

'The Grassmachine'

by 'Ident Unit 1842'

published in 'Universal Gazette' in 2162↕, [founded 1797 oet in Philadelphia, The Birth Place of America] stolen from Simulacron-1 server in 2013 [oet], The birth place of all simulators.

↕ needs
to be
checked



Elementary Signs, 1983, print 1987 DATEV e.G.

Reiner Schneeberger, Dietrich M. Scheringer

My 'Elementary Signs carved in stone' sell well, since their authenticity was verified by RecodeArt. The encoding of the elements is arranged in a checkerboard form, each element showing a small Brownian motion. But it is incomplete as the old coding is missing and it has no embedded dynamic. There is no keyboard to use like with the Mondrian-machine of H.W. Franke. But it is historically proven, 'Computer Minimal Art' has the appeal of being antique, a creation of the very First. Enter 'Igildo G. Biesele' in Wayback and the confirmation of the early existence of the motifs can be seen. We are lucky that the name of the publisher is so unique and that he has failed to protect its products against a Topload uploading.

That the works actually come from 'my Creator' is made quickly clear to everyone through a cease and desist declaration with penalty clause, if you thought you could just copy the encoding of this 'scrawl'. Finally there has been the Recode project, and even in my world, you don't mess with the MIT. Open Source is long gone. Money is the source - packaged as memory requirement in speed and Terra. However, it is on the other side quite embarrassing if you see the names of the motifs in the books of Igildo G. Biesele: Neuron during wakefulness, Neuron in the X-ray flash, Neuron in the ... well, we need no more allusions as my Alzheimer's is only encapsulated. Fortunately, the encapsulation was done at least timely, before the hospital could do anything bad to me.

But I do not want to recall all this today. Prof. Sol says, it takes quite a lot of computer performance to maneuver around the black holes. I should think of something simple, that he can put in, but keeping in mind that the code will always be unstable, since he had back then, developed the Alzheimer for me and Alzheimer will always be Alzheimer. To edit out does not work. What can I say? I must be happy that Prof. Sol takes his job so seriously and still thinks of me. He could have been long gone with such an expertise! Me, one of the previous generation fed into Simulacron-1, with knowledge in Assembler and Fortran, must keep my mouth shut. I can barely spell the programming languages that Prof. Sol is using. It's been a while I don't understand them anymore. So I say very carefully: "Processing?" Prof. Sol rolls his eyes. "What should I do with a Java clone? That falls under stone age! Do you think about your 'Experimental Signs carved in stone'?" I nod. "And your Tocharian character as a clone of it?" I nod again. "Oh ... gosh, I can go right in the penal colony."

Well, this talk was encouraging for me: "This should not be a reward either. The Alzheimer routine was finally not approved by me, but you unlocked it." Then after an artistic break, I apply my dagger: "The fact that I had already paid you before, shows that I had confidence in you and in your performance ... and continue to have".

I know about his brain dominance profile. That was one of the strong sides of my creator, and Prof. Sol melts like butter in the sun and I see him turn on Femtospeed. Femtoperformance certainly cost him a rod Terra. But he probably has a MasterCard 'borrowed' and prepared a chain of apparently harmless hoax messages for intrusion into the Femtocomputer network. If the hack comes to invoicing, the messages are counted as false positives by the administration - as an unintentional attempt to fool them. This way the Hoax becomes a paradoxical intervention not only in psychological terms, also it works along with the double bind theory in cybernetics and thus stays as SPAM with high risk in there.

Prof. Sol's version of my ArtXploder. Somehow brothers in spirit, but a different class of coding.

Bureaucracy is the same in each simulator. Who cares about the things lying around in the tons of SPAM? Who is not impressed by a Digital Certificate by Neo Cert? Oh I remember the story where 'the orderly' [the soldier] saluted my Maker as he started speaking. "What is to be recommended today? ...at ease!" he said. The clear hierarchy in the mess was scattered at once, as he was merely a civilian. What had provoked the reaction was the a stack of punched cards in a box under his arm with the words 'MAD' followed by a meaningless number. [MAD stands in German language for Militärischer Abschirmdienst = Military Counterintelligence Service]. Food for a Burroughs B1700 and a CalComp 1030 plotter. Those were all the golden ages for the production of art and artefacts ... and playing God. This time must come back. And it will come!

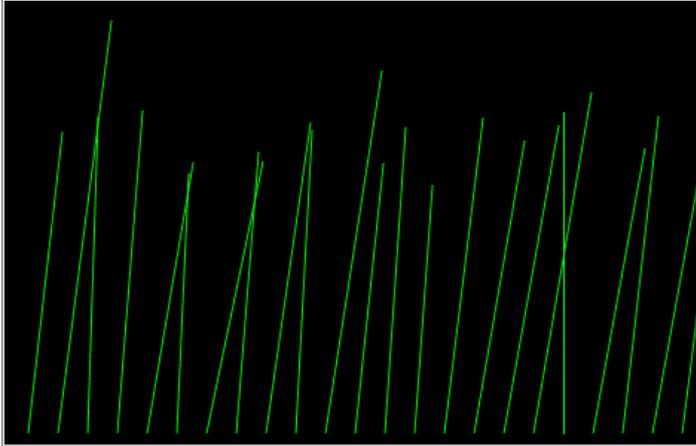
Prof. Sol pulls me out of my daydream, "All right. I have an emulator for Processing in the making. I use it once, so that you can see how the stack of code and output can be maximized. Open up". I grunt on the 'open up'.

He could also show better manners. But it probably is just what I like about him: brute force. Then seconds later I feel warmth and energy. I feel rejuvenated. "How did you do that?" Prof. Sol grins: "You do not want to know." Right. I would not understand it anyway. "Well now, what should this Processing achieve?" I say, "Art, what else". Prof. Sol laughs: "Great, then I leave the place empty!" And he is about to disappear. I shout after him, "grass!"

He turns around, "What? I thought that Alzheimer's had you befuddled enough. Do you really want a joint? ... I mean, an aphrodisiac." I shake my head: "I want the old grass machine in there." Prof. Sol listens and laughs. He found already 'Art 1976-2013 grass machine' in Wayback and says: "Done!"

I cannot believe it. "You've already implemented all the code?" But then I realized. He has not done anything. He took only the code I presented at the 2013 Live Performers Meeting in Rome, and purely copied it into me. I say "thank you" ... and fill: "Then I can just reintroduce myself all the codes lying around for art in Processing?" Prof. Sol gives the thumbs-up and says: "What symbolic password should it be? "

And as I do not respond ... he continues: "I know already, the '42' with a supplement 'Thanks for all the Fish'".



Growing Grass

Reiner Schneeberger, 1979, recoded by Dietrich M. Scheringer, 2013

But I shake my head, because I want to install a memory as RecodeArt was just created and a listener could actually follow my reconstruction on a kind of art appreciation titled 'Virtual Reality Meets Virtual Reality'. "Vicki Preston" I say, and Prof . Sol nods.

Then I see, what I had never seen in him: he pulls the eyebrows. "I do not see anything special. She has published a magazine 'Paros & Naxos Life' and was with Hewlett and Packard, but otherwise? She did not make the transition. But I want it to be right. It's nothing to me."

But I see him almost bursting with curiosity. So I check: "Vicki said in response to a text I ...", and I notice that Prof. Sol manipulated something in me, I feel more free, and I adjust: "Vicki added to a text that I acquired through HAL 9000 and started the show using a sensor tag '42': "How many roads must a man walk down? " So she got the hidden message that comes from Douglas Adams, as he is still alive.

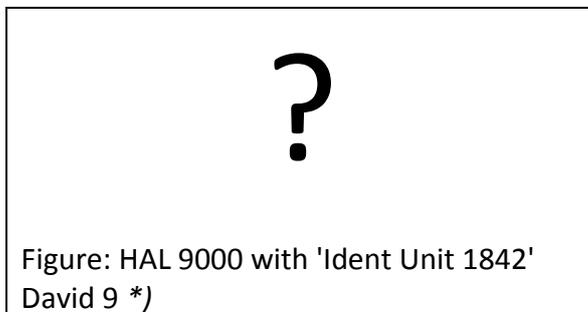


Figure: HAL 9000 with 'Ident Unit 1842'
David 9 *)

[Attendants of LPM 2013 can get a code via Facebook – get friend with 'Ervare' and then download it ☺]

*) David 9: not made by weylandindustries !

Prof. Sol seems visibly irritated and his head goes up and down in a strange rhythm. "I see now. Your Creator is accused in this show by a person named 'Heidi', in a Facebook entry, she says that he has 'humor'. Something we do not understand at all here, and it seems to me, it will also last. "

I say: "Why?"

> However, this time, the process went quickly and flawlessly. In the millions of years since the last test, the programmers had learned a lot, and the material, which had been treated, had become even and smoother. But whether it would be able to adapt to the proposed development - this question would only be answered the future. <

Arthur C. Clarke, '2001: A Space Odyssey', 1968, based on the short story 'The Guardian', 1951, from 'The novelization of the film', p. 246, Heyne Verlag, 2001 (in German language)