

Fractal Evolution

Jamison had done it. Found the only way out. He had done it...redesigned evolution from ass to head, and got it right. Darwin, would never be able to forgive him. The thing worked.

The Multi-Fractal Self-Evolving Self-Recursive Retro-Causal model. It was up and running. There was no other choice.

Science was out of control, the more they found, the clearer it became...no one could comprehend it all: it was too late. Only specialists remained, and not one could understand the next, and no wonder! Each level deeper into the system revealed even more complexity. No one person, could possibly comprehend it all. Then they found it. How it all works...Jamison had got it right: it all runs from ass to head...from future to present. That's evolution. From ass to head. What we see behind, is what was in front. Retro-causal evolution. The future, creates the present. And it worked.

The committee all agreed, not that there was much choice. His proposal was the only option other than chaos. It was too complex, and the answer had to be found, in the balance, the destiny of humanity itself. From the need for resources, to the effects of overpopulation, and climate impact...the list was calamitous...and one thing was certain. The problems had to be solved. By whatever means...even one as off the wall as retro-causal evolution. Now, the system, if left alone, should evolve into the future he programmed...and answer the problems. All they had to do was watch, not screw with anything, and wait. The system, in its timescale, should find the right answers. It was evolving at a rate of 1000 years per picosecond. Jamison, could look in, pick a point, and collect the data. A self-aware, retro-causal, computational simulation. It worked.

A small blot of ooze, under flickering light, a storm, ozone and snapping sparks, turgid ooze, slowly, collects, and a cell, begins...and dies. Jamison enters the extracted compositions into the pad, and they add...the thing was running properly. Jamison waited, and began to collect data.

1. Laura...get your behind in here...get over here girl...now! He was mad, and she was sure to get a lickin'. Daddy was mean, and liked to hurt her. Once he had a taste...well, here it comes. Ah...! Why the hell was he like this? Oh, the sooner he got it over with the better...here, come on and take it...oh...he had an awful smell to him, she was going to be sick.

No one heard the scene, and a morning like any other, stretched across the valley. And each home did wake, and find within it, a small piece, of happiness...save for her. How on earth would she stand it again? The fake, the hollow lie..."Oh I am fine, and you ma'am?" Her skin was going to shed the bone! Ah, that is how she would do it, she would...become insane, and become...him. She would feast upon herself, just as did her tormentors! And Caroline, in this, had found an answer to life's shinning cruelty, in consuming its broken shards, unto her own.

Jamison wrote: Introjective contra-logical adaptivity. A new strategy!

He tried again. Perhaps there was more new thinking!

2. Under the boot of deepest pain, Casperov did live. And from the scuffed heel of suffering, his bread was hardened, and each wretched crust, made dry and splintered as wood. His teeth long fled, he sucks upon the wooden stump of old bread, and prays, for his saliva, to soften his meal, so he might live, but one more wretched day. And into dream, he did flee, and unto him, the taste of dream, was as food, and so was he nourished as he did wither, upon the taste...of dream.

Jamison wrote: Retrogressive mnemonic instantiation as substitute formation. A new strategy! Thought, can replace, material instantiation. A new strategy!

3. And she could feel it, but it didn't matter, not one bit...they got her anyway. Oh God, why would you let it happen...why? They began to circle. Each now closer, hands reaching, the circle tightening...the smell of the booze, and the sound of the spit in their mouths...she began to get sick, and one caught her, and began to kiss her...she accepted his tongue...and bit! Ha! Now the group recoils, and hands reach...her neck, twisted shut, and the lights go out. Johnny, rips her shirt.

Jamison wrote: Failed strategy: never resist a group...Successful strategy: woman dead, rather than willing participant. Ah...a poor day. No good new thinking.

4. And he beheld her. Each shadow alive and full, perfect and dripping with warmth, her lips, wet, moist and sweet, as the sky arching and violet...lavender and rose, did fill his mind, as prism holding the marrow of light, may become pitcher, and pour forth...all the world. And the valley did become her, its tender breath of wind, but a whisper of her perfect imagining, the sun, but her round hip and sweet shoulder, so warm and golden, the day as honey lingers in golden stranded sun, as she...warm, sweet... and eternal.

Jamison wrote: affective inculcation induces alteration in experiential valence!!! Wow! This is huge! The mechanism whereby reality itself becomes health! Ah! Affective valence as ontological primacy!

Surely, this idea of his was the most splendid of all creations! Incredible to think, it was not conceived of before all of this. And Jamison, takes the device, and tries again.

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