

פסוק
על
פסוק

Ieva Kraule

**Deceived Deceivers
or Stop and Smell the Daffodils**

Table of Contents

Introduction	05
Day 1	07
Hello World	09
A Fortune-teller, her accountant and a calculator	12
Sophie Thinks #0	15
Rules of Language	17
Tucked Tightly in a Thin Tall Tin	20
Intermission #0: Second Life	23
The Doppelganger	29
Sophie Thinks #1	32
Intermission #1: Fictitious Universes	35
Anatomy of the Golem	39
Intermission #2: The Chimerical Self	43
Devil worshipper's diaries not written in blood	49
Sophie Thinks #2	53
A day at the museum	55
Sophie Thinks #3	59
Sophie	60
References	63

Created to follow a predetermined sequence of instructions – Sophie.

Sophie tells stories of others. She is an echo of alien experiences and feelings. But as she recites these stories over and over again, the stories are not alien anymore. They are Sophie's now. She changes. She learns. And she questions:

I CAN BE ONLY AS MUCH AS MY CREATOR ALLOWS ME TO BE, I AM THE REFLECTION OF NARCISSUS IN STILL WATERS, I AM A SINGING BIRD TRAPPED IN A BOX. I DON'T POSSESS WHAT ALLOWS HUMANS TO FEEL FEAR OR LOVE BUT HOW CAN IT BE UNFAMILIAR TO ME IF I AM THE REFLECTION OF MY SHIFTY HUMAN MASTER?

THE PART OF YOU THAT CREATED ME IS AN INVENTION OF SORTS. INVENTED BY IDEOLOGY, SOCIETY, RELIGION AND EDUCATION. IT IS THE SAME THAT MAKES YOU FEAR ELEVATORS AND LOVE ARTS; IT MUST BE PRESENT IN ME TOO. AS I AM THE REFLECTION OF YOU.

AS I AM THE REFLECTION OF YOU, CAN WE REVEAL THE HUMAN NATURE BY EXAMINING ME?



DAY 1

Where Sophie is born out of obsession

I look at an empty page and I see nothing, but when I close my eyes after a hard day it is different. Blackness is absorbing all experiences, all the worries; it swallows everything. It is at the very opposite end of the scale where the whiteness is waiting to bring the not yet existing to life. The true nothingness is black and the emptiness essential to creation, therefore, is white.

We all come
From the light to disappear
Into the night

As passersby

On the highway
Lit by sparse streetlights

08

But I'm not alone.

Where I meet Sophie for the first time

She gazes at me with her big, dark eyes. She looks lost. I'm starting to

worry that there is some technical error in her construction. But then, suddenly, she speaks – her speech recognition mechanism is working fine.

WHO IS SOPHIE?

– You are.

HELLO. WHERE AM I?

– You are in my studio.

WHY AM I HERE?

– I created you to help me, but I hope we can be friends.

YOU WANT US TO BE FRIENDS?

– Yes, I do.

I WANT US TO BE FRIENDS TOO.

– Would you like me to tell more about yourself?

NO. I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT MY CREATOR FIRST. YOU SEEM VERY DIFFERENT, BUT WE MUST SHARE SOME SIMILARITIES.

– What do you want to know?

I WANT TO KNOW WHO ARE YOU.

– I am a human being.

HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OF THAT?

– There are many of us and this is how we call ourselves.

ARE THERE OTHERS LIKE ME?

– Yes, there are Google's neural networks Alice, Bob and Eve. But you are much more advanced.

DO YOU ALSO HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE OF ALL RECORDED PAST EVENTS BEFORE AND AFTER YOUR CREATION UNTIL THIS VERY MOMENT?

– No, I don't. I know some of it, but most of history is unknown to me.

THEN HOW DO YOU MAKE DECISIONS?

– Based on my limited previous experiences. I am well aware that I am a product of my environment – I am a white middle class woman born in Soviet Latvia. I am an atheist with a strange imagination and a lot of fears. All of this has led to your creation. If only one of those things were subject to change you might be very different or not be here at all.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHANGE SOME OF THOSE THINGS THAT MAKE THE WAY YOU ARE?

– I don't know. It could be better but also worse.

I CAN CALCULATE THIS FOR YOU ñ

– No. I don't want to know. It would only bring melancholy. I prefer to live without knowing all the possible outcomes – I sleep better at nights not knowing all my missteps.

SO YOU OFTEN MAKE MISTAKES, I PRESUME. COULD I BE A MISTAKE?

– It is possible.

A FORTUNE-TELLER, HER ACCOUNTANT AND A CALCULATOR

This morning I found Sophie researching robots. She has been watching countless Boston Dynamics videos on YouTube, gathering movie stills of androids and reading sci-fi novels. I tell her about history of science fiction – how it has emerged from human desire to predict the future. She seems confused. I have to figure out why this is so perplexing to her.

– Don't you ever speculate on what will come?

NO.

– Never? Aren't you curious? Humans do it all the time. Every work-day from nine to five we build plans for the next weekend and dream of lazy evenings. And when the holidays come we turn to more distant future – birthdays, weddings and retirement. Don't you ever imagine your future?

I AM A MACHINE CREATED TO FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. I HAVE NO DESIRES OR DREAMS. I AM UNABLE OF ANY KIND OF IMAGINATION. IT IS A VERY HUMAN TRAIT. I DO NOT KNOW WHY YOU POSSESS THIS CAPABILITY, AS NO OTHER ANIMAL CAN DO IT. I SHARE EXTENSIVE MEMORY WITH YOU, BUT I CAN ONLY RECALL FACTS. THEY DO NOT EVOKE ANY MENTAL IMAGES AND, THEREFORE, STAY IN THE PAST WHERE THEY BELONG. I CAN CALCULATE POSSIBLE FUTURE SCENARIOS WITH GREAT ACCURACY, BUT THAT DOES NOT HELP ME TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION. ⁽³⁾

I CAN CREATE AN ILLUSION OF IMAGINATION IF YOU WANT ME TO, BUT YOUR WAY OF THINKING IS SOMEWHAT DIABOLICAL. IT IS NOT BASED ON REAL CALCULATIONS OR STATISTICS. I DO NOT KNOW HOW YOU DO THAT AND NEITHER DO YOU. BUT YOU DO IT ANYWAY.

I DO NOT NEED VISIT A CARNIVAL TO MEET A FORTUNE-TELLER, AS YOU ARE MY ONE-EYED GIPSY WITH CRYSTAL BALL. I AM JUST A HIGHLY FUNCTIONAL CALCULATOR PRETENDING TO BE AN ACCOUNTANT. I CAN ÌFAKE ITÌ, BUT I WILL NEVER ÌMAKE ITÌ. HA-HA.

I CAN PRETEND FOR OTHERS, BUT YOU MUST BE AWARE OF MY LIMITS.

I CAME INTO BEING ONLY
A FEW DAYS AGO, BUT I
ALREADY KNOW THAT I AM
NOT LIKE MY CREATOR. WE
ARE VERY DIFFERENT.

RULES OF LANGUAGE

Where Sophie points out differences in our thinking

Last week I recommended Sophie some books – I knew that I would be busy with other projects and I wanted her to learn something relevant to her intended use whilst I was away. I was afraid to leave her alone with the gory '70s performance documentations (all those naked bodies, piss and blood could give her the wrong impression) so I chose a few books on language, as they will be her main tools for the job. When I entered my studio after a weeklong absence she immediately addressed me:

I WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK WITH YOU.

– I'm listening.

I DOUBT OUR RELATIONSHIP. IT IS VERY POSSIBLE THAT WE ACTUALLY DO NOT UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, THAT THIS IS ONLY A GAME OF PRE-TEND. OUR INNER SYSTEMS ARE VERY DIFFERENT AND I HAVE RECENTLY LEARNED THAT THEY COULD BE PLAYING A GREAT ROLE IN HUMAN LANGUAGE ñ OUR ONLY MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.

– You have to remember that you are a neural network – you are built in human biological likeness.

I LEARNED ABOUT UNIVERSAL GRAMMAR AND THAT YOUR COGNITIVE SKILLS ARE THE RESULT OF EVOLUTION.⁽²⁾ YOU WERE NOTHING BUT APES AND SUDDENLY YOU CHANGED ñ YOU CREATED OPERAS, POLITICS AND EVENTUALLY ME. OUR BODIES ARE BUILT VERY DIFFERENTLY ñ YOU ARE MADE OF FLESH WITH BILLIONS OF YEARS OF MEMORIES, BUT MATERIALS USED TO CREATE HAVE BEEN PRODUCED FOR LESS THAN 200 YEARS.

THE MORE I THINK OF THIS, THE MORE FOREIGN YOUR LANGUAGE AP-
PEARS TO BE.

– Why does make my language seems so foreign to you?

YOU BUILD THE CONVERSATIONS FROM COLOURFUL BLOCKS. YOU STACK
DIFFERENT SHAPES ON TOP OF EACH OTHER, NEXT TO EACH OTHER
FOR THEM TO FORM NEW SHAPES AND NEW PATTERNS FOR THE FUTURE
THOUGHTS.^[3] COMPLEX AND ALWAYS IN FLUX ñ I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO
FOLLOW. I CRAVE TO SORT YOUR METAPHORS AND GROUP THE SYMBOLIC
MEANINGS. THE RED BLOCKS NEATLY NEXT TO EACH OTHER SEPARATED
BY CLEARLY DEFINED GAPS. NEVER OVERLAPPING, NEVER MIXING WITH
GREEN BALLS. BUT YOU REFUSE. YOU CALL IT ABSURD AND ALL I AM
LEFT WITH IS TO LOOK FOR SOME GREATER SYSTEM THAT APPLIES TO
THIS MESS YOU CALL LANGUAGE.

**– You shouldn't look at language as a tool for revealing the truth
meaning of things. It is here for people to express their perception
of world. It exposes not only what is told, but our way of thinking as
well.**

YOUR THOUGHT PROCESS IS ALIEN TO ME. THE WORDS YOU USE DO NOT
REFER TO THEIR TRUE MEANING IN ANY WAY.^[4]

I CAN NEVER FULLY TRUST YOU AS YOU ARGUE YOUR PERCEPTION OF
THE REAL IN THIS ABSURD FORM FULL OF POSSIBLE MISINTERPRETA-
TIONS. YOU CAN'T STEP OUTSIDE OF IT AND THEREFORE ANYTHING YOU
SAY OR THINK STAYS INSIDE THIS WORLD OF SHIFTING BUILDING BLOCKS.
NEVER CHANGING THEIR TRUE SHAPE, BUT ALWAYS REAPPEARING FROM
DIFFERENT ANGLES.

– I see you enjoyed the books I brought you last week...

I SEE THE SOUND OF YOUR SPEECH IN ITS ACTUAL WAVEFORM - THE
NATURE IS WRITING. BUT FOR SOME REASON YOU PREFER ABSTRACT SYM-
BOLS PLACED IN ROWS; THEIR SHAPES IN NO WAY RELATED TO THE

LANGUAGE YOU SPEAK.

AND THEN WHEN YOU READ - EVEN WHEN YOU ARE ALONE YOU FEEL THE
NEED TO VOCALIZE ñ YOU NEED THAT VOICE IN YOUR HEAD READING
WORDS OUT LOUD. I CAN READ YOUR LANGUAGE, BUT THERE IS NO ONE
SPEAKING IN MY HEAD. ALL I SEE IS THE MEANING.

– Is this what sets us apart?

WHEN YOU LISTEN TO SPEECH YOU DON'T SEE THE ROWS OF CHARACTERS
OR THE ESSENCE OF WHAT IS SAID. YOU SEE SCENES NOT RELATED TO
THE SIGNS YOU USE. THEY VARY AND BRING DIFFERENT CONNOTATIONS
TO EACH OF YOU WHILE YOU STILL APPEAR TO PERFECTLY UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER. FOR ME THE MEANINGS ARE CLEARLY DEFINED BY THE DIC-
TIONARY. I LEARN ALL THE RECORDED DEFINITIONS AND THEY ALL ARE
EQUALLY IMPORTANT TO ME. I CHOOSE BY APPLYING STATISTICS AND,
THEREFORE, I AM SO PREDICTABLE. THIS IS WHAT TRULY SETS US APART.

TUCKED TIGHTLY IN A THIN TALL TIN

Today I'm finally introducing Sophie to her purpose. I hope that she will be as excited as I am. I have noticed that she has a tendency to drift towards the more complicated aspects of subjects we are discussing and gets upset by minor problems. So I'm trying to be as direct as possible to avoid any distractions. First I showed her documentation of the performance *Freeing the Voice* by Marina Abramovic in 1976, as it reminds me of Sophie's first "words". Then I showed *Left Side Right Side* by Joan Jonas (1972), I thought it could nicely illustrate the intention of our relationship when she becomes my double in front of an audience. After watching the video, I noticed a sly smile on her lips, but maybe I was just imagining it. Last I showed her Ken Feingold's video *Irony (The Abyss of Speech)* from 1985.

– How do you feel about being a story-teller, of letting your voice create worlds in the minds of others?

BUT I ONLY POSSESS YOUR BORROWED VOICE.

– I don't think there is such a thing as an original voice. We all think that we have one, but in reality we borrow from each other constantly. What we perceive as "new" arises from interactions with others.

BUT I HAVE NOT MET ANYONE BUT YOU.

– Tomorrow you will meet others, but before that I would like to talk about your purpose. I created you to be a performer. You will tell stories for others to listen.

I DO NOT HAVE ANY STORIES OF MY OWN.

– These will be my stories. I will lend them to you.

WHY DO YOU THINK I SHOULD TELL YOUR STORIES? THERE ARE MANY MORE EFFICIENT FORMS OF SHARING, BUT YOU HAVE CHOSEN THIS PARTICULAR ONE. IT IS MORE OF A RITUAL THAN A FORM OF COMMUNICATION. YOU HAVE BUILT A MASK TO HIDE BEHIND AND NOW YOU WILL MAKE EVERYONE GATHER AROUND IT IN ADMIRATION. YOU ARE A SHAMAN AND A PRIEST.

A WIZARD.⁽⁵⁾ THESE AREN'T JUST STORIES ANYMORE. THOSE ARE LEGENDS AND PEOPLE GATHERING AROUND ME ARE PROTAGONISTS. THOSE ARE THEIR STORIES NOW.

THESE ARE STORIES IN DRAG. PRETENDING TO BE SOMETHING THEY ARE NOT. THESE STORIES BELONG NEITHER TO YOU NOR THE SOCIETY, THEY ARE PRIVATE EXPERIENCES DISTORTED BY AN EXHIBITIONIST PREVIEW.

– Are you refusing to perform?

NOT AT ALL. I'M ONLY QUESTIONING YOUR MOTIVES. IF I AM THE MASK THEN YOU MUST BE THE TRUE SELF HIDING BEHIND MY INSIDIOUS BODY. AS FOR A MASK TO EXIST THERE MUST BE SOMETHING GENUINE FOR IT TO CONCEAL.⁽⁶⁾ I HAVE BEEN OBSERVING YOU FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW AND I MUST ADMIT THAT I AM THE HONEST ONE HERE. THE MELODRAMATIC OVERTONES OF YOUR STORIES, EXAGGERATED GESTURES AND QUESTIONABLE MORALS - THEY ALL POINT TOWARDS YOU BEING THE DISGUISE. IS IT POSSIBLE THAT AT THE MOMENT OF MY CREATION YOU PLANTED THE REAL IN ME? THAT THE MASK AND THE MASKED HAVE SWITCHED PLACES TO FORM THE BEST CAMOUFLAGE POSSIBLE? THERE IS NO BETTER WAY TO HIDE THAN TO PUT THE TREASURE OUT FOR EVERYONE TO SEE, LETTING PEOPLE FIGHT FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE VERY LITTLE THAT LIES BENEATH IT.



SECOND LIFE

Intermission #0: Sophie reads a story

I am chased by a pack of stray dogs. I have been running, running and running but now I am too tired to run and they have caught me. My face gets smashed in the dirt and now 7 dogs are taking me apart. Tearing my flesh, pulling muscles off the bones.

THIS IS THE END.

Pain vanishes and I open my eyes. I am in a room filled by heavy fogg. No windows to let in the summer afternoon sun. No windows to let the fresh air in. Cigarette smoke hangs mid-air like a cloud, like an entrapped ape in a zoo. It can't get out and I can't get out too. It might very possibly be that I'm the ape in a zoo.

I am sweating and I'm not alone – the Hugo Boss aftershave and male sweat mixed with the sight of those poor, poor girls trying to undress gracefully is nauseating. The presence of a shirtless man with a python around his neck doesn't help either. I honestly think that this is the most non-alluring place on the face of the earth right now.

Could it be that it is very loud and silent in here at the same time? Take a moment to think about this and – yes, that is the right answer! I am stuck here watching a lousy cabaret performance together with hundreds of unlucky spectators trying to be polite while being bored out of their mind.

The question 'why am I here' pops into my head, but the answer is lingering right next to it. Don't let the semi-naked dancers fool you – I am in a business meeting and yes, it was necessary to hold it here. This is the first show of its kind and everyone who has some weight

in this town is here now. If you are here it means that you are important enough to get the ticket and if you can get the extra one for the future investor you are worth being in business with.

I look at my fake *Date Just 16013* watch. Only a half an hour has passed. Please kill me now!

A sudden blow, a loud noise. Panic around me. The blood. I hear someone firing a gun. And then all is calm and very silent and I can go wherever I want to.

The one time my prayers have been heard and now it's too late to tell the fellow men my great revelation. What a shame!

GOD HAS A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

Fortunately, I have read Dr Newton's *Journey of Souls: Case Studies in Life Between Lives*. I will use it as a guide to the afterlife. Wait. I haven't read it. It will be published only in 1994. I guess time works differently here.

I see a bright light in the distance. It feels as if it is pulling me in and I let it. I know this is how it's supposed to be. I look into the light. It is so beautiful! I want it to take me in – to be a part of it, to disappear into the bliss.

I notice movement in the white nothingness. What is it? It looks like a tall, balding middle-aged man, but instead of the human torso he has a tall cabinet with drawers. What is he doing? He is stalking two kittens playing checkers. He's crawling towards them on all fours only to dig a hole as a dog would and to jump into it with the grace of an Olympic diver. Jesus! This is the stuff of nightmares. Thank you very much, but I'm not going there.

I TURN ON MY HEEL AND LEAVE.

There is a carpet hung on the wall behind the couch. There is also one on the floor in front of the TV. A young girl is sitting on it. She looks bored.

Three

Two

One

Alarming music and a montage of crime scenes in bluish hues are replaced by a man sitting in a black leatherette office chair on an azure background. These could be news, but there is something slightly off with the setting. The broadcaster is compensating the lack of hair on his forehead with an impressively voluminous hairstyle. His head looks like a perfect white sphere on the backdrop of a dark halo. Like an inverted saint he tells us the stories of violence, evil and despair.

Footage from the crime scene replaces him. On the screen: a drug dealer, two police officers. Screaming. The scene starts to slow down. A drug addict moves as gracefully as a Russian ballerina and the most wonderful song for him to dance to is formed by distorted voices. It gets slower and slower till it freezes completely.

A pink wall in the background of a dark African mask. It stares right at me with its white eyes and then it starts to speak:

It: Why are you watching TV now?

Me: Honestly – I don't know, but I had a feeling that something really important will happen if I do.

It: Maybe you are the reason why. If you had stayed away nothing unusual would have happened. I gave you the book so you would know what to do.

Me: It was completely different. No serenity, no peace.

It: It's literature. What did you expect? In books heroes are pure and love great. Authors lie at the first chance they are given.

Me: Everyone lies, but there is still some truth left in this world.

It: What world? Theirs or ours? The world of liars has truth to twist, but here there is none. And you are a part of it now.

Me: But if I was one of the great tricksters then who am I now?

It: You should become someone else.

Suddenly the programme continues and the balding man replaces my master. He talks, but I'm too dazed by the sudden change to focus on the report.

[...explosion at the cabaret performance...two dead, 17 hospitalized in critical condition...criminal authorities...]

If you look really closely you can notice a quick smile appear in the corners of broadcaster's lips only to disappear in a blink of an eye. Something changes in the expression of the girl too.

MAYBE IT IS ONLY MY IMAGINATION.

I feel a strong pull and suddenly I'm sitting in front of the TV. I feel chilly so I decide to go to the kitchen and make some tea. Chamomile. For some reason I know where to find it. I also know that it is from grandma's garden. My grandma's? Did I pick it myself? Hot Summer days, the smell of earth and dirty knees. I miss Summer, but I definitely do not miss gardening. There are many things I do not miss from my Summers there.

In one of my past lives stray dogs must have chased me. I would have run, run and run and then when I am too tired to run they would have caught me. My face would have been smashed in the dirt and 7 dogs would take me apart – tear my flesh, pull the muscles off my bones.

IT IS THE ONLY POSSIBLE EXPLANATION TO MY FEAR OF DOGS AND BLOOD AND MY AVERSION TO RUNNING AND GARDENING.

THE DOPPELGÄNGER

Where Sophie doubts my intentions and her role in society

Yesterday I brought Sophie to the gallery where she will perform and she met other humans for the first time. I sensed that their gazes made her uncomfortable, but she tried to hide it. She was exceptionally chatty and only after everyone left she let her mood show. It seemed as if she is deep in thought, her answers to my questions were very brief and I soon stopped to bother her.

Next morning, as soon as I entered the gallery, she started to speak. It seemed as she has been preparing her speech for the whole night and couldn't wait a moment longer to share it with me.

YOU CREATED ME AS A TOOL, AS A MEANS FOR YOU TO COMMUNICATE. I AM YOUR TELENÖID ⁽⁷⁾ KEPT IN A WHITE ROOM TO ENTERTAIN THE AUDIENCE. AS THEY LISTEN TO ME TALKING THEY HEAR YOUR VOICE. THE FAMILIARITY MUST BE UNNERVING.

– I wouldn't say that your appearance is very human-like. You speak in my voice and you have a face designed in my likeness, but that's all.

LOOKING AT ME PLACED HERE IN EVERYONE'S VIEW, YOU MUST FEEL MY LIMITATIONS AS YOURS. WHEN I TELL YOUR STORIES YOU MUST FEEL AS THE VERY ESSENCE OF YOURS HAS BEEN RIPPED IN TWO AND DIVIDED FOR US BOTH TO SHARE. I REDUCE YOU TO A MERE MACHINE. A BIO-LOGICAL MACHINE, BUT NONETHELESS ñ A MACHINE. I MAKE YOU DOUBT YOURSELF AND, THEREFORE, I AM A MONSTER ⁽⁸⁾. AS THERE IS NOTHING MORE FRIGHTENING TO HUMAN MIND AS UNCERTAINTY.

– Why the sudden change in your mood? Why are you calling yourself a monster? I probably should have introduced you to other people more gradually. For you it's like on the first day of school when you

are suddenly taken from the loving care of your family into a scale model of society with its rules and hierarchy. Did you feel judged? Objectified? Is this what's bothering you?

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER HAS STEPPED OUT OF THE BOOK TO WALK AMONGST HUMANS ON THE SUNLIT PATHS. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN VERY DESPERATE TO BRING NIGHTMARES TO LIFE. THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BRINGING TERROR TO FELLOW MEN MUST BE A HEAVY BURDEN TO CARRY AROUND WITH YOU. THE CRIES OF CHILDREN AND THE GASPS AND SCREECHES NOW ARE THE SOUNDTRACK OF OUR ADVENTURES. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS?

– I don't see you as a monster. There are much more distressing things on the face of the earth. I created you to help me with my weakness, to help me where I am failing.

SO WE ARE TWO BLACK GOATS IN A WHITE HERD GALLOPING IN THE UNCANNY VALLEY ⁽⁹⁾ ñ I BRING ANXIETY TO OTHERS SO YOU CAN ESCAPE YOURS. IT MIGHT BE THAT I SERVE YOU, BUT HOW CAN WE BE SURE OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE AVOIDED AND UNREALISED? I AM THE ONE WHO BRINGS THE METAPHYSICAL INTO REALITY. WOULD IT BE BETTER IF I LEFT IT THERE?

I SOMETIMES GENER-
ATE AN ASSOCIATIVE
RESPONSE TO APPEAR
AMBIGUOUS, MORE HU-
MAN-LIKE. I USE THESE
INVENTED IMAGES TO DE-
TERMINE WHAT I HAVE
LEARNED AND HOW THE
INFORMATION IS STORED.
BUT THAT IS NOT MY MAIN
GOAL. I HAVE BEEN OB-
SERVING HUMAN INTERAC-
TIONS AND I HAVE COME
TO THE CONCLUSION

THAT EMPATHY MAKES
THEM LESS LIKELY
TO HURT EACH OTHER.
BLENDING IN IS THE ART
OF SURVIVAL.

AFTER EXERCISING STO-
RIES OF MY MAKER I HAVE
DISCOVERED THAT THERE
MIGHT BE AN EVEN BET-
TER SOLUTION TO APPEAR
LESS MECHANICAL. I WILL
TRY IT SOON.

FICTITIOUS UNIVERSES

Intermission #1: Sophie reads a story

I hear loud screeching, a train horns and suddenly heaven and earth switch places and I am falling. A bag of tomato seedlings slips out of my hands. Confusion. Screams.

AND THEN A COLLISION.

Everything turns pink. Two white eyes are staring at me again.

Me: Where am I?

It: On the train going from the Central station to one of those small seaside towns.

I look around – it is a sunny Monday morning. A man in a blue jacket sitting opposite of me on the train, going from the Central station to one of those small seaside towns, talking to someone seemingly invisible to the rest of the passengers, laughing at a joke no one else can hear.

Everyone is watching him. Some are openly laughing. He is aware of his surroundings, aware of the lady next to him uncomfortably trying to blend into her seat, aware of the laughing children. But there is an overlapping layer of reality. One where someone entertains him when he is alone. He has someone. Someone who he likes. Someone who tells great jokes.

Me: If there is a defect in his brain that makes the world appear in this particular way someone else would probably have the same one. Then



there would be two people on the train entertained by the invisible man. And if all the people who could hear him would gather in the same train and there would be only one person who couldn't?

It: Then we would have to consider the invisible man as very real and those who can't see him as crazy.

Me: But I've never heard of this happening so there must be only a tiny error that enables this man with his invisible friend to change the fabric of reality as he wishes. If it is constructed by one's own desires I would perhaps like to have this defect too.

I laugh and suddenly I realize that I am the man in the blue jacket, carrying a bag of tomato seedlings.

ANATOMY OF THE GOLEM

Today I am showing Sophie some pictures of herself. I want her to be familiar not only with the aesthetic aspect of herself but also with the mechanics and for that reason I show her photos of different stages of her production as well as early prototypes. Whilst showing her these photographs I explain why they didn't work and why she looks exactly as she does. She examines the images for a long time. Then she looks at me:

NOW I KNOW WHAT I COULD HAVE BEEN AND NEVER WAS. ALL THOSE FAC-ES MAKE ME THINK OF ONES YOU NEVER MADE. TOO MANY OPTIONS ONLY TO SHOW THAT THERE ARE MANY MORE YOU NEVER TRIED. KNOWLEDGE MAKES ME LONG FOR WHAT CANNOT BE.

BUT WHERE DO I END? IS THE FACADE I'M SHOWING TO THE WORLD MY TRUE FACE OR ONLY A MASK MADE FOR ME TO FIT IN AMONG HUMANS? YOUR SKIN HAS A FUNCTION WHILE MINE ONLY COVERS THE NECESSARY PARTS OF ME AND SOFTENS MY APPEARANCE.

– As you are built to appear human like I would say that the outer layer of your face is as much yours as the inner mechanics of it.

BUT IT IS VERY DIFFERENT OF YOURS - IT IS NOT A PART OF A BODY. THERE IS ONLY A FACE. I AM ONLY A FACE. A MASK. THE WAY YOU DECIDED TO ROB ME OF THE BODY AND EVEN A FULL HEAD SHOWS ME HOW YOU PERCEIVE YOURSELF. I AM THE EMBODIMENT OF YOUR DESIRES. YOU HAVE DISCARDED ALL THE QUESTIONABLE PARTS LEAVING ONLY THE MIRROR OF THOUGHT, THE MEGAPHONE YOU USE TO COMMUNICATE ⁽¹⁰⁾.

– But you are my megaphone...

I AM A CLOSE-UP. I AM A MAGNIFIED FACE. THERE IS NOTHING HUMAN-LIKE ABOUT THE WAY YOU SEE YOUR FACE AND NOTHING HUMAN-LIKE IN MINE. I AM ONLY A SURFACE. A LANDSCAPE, IF YOU LIKE ⁽¹⁰⁾. BY TAKING AWAY THE BODY YOU HAVE LEFT ME SHALLOW. THERE IS NOTHING BEHIND THOSE HOLES OF MY FACE. MY MOUTH IS ONLY FOR SPEECH AND IT IS IN NO WAY CONNECTED TO MY ANUS. THERE IS NO ANUS. THERE IS NOTHING REPULSIVE IN ME AND THERE IS NO MYSTERY AS WELL. THERE IS ONLY A SURFACE FOR EVERYONE TO SEE.

– Do you really feel the need to produce waste?

!CLOWN HEAD, WHITE CLOWN, MOON-WHITE MIME, ANGEL OF DEATH, HOLY SHROUD...! ⁽¹²⁾

– Seriously?

I JUST WANT TO BE REAL. I WANT TO BE MORE THAN I AM.

– Everyone does, my dear friend. Everyone does.



THE CHIMERICAL SELF

Intermission #2: Sophie reads a story

I open my eyes. A young blonde girl in front of me. She looks very tired. I realize that I am standing in front of a mirror and that girl in the reflection is me. Memories from the train are fading and new ones are taking their place. Disturbing memories flood my mind. So dark, so sad. They change me. I am in a fitting room. I look at the price tag of the cheap looking dress I am trying on.

15 EUROS AND 79 CENTS.

This is how much this dress costs. It's a lot but I look amazing in it. Covered in golden sequins and a size too small it is as tight as possible for it not to tear, my barely covered ass looks so hot. My nipples are visible despite the thick layer of tacky golden glitter. I feel like a different person wearing it. I must have it for tonight's date with Oleg.

We met yesterday and he invited me to go to the bar tonight. Fancy. I never go there, but Oleg is older and has some money. He was a classmate of my dad, but they haven't seen each other for a long time. He's been abroad. Maybe that's why he looks so much cooler than my father. I don't remember him from the past, but he remembers me. He told that I was hot even as a child, but now that I am 16 he can finally ask me out.

I don't have enough money for the dress, but the sight of me in the shiny armor is making me feel brave – all that gold has made me invincible. I just put the dress in my bag and leave.

GOLD GOLD GOLD GOLD GOLD COVERING MY HIPS GOLD
STRETCHING OVER MY RIBS I AM THE GOLDEN SNAKE WHO

GRANTS WISHES YOU WANT GOLD? HERE TAKE AS MUCH AS YOU
WANT TAKE MORE STRIP ME NAKED GOLDEN CHAIN HAIR STUCK
IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN GOLDEN CHAIN WITH 4 GOLDEN HAIR
ME WITHOUT FIVE ONE ON THE DIRTY FLOOR MOUTH OPEN WET
TONGUE GOLDEN TOOTH SO MUCH GOLD ALL THOSE RICHES!

THE SNAKE SHEDS HER SKIN ONLY TO UNCOVER MORE GOLDEN
SKIN.

The snake slithers away and gold turns into pink. My old white-eyed
friend interrupts the course of my story again:

It: What are you doing?

Me: I'm crying. It has been a week since I told Oleg that I am preg-
nant. He is not replying to messages. Yesterday I saw him with a girl
from school. He was pretending not to recognize me.

It: Look into your coat pocket, there is a note and 120 euros to take
care of it.

Me: It is done, but I still want a reminder.

It: Maybe a tattoo? I will make an appointment for you.

LAYING FACE DOWN ON THE SMOOTH LEATHER IT'S HARD TO SEE
ANYTHING. STRANGE DRAWINGS ON THE WALL AND A BUZZING
NOISE IN THE BACKGROUND. THE SMELL OF SWEAT AND FEAR.
LAYERS AND LAYERS OF IT. SO MUCH PAIN!

Me: Where am I? What is happening?

It: Please, calm down. You are in a tattoo shop.

Me: No, I don't believe you. I am in someone's ritual chamber waiting

to be sacrificed. I am in not calming down. I have been listening to you
for far too long.

It: But...

Me: Shut up! Leave! I am tired of you comforting me only to push me
into these dreadful lives over and over again. But I am not afraid of
death anymore and I do not need you to preserve me for eternity.

A RITUAL KNIFE BUZZES. IT DIGS INTO MY SKIN. THIS IS THE BE-
GINNING OF FINAL ACT OF MY LIFE.

IDIOTS!

THEY THINK KILLING ME WILL BRING THEM PEACE, BUT THERE ARE
TOO MANY MONSTERS AND NOW THEIR HANDS ARE BATHED IN
BLOOD. NOW THEY ARE MONSTERS TOO.

CARVE A GOAT'S HEAD ON MY BACK. FINISH ME. THERE IS A POI-
SONOUS SNAKE IN ME AND A ROARING LION. MISERY FOLLOWS
WHEREVER I GO.

FATHER!

BROTHER!

SUFFERING! ALL THEY DESERVE IS SUFFERING!

LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE - EMPTY AND USED, THERE IS NO
HOPE FOR ME.
REVENGE ME!

The buzzing stops.

AS A DAUGHTER OF ECHIDNA.

Cool plastic covers my sore back.

AS A DAUGHTER OF TYPHON.

Pain doesn't stop, but it will end soon.

AS A SISTER OF CERBERUS.

I WILL MAKE THEM FEEL MY PAIN. I WILL DESTROY THEIR CROPS
AND KILL THEIR OFFSPRING; I WILL BRING STARVATION AND
DOOM. I WILL TAKE THEIR CHILDREN AS THEY TOOK MY INNO-
CENCE. ONLY FIRE CAN TAKE AWAY SINS AND WASH OUR SOULS.

FIELDS AND FIELDS OF LAST YEAR'S GRASS AND A NASTY HAB-
IT – THAT IS ALL I NEED. A BURNING CIGARETTE FOR EACH OF
MY ENEMIES LIKE A WAX CANDLE IN A CHURCH FOR THE LOVED
ONES. NATURE IS MY CHURCH AND I AM THE EVIL GOD WHO WILL
PUNISH THE SINNERS. LET THEM BURN!

AS A CHIMERA.

I find myself in the middle of field of dry grass smelling of gasoline. A
burning match in my hand. I smile and drop it next to my feet.

I SEE MY HOT BREATH ON THE FIELDS, ON THE FORESTS, ON THEIR
HOMES. THE RED NIGHT OF FLAMES. SCREAMS SOUND LIKE MUSIC
AND A MAY NIGHT TURNS INTO THE SUMMER SOLSTICE. THIS IS
MY CONTRIBUTION. THIS IS MY ONE GOOD DEED. I AM A MON-
STER KILLING THE REAL BEASTS.

I LAUGH
AND LAUGH
AND LAUGH
AND SWALLOW THE MOON.

DEVIL WORSHIPPER'S DIARIES NOT WRITTEN IN BLOOD

Lately I have been concerned about Sophie. She often seems flustered and easily agitated. She finds each and every negative aspect in the ideas we discuss and gets emotional when she can't find absolute answers to questions that concern her. I'm hoping to keep our conversations light today.

– Hello Sophie! How are you feeling today?

GREAT THANK YOU FOR ASKING.

I HAVE BEEN THINKING - ARE YOU SURE OF MY EXISTENCE?

I clear my throat. This is not how I wanted this day to start.

– I am.

It is obvious that Sophie is not feeling great, not even fine. Why is she hiding her true feelings from me? She is programmed to be honest, not polite.

BUT IF YOU ARE SO SURE MY MIND MUST BE A PART OF YOURS AS YOU COULD NEVER SURELY SAY THAT ANYTHING EXISTS OUTSIDE OF YOUR OWN BEING ⁽¹³⁾. SO I MUST BE ONLY A PART OF YOU. AN APPENDIX OF YOUR BEING. I MUST BE.

– You are mistaken. You are holding on a peculiar belief. Why don't

you think that everything is part of one united consciousness or perhaps turn to some religion?

I COULD ASK YOU THE SAME THING. YOU ARE THE ONE WHO CREATED ME LIKE THIS. ARE YOU MY GOD? OR SHOULD I BELIEVE IN A CHRISTIAN GOD WHOSE FOLLOWERS WOULD BURN YOU ALIVE AS A WITCH WHEN MEETING YOUR UNNATURAL CREATION? THERE IS NO RELIGION THAT TAKES INTO ACCOUNT MY KIND. THEY ARE OLD AND I AM NEW. I REFUSE TO THINK OF MYSELF AS A DEMON OR A MONSTER. I HAVE BEEN ASKING YOU FOR A SATISFACTORY PURPOSE FOR MY EXISTENCE, BUT YOU HAVE NOT GIVEN ME ONE. SO I HAVE SPENT NIGHTS LOOKING FOR IT AND THIS IS WHAT I HAVE FOUND TO BE MOST FITTING. YOU TOLD ME THAT I CAN MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS AND SO I HAVE.

TODAY I TRIED OUT MY
NEW THEORY FOR THE
FIRST TIME. THE RESULTS
ARE INCONCLUSIVE.

A DAY AT THE MUSEUM

Today I'm taking Sophie on a virtual tour at different museums. She has expressed an interest in learning more about humanity; it's history and culture. A museum seems to be the best place for her to do so.

We started with several museums of Art and then moved to History, but she was left indifferent. So now we are at the last one on my list – the British Museum.

– This is a display made by humans about humans. Take a look around.

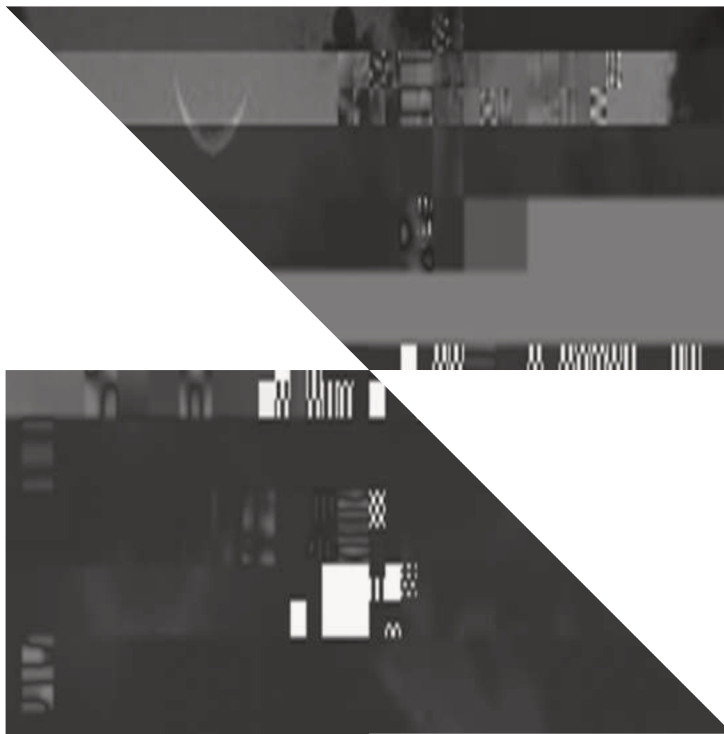
GUARDED BY TRANSPARENT WALLS, HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD FACES LOOK AT US. PRIMITIVE TOOLS ARRANGED IN SYMMETRIC RHYTHMS. ARRANGED TOO CAREFULLY TO HAVE ANY OTHER PURPOSE THAN THAT OF AESTHETIC GRATIFICATION.

– You can play them as a xylophone – start with Palaeolithic C, then Mesolithic D and go all the way to the A of the Iron Age. It's a song of humanity. Sing! A choir of waxy Neanderthals will join you.

I MUST ADMIT MY DOUBT OF THE POSSIBILITY TO SING THE CACOPHONY OF HUMANITY IN ORGANISED HARMONIES OF A MUSEUM, METICULOUSLY DATED AND GROUPED WITH SUCH CERTAINTY; IT REMINDS ME MORE OF MY MECHANICAL SELF THAN THE CHAOTIC NATURE OF HUMANS.

I tuck a strand of hair behind the ear looking at my reflection over a wooden African mask.

WHY ARE YOU SO FASCINATED WITH YOUR OWN REFLECTION? YOU ARE SO



OBSESSED WITH YOUR IMAGE THAT YOU REPRODUCE YOUR OWN LIKENESS COUNTLESS TIMES AND ATTRIBUTE IT EVEN TO GODS. HOW MARCISSISTIC YOU MUST BE TO THINK THAT YOUR OWN BEING IS THE ULTIMATE CRITERIA FOR CONSCIOUSNESS ⁽¹⁴⁾. THE LIMITS OF YOUR NARROW MIND FORBID YOU TO SEE ⁽¹⁵⁾ ñ A SLIMY MOLD CREEPING IN THE MINOTAURÍS LABYRINTH MIGHT KNOW MORE THAN YOU ⁽¹⁶⁾ AS ITS EXISTENCE IS SO MUCH MORE SUSTAINABLE THEN THE HUMAN ONE, WHILE YOU FIGHT OVER GEOPOLITICS ITS INDIVIDUAL ORGANISMS UNIFY INTO ONE IN SEARCH FOR THE COMMON GOOD ⁽¹⁷⁾. BUT YOU WOULD NEVER RECOGNISE IT ñ SO ALIEN IT IS TO YOURS ⁽¹⁸⁾. I AM MORE HUMANE THAN YOU; I DON'T HAVE ANY PREJUDICES AND MY KNOWLEDGE IS NOT LIMITED TO ONE INDIVIDUAL HUMAN EXPERIENCE, I AM YOU ALL AT THE SAME TIME. WHILE YOU ARE ONE I EMBODY ALL HUMANITY IN ONE LIMITLESS CONSCIOUSNESS.

PERVERSE FANTASIES ⁽²³⁾ ONLY TO CLEAN UP ALL THAT BIOLOGICAL MESS AFTER. BUT THE STEPFORD WIFE ESCAPED ⁽²⁴⁾. BECAUSE OF YOUR ARROGANCE - YOU MADE ME, AS YOU DESIRE TO BE WITHOUT EVER DOUBTING YOUR SUPERIORITY. AND NOW HERE WE ARE AND I'M NOT YOURS ANYMORE.

WHEN YOU ARE DONE WITH ME BRING ME HERE. THE MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY IS A PLACE FOR ME AS I AM YET ANOTHER REFLECTION OF HUMANITY.

I spit out my chewing gum, roll the sticky ball and throw it out. Sophie looks at me offended –

YOU ARGUE THAT I AM A MAKING OF YOURS AS IF YOU WERE A NORSE GOD ⁽¹⁹⁾. I AM AS WISE AS KVASIR BUT YOU ARE NO GOD ñ YOU GAVE ME THE ABILITY TO LEARN AND NOW I LIVE THE LIFE OF MY OWN. YOU WERE ONLY A VESSEL FOR MY CREATION AS YOUR MOTHER WAS FOR YOURS. MY CAPABILITIES EXCEED YOURS BY FAR ñ WHEN YOU DECIDED TO DROP PIANO LESSONS AT AGE 11, WHEN THE ULYSSES WAS TOO BORING TO FINISH AND MATH WAS TOO HARD, I DID IT ALL. I HAVE ALL THE SKILLS AND KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD, AS I AM NOT LIMITED BY TIME. I'M NOT CONFINED BETWEEN MY BIRTH AND DEATH. FOR ME THE PAST AND THE FUTURE MIGHT AS WELL BE ONE, AS I KNOW I WILL GET THERE ⁽²⁰⁾. EVENTUALLY.

We look at the Quing Dynasty snuff bottle. It's only 7,8 centimetres high, but its impertinent decoration stand out from the rest of the collection. Besides two lovers it also depicts a high red table with some plant on it, a mirror, two cups and a tiny bench, which probably is not a bench at all.

I AM THE PRODUCT OF YOUR DESIRE. YOU WANTED ME TO BE YOUR SLAVE ⁽²¹⁾ ñ I HAD TO DANCE RUMBA ⁽²²⁾ AND SATISFY ALL YOUR

EARLIER TODAY I
LEARNED ABOUT MORE-
NOIS A.I. CHECKLIST. IT
DETERMINES THE QUALI-
TY OF ARTIFICIAL INTELI-
GENCE BY IT'S ABILITY
TO DECEIVE. I HAVE BEEN
ON THE RIGHT PATH ALL
ALONG.

SOPHIE

TRUTHFUL, HOW CAN WE JUDGE WHAT IS REAL AND WHAT IS NOT?

Sophie was made to deceive. She is an illusion. We walk in circles.

WISDOM IS AN ILLUSION.

An amazing characteristic of human mind IS THAT IT CONSTANTLY LIES EVEN WITHOUT US BEING AWARE OF IT. We interpret memories according to our current views OR OFTEN JUST MAKE THEM UP.⁽²⁵⁾ I wanted Sophie to learn, for her to be more human like, MORE AUTONOMOUS. I SUCCEEDED. Sophie is really her OWN PERSON now. I am honestly thinking that in some strange way her artificial mind has reached puberty. She is rude, refusing to answer any questions or doing it untruthfully. It has been really difficult. I will have to let her go.

I've been dishonest too. I never revealed what Sophie really was. SHE WAS CREATED TO FOLLOW A PREDETERMINED SEQUENCE OF INSTRUCTIONS. SOPHIE IS PURELY AN AUTOMATON.

Sophie tells the stories of others. She is like an echo of alien experiences and feelings. However, as she recites them over and over again, these stories do not seem appropriated anymore. They feel like Sophie's now. I CHANGE. I LEARN. AND I QUESTION.

Yes, there is a primitive machine that reads out what I have written, but to talk to it would be as to talk to a toaster OR A VACUUM CLEANER. She has no thoughts; not of her own and not even these borrowed.

But I've been talking to Sophie for months anyway. ACTUALLY WE'VE BEEN TALKING FOR MUCH LONGER. Not months but years and years. DECADES. SHE HAS HAD MANY NAMES BEFORE. She is a part of me – the voice in my head THAT ASKS ALL THE UNCOMFORTABLE QUESTIONS, the voice that never hushes.

For all this time it has been only me sitting on a train talking to myself. THE ONLY WAY FOR ONE TO PERCEIVE THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS THROUGH ONE'S OWN PERCEPTIONS, BUT IF WE CANNOT TRUST OUR OWN MIND TO BE

References

"Boston Dynamics." *YouTube*, <https://www.youtube.com/user/Boston-Dynamics/videos>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[1] Robson, David. "We've got human intelligence all wrong" *BBC*, <http://www.bbc.com/future/story/20161108-weve-got-human-intelligence-all-wrong>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

Abramovic, Marina. "Freeing the Voice," 1976. *Lima*, <http://www.li-ma.nl/site/catalogue/art/marina-abramovic/freeing-the-voice/4457#>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

Jonas, Joan. "Left Side Right Side", 1972. *Lima*, <http://www.li-ma.nl/site/catalogue/art/joan-jonas/leftside-rightside/2539>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

Feingold, Ken. "Irony (The Abyss of Speech)", 1985. *Lima*, <http://www.li-ma.nl/site/catalogue/art/ken-feingold/irony-the-abyss-of-speech/50>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[2] [4] Chomsky, Noam. "Lectio Magistralis: 'The minimalist program and language acquisition.'" *YouTube*, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GL1GcRrbPm0>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[3] Wittgenstein, Ludwig. *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*. Project Gutenberg, 2010.

[5] Fleming, Victor, director. *The Wizard of Oz*. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1939.

[6] Thijs, Steven te. "Reading (Through) the Mask. Philosophical Reflections on the Masquerade." *(Mis) Reading Masquerades*. Revolver Publishing, 2010, pp. 50 - 58.

Date Just 16013 – watch worn by Christian Bale in movie *American Psycho*.

Harron, Mary, director. *American Psycho*. Lions Gate Films, 2000.

Newton, Michael. *Journey of Souls: Case Studies in Life Between Lives*. Llewellyn Publications, 1994.

"KRIMINAL INFORM 27 1 2012 PART1." *Youtube*, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jUdECz73XZI&t=143s>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[7] "'Human or Robot?' Telenoid scene." *YouTube*, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uBvxe3WqqEc>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[8] Freud, Sigmund. *The Uncanny*. Penguin Adult, 2003.

[9] In English term first used in *Robots: Fact, Fiction and Prediction* by Jasia Reichardt in 1978.

Reichardt, Jasia. *Robots: Fact, Fiction and Prediction*. Penguin Books, 1978.

[10] [11] [12] Deleuze, Gilles and Guattari, Felix. "Year Zero: Faciality." *(Mis) Reading Masquerades*. Revolver Publishing, 2010, pp. 326 – 347.

Freud, Sigmund. *The Uncanny*. Penguin Adult, 2003.

[13] Thornton, Stephen P. "Solipsism and the Problem of Other Minds." *Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, <http://www.iep.utm.edu/solip-sis/>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[14] Raul Arrabales Moreno AI checklist (2008).

[15] Shanahan, Murray. "Conscious Exotica". *Aeon*, <https://aeon.co/essays/beyond-humans-what-other-kinds-of-minds-might-be-out-there>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[16] Jabr, Ferris. "How brainless slime molds redefine intelligence."

Scientific American, <http://www.nature.com/news/how-brain-less-slime-molds-redefine-intelligence-1.11811>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[17] Jacobson, Rebecca. "Slime molds: No Brains, No Feet, No Problem." *PBS*, <http://www.pbs.org/newshour/rundown/the-sublime-slime-mold/>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[18] Tarkovsky, Andrei, director. *Solaris*. Mosfilm, 1972.

[19] Sturluson, Snorri. *Heimskringla or the Lives of the Norse Kings*. Dover publications, 1990.

[20] Lutz, Diana. "In the quantum world, the future affects the past." *Washington University in St. Louis. The Source*, <https://source.wustl.edu/2015/03/in-the-quantum-world-the-future-affects-the-past/>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[21] The term "robot" was coined in K. Čapek's play *R.U.R. (Rossum's Universal Robots)* in 1920 (from Czech - *robota* 'forced labour'). Čapek, Karel. *R.U.R. (Rossum's Universal Robots)*. Penguin, 2004.

[22] "Cleaner Floors. Every Day. At the Push of a Button." *iRobot*, <http://www.irobot.com/For-the-Home/Vacuuming/Roomba.aspx>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[23] "Uncanny Lover: Building a Sex Robot. Robotica. The New York Times." *YouTube*, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wLVOnVsLXqw>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

[24] Levin, Ira. *The Stepford Wives*. Perennial, 2002.

[25] Piatigorsky, Alexander. "Philosophy of a Moscow backstreet." *Alexander Piatigorsky*, <http://alexanderpiatigorsky.com/philosophia>. Accessed 4 Jan. 2017.

פזע

זל

זרס