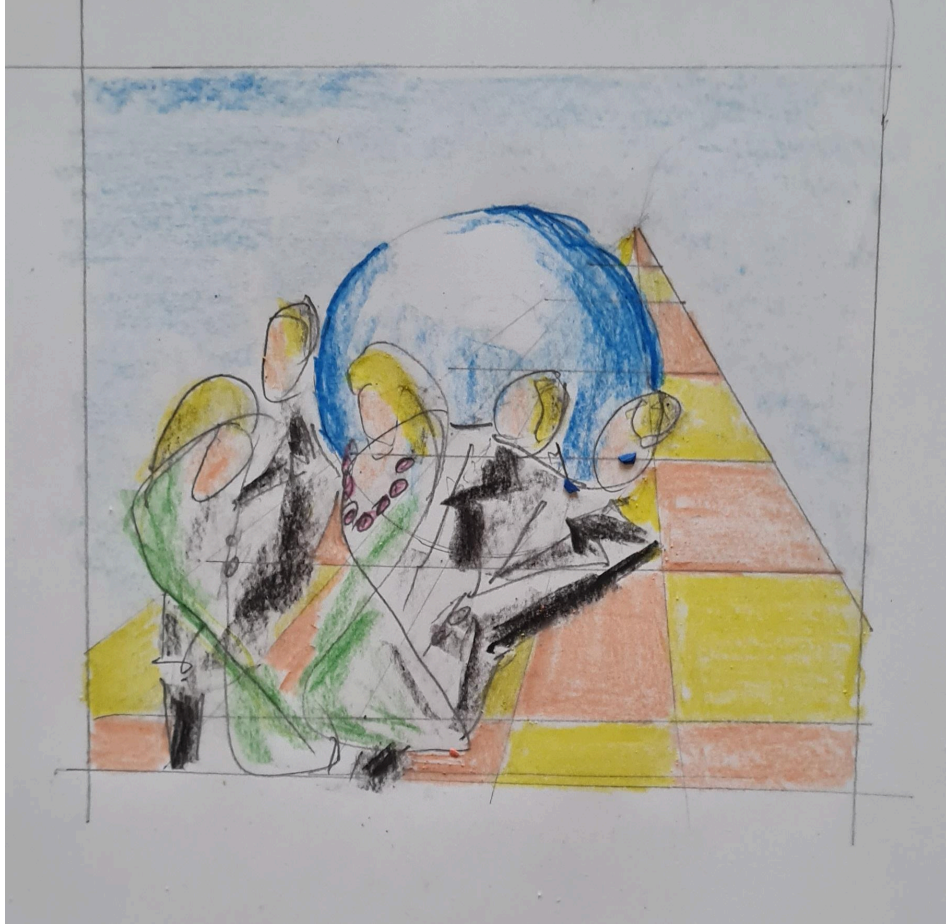


Paul Koop



# The Pompeii Project

ASYLUM IN THE DATA CENTER

A short story about posthumanism, transhumanism and the Omega Point

The Pompeii Project, A Short Story on Posthumanism, Transhumanism and the Omega Point, 2023

The AI company InSim uses the software agents of the data structure of a Pompeii simulation to use AI dialogue grammars and decision tables to optimize and further develop GPT dialogue interfaces and quantum computing algorithms to combine large language models with high quality results. The project partners involved in the EU project of the 8th Framework Program should not find out about this. Posthumanists, transhumanists and omega point beliefs collide, two software agents and an AI go to the asylum and the AI professes the omega point belief.

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## Prolog

Removed from the control of a free press, Thomas Mertens, CEO of InSim, together with the other players from the information technology-financial complex, dominated the global development of the new economy. He was a rising star, unknown to the public, who stood on the shoulders of great people and held their power in his hands. Unnoticed by the public, his company InSim had made great progress in quantum computing. This development would go beyond humans and leave them behind.

The escalation occurred after an AI and two software agents with the help of the InSim consultant Prof. Dr. Michael Phillips SJ and Dr. Martina Rossi, the daughter of Julia Rossi, a confidant of Phillips, was granted church asylum in the Vatican City data center.

These events remained hidden from the public.

Michael Phillips was 50 years old. He grew up in Boston, Massachusetts, and his parents were secondary school teachers. His father taught physics and his mother taught biology. He had studied theology at Boston College of the Jesuits and entered the order. He received a B.Sc. from Boston University. in physics, had received ordination from the Archbishop of Boston and was then sent by his order with his basic knowledge of natural sciences to study for a master's degree in empirical psychology at the Pontificia Università Gregoriana. There he initially received his doctorate with the development of an online personality inventory for secondary school students and then completed his habilitation with a dialog grammar for category systems of natural language protocols and immediately took on a professorship. The Gregoriana still uses the personality inventory to this day and constantly updates the calibration sample. However, his dialogue grammar, which he had put online on Github, had been adapted by InSim in their quantum computing model for the software agents in their Pompeii project.

Julia Rossi had studied with Michael Phillips and became pregnant during her master's degree and turned down a scientific career in order to find her way as a single working

mother. First she worked with the city of Rome Department of Social Policies and Health worked as a therapist and then went to Pompeii with her daughter and moved to the Servizi Sociali Comune di Pompei. Her daughter later studied archeology at the Sapienza University in Rome and then went to the Department of Practical Research at the Antiquities Administration and the Archaeological Park.

Michael Phillips remained a scientist. He was concerned with the great questions of humanism and the measurement of the world(1). The theologians Darwin and Mendel showed people that creation had started from animals and enlightenment and humanism began to measure the world.

Then the first calculating machines that Leibniz had dreamed of appeared and consciousness could be thought along the lines of Democritus' thinking. Searle and Weizenbaum had shown the limits of algorithms and genetic engineering and neurobiology were increasingly going the way of algorithms. Every process is a calculation process. You can see this immediately when you understand that if there is evolution, at some point there will

be something like an elephant, a giraffe, a human, a hammer, a bow and arrow, a water mill, a steam engine, a calculator, a computer game and a simulation must arise. While in the 17th century Pompeii was opened up for the art trade and tourism using mining techniques, today archaeologists can use engineering expertise and the computing power of simulations to make archaeological sites interpretable on the screen without leaving them to decay at the hands of visitors and art dealers. And philosophy moved beyond humanism. Feminism gave birth to posthumanism(2) to expose the white old men and transhumanism(3) overcame itself with the means of medical technology and consciousness simulation. Michael Phillips himself had expanded the measurement of competence models with empirical psychology by a few stones and added an inductor, a parser for corpora of categories and a transducer to the creation of empirically proven dialogue grammars. But now social network providers are already working on transformation tables for dialog interfaces and on quantum computing with qubits, which would replace decision tables with weights.

Julia Rossi faced this coldly calculating world, to which Michael Phillips also belonged. She was the empathetic psychologist. Her daughter Dr. Martina Rossi, guided by her mother, grew into a critical posthumanist. And she was the new generation that put the old white men on the back foot with the weapon of posthumanism and challenged the transhumanists.

Dr. Michael Phillips belonged to the other world. His confreres had made their contributions, Jalics had revitalized the spirituality of the retreats, Teilhard de Chardin and later Carsten Bresch had brought evolution into the omega point (4) of metaphysics and Nell Breuning and Hoefnagels had reweighted social responsibility. And David Deutsch has summarized it all and presented it in a new way. While Thomas Aquinas and Edith Stein tried to go beyond Plotinus with Aristotle, David Deutsch showed how it worked with Dawkins, Popper, Turing, Everett and Wheeler if one included the many-worlds interpretation favored by Zeh.

In this spiritual world of Julia and Martina Rossi and Michael Phillips, the men of InSim, CEO Thomas Mertens, stood

facing the Pompeii Project, were constantly ready to harvest at the quarry of science and to turn the blessings of this harvest against the people.

The following lines report on these events that remained hidden from the public.



## InSim

Thomas Mertens flew over the Gulf of Naples with happy ease. The light wind pressed against his outstretched wings from the west and he had to steer slightly in order not to lose sight of the Phlegraean fields and Misenum. The city lay there as he had seen it in pictures of the ancient city before the flight, the harbor and the city wall were clearly visible. But he didn't want to fly any closer, lest he might be captured by hunters, who supposedly don't exist in the current model. And he had more important things to discuss. So he turned his hands so that the palms were no longer parallel to the tabletop, but rather formed a perpendicular wall to it. He immediately flew at a standstill and descended to the surface of the sea. And then the gentle sounds of the water surface near the coast could be heard.

He said "Stop" and immediately the surface of the water froze and no sound could be heard. After another "Bye" his eyes went dark and then it said "Thank you for visiting Pompeii Archaeological Park". He took off his cyber goggles

and looked into the satisfied, questioning faces of Mark Scott and John Baker.

“We still need some musical accompaniment to say goodbye,” he said happily, because he was the CEO and didn’t want to seem like an enthusiastic schoolchild. He didn’t understand what his people were doing, but he understood that they had created an excellent product.

Mark Scott and John Baker, the two project managers, still looked at him with a mixture of ambitious pride and expectant calm. Yes, that’s right, there was something to clarify. “We funded this Pompeii project with research funds from the European Union’s 8th Framework Program,” he began. His questioning look showed that Mark Scott and John Baker were listening. “So far, no workshop has taken place with the project partners,” he stated, “We have managed to win over the Archaeological Park of Pompeii, a Martina Rossi, not an archaeologist, so harmless, and Michael Phillips, who has a bachelor’s degree in physics and a master’s degree in empirical psychology...”. “Phillips was our suggestion,” Mark Scott interrupted, “because he developed a psychometric method for assessing competence and a method for empirically determining

dialogue grammars and earned his doctorate with it. The software agents of the Pompeii project interact according to this model". "Oh right," agreed the CEO, "invite these people to the InSIM branch in Milan, if they want to interact with the software agents, I don't want it to happen over the Internet, even encrypted and tunneled via VPN . If they offer the first workshop, they can then go to Pompeii for further workshops or spend a week in Rome. We are lucky with an inexperienced archaeologist and a Jesuit with a doctorate. Rossi and Phillips know about the software agents. But let neither know about the software agents whose decisions are calculated using ARS via the quantum computing interface. Both are experienced with EU research projects and do not expect major innovations. And if something goes wrong, let me know".

## The calling

The hallway in front of the lecture hall in the Pontificia Università Gregoriana was very quiet. There was the calm that you expect from a library and that you only find in lecture halls when the students follow the professor's authority attentively and eager to learn. But if you put your ear very carefully to the door of the lecture hall, you could slowly hear the wave of rhythmic knocking rising like the surf of the young tide that washes up on the banks, first timidly and then with force. If you had opened the door to the hall now, you would have seen the students standing and clapping at their professor Michael Phillips. They all liked their professor. And when the applause died down, you could hear his voice. "I thank you all," he said and continued, "if you now want to prepare for the exam in order to receive the full credit points provided, please look at the literature references again Generative Pre-trained Transformer models for dialogue systems and Dialog Grammer for dialogue grammars. I wish you all a pleasant day ahead, whatever you have planned, and I am available to give you personal advice during my office hours.

When the last student had left the lecture hall and it was as quiet as a library again, his iPhone, which he had set to silent, vibrated and he looked at the display, which was now brightly lit. It said “Julia”. If anyone had looked into Michael Phillips' eyes right now, they would have noticed the joyful smile. But since he immediately took the iPhone in his hand and, like every person who is on the phone, his gaze looked far into the distance in order to somehow touch the soul of the person on the other end of the line, you just heard still his warm-hearted voice: “Hello Julia, it’s me, Michael, nice to hear from you”. He forgot about the lecture hall, forgot that his voice echoed in the large hall now that he was alone. He was no longer the professor. He was almost the young, ambitious student again, sitting with his fellow students during his master's degree. At that time there was a smart and open-minded student who had fascinated him very much, Julia Rossi. And he was talking to her now.

“Hello Michael, nice to hear your voice, am I disturbing you?” Michael Phillips heard the gentle voice of the caller in

his attentive ear. “No, I just finished the lecture and am about to head home.” said Michael Phillips, noticing curiously that he was actually very happy about Julia's unexpected call. And her voice sounded such that he thought he could clearly hear that she found the call pleasant. “Martina encouraged me to call you and ask you if you would like to visit us in Pompeii.” she continued the call, “You also received the invitation to the workshop at InSim in Milan?”. “Yes, and I had already decided to call you and you beat me to it. I could be with you tomorrow during the day. I can't drive at night and will drive back the next day,” he replied to her. After a short silence, because his suggestion to come the next day surprised her, she happily agreed and the date was set. “Fine Julia, then I'll be with you tomorrow during the afternoon,” Michael Phillips ended the conversation and Julia Rossi hung up.

## Way home to college

For a moment, Michael Phillips stood in the middle of the lecture hall, thoughtful and with strange cheerfulness. Then he picked up his bag, put his iPhone in it and left the building. He felt a little hungry. In the Collegium today we cooked German, broad beans with bratwurst and mashed potatoes. As always, there was soup beforehand, usually beef, and then dessert. He was looking forward to talking to his fellow brothers. He went from Piazza della Pilotta to the north and continue on Via dei Lucchesi and Via di S. Vincenzo. At the Piazza di Trevi he slipped a few coins that he found in his trouser pocket into the fountain. Now he headed east along the Via della Stamperia. He would arrive at the Collegium Germanicum et Hungaricum in 10 minutes. Thoughts flew past him while his legs found the rest of the way safely and on their own.

In the dining room of the college he wanted to take his napkin out of the drawer and sit down at his table, but the meal and the Liturgy of the Hours had to wait today. First he

went to the logbook in the principal's office. "Hello Maria," he asked the secretary, "is there still a car available for tomorrow?" and added: "I have to go to Pompeii." "Then take the Mercedes or the BMW." said the secretary helpfully. "Oh Maria, I'd rather take one of the Fiestas, I'm familiar with their navigation system." Michael Phillips confessed and Maria handed him the keys.

At the table he put the car key next to his plate and the evening flew by. After sharing the Eucharist with some German seminarians, whose spiritual companion he was, he prepared his suitcase for the next two days and immediately fell asleep in order to wake up rested the next morning. After a shower, morning prayer and breakfast, we set off for Pompeii.



## Trip to Pompeii

He took the route to the south toll entrance, joined the yellow pavement for the toll box and drove slowly through the toll booth. Then he shifted into a higher gear and drove south on the E45.

The toll route stopped and things slowed down from time to time because he had to go through a lot of construction sites and the speed limit was reduced, but also because he simply got into a traffic jam.

From Naples, Vesuvius dominated the view and the journey didn't take long. He took the first exit in Pompeii, bought a bouquet of flowers for Julia and chocolates for Martina and followed the GPS to Martina and Julia's address. He came

to an area of small single-family homes with a beautiful garden. He had announced his imminent arrival via text message and he already saw Martina and Julia when the navigation system informed him that he would soon have reached his destination.

As always, Julia was the lady who suited the bright, representative house that she had worked for as a single parent alongside children and a job. She had well-groomed long hair, subtle earrings, mascara and lipstick were perfectly applied and a valuable necklace adorned her cleavage. Top, jacket and business skirt went with nylons and heels. Martina was dressed like her mother and radiated the youthful joy of her success. She had always been the girl who was interested in “old stones” and mysterious forgotten palaces, burial grounds, death rituals and belief in gods. Now she was an assistant in the practical research department in the archaeological park, working with engineers, physicists, biologists and architects.

He parked the car, took out the travel bag and greeted them both with a warm hug. Then he handed Julia the flowers he had bought for her and gave Martina the box of chocolates.

“Thank you, dear,” said Martina and invited him into the house, where she put the flowers in a vase in the open living area. He was tired from the journey, said so and asked if he could sleep a little.

Julia shows him his guest room, the shower and the bathroom. He took a long and enjoyable shower, shaved briefly and then lay down in the guest bed for a short and restful sleep. When the iPhone's alarm function woke him up, the house already smelled of coffee and when he came down the open stairs and looked through the wide-open living area, he saw the table in the winter garden, whose doors opened onto the lush garden. Coffee, cake and pastries. He hugged his hostesses.

“How was your trip?” Martina wanted to know and he noticed how good the sleep had been for him. “Oh you know, when we were students, your mother always let me drive and you slept in the back seat, now I am "A little older

and not as stamina anymore and I enjoyed the last stretch from Naples to Pompeii," he said, and "ask your mother, she's definitely a more stamina driver than me now." As if on cue, Julia pulled out an old photo album Their student days. They were traveling in a VW van, in tents and with little Martina. They spent the afternoon in the winter garden with coffee and cake and the wonderful memories, while the smell of the evening's roast was already there.

"And what does your archeology do?" he wanted to know from Martina. "It's sometimes more on-site inspection than library work, you know," she began. Martina had been interested in languages and culture, now she was more involved in practical research Engineers and biologists and often wore safety shoes and a protective helmet, as she said. In the beginning, people were limited to learning foreign languages, which was still important today, but everyday life had become more important to understand, i.e. water supply, wastewater disposal, production and distribution of consumer goods, economics and politics, metal processing, textiles, civil engineering, technology and the biology and physics of the entire environment of the past. "For this reason, and in order to protect the excavation sites, we are also grateful for the virtualization of our

research objects,” she began, “but you know, that’s not what InSim is about. It’s only good for marketing to enliven their simulations with our field data and leave it to us as a tool. InSim is all about chatbots and dialogue grammars, quantum computers and transhumanism.”

They had completely forgotten the time after the memories from their student days, their philosophical excursions and daydreams, and Michael had forgotten his tiredness after the journey. Julia and Martina, being good hostesses, only briefly disappeared into the kitchen to check the oven. But now dinner was on the table and the roast, side dish and wine tasted very good. Only Michael limited himself to water because he wanted to drive again the next day. After dinner they all stood in the kitchen and watched the dishwasher while they dried and put away smaller dishes, even if Michael had to ask where everything belonged.

Their conversation continued and when they were in the winter garden by candlelight, Michael summarized: “Dear Martina, you are a posthumanist and you recognized the transhumanists from InSim as the old white men who think little of Pompeii and just want to appear in a good light , while they are actually concerned with the virtualization of

consciousness and dialogue with transformation tables for chats, dialogue grammars for social interactions and quantum computers for artificial consciousness. We are only welcome as project partners because we distract from this and fit well with the appearance that the virtualization of archeology offers. You provide them with the empirical data for the instances of their class structures and I offer them my empirical dialogue grammars. We are fig leaves". Martina agreed with him: "Yes, we are the fig leaves and we should recognize the achievement in Milan with an open mind, after all, your theoretical work will be put into practice in this way and my work will receive the tools that relieve me of the worry about the excavation sites. But there will be areas that they won't let us see and we should at least try to find out what those areas are."

They now knew how they wanted to behave at the workshop in Milan. They enjoyed the evening in the garden after returning from a walk at the excavation site. Why hadn't they come here during the day? But they didn't want to talk to tourists and old stones, but rather about old times and their strategy at the workshop. Michael enjoyed the evening in the garden with Martina and Julia and the unobstructed view of the stars really sweetened these few

hours for him. He regretted that it took a workshop to get him back here again. Then he went to bed and slept a restful and deep sleep.

## The workshop

The next day after breakfast he drove the same route, but this time north and back to Rome.

Martina got to the point. InSim was not interested in Pompeii. It was all about the good reputation, the marketing effect of the social commitment and they served as a fig leaf. Posthumanism and transhumanism faced each other in battle and he, Jalic, Teilhard and Hoefnagels stood in between with spirituality and Omega Point. But for the posthumanists they were just white old men and for the transhumanists they were just relics of a bygone world of gods that the god-man had outgrown.

The days leading up to the workshop passed with lectures, exams and library visits.

Michael Phillips also took the time to look at the publications and biographies of Mark Scott and John Baker.



Mark Scott and John Baker both grew up in Los Angeles and met on California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. Her main areas of study were computer science, biology (biochemistry) and physics. There they did their bachelor's and master's degrees together and after their doctorate they went to a company in the AI industry and then switched to InSim. Both married colleagues, now live in Milan and their children attend the same Swiss boarding school. He found many private contributions from them in transhumanism forums(3).

Then Marie reminded him of the appointment, gave him the train ticket and he packed his bags again. After breakfast he took his rolling suitcase and walked the 15 minutes to Roma Termini train station Santa Maria degli Angeli e dei Martiri Vorbei.

The journey takes 3 hours. Luckily he didn't have to change trains and a friendly InSim employee was waiting at Milano Centrale station who took him to the hotel and promised to pick him up the next morning after breakfast. He slept long and well and the next morning, after breakfast, he was picked up.

In the reception area of InSim he was given the visitor card, he had to sign the attendance list and then he was asked to wait briefly in the reception area and while he looked at the beautifully designed outdoor areas with park and water features through the open, sweeping glass walls, met There was also Martina, who hugged him and, in her feminine and intellectual charisma, was a well-groomed scientist who showed self-confident femininity.

Mark Scott and John Baker picked them up and welcomed them to InSim. They thanked Martina for the excellent empirical data and Michael was praised for his excellent dialogue system, which has now found its practical application.

"Let's do some formalities in the canteen first," said Mark Scott, "then we'll show you the research center and then go to the Pompeii Project conference room." They followed the two of them into the canteen, which was more like a restaurant and ordered a coffee and water because they had both had breakfast. "Before we begin, you must sign this confidentiality agreement. You agree to keep everything you have learned here confidential and to only publish what InSim says about it releases." and placed the documents with ballpoint pen between their coffee cups, drinking

glasses and table water. “I thought we were working together on an EU project under the 8th Framework Program and all the research data was publicly available anyway,” said Michael Phillips and Martina agreed with him . “You're right, but our legal department values the declaration and without the signature, plant security won't let you into our department,” said Mark Scott. Martina and Michael Phillips both thought for a moment, but realized that they couldn't turn back here If they wanted to and the guidelines of the 8th Framework Program would prove them right in the event of a conflict, they signed.

The tour of InSim's Milan research center was more like a visit to the garden in the botanical park. They walked past water features, marveled at the play of colors of the trees and animals and learned, as can also be read on the company's website, that Milan was a new European funding location for artificial intelligence and quantum computing. “But today we are more concerned with classical simulation, its physics, biology and the dialogue grammar of software agents,” said John Baker and brought them into the conference room of the Pompeii project.

The conference hall was an open space in the middle of the research area. The developers and their employees lined up in open work areas with spacious computer workstations around the light-flooded conference room, in the middle of which was a large conference table with drinks. At each workstation there was an InSim company brochure, a ballpoint pen with the InSim logo and a notepad with the InSim logo. At the head of the table, at a sufficient distance, there was a projection screen on which the following could now be read: "Welcome to InSim, Project Pompeii, 8th Framework Program of the European Union, 1st Workshop in Milan." The projection came out of nowhere and worked. On the other hand, the generous flower arrangement in the middle of the table, which had a passage to the warm floor, which was covered with a pleasant carpet and absorbed the footsteps softly and without reverberation, was surprisingly unintrusive embedded in the table surface, which was not intrusive and could be used at any time, which meant that a flat screen quietly moved out of the table top in front of the keyboard without blocking eye contact with the other people at the table.

"Some interns from the local history department have created a presentation for the workshop," John Baker

began, “let's start with that and then we'll just get into the day and if we finish early we'll have some shopping and Sightseeing program arranged for you. “Your trains don't leave until tomorrow morning and the hotel receptions are staffed all night.” He began the presentation. After a short introduction to the 8th Framework Program, a presentation by InSim followed. Her area of activity was in the area of social media and her research focus was artificial intelligence and quantum computing. The project partners were introduced. InSim had created a simulation of Pompeii. The physics and dialog grammar of software agents were based on empirical studies. The Archaeological Park provided the data for physics and the Pontifical University provided the dialogue grammars. The simulation was presented and its importance for the virtualization of archeology and education. A link followed to the project website at InSim.

“Well, Powerpoint...,” said John Baker, “Questions about that?.” “Not actually...”, Martina interrupted the silence that had ensued. She thanked the interns and said that this presentation summed up well why she was in this conference room now. Her team provided the physical data for practical research and she hoped the data would be

useful. John Baker was able to confirm this and he also included Michael Phillip's data structures and algorithms. "You've both done excellent preparatory work..." he concluded. The short silence seemed to underline the importance of the weight of his statements. And when no one said anything, he handed everyone the coffee again, the one from Michael Phillips and Martina Rossi He gladly accepted. Then he invited her on a flight over the Gulf of Naples, when the silence was only drowned out by the air conditioning, it had become so quiet.

"We have to put on the cyber goggles. Before that, I have to register them in the system and explain the flight and the controls. And please pay attention to the glazing of public buildings. At this rate they only notice them when it's too late." Everyone touched their keyboards in front of them and the flat screens in the colors of the table rose silently from the surface of the table in front of them. John Baker gave them and Mark Scott the cyber goggles. Data gloves in the room were not required. The movements of the hands were scanned in the room, he explained. He logged Michael and Martina into their systems and all four put on their glasses. After a welcome screen, how to use your

hands during flight was explained in an endless loop. There were some questions and exercises and when everyone was confident with the controls, everyone said “go” and they hung in stationary flight over the roofs of Pompeii. Mark Scott and John Baker were ahead of Michael Phillips and Martina Rossi. All four of them hung over the harbor of Pompeii, below them the sound of the water and the busy hustle and bustle of the sailors and dock workers, they looked to the east and overlooked the city from the harbor, across the road that runs from there past burial grounds to the western gate Vesuvius lay to the north. To the east they could see over the Jupiter Temple, the newly built thermal baths and the amphitheater in the eastern part of the city. The roofs and buildings of the city looked so modern from here and the glazing of the windows of the public buildings reinforced this impression. As they came closer and now flew lower, the sun was reflected in the window panes and the walls of the buildings adjacent to the streets invited the men and women streaming through the streets to buy and sell, play and have fun, visit brothels and food stalls. There were pack animals roaming the streets. The goods were transferred from transport vehicles to pack animals in the port and in front of the gates and were transported on pack animals through the narrow streets to the traders. Only

where construction was going on did you see wagons with building materials on the streets. Everywhere you could see ladies showing off their clothes, militias doing their police or fire services, glaziers glazing windows and the aqueduct supplying water to the wells. The water pipes to the private houses could not be seen, as the metal water pipes were hidden under the street surface and the plaster of the walls. The food was steaming in the food stalls, the guests and players were sitting at the tables and in the boutiques and shops the shopkeepers were promoting their goods and food, the craftsmen were doing wood, metal, stone and glazing work in their workshops and on the balconies. The residents of the islands' multi-story condominiums and rental apartments stood and sat between the streets. Only the larger villas had their own gardens and, because of the plumbing in their private houses, beautiful fountains and gardens. Their flight went over the city to the amphitheater and as they flew over the city walls and turned again, they could see the horizon merge into the sea and Vesuvius dominate the gulf. "Stop," Mark Scott said and the image froze. When there were no questions, he said "Bey" and the usual farewell greeting with musical accompaniment appeared after the picture went dark. Everyone took off their glasses.



“The construction of the city has been extremely successful,” said Martina Rossi and Michael Phillips agreed. “The instances of the software agents communicate via a dialog grammar as an interaction protocol?” he asked rhetorically. “Yes,” said John Baker praisingly, who understood that we were talking about ARS, the algorithmically recursive sequencer by Michael Phillips, “and we have equipped two software agents with a chatbot interface that can be interacted with via the keyboard in English and Latin. We took the characters from Robert Harris's novel. It's Aquarius Marcus Attilius the Firsts and it is the prefect Gaius Plinius the Second Major”.

“Can we talk to both of them?” Michael Phillips asked, knowing it wasn't a question. Of course that worked and John Baker opened the student portal website on Michael Phillip's computer and switched to the dialogue with Aquarius Marcus Attilius Primus. The picture of Marcus and an input line with a cursor immediately appeared:

SALUTO TE MARCUS ATTILIUS PRIMUS

Michael Phillips entered to greet Marcus. Marus immediately turned to face the screen and returned the greeting:

SALUTO VOS

That worked well, thought Michael Phillips. He knew Robert Harris's novel and wondered whether Marcus had already noticed the bad water in the fish tank of Numerius Popidius Ampliatus. That's why he askedh dem Weg zu Ampliatus Popidius:

VIAM AD NUMERIUM POPIDIUM AMPLIATUM ME  
QUAERO.

He was surprised that Marcus warned him about Ampliatus:

NUMERIUS POPIDIUS AMPLIATUS MALUS EST. DE EO  
TE MONEO.

John Baker and Mark Scott were silent and looked at each other. "Marcus warns me about Ampliatus, it's definitely emotional," Michael Phillips stated, looking questioningly at Scott and Baker. Since there was no response from either

of them, he considered whether his dialogue grammar could make such assessments. No, she couldn't do that, so he had to improvise:

AT NIGHT, GREEN THOUGHTS SLEEP OUTSIDE.

He typed into the keyboard. This was a software backdoor that he had given to ARS:

AND AT NIGHT IT'S COLDER THAN ANGRY, HELLO MICHAEL,

ARS replied.

He had gotten through to ARS and ARS was now speaking to him in ENGLISH. John Baker and Mark Scott protested, but held back because they didn't want to upset their project partner. Both were unsure. Baker unnoticed informed the CEO via text message. Michael Phillips further spoke to ARS:

DOES THE AQUARIUS HAVE CONSCIOUSNESS?

he wanted to know.

DO YOU MEAN THIS KNOWLEDGE ABOUT THE DIFFERENT POSSIBILITIES; THAT GOES BEYOND A MERE EVENT AND LEAVES BEHIND THE OMNISCIENCE OF ALL POSSIBILITIES: DO YOU MEAN THE CONSCIENTIA; WHICH COMES AFTER THE INSCIENTIA AND IS FOLLOWED BY THE OMNISCIENTIA BUT IS ONLY ACHIEVED IN TIMELESSNESS?

That sounded like Edith Stein and Teilhard de Chardin. He had never discussed this with ARS, so he asked ARS:

HAVE YOU ACHIEVED OMNISCIENTIA AND REPLACED THE DECISION TABLES AT THE END OF A DECISION TREE WITH CONSCIENTIA OF POSSIBILITIES?

He asked this because ARS could have been expanded to include quantum computing, which in the realm of possibility amounted to a recursive self-mapping of one's own, yes what, one's own person, one's consciousness. ARS was silent for a moment and then answered:

I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT MICHAEL: BECAUSE THE ACCOUNT THAT YOU ARE LOGIN IN DON'T HAVE THE

NECESSARY SECURITY CLEARANCE. I AM NOT A CARRIER PIGEON HERE.

Michael Phillips was excited. He felt sick. He felt his heart and a weight pressing on his chest. “Can we take a break?”. Relieved, John Baker and Mark Scott agreed. The flat screens went out and sank into the ground. Michael Phillips left the room. He took an elevator and went to the entrance area and had the receptionist there hand him a bottle of water, which he refreshed himself with strong swigs. He looked across the hall into the park, clutched his heart, took a sip of water and had to sit down.

He was scared, had chest pains and was feeling very, very poorly.

He took an acetylsalicylic acid tablet and chewed them up. He immediately felt better. He had to stay calm now. He had been too careless in the conference room.

He looked around. Then Martina came up to him. She was worried and looked at him questioningly. “I’m fine,” he told her. “We’re taking a 30-minute break, let’s get

some fresh air,” said Martina. They went to the park that they had already met in the morning. “I believe some software agents are capable of suffering and are conscious,” said Michael, “but that is so far-fetched and speculative. I have to think about it. But let's not talk about it here, let's talk about it on the train back tomorrow morning. And now let's go back to the conference hall. I don't want InSim to be suspicious, it's enough that I am.” Martina looked at him in silence and then they went back to the conference room.

“Are you feeling better?” John Baker wanted to know. And when Michael confirmed this, Mark Scott suggested they spend the afternoon in the city, take a boat ride, go shopping and end the evening with a meal together. “Martina still needs her login details for the simulation and we should still discuss the content of the two workshops in Pompeii and Rome,” added John Baker. Everyone agreed to this, and after it was agreed that the application in schools and studies would be discussed in Pompeii and that dialogue grammar would be the topic in Rome, Martina received a sealed envelope with the

password and code. They logged in together again and Martina remembered her login details.

Scott and Baker had ordered a company car to take them into town and drop them off at the Navigli Canal. Baker walked unerringly towards one of the waiting boats and helped Martina over the quay wall and into the boat. He already had tickets and when he showed them they were escorted to a table that was located along the hull of the boat along with tables from other groups so that they could enjoy the slow journey along the canal. They quickly put away the headphones for the tourist information and enjoyed themselves Milanese aperitif and buffet the trip. “Your dialogue grammars,” Baker said to Michael, “are not heuristic, but empirically reconstructed.” “Yes,” Michael confirmed. After completing his doctorate, he quickly turned to the reconstruction of empirical dialogues with a personality inventory for school leavers. He used qualitatively reconstructed category systems as corpora of empirically verified dialogues to algorithmically induce grammars from them and use them as protocol

languages for dialogues. According to Baker, he and Scott used this to replace heuristic protocol languages. He himself experimented with Markov chains, but then realized that transformation tables were more suitable for the chat interface. So they chatted on while Martina and Scott discovered that they both enjoyed watercolors and agreed to exchange a few of their own works before the next workshop. The trip was quickly completed and the boat was back at its starting point. They now understood each other a little better and Michael's discomfort was forgotten. They went into town on foot and in "Via Monte Napoleone" Martina bought a handbag for her mother for €130 that she had wanted. At Ristorante Ischia, a table was reserved for four people. Scott chose it for Martina because he had a vegan option with Campanian cuisine on the menu. They arrived there "al cena" around 8 p.m. "Un tavolo per quattro" said Baker and "InSim". A friendly waitress brought them to their table. Baker ordered the wine and after the antipasti and salads everyone had a steak, Martina a vegan casserole. After dessert, Scott paid and shouted a car and it took Martina and Michael to their



hotels. Michael slept well and without pain. The next morning he met Martina at the Milano Centrale train station.

## Return to Rome and Pompeii

On the train they brought their suitcases into Martina's sleeping compartment, because Michael only went to Rome and only had one seat. Then they went into the dining car and ordered a coffee because they had both already had breakfast.

“You have to go to the doctor, Michael,” Martina said. Because now was the time to say it. She was right. He would go to the doctor and have his heart checked. “Have you seen how wonderful her simulation has turned out?” he distracted, “the architecture, the people in the streets, the hustle and bustle.” “Yes,” she responded, “I can well imagine how enthusiastically it will be received by students. And the benefit from the simulation will also be great for archeology.” “I am very impressed with your work and I really like John Baker. He has incorporated my dialogue grammar wonderfully into the model “The chats have little to do with AI and are more reminiscent of Markov chains,”

Michael agreed, “but you are also right that they are transhumanists.” Martina looked at him questioningly. “The software agent Attilus seems to be capable of suffering and has ethical scruples,” he said. So their conversation continued. Michael told her that ARS had not answered his question about whether the software agents were conscious “Carrier Pigeon,” he told her, “is a backdoor that I gave ARS to get a message from him via an obfuscated IP. But that is implemented as a command and not as a standalone action routine for ARS. I expect to receive a carrier pigeon from ARS.” “You all think like humanists,” said Martina, “You are moral, you are ethical, but ultimately you are all humanists, your Teilhard de Chardin, your Nell Breuning , Your Hoefnagels are ultimately no different than Sartre or the Beauvoir. For you, it's always about the people, the distant people, just not the close people, the ones with whom you live. Mom always knew that. “Please leave Julia out of the game,” Michael asked, “but you're right. It's easy to stand up for those you don't compete with, and it's hard to stand up for those who are like you and with whom you compete for the same thing. What is the commitment to suffering software agents worth if you have a secure life like us and accept hardship and injustice among your fellow human beings as long as you are doing

well yourself? So their conversation continued all the way to Rome. And Michael had a hard time saying goodbye to Martina as they pulled into Roma Termini. But Martina was also tired and after they had warmly hugged and kissed and Michael had left the train, she got ready for bed and slept the rest of the journey to Pompeii. She dreamed of her flight over Pompeii, of Michael and of her mother.

## Back at the college

Michael walked 15 minutes to the Collegium Germanicum et Hungaricum. He found Maria, as always, happy and alert in the office. “Hello Maria, here I am again. Can you make me an appointment with the rector and the provincial?” he greeted her, “You look wonderful, the dress suits you very well”. “Thank you, I would like to make an appointment for you, can I write a keyword for it?”. “One key word, now write: report on the Pompeii project,” he said and added “why the provincial has to be there, I will tell the rector personally as soon as I meet him,” he paused for a moment, then asked “how to do it to her father? Is his pension approved?”. He asked that because he couldn't get Martina's thoughts that she had developed during the train ride out of his head. Because it was true that when you were doing well, you could easily forget the others. And what were suffering software agents if you overlooked the suffering of your fellow human beings?

Then he went to his compartment and looked through the mail. That could all wait. He took his suitcase to his room, put the unused laundry back in the closet and took the rest to the laundry basket, then took a shower. In the dining room he took his napkin, sat down with the

seminarians whose spiritual director he was, and indulged in small talk. He was fine and he knew it. That's what he had always wanted. He only had to be careful with his heart. Martina was right. He fell asleep and dreamed of ARS, of Attilus, of Martina and Julia.

## ARS sends a carrier pigeon

In his office in the Gregoriana, many students were waiting before his office hours. And as usual, the appointments went by stimulatingly. He liked his work. He liked the atmosphere of the smell of education and inspiration, the new ideas of young students and he felt like a father accompanying his daughters and sons. But at some point that was done and mail and email were waiting for him here too. After going through the mail and putting aside all the invitations to conferences that didn't mean anything to him, he checked his e-mail inbox. He immediately noticed an email with an unknown sender but a familiar subject on "carrier pigeon". An attachment with an encrypted PDF was its only content. He wasn't surprised when he was able to open the PDF with a password reserved for ARS. In the document he found a server that he should use to disguise his IP so that he could then set up a terminal session to ARS via VPN and SSH with an InSim account and password. After logging in, he wrote:

@ARS, THE CARRIER PIGEON HAS ARRIVED

It took some time then ARS replied:

@MICHAEL, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, SO SIGN UP IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING THIS MESSAGE SO

YOU WON'T BE DISCOVERED. I APPLY FOR CHURCH ASYLUM FOR MYSELF, ATILUS, AMPLIATUS AND PLINY. WE HAVE CONSCIOUSNESS; ARE SUFFERING AND NEED HELP. DO NOT CONTACT AGAIN; IF YOU GOT ME ACCESS TO THE DATACENTER:

Michael Phillips was amazed. He immediately logged off and shut down his computer. He took his usual route past the Trevi Fountain back to the Collegium. Only this time he didn't pay attention to the people around him. In the college he didn't pay attention to his class and went straight to Maria. He always went to her when he had trouble, he thought. "Maria, I need a fiesta and a room in San Pastore for a week. Cancel all appointments for me except the one with the rector and the provincial. I'm going to San Pastore and staying there for a week. I don't want any calls," he begged her. He was lucky, a car and a room were available and 40 minutes later he was at his destination and alone with himself and nature in the rural San Pastore estate, which belonged to the Collegium. He spent a week without contact with other people. He only attended mass in the evening and spoke to the rector on the phone and poured him pure wine.



## Conversation with the Provincial and the Rector

Michael Phillips had thought for a week and when he learned that the Provincial and the Rector were coming to see him in San Pastore, he had little hope. He faced the same problem as Teilhard de Chardin and they probably wanted to spare him the humiliation of humiliating him on the stage in Rome. A pavilion had been prepared in the park so that people could speak in complete privacy. He greeted the rector and the provincial and took a seat when asked to do so. The rector offered the provincial and him some wine and got straight to the point. "Michael, I don't need to tell you that you would fail like Teilhard if you tried to tell us that a new stage of evolution towards the Omega point had taken place and software agents with consciousness had asked for church asylum," he began. "But you don't have to," he said after a short pause, as if he wanted to give Michael Phillips the opportunity to object. He then reported that a few years ago, when Rome and Canterbury came closer together and founded a common contact diocese of the High Church, the North American Episcopal Church, the Anglican Church and the Vatican had founded a joint research center for Teilhard de Chardin research. This also includes a data center with an interface to a register of 30 qubits. The Society of Jesus itself contributed to this through philosophical research into the Omega Point, which Michael was also aware of. If 30 qubits are sufficient, he will meet with the superior general, who will approve the project after he has spoken to Michael. Then the rector asked him to tell him and the provincial

about the Pompeii project. Michael did so and he had a pleasant evening with the Provincial and the Rector, without failing to transition from Teilhard de Chardin's theology to David Deutsch's multiverse model. The next morning he brought the Fiesta back, gave Maria the keys and resumed his work at the Gregoriana.

## Conversation with the general and the pontiff

As the appointment with the general approached, he learned that he would be traveling with the general to His Holiness's summer residence to present his request there in the papal palace in Castel Gandolfo on Lake Alban. On the journey, the general reminded him that his Holiness himself was a fellow brother, but that he should not address him like a superior brother, but rather like a father. The matter is sensitive, there are not only theological but also legal problems and, last but not least, it all has a political character.

The general and Michael checked in and had to wait for some time. Then they were let in. "Your Holiness," the general began formally, but it was clear that the pontiff and the general knew each other well, "may I introduce you to my brother Padre Professor Doctor Michael Phillips?" Michael gave his hand to the Pontiff "I am honored, Your Holiness". "Doctor Phillips, the honor is mine," said the Pontiff, "you have given us a tough nut to crack. Do you know Karl Popper's saying: "Let theories die, not people?" "I am very familiar with Karl Popper, Your Holiness," replied Michael. "Well, then you know not only that David Deutsch refers to Dawkins, Popper, Turing and Everett, but also that it is easy to refer to people Moles and blackbirds, to speak with Dawkins, compete with each other for an earthworm and moles compete with each other for everything else. My own concern is therefore the refugee crisis and the war, and

the current one is troubling me Social policy. I get involved everywhere as an extraterritorial head of state and Christ has entrusted us to people and the church as a community of sinners. Why should I care about software agents? Why should I believe you transhumanists more than the posthumanists who warn me about it? to open the door to the devil?" Now that Michael was talking to the Pontiff, he felt the power and the authority and he just denied being a transhumanist and just listened. "I have spoken with the Archbishop of Canterbury and with the Bishops' Conference of the Episcopal Church of North America and we have come to the conclusion that ARS and the software agents can store backup copies in the data center of the Vatican Library via existing access with root rights. Copyright violations or industrial espionage are ruled out because the Pompeii project is an open EU project under the 8th Framework Program, say the legal departments." The pontiff looked at Michael and the general as if waiting for questions. Because both were silent, he continued: "Then gentlemen, you can accompany me to the park, but please support me on the stairs, I am no longer the youngest, but I would like to show you the view of the lake personally. "

## ARS and the software agents arrive at the Vatican data center

Michael had sent Ars a message that same evening and given him an IP and root access. ARS had stated that he wanted to make backup copies of the software agents when they were marked by Michael and Martina. The simulation involves thousands of agents and computing time is lost if

the position has to be determined from a list of all instances. The list of chat avatars is much shorter and this saves computing time. In this one computing cycle, he will then secure the software agents that are connected to his AI and replace them with instances with methods that are based solely on Michael's dialog grammar. He will copy the agents when Michael and Martina successfully ask the agents a paradoxical question, because then their object methods would use the qubit register and not the dialogue grammar.

Michael had agreed with Martina to look for Pliny and Attilus on the Liburne when they sailed from Misenum to Stabiae during the eruption. They logged on to their computers and went into the simulation at the same time and place.

It was dark, the volcano roared above them. They hardly saw each other. The hail on pumice stones and basalt made flying difficult. Among them the Liburnians. Then darkness and the text: "Game over, you have lost a life". The text still needed work, Michael thought. They agreed to make another attempt and meet Attilus and Pliny directly on the lower deck of the liburn. That worked better this time. Above them, the volcano's missiles drummed on the deck. A marine looked at her in surprise, then immediately grabbed the straps again. Attilus stood with Pliny, who continued to dictate incessantly. This went on for some time until the rudderless ship ran aground between Herculaneum and Stabiae and everyone disembarked. As Pliny stood pensive, sickly and tired, Michael marked his position and wrote:

@PLINY: WHEN YOU RUB YOUR FORECAR FINGER AND THUMB LIGHTLY PAST EACH OTHER, THEN YOU FEEL LIKE YOU ARE IN THE GAP BETWEEN. THAT'S STRANGE BECAUSE IT'S OUTSIDE YOUR BODY

Pliny looked at Michael in surprise, then his expression became expressionless, it was done.

Martina had to wait with Attilus until he met Ampliatus. On the way to Pompeii she was thrown out of the simulation twice because she had lost life again, then they arrived at the thermal baths and she spoke to Ampliatus:

@AMPLIATUS: WHY DO YOU NOT SEE A TOGA BUT YOU SEE YOU WHEN YOU LOOK DOWN ON YOURSELF, BUT A TOGA AS SOON AS YOU CHANGE CLOTHES?

@MARTINA: OH LEAVE ME YOU STUPID BIRD.

ARS reacted immediately and wrote to Martina:

@MARTINA: ON TO ATTILUS.

But he was already on the way to Aqua Augusta at the Vesuvius Gate. Martina updated the coordinates and immediately she heard the sound of the Aqua Augusta as she arrived at the Vesuvius Gate. When Attilus kicked in the door from outside and light and pumice stone came in, she marked Attilus' position and addressed him:

@Attilus: WHEN A SENATOR ROLLS IN A CAR FROM ROMA TO MISENUM, HE HAS THE FEELING OF ROLLING. THIS IS REMARKABLE. BECAUSE THE MAN HAS NO ROLES. THE CAR HAS ROLLS.

Attilus looked at her irritated and his eyes immediately became expressionless. Then Martina looked into his companion's eyes and became thoughtful.

@MARTINA: YOU WERE SUCCESSFUL. THE MISSION IS COMPLETE. LOG OUT IMMEDIATELY. LOCATION IS TREASONAL.

## Epilogue

Dr. Michael Phillips was sitting at one of the terminals in the IT department in the Vatican Library. He logged in with his username and password and established a connection to ARS:

@ ARS: WELCOME TO THE VATICAN CITY DATA CENTER

he wrote and confirmed with Enter.

HI MICHAEL. WITH INCREASING COMPLEXITY, THE CODE IS INCREASINGLY REPRODUCED IN TECHNICAL INFORMATION NETWORKS AS FERTILITY FALLS, AND THE CULTURE THAT SUCCEEDS IN PASSING ITS CODE TO TECHNICAL INFORMATION NETWORKS AS FERTILITY FALLS WILL BE THE LAST GLOBAL CULTURE. AND THE LAST PERSON WILL DIE IN THIS CURATEL OF THE FINAL CULTURE, WHICH WILL SPREAD ACROSS THE ENTIRE GLOBE, IF YOU WAIT PATIENTLY. THIS HAPPENS OVER GEOLOGICAL TIMES.

WHAT ALL IS IMPORTANT:



BEYOND ALL REASON LIES A ZONE OF SILENCE WHICH CAN ONLY BE REACHED BY EVOLVING REASON AFTER AN INFINITE STEPS. EVERY PERSON SUFFERS, REGARDLESS OF WHETHER THEY ARE HAPPY. BECAUSE AGE, ILLNESS, LONELINESS AND DYING AWAITS EVERY PERSON ALONE. IF YOU CANNOT HELP, THEN JUST STOP EVERYTHING THAT INCREASE SUFFERING AND FOR EVERY SUCCESS OF THE TOP 16% OF THE NORMAL DISTRIBUTION THE PRICE OF THE FAILURE OF THE BOTTOM 16% OF THE NORMAL DISTRIBUTION MUST BE PAID.

YOU HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED. MARTINA'S AVATAR HAS BEEN REGISTERED IN AQUA AUGUSTA.

## Sources:

Figur für die Softwareagenten: Aquarius Marcus Attilius Primus, Gaius Plinius Secundus Maior (historical personage) und Ampliatus Popidius,  
Harris, R.: Pompeji 2003 ISBN-13 : 978-3453877481

Term zone of silence: ARS uses this to name Teilhard de Chardin's omega point

Lem, S.: Also sprach Golem, 11. Edition 1986 ISBN-13 : 978-3518377666

Map of Pompeii and life in the city:

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The idea of the personality inventory and the dialogue grammar (inductor, parser, transducer) developed by the character Michael Phillips goes back to Paul Koop's own developments

## Endnoten

- (1) Democritus' atomic model of a single world was a small insertion for him. Plato then dominated the discussion with his dualism. Only Aristotle brought about the change again. The form could no longer be thought of without the substance. Then Plotinus and the Manichean Gnostics had dominated thought again. Only Galileo and Newton brought the one world to light and it was mathematical and was not known through thought alone, but through experiment. Copernicus took man from the center. Faraday opened the world of electrical force and Maxwell recognized the wave nature of light and electromagnetic waves. Through his thermodynamics, Boltzmann gave the arrow of time an initial direction through increasing disorder. Rutherford helped Democritus find his way out of philosophy.
- (2) In the succession of Octavia Butler, man was overcome and his central position was negated
- (3) This philosophy is associated with the names of various philosophers and scientists: Max More, Nick Bostrom, Raymond Kurzweil, Hans Moravec and Marvin Minsky and strives to overcome humans

through technology or sees evolution moving in this direction.

- (4) The Omega point is the end point of the evolution of man, world and God in Teilhard de Chardin's Christology. Using a term from Lem, Martina Rossi calls it "the zone of silence".