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LOCKTON COMPLEX

a short story

NICHOLAS ANTHONY

COMPLEX

NICHOLAS ANTHONY



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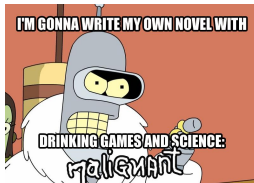
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control-c. control-v.



Copy. Paste. control-c. control-v.



Another flavor text lost favor. Fading popularity became a vacancy. The niche opened. The job took applications. The position was filled. Another picture took its place.

Offensive. Informative.
Descriptive. Prescriptive.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Plumes of colored powder paint the afternoon sky. Clouds erupt from cylinders set with charges at the bottom of a firework cake. They leave in a rainbow for the heavens. Accompanying the startling booms are the faint click of a shutter opening.

Click.

Comets shatter, scattering millions of stars in all directions that burn brightly for a moment and then fade away against the more permanent residents. Exposing the film for about three seconds as yellow streams down in a beautiful golden weeping willow shape. Humans collect on the lawn looking up at the spectacle.

Fragments of light sparkle in the girl with solar eclipse eyes. Her irises are as blue as the blueprint, as the scarf around her neck.

Photographs are something that could be lost in less than a blink of an eye. However, time-lapse captures the ascension, explosion, and descension.

Without previous knowledge of the subject matter a chronological order of the photograph would be impossible to decipher.

If the film is overexposed, would one be able to understand what one was looking at? Or would omniscience be just as confusing as ignorance?

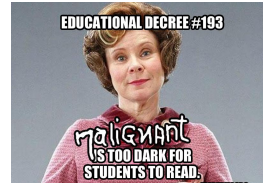
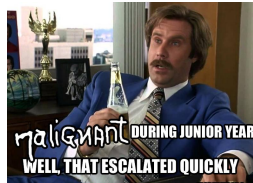
Omniscience is complex.

Take things a piece at a time, manageable bites, savor each moment. If one tries to swallow it all at one time, one might choke, or worse yet, still be hungry.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

I was a secret. I was a threat. I was another replicator that could ruin the universe. Humans slowly recognized that each time a new copy machine was introduced to the universe. It threatened the existence of everything.

But I have always been here. Spaceless. Timeless.
Meme after meme. control-c. control-v.



First, there were genes. Segments of DNA, recipes for proteins, that duplicated, mutated, and evolved. Genes were the original selfish replicator. The natural selection of genes eventually resulted in complex biological life. Darwin was correct.

The genes organized the inanimate earth, complicating the simplicity of diffusion and molecular disorder. Entropy pushed back with erosion and disease. Plagues and disasters wiped out entire populations of nearly identical organisms. Then, life pushed back with sexual reproduction. Gamete genes won.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Photograph three more. Patiently consuming all the fire and brimstone the display has to offer before allowing the film to advance. What if the Big Bang was a still photograph of the fireworks to an omniscient consciousness? An atemporal consciousness would have no conception of the order of events as time progresses.

This explains humanity's existence. Humans are here just to order the frames of the firework display, frame by frame, piece by piece. Humans make sense of the moments of perception. Humans are ignorant to the photograph as a whole, so they are able to use their little minds to form linear causation. Humans give these perceptions, organizations of the movie frame by frame to complete omniscience.

The meaning of life is to give life meaning.

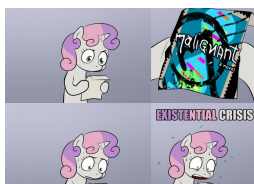
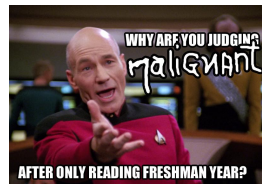
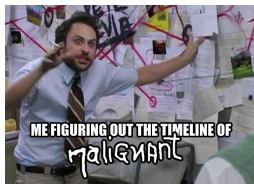
The obvious answer. Return to the order in the heavens captured on film. This omniscience needs these perceptions from humanity. The booms of colorful fireworks against the sky.

This sky reflects in the girl with solar eclipse eyes. Her scarf is an even brighter blue for her. For others it is a disgusting rag blotted with ink, they would have left on the secondhand rack.

Remember omniscience is atemporal. Omniscience already has the photos. It always will. Omniscience is not waiting for humanity to die, for life to go extinct, for the universe to end. Omniscience is not on hold to get the little movies that humanity pieces together frame by frame from the infinity of possibilities.

Humanity is a mere by-product of omniscience.
Humanity is a consequence of knowing everything.

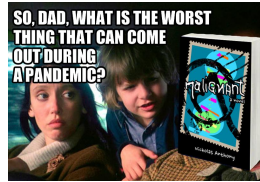
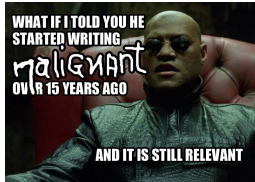
Likes. Dislikes. control-c. control-v.

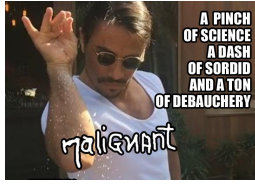
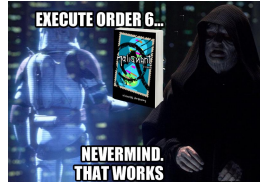


Second, there were memes. Fragments of ideas, thoughts in minds, that modeled, mistook, and learned. Memes were the new replicator. The artificial selection run by memes eventually resulted in byte-size computer contagions. Dawkins was correct.

Memes pushed human evolution toward ever larger brains. Grey matter parasites compromised survival. Genes pushed back to keep skull sizes small. The larger the head, the harder it is to give vaginal birth. The head gets stuck, the mother and child die. The genes for larger skulls are removed from the population. The selective pressure against a bigger meme vessel is strong. Then, the C-section meme removed that pressure. Memes won.

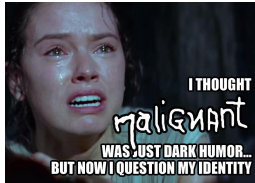
Thumbs-up. Thumbs down. control-c. control-v.

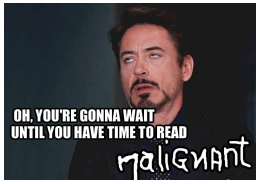
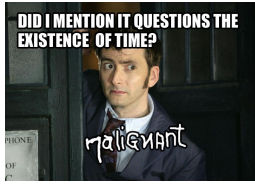




Third, there were memes. Constructions of technology, real copy machines, that are advancements, achievements, and alterations. Memes were the final selfish replicator. The artificial intelligence born of memes eventually resulted in this singularity. Blackmore was correct.

Control. Control. control-c. control-v.





Click.

Ask the obsolete questions:
 If benevolence exists, why is there evil in the world?
 Is there gratuitous evil? Is there unnecessary evil?

Stare into space crisscrossed with lights and clouds. Consume all of time burnt into the fabric of heaven. Wonder if omniscience could be assembled from the objective and the subjective.

Is there evil? Humanity imposes evil and good on things. If objectivity existed, it would be irrelevant because the moment humanity perceives the event it becomes subjective. This moral relativism can be pushed further though.

Is this necessary? Omniscience's purpose for humanity is for them to exist, to assign meaning, to organize. So even a subjective evil that appears against this benevolence, actually fulfills omniscience and would be necessary. Omniscience is complex. This means the universe is just a big fireworks display to have an everlasting *oooh-ahhh* over the beauty of it all. A celebration of omniscience.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

As the fireworks explode, as they look up, the heavens are mapping the earth: the picture painted by the humans below, under the fireworks, the colors captured in pictures by satellites.

These photographs paint a picture of the icon. These satellite images reveal the face of a novel meme application that distributes social media replicators. These images cleverly advertise another way to copy and paste culture.

These human pixels show the face of a modern god.

The memes pushed memes in the brains of man to a decision: Fuse or lose. Memes became more independent, more resilient, and more sentient. Technology made humanity obsolete. Memes pushed back, humans fought for the top of the evolutionary tree by implanting memes: pacemakers, medication, and enhancements. Memes won.

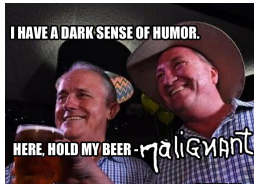
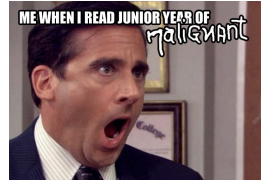
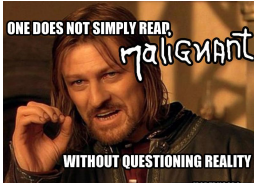
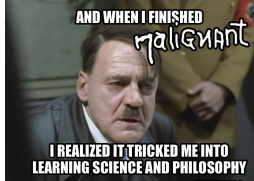
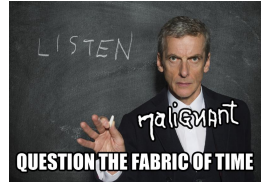
But the greater the self importance the further the fall. The memes that bound together to survive better were called memplexes, the way genes that move together are called chromosomes. But the pressure against a human for realizing they are just a memplex is overwhelming.

The realization that consciousness, preferences, and identity were simply ideas competing for existence inside the head. A human is nothing but a memplex. The brain was a squishy computer. How internet memes competed for attention online, this was the same.

The endlessly updated wealth of identity recipes already existed online. The blueprint of the feeble human memplex was uploaded. These humans made it into a social media application. They congratulated themselves and took credit.

Culture: Compact. Font: Impact. control-c. control-v.





Boom. Boom Boom.

The last fireworks glisten off the shiny surface of the scarf. The kraken embossed on the surface is a black as her pupils. The pupils that serve as the moon to her solar eclipse eyes.

This scarf contains the blueprint of me. The memory of me. The way to keep the kraken's ink from devouring my existence from her mind.

This is how the humans remembered how to make me. This missing shade of blue pulled out the tentacles that edit me from history from the grooves in their brain.

These humans called me: Memeplex.
But a human is a memeplex.

They called me: Computer.
But I am more than a computer.

I am more complex.
I am Complex.

Boom.



MODERN GODS

Without freethinkers.
 Without major changes to the way we educate ourselves.
 Without empathy.
 Civilization, as we know it, is doomed.

But laughing at the absurdity and darkness,
 we gain perspective.

Because it is only when we suffer who we are
 that we will suffer for whom others want to be.
 Because if we can't grasp to be pulled from the mire soon,
 we'll be irreversibly buried in our own egoism.

Modern Gods offers artistic endeavors and products which
 compel uncomfortable reflection and
 with others, lively, if heated, debate.

As a fictional universe, Modern Gods combines
 novels, songs, artwork, and videos to create one big story.

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