder itself. Asclero coined for us a neologism that well describes the "decision to believe in a *beneficial* belief": *placebo youself!*

Privacy: term related to information concerning private life, obsessively protected by severe laws still during globalized Dialectic period, when even *public* personalities required some privacy for themselves (see→ *oxymoron*).

Prosopon: (from Greek, *pròsōpon*: *face*), term diffused in the Greek-Orthodox culture and reintroduced in the Dialogue Civilization by the First Dictator. It defines the individual in front of us, whose *face* openly interacts with ours. Prosopon underlines the relevance of a relationship *between* Human Beings, while Persona (from Latin, *per se unum*) stresses everyone's individualistic and unrelated nature.

Pseudomus: name given to the Shell's Virtual Houses, i. e. sites which gather information, opinions and comments on each individual, company, political or technical curator consistently with the (see→) *Transparency Principle*.

Semantic Converter: revolutionary invention of the Communication Enterprise SCU which allows to translate any expression among prosopa of different cultures, mentality or language in the most comprehensible form for the culture, mentality or language of the interlocutor. The terms can be significantly transformed, with the target of maintaining the original meaning of the expression. The semantic converter eliminates the risk of misunderstandings, typical of the misleading literal translations. They also prevent the risks of both a new Babel confusion and new civilizations clashes.

Semantic density: the relationship between the semantic richness of a phrase (see→ *semantic weight*) and the number of words used to express it. The smaller the number of words, the larger the density. Only poets dare to handle elevate densities without being cognitively overwhelmed by them.

Semantic jump: idea drawn by quantistic physics ("quantic jump"). It defines a discontinuity in semantic and cognitive structure which needs indeed a jump to be passed. Heinz found this possibility of semantic jump in the extremity of a filter negative (see→) *semantic string*, on the edge of (see→) *nonsense*. Previously, we thought there was only a Cognitive Null beyond that threshold. Beyond that limit of (see→) *cognitive categories*, a higher level of sense can be reached, necessary for understanding, *beyond* rationality, all feelings, emotions, spiritual states, mystique and, maybe, enlightenment. But what a great jump to reach that last stage: an infinite jump!

Semantic spectrum: wideness or maximum distance of different (see→) *semantic categories* included in an expression. The same sentence can express, especially in poetry, a plausible concept and, at the same time, a paradoxical one, with a semantic spectrum that invades, in this example, even both the (see→) *semantic strings* of possible and impossible. Conceptual resonances and dissonances for sensible minds.

Semantic string: the set of (see→) *cognitive categories* divided in 2 partial strings: the possible string and the impossible string, with the *false* category as watershed. The "possible string" includes categories our common sense is used to manage (true, plausible, realistic and unrealistic), while the impossible string includes categories well managed only by less practical minds (absurd, incoherent, paradoxical, nonsense). Genial individuals can manage very well the whole string. Fools, poets, philosophers, mystics and children can even go *beyond it*.

Semantic values: each (see→) *cognitive category* is related to a numeric value that shows, in percentage, how much logic-syntactic rules, data, experiences and Dialogue Ethic rules are respected, compared to what expected in (filter's) memories. When all the elements included in a sentence are coherent with those memorized, then the semantic value is +100, and it corresponds to *true* category. When this coherence decreases, the results can be lower and even negative, and they are defined as: *plausible* (between +99 and +67), *realistic* (between +66 and +34), *unrealistic* (between +33 and +1), *false* (0), *absurd* (between -1 and -33), *incoherent* (between -34 and -66), *paradoxical* (between -67 and -99), *nonsense* (-100). Heinz could have better explained these concepts.

Semantic weight: number of possible different meanings, included in a same expression, able to evoke as many thoughts, emotions and feelings in the known Cultures as possible. The measure unit is the (see→) *frege*. 1 frege corresponds to an expression that contains just one meaning, even in any other Culture; it corresponds to a simple truth, to an extreme banality, to a (see→) *tautology*.

Semantics: discipline which deals with analysis and interpretation of the meaning of words.

Serendipity: term derived from the ancient name of the island of Sri Lanka (Serendip), from where, according to a Persian legend, 3 princes left to travel around the world coming across amazing discoveries... they weren't looking for. Serendipity is a well known among scientists meaning lucky discovery found while looking for *other* discoveries (Pasteur, Curie, Nobel, Fleming and many more scientists do thank that fortune). But serendipity is not impartial because... "Chance favors only the prepared minds" (L. Pasteur).

Shell: the evolution of Internet. Created by the President of the Global Gnoseologic Group with an advanced satellite system and innovative software, it's the technological and communicational basis of the Dialogue Civilization. In the Shell were installed the (see→) *dialogic filters* and the (see→) *pseudomus*, for assuring the application of both the Dialogue Ethics and the Transparency Principle (see also→ *privacy*).

Syllogism: form of deductive reasoning in which, given some premises, the consequences follow necessarily. "Socrat is a man. Men are mortal. Then Socrat is mortal." This is the most classic example of syllogism. Warning: use it with caution and competence.

Tautology: "a triangle has 3 angles" is not a silly sentence, it's only... always true; the predicate (has 3 angles) doesn't add any information to the subject (a triangle). It's the minimum level of information expressed by a sentence, to which corresponds a (see→) *semantic weight* of 1 (see→) *frege*.

Technical or political budget: provisional plan of the costs necessary for sustaining the program of a technical or political curator. The electors take part, this way, in the program, contributing with financial votes, represented by (see→) *Globes*. This is a substitute of direct taxation for all individuals in the Dialogue Civilization.

Transparency Principle: moral principle experimented by the President of Global Gnoseologic Group in its own company, before becoming the moral lighthouse of Dialogue Civilization. It invites all individuals to openly show their *face*, with their thoughts, opinions, expressions, without trenching behind ancient laws for (see→) *privacy* protection. The Transparency Principle breaks up the basis of several paradoxes and pathologies that affected the (see→) *Dialectic* period: crimes, lies, frauds, abuses, etc. Think about how *little* was enough for changing so much...

Upekṣā (Buddhist virtue): the Neutrality, i. e. the ability to accept events, facts and individuals without prejudices – the true cognitive, emotive and cultural barriers to comprehension. *Unconditional opening* to the Other, and to the comprehension of his/her true nature.