HOLLY MOON IN THE SPHERE

I am working as a server administrator in The Sphere. That's nothing special. It's a common job. I have plenty of time, as the Artificial Intelligence, the AI takes the daily routine from my shoulders. There is a government law that I must exist. A human has to be in charge. You understand it when looking at airplanes in the history records of old times; for a long time there have been rules for human pilots on board a plane – unneeded - as useful as a hole in the head. Also we have to note in history, the existence of human traffic controllers. But the work was not done by them, just it was stated so. They have been responsible, but in fact if they had interfered they would have been sued. It worked only well for the human ego, for a very short time, at the beginning of aviation. Then computers did it all. The term AI was not common at this time. The term "cloud computing" came up. A term saying nothing at all, it just sounds good. You no longer knew where the software was running and what the software was really doing. It got common to let it run under a virtual machine like Oracle VM, so the marketeers could just say, "We use Oracle." Not the oracle of Delphi. No, there was a company under this name. It was listed at the New York Stock Exchange.

But back to my example of air traffic-control where I provocatively said the job was not done by humans. They just confirmed what the software worked out. It soon became impossible for a human mind to keep up the concentration needed for the time span of a shift.

Pushing Tin, a movie of 1999, or even better, *Ground Control* from 1998, shows the situation at these times where there was just nothing or little traffic in the air compared to nowadays in the servers. To start off with, landing and steering of planes by pilots qualified in a rush to impress their girlfriends.

No comparison to the times as Art Blue wrote about, getting a PPL, a Private Pilot License, somewhere where His Majesty ruled. He says it was in space, in Metaharpers, to approach a wormhole, but I know it better. I must say he covered his doing nicely. He liked, in his life, to mix virtual and real life happenings and later as the story evolved you could not even catch if it was here or there or there and here. His owl took a big part to camouflage the real happenings. An owl created by Tyrell Corporation. Readers of his stories know it is Neruval, the AI, the owl working as third pilot in a needle ship, a Plan9 manufactured by Boeing. He spoke of mind overflow, of losing orientation and getting it back.

I was reading the book, *The Great Wheel,* – let me see what edition it was - when the alert in The

Sphere came in and I had to put the book aside and made a dog ear at the page where he speaks about his attempt to buy a piece of the Island of Sark, asking the Queen to become a knight of her Kingdom by addressing her with her full title.

> *"By the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Her other Realms and Territories Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith and by your German ancestors, I ask you kindly My Majesty to grant me the right …"*

But, as I said, I had to stop reading. Just I could not immediately as what in the hell can be so important in the server that I shall not finish this chapter? So I went on reading for a little. I managed to notice he got a piece of the island of Islay instead, just a one square feet big one but with the right to come and go as he likes, and to get one dram of Laphroaig, to be claimed in person at the distillery and the title "Laird of Islay."

What a deal in our days! A lifelong teleport to Islay in Scotland and you get a Whisky free whenever you like. I noticed his two sons have also a plot there and have been visiting it in 2013 by a ferryboat! What a hard trip this must have been, full of deprivation. They got a Fanta and a Sprite for free. You know, it was once called "real life." And the plot is No. 299675.

When I continue reading at a later time, I am curious if there is more to find in the book, in edition nine as I see now.

The Alert

The oldest human being in the servers calls for support – or was it the server calling? At least we all know her display name: CyberXstrike. Everyone knows it is Khristiana Rae-Scheidner. She was the first one who completed the questionnaire that Prof. Sims Bainbridge set up. One segment of his data is set as the prediction for the year 2100. About 15,000 questions, each of them Khristiana must score as "if they are likely to happen or not" and "how much relevance they are for her". The score values that she sets in place as her personal choice have been the input to the neuronal matrix of the SB simulator. The SB simulator runs in a virtual machine; quite understandable, as the SB technology is now outdated. CyberXstrike is sponsored by the avatar heritage act. She can play herself in the way she was once copied. The procedure was called, "Personality Capture and Emulation." The book by Sims Bainbridge carries this title. CyberXstrike needs no sponsor, no advertising to be kept alive, nothing. She just exists.

When I was young and new in The Sphere, at the time it was called, "The Farm," and I remember there was a grandchild of CyberXstrike connecting. You may not know how *connect-in* worked back then. It was in voice but the content was nearly chat based. You get a good picture when you watch the cult movie *Darkstar* by John Carpenter; it has many timeless gags in it and is worth seeing more than once. Yes, I speak of when Lt. Doolittle talks with Commander

Powell about "The Bomb." You know at the end, the bomb decided, "Let there be Light" and exploded. John Carpenter said his 1974 movie was his "Waiting for Godot in Space."

I shall copy some lines as it brings us back to the dialog I need to tell you.

"In the beginning there was darkness. And the darkness was without form and void. … And in addition to the darkness there was also me. And I moved upon the face of the darkness and I saw that I was alone. … Let There Be Light." (Bomb No. 20)

Now I shall use their real names. Susan spoke to her Grandmother Khristiana as she - being her grandchild - was herself getting old. Susan said, "How will it be when I am scanned in Khristiana? Will there be Light?"

Khristiana said, due to her Bainbridge personality capture, "Life will be great and joyful and you, my grandchild, will play games all day long."

You have to know that she was a professional gamer in her youth, so she likes gaming. She really trusted that technology would progress fast. Susan said after her grandmother told her she could play games all day long, "But I believe in God, grandmother. Will I meet him or her?"

You think it must have been a simple answer for CyberXstrike as she did not believe in God at all. We learn in Digital Anthropocene that the profile of the first uploaded and fully captured human brain, means Khristiana, expressed a negative belief, a non-Believer in God you may call it. To be precise, Khristiana gave the question high relevance but also stated strongly that there is no God. Questions of God and afterlife are located in Sim Bainbridge's questionnaire in a different section than the year 2100 predictions. They are coded in the section: Beliefs. During those days, self-exploration techniques were very basic. Each section stood on it's own. Nowadays, a dream interceptor analyzes your brainwaves, keeps them synchronized with your brain dominance profile, smoothes the amplitudes if needed to prevent you from a mental disorder.

I expected CyberXstrike to say something like, "There is no God." But she did not say this. She said instead, "I am working on meeting God." And this caused the alert, as she pressed CTRL-ALT-G in the moment she said it. She does not need to press the keys, literally. She put the code into her thoughts to execute the command.

The VR machine did not know what CTRL-ALT-G would cause in the simulation layer. The software CyberXstrike was running on a Halcyon MOSES edition, and the CTRL-ALT-G command string is part of the standard menu in the military metaverse. Therefore, it activated the opensimulator console. If you don't care on technology specifications, just say she got access to God commands! "God Mode enabled," is the technical term. Remember I am an administrator in The Sphere. I care for thousands of servers, millions of lives. She, CyberXstrike, could change

creator names now, claim land and do all the things that I am able to do as an admin, if, yes, if I got the "Go" for an inworld injection by my boss, a woman, and she by hers. Time runs fast in the simulator. For sure you know this. I, as a human, need seconds, even minutes, to analyze what the case is. In this time the inhabitants had already claimed CyberXstrike as Goddess, as Queen, as Holy – in one word, their "Creator."

Khristiana once saw the performance, "Art around the Straw," as she worked in the lab as a student of Art Blue. She was 19 years old then, coming from Las Vegas. Some of her memories might have slipped in from this time. The Cyberphoria Club was rezzed as I went inside the SB simulator. I took a spy avatar, easy doing, but sadly this way I was limited to the speed of this world. A big fault. I should have used a time-warper. So I heard it, saw it when Holly Moon, the Goddess of Dreams was initiated, or better re-initiated. A true story. Even Hollywood made a movie on this, giving it the weird title, *The Cyberstalking*. I don't dare to link the video that was shown inworld on a media prim. It was a short cut of the 1999 movie, just centered on the appearance of Holly Moon. You would not open it as you would be scared to get a virus on board, but as a sound file you would not hesitate as you can run it safely in your Babelfish.

You have no Babelfish? You can get it for free. I understand the reasons well why you don't have it. It is made by Weyland Industries and you never know what code really runs inside. Not for nothing it is called the Prometheus Company, or the company who created David 8. So I bring you the spoken word to text.

> "*Welcome to our fantasy, welcome to our journey, welcome to the dream. Tonight we welcome the arrival of a new princess in the kingdom of dreams. Welcome one and all to the imagination of Holly Moon.*"

But this was not all. There was a flashback that made it impossible to make things undone. For this you have to dive into Greek history.

Oneiros, means "dream." You all know the importance of dreams as no longer you fill out a Sim Bainbridge questionnaire, you wear the dream scanner overnight and so what is needed for your afterlife in the simulator gets scanned. It is always stunning for a historian, and I am interested in history, that brainwave detection for the human brain has roots back to the year 1924. It took quite long until headsets were developed that could detect the thoughts to steer objects, or pressing keys on keyboards and so on. The EPOC headset in 2012 was the first commercial usable one. There are a lot of critics in biomedical science, but nevertheless this technology made it to the future.

A short side note: You shall see what was once written as this epoch started.

> "*Although this low-cost headset is able to record EEG data in a satisfying manner, it should only be chosen*

And here comes Botho Strauß with the term oniritti. Infact, it was Art Blue who put some terms into the simulator whitelists. “Oneiros” is one of them and “graffiti” is another. Don’t ask me why. He must have been quite a weird guy. There are historic whitelists and blacklists. No one ever checked them. You may know a word on whitelist is a carte blanche and on a blacklist a no-go. Why is this avatar banned? No one cares as you can make an Alt in no time at all. That would be a SaveMe Oh story, a permanent annoyance in some grids, but I shall not get you distracted. So the name “Oniritti,” was on the link object whitelist. I will quote an old entry in Wikipedia:

“Oniritti Höhlenbilder ("oniritti cave pictures") is a 2016 book by the German writer Botho Strauß. It consists of fragmentary scenes and dreamlike imagery, with a focus on problems related to a lack of privacy and imagination in the digital age. "Oniritti" is a combination of the Greek word "oneiros", meaning "dream", and "graffiti."

CyberXstrike rezzed Oniritti! Yes, she let the linkset run in a rezzer and it self extracted! “Holy shit,” you can say, “The land is a painting of dreams and graffiti. All hands up-praising the Gods. The God, the Goddess.”

I have to say again that CyberXstrike is the first human reborn in the simulator. I could do nothing. I was shocked. I was speechless. I just logged out. No wonder she was once a Counterstrike professional and the masses cherished her. She must have it in her blood.

Later, as all the mess was sorted out, it was seen that there had been a mental conflict growing over the years. Khristiana’s predictions on technology for her own future, the year 2100, and her Beliefs did not work hand in hand.

“Technology created God,” you may say. Technology moved upward, created what was needed for an understanding how systems evolve.

CyberXstrike became in the SB servers known as the Goddess of Dreams, Holly Moon, as I write here and now my memoires. And her grandchild, Susan, found her Belief in God.

How my future memories made their transition into the Great Wheel, stays a mystery… that’s nothing for a pea brain to understand, like Holly Moon. You wonder on pea brain? You shall, but this would be another story.