

IMMUTABLE REALMS

ISSUE 1 EOS ARTS & CULTURE ZINE NOV 22

BLACK PAPER

Representational: If a white paper's intent is to outline the purpose and function of a project, the Immutable Realms Black Paper is about the psychological impact and process of why and how this publication exists. This transformative time in EOS's history will shape the community's zenith. Immutable Realms's aspires to be the cultural repository of this ongoing re-emergence of the blockchain's sovereignty.

Abstract: The complexities of burgeoning systems like EOS are defined by the data points. Documentation of transaction speeds and protocols characterize the network's current equilibration, but there is an often underrepresented metric; less easily measured or defined. The hearts and minds of the people that use EOS; the stakeholders, the developers, the traders. Every transaction is intrinsically connected to a person; a person that *feels* something about the network, the people that use it and those who maintain it. It is the mission of this publication to represent the thoughts and feelings of *those* humans.

Practical: "Art is a line around your thoughts." —Gustav Klimt
One's EOS journey can be drastically different depending on when the journey began. The journey itself, be it the individual's expereince or the EOS chronicle itself, is a record of impossibly dramatic stories. Immutable Realms tells those stories through art and introspective oeuvres. These philosophical and metaphorical interpretations spur future stakeholders to experience our past, contribute to our present and build toward our future.

Conclusions: The production and resource demand (...especially in art) for the first issue of Immutable Realms was gravely underestimated. Finding the *indentity* of the publication was an organic, albeit prolonged, process. Additionally, many of the essentials, such as Fractal Fiction, for example, took on a life of their own. This further added to the perpetual invoice of hours to complete the zine. The manifestion of this project reflects the original concept of what Immutable Realms hoped to achieve as an EOS public good.

Gratitudes: You are reading the first issue of Immutable Realms. It is our intention to disrupt, challenge, explore and celebrate your preconceptions of EOS through the domain of art and our own unique culture. It is with deep gratitude that we thank those who made Immutable Realms possible. Pomelo Grants, The EOS Network Foundation, EdenOnEOS and the thousands of stakeholders that have recognized this project as having value for the community.

Comments and contributions to future issues of Immutable Realms, please contact lars@immutablerealms.io

Cover Art by Lars Kommienezuspadt and Adam Sward in cooperaton with Mirrorpool I Line Edits by Bonni Jones

PROMISES MADE. PROMISES KEPT. TOGETHER, A COLLECTIVE PURPOSE TO CONSTRUCT A SHIP THAT WOULD SURVIVE FOR MILLENNIA, CAPABLE OF TAKING OUR PEOPLE TO THE FURTHEST REACHES OF THIS WORLD, AND BEYOND.

DRAFTED BY THE BRILLIANT MINDS OF OUR TIME, THE AMBITIONS OF THE EOS SOVEREIGN WERE, THEMSELVES, A NEAR IMPOSSIBLE FEAT OF ARCHITECTURAL AND ENGINEERING PROWESS.

IT WOULD BE PAID FOR BY US; THE BELIEVERS IN ITS SACRED DUTY. A MISSION TO CARRY FORTH ALL THAT WE'D LEARNED. NO EXPENSE TOO GREAT TO ENSURE ITS VITALITY. LUMBER FROM THE DAWNING FORESTS, THE FINEST REED WOVEN IN TO IT'S SAILS, AND A MASSIVE GREY STONE ANCHOR.

OVER TIME, THE SHIP FALTERED. LOST LEADERSHIP, POOR MORALE AND TREACHEROUS STORMS BLEW THE SOVEREIGN OFF COURSE. WE DID, HOWEVER, FIND OUR WAY. THE CREW TOOK THE HELM. TIMBER WAS REPLACED. THE DAMAGE WAS REPAIRED.

THE SHIP ENDURES, PURPOSE BUILT FOR SPEED AND EFFICIENCY. IT WAS A BEACON FOR A HOPEFUL NATION THAT LONGED FOR A FUTURE APART FROM THE BINDINGS OF VIOLENCE AND INEQUALITY. THE SOVEREIGN WAS UNLIKE ANY VESSEL BEFORE IT, OR SINCE, UNMATCHED IN ITS POTENTIAL.

BEYOND ARCHITECTURAL CHALLENGES AND THE SHIP'S IMPRESSIVE COST; GREED, RESOLVE, ABSENT LEADERSHIP AND THE MANY THEMES OF HUMANITY'S STRUGGLE TO SELF-GOVERN BECAME THE GREATEST THREATS TO THE GALLEON'S EXISTENCE. AS THE CREW TOOK OWNERSHIP OF THE SOVEREIGN, THE SEAS WERE RESHAPED TO THE LIMITLESS OCEANS OF THE COSMOS. IT REACHED UNTHINKABLE HEIGHTS, FAR BEYOND THAT WHICH THE SHIPBUILDERS COULD HAVE IMAGINED WHEN THEY FASTENED WOODEN PLANKS TO ITS MAIDEN HULL.

...IN OUR TIME, THE EOS SOVEREIGN HAS BECOME ANTIFRAGILE, STRENGTHENING AS A RESULT OF ITS ADVERSITY. IT IS THE SHIP'S UNIQUE ABILITY TO ADAPT THAT SPARES IT A SIMILAR FATE AS THE UNTOLD MANY FLEETS LOST TO THE MAELSTROM OF ENTROPY.

EOS INTO THE FUTURE

By Mark David Bailey

If you're familiar with EOS, you know that this blockchain is poised for major growth in the years to come. This growth will mean increased adoption, but what that might actually look like is an open question. Here, we explore this question, considering plausible EOS ventures that could launch on time horizons of 1, 5, 10, and 20 years.

ONE YEAR. Although EOS possessed a healthy share of the digital collectibles market, it didn't become a major player in the market for fine art NFTs until EOSfx came along. When this platform went online, it hit the ground running, offering free EOS accounts to new verified users and placing fine art at the center of the user experience. Signing up for a new account was simple and intuitive, and connecting an existing wallet to the site involved only two clicks. The site itself had a minimal design, but it provided a powerful suite of tools that buyers could use to organize their art collections, which set a new industry standard.

By catering to non-technical art lovers and creators, EOSfx grew rapidly, introducing crowds of new people to the ecosystem. Before long, the platform began competing with Ethereum for the biggest names in contemporary art. And since all of this art was priced in EOS, demand for the token increased, raising its price.

FIVE YEAR. Gaming had long been an important segment of the EOS ecosystem, but the launch of a new esports platform called Wicked Fast took EOS gaming to the next level. On Wicked Fast, the best teams from all over the world competed with each other for serious prizes. Spectators talked with each other, sometimes placing bets on game outcomes using third-party services. And commentators entertained for a share of site revenue.

Behind the scenes, the 500 ms block time of EOS kept up easily with the demands of gamers. Wicked Fast also exposed many site users to EOS for the first time, introducing them to the EOS's participatory approach to blockchain governance. Embracing this approach to governance, Wicked Fast users became increasingly influential in the EOS community.

TEN YEAR. The Bank of EOS was established in 2031 and opened locations throughout the world. The bank offered financial services that the legacy economy overlooked. In North America, the Bank of EOS offered home mortgages and auto loans to individuals, and startup capital to enterprises, regardless of their traditional creditworthiness. The funds for these credit lines came from a large network of small-to-medium sized investors, connected to the bank by smart contracts.

TWENTY YEAR. The EOS Island DAO started as a joke. Anyone who said they wanted to retire early on a tropical island was told to put their money where their mouth was. Someone created a couple of contracts, people joked about it on social media, more and more people sent tokens, and suddenly the DAO was worth $300 billion. In 2041, the DAO purchased a small Caribbean island for $200 billion and invited all members to move there to build a crypto utopia. With a population of under 200, EOS Island has not been politically recognized by any other country in the world.

Recent changes in the EOS ecosystem have positioned EOS for growth. Here, we explored four theoretical enterprises that could contribute to that growth. There was fine art NfTs on EOSfx, esports on Wicked Fast, financial services with the Bank of EOS, and a crypto utopia on EOS Island. Each of these enterprises, though fictional, is technically feasible today. In the future, new capabilities will make possible things that we can't imagine today.

MOONLIGHT

The first short story written with Fractal Fiction



Root tells tree, tree tells leaf, leaf tells wind that seven sneaking men have come to hunt dragon young. Wind moves cloud, cloud makes rain, rain becomes my water. Water tells me seven stand on sand with silver teeth in gripping hands. I free my body from the deep. Shake my tail. Fill my water with white bones and silver teeth. I eat; my young sleep.

I checked the message board for our assignments while I ate breakfast. The white screen was the first light I saw that morning. They didn't power up the domelights until 6:30am that time of year, so the city was black. I looked at my reflection in the window, my face half-lit from the glow of my countertop touchpad. Central Japan, 5th century, with Rowan Kasai as my partner, was to be my first assignment as a graduate student of archeology. On that dark morning, I imagined what it must be like to see the sun rise and fall each day. I'd only seen it once. After 600 hours of training, Professor Lee took our cohort to a place called Yosemite, to the year 1974, so we could see the miracle of natural light. From a secluded and uncomfortable perch on a mountainside, we watched the sun drape the world in a cloak of a thousand colors. The simulations will prepare you for emergencies, but they can't prepare you for the beauty. It's hard to see everything we've lost. Lee was right. None of us were the same after our first trip to the past. Even Rowan, who always struck me as rather unfeeling, was quiet for the rest of the day.

I waited until 7 or so to send her a message. By that time, I had finished my breakfast and arrived on campus. I told her I wanted to meet up sometime in the afternoon to plan for our assignment. A minute passed, and then a ping. She asked if I wouldn't mind letting her negotiate our timeslots with the history department because, she said, she'd read the optional readings on all potential destinations and knew the best times to go. If there was one person who'd read 7 extra books on countries they weren't even assigned to, it was Rowan. To tell the truth, I was disappointed I'd been paired with her. Full scholarship, already in network with well-known experts in the field, she was good at what she did and clearly wanted everyone to know it. I chose archeology to understand what happened to us. She, it seemed, wanted to discover prestige.

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I found a study pod in the west wing of campus and used my tablet to scan the library database for Japanese folklore. I had an hour to kill before class and used it to read through one of the oldest Japanese texts, the Kojiki, an ancient weaving of myth and history. The image on my tablet showed delicate black characters printed on yellowed paper. I flipped through a few other pieces in the database. A single scroll, decorated with the black markings, caught my eye. The description indicated it was found by a student of the university on a previous expedition, 70 years ago, in the same region I had been assigned. I leaned back in my seat and listened to an audio translation.

Deep within the lake of the old forest lived the fearsome dragon Kitsune. Kitsune ruled the land and sky and guarded the creatures of the forest with her mightiness. On every full moon, Kitsune would retrieve her precious eggs from the bottom of the lake and lay them on the shore under the moonlight. The people of the nearby village knew dragon eggs contained fluid that could heal the sick and restore failing crops. Occasionally, brave men from the village would venture to the lake in search of the eggs, but never had a man returned. One night –

The audio cut off where the scroll was torn.

A map of the region did show a lake in the forest, and I thought, maybe, I could go back by myself, to savor a quiet taste of history before the work with Rowan began. My friend Jason, an environmental science major, owed me a favor, and I figured it wouldn't hurt to ask if he could get me into one of the single-person machines from their department.

Meet outside 212, 8 o'clock, he replied to my message. In the small basement room later that night, he chastised me asking for him digitally but didn't inquire about my plans. I think he figured the less he knew, the better. What we were doing could get us expelled and possibly arrested, but Jason cared even less for rules than I did.

"This unit is a little different than the one in the history department," he said, resting his hand on the small machine that hummed in the center of the room. "Use the controls on your wristband to set time and location after this light here starts blinking," he said, gesturing to the round eye in the center of the chamber. "Just enter the information, and wait for it to do it's thing."

"You're the best." I grinned as I climbed into the translucent cylinder. He sighed, "I trust you, Ian. Just, please come back."

I checked the position of the moon and calculated the date of a full 2500 years in the past. Instantly, soundlessly, I was alone in a dark forest.

Suddenly fear in me. Womb cries danger, leave the water. One tall man on sand, no teeth. This man did not come by feet. Fear in me, fear in he. Like smoke he leaves. I do not sleep.

Of course I was paired with Ian Hargrove. Of the six of us in our class, Ian was the least professional and most distracted. I knew I didn't like him the first time we met, in undergrad psych, when he asked our professor if he could go back in time and hold himself as a baby. I'm sure Professor Lee paired us on purpose. That man enjoyed making my life harder than it needed to be, for my own growth, or whatever. Ian was perpetually late, so I wasn't surprised when 15 minutes went by and he still hadn't shown up to the meeting he'd called for us to discuss our project. He looked terrible when he finally did wander over to my table, messy hair and bloodshot eyes.

"I didn't sleep much," he said, running a hand through his hair. I nodded.
"So, I did book the dates yesterday. I sent them to you–"

“Okay before you say anything else, there’s something I need to tell you,” he cut me off, his brow furrowing into an anxious knot as he plunked into his seat.

“This is going to sound crazy. Last night I used the machine in 212 to go to Japan. There’s something incredible in the forest. I think it could change everything.” Good lord, I thought. He leaned towards me and, in a low voice, explained that we needed to go back to the spot he found, on a full moon, so that we could collect dragon eggs, so that we could save the world. He sounded insane. I remember rolling my eyes and getting up to leave. I intended to report him for time-traveling unauthorized and to ask Professor Lee to put me in another group, but Ian jumped in front of me.

“The one for environmental research lets you return from any location, instead of having to go back to the place you landed. When I saw her, I made an emergency exit. I swear, I saw these glowing eggs and then… a dragon. Rowan, I think this could be it. This could be what we’ve been missing all this time. If the legend is real, which it is, then dragon eggs can bring life back to the planet! Don’t you want to see plants grow outside of a lab?” I didn’t believe a word he said. He tapped around on his tablet for a few moments.

“Look! Rowan, its perfect. The date you booked for next week lands on a full moon. Unbelievable! Even if you don’t think it’s real, will you let me show you where I went?”

I still don’t really know why I agreed. It was unlike me. I guess I figured it would be easier to go along and discover the eggs were just rocks, or something, then to switch the dates I’d already booked. I had enough on my plate.

Landing in the past was like plunging into warm water. The forest was humid. I flagged our landing spot and watched Rowan look up at the moon through the lattice of trees. Her chest heaved as she exhaled.

“This way,” I said and began walking east. My heart burned at the thought of seeing the eggs again. Rowan ran to catch up. She beamed a flashlight through the trees.

“Don’t,” I said, and moved in front of her. I reached out to put my hand over the light but she pulled away. I didn’t want to risk being seen before we even had a chance.

“I’ll turn it off. Don’t touch me.” She jerked her hand back and turned it off with a click. Shadows danced among the trees. The shore wasn’t far. As we walked, Rowan stayed close. Every leaf that crunched beneath our feet seemed to echo. The darkness had a way of intensifying sound, and the wind picked up the closer we got to the shore. I shivered and burned at once. Rowan was scared, too; I could hear her swearing under her breath.

I thought my head would explode. It was like the trees were whispering to us, warning us, with the death-rattle of a thousand leaves, to turn back. The hiss of the forest was nauseating and grew louder with every step. I didn’t expect to be scared like I was. Ian either didn’t hear the noise or he didn’t care and clearly wasn’t going to slow down, so I followed him, even though my knees were weak and every cell in my body wept with fear. I started to wonder if maybe he was right about the eggs and the dragon, but I told myself to stay sane. Eventually, the trees began to thin, making space for light, and Ian slowed his pace.

I was shocked by the magnificence of the shoreline. Water shimmered under a star-speckled sky, bordered by clean sand, and beckoned to us from beyond the willows. That was the moment I finally understood his fervor. I still struggle to put words to the feeling that struck me. A change came over me unlike anything I’d ever experienced. For a second, all fear vanished. I was empty, illuminated, breathless.

“There,” Ian said. He pointed beyond the last crooked willow. Nestled in a tight formation in the center of the beach were 4, large, luminescent eggs. He started laughing. I laughed, too, at the impossibility of everything. He turned to face me, his eyes bright.

“Let’s go,” he said. I nodded. I wasn’t afraid anymore. The eggs were only a few meters away, and there was no dragon in sight. I went ahead of him, stepped into the light of the full moon.

We were within a few feet of the eggs when Kitsune emerged. In an instant, the glass surface of the water erupted, drenching us in a violent spray and knocking Rowan to the ground. Kitsune ascended. Coiling and writhing, she roared. Her scales shimmered like indigo stars. Rowan’s scream was muffled by the hiss that bloomed in my head. From the inside out, Kitsune drenched every surface of my mind with her wrath. The message came through more clearly than any telepathy I’d ever practiced with a headset back home. Die, hunter, cried Kitsune. She hovered above the water, her eyes fixed on where I stood just behind her eggs. Of course she didn’t understand. How could she? If someone tried to take my children, if I had any, I would do everything in my power to protect them too.

My head was pounding. The burning hope in my heart waned to a flicker. With the little mental strength that remained underneath the weight of her rage, I did the only thing I could think of to save myself. I held the image of my life bare for the dragon. I showed her, with my mind and heart, what my childhood looked like: raised indoors by AI while my parents worked for the very company that created it. I showed her the landscape, or lack of it, how stark every surface of the world had become by the year 3071. No more forests. No lakes. Culture sterilized to the point of no return. I showed her how, for hundreds of years, we tried to bring the ecosystem back into balance, and how our efforts never triumphed. My plea to her was a prayer to life. Please, Kitsune. Please hear me. You love your children. I love them too. We need your help.

Kitsune, mother of the forest, closed in on me. My naivete hit me square in the gut. She was an animal, not a person. I couldn’t ask for her sympathy. I could only offer her my own and accept whatever decision she made about my and Rowan’s fate that night. I closed my eyes and braced for death. Her breath was warm and fishy. Her rage entered my bones, and with it flowed every pain she had ever felt at the hands of humans. I felt it all. She showed me her own life, the intimacy she shared with each small creature in the forest and water, how fiercely she guarded her beloved children, centuries of being hunted and hated by people who didn’t understand a dragon’s place in the world. At the core of it, underneath the anguish, she showed me hopeless, tender unrequited love for humankind. We met, then, in the heart of love and sorrow.

Sadness in me, like water swallowed. Sadness in me, sadness in he, then warmth. I let them leave. Two eggs gone from quiet beach to distant land, Eden, unfolding. My young, someday, will teach.

Ian and I returned to 3071 each carrying one of Kitsune’s eggs. Two she gave us, two she kept. We didn’t know when or if they would hatch, nor how we would explain what happened. I thought it likely the eggs would be confiscated and dissected, and more than likely we’d be in some legal trouble for misuse of the time-machine. But it didn’t matter to me anymore if I were kicked out of university. In fact, everything that was important to me before that night seemed embarrassingly irrelevant in light of the events on the beach. While we waited for the doors of the machine to open and release us, I watched a faint swirl play inside of the egg I cradled in my arms. Ian saw it in his, too. New life. They were warm. We held them tightly.

The End

AC BL CB JJ JW RR DA O

EDEN MANUAL

PEACE TREATY

GOVERNING THE COMMONS

SYBIL PROTECTION PLAN

MEA

CYCLICAL IN NATURE

Part one of a conversation with Chris Barnes

IR: For readers that may not be familiar with your work and contributions within this space, how did you find blockchain and EOS, specifically?

CB: Well there is a long and short version of how I "got into crypto". The short is that while I was renovating a bathroom in my house in December of 2013 I was listening to the Joe Rogan experience with guest Andreas Antonopolous. While listening I was not only captivated by the philosophical arguments of 'why BTC' but I also had a recollection of a conversation with a work related friend from a few years prior (winter of 2011). I immediately reached out with the intention to congratulate him on being a multi-millionaire based on how much BTC he had back then. As it turns out that 2011 conversation never took place, but luckily he did happen to be involved in BTC. With that he helped get me over the steep learning curve to not only buy BTC but also to do a little mining. Without calling him at that time there is a good chance I never would've really gotten into crypto like many others who hear of it but can't really be bothered or find it too complicated to enter the space.

Later I learned about EOS and was mostly captured by Dan Larimer's philosophical views, and the fact that EOS as a smart contract platform could do what Ethereum could not. It also had a much fairer initial token distribution and no pre-mine (which I didn't like about ETH).

I am still a firm believer in the philosophical arguments of both what BTC and EOS can be. For me these are the primary drivers to not only remain involved in the crypto space but also what got me here in the first place.

IR: One of the goals of Immutable Realms is further the process of EOS, as a chain and as a community, facing its Jungian shadow. For me, I included a sequential art comic story using the Ship of Theseus paradox to provoke readers to think about the seismic changes EOS has gone through while still defined as, "EOS". I understand you have a similar, somewhat biblical metaphor and I was hoping you'd share?

CB: In terms of the biblical metaphors there is an interesting one that I think is fun to consider as it relates to EOS and crypto in general. From the bible there is a bit in Revelation that speaks about a 'mark of the beast'. Basically the line is that both rich and the poor will receive a mark on their right hand or forehead and without the mark they will not be able to buy or sell goods. The parallels with crypto are certainly interesting as we hear more and more about a cashless society and the logical position that cryptos can and are talking along that path. So the EOS connection is purely fun, but the idea is that basically EOS is a blockchain that is actually capable of the throughput required to deliver on what the 'beast system' would demand. The origin of EOS however was very much tied to the philosophical views of Daniel Larimer and the idea of securing life, liberty and property. So on one hand EOS can enable the beast system, while on the other it was created with the intention to prevent it entirely.

In comes Eden on EOS, a group of people working together via a truly democratic system to select leaders and representatives to act in the best interests of the community. If within the crypto world there is to be a 'beast system' chain controlled by a ruling elite then EOS through Eden can represent a beautiful garden of lush possibilities. This through channeling the power of the human heart manifesting as the light fighting back against the dark.

IR: Further exploring the many changes in leadership, community, technology and purpose, what do you feel is the current identity of EOS? What defines us from all other chains?

CB: This is a great question that is often asked in conjunction with the idea of all of the EOSIO chains unifying for mutual benefit. Basically EOSIO chains shouldn't be aggressively competing with each other for market share and instead should compete externally. This while attempting to coordinate and leverage each respective EOSIO chain's strength. For example WAX is the chain focused on NFTs and basic games, while FIO is focused on blockchain usability. Proton is focused on financial aspects, Libre is purpose built to scale BTC ,and Ultra is more targeted to proper gamers. Telos and EOS seem to both be very similar in that they have a more broad focus that spans web3 applications. What is unique about Telos and EOS however are their resource models and governance. So back to your question on what defines EOS from other chains, my answer is more aspirational in that I hope EOS becomes the first blockchain that deliberately has a decentralized yet democratic human layer via Eden on EOS in its governance system. In this case Eden would need to be more than symbolic and actually have teeth in BP selection and chain governance.

One idea is for Eden to be similar to the OIG in WAX where Eden(s) come together and provide a filter or screen through which BPs must pass through in order to be selected via DPoS. So it's not so much that Eden selects BPs but instead filters out the BPs that are faceless (sock puppets), do not communicate with the community, and any other sort of measurable metric/KPI that the community deems appropriate. This way the heart of the community, through Eden, can be expressed in the chain itself at its very top layer. Keep in mind the BPs, miners, or validators of any blockchain are the greatest point of authority. They are our rulers for they are the ones that maintain the ledgers that define our property, truth, and stored value. If we don't select the absolute best block producers, from the view of the community, then what are we setting ourselves up for…who might our rulers become?

IR: We're objectively living through a time of unprecedented centralization and global overreach. Our lives are irreparably shaped by organizations, composed of a consortium of corporations that set global policies without any democratic process or oversight. How can EOS or Eden counteract such disturbing globalist trends, and how, if they are to be effective, can we ensure these technologies and processes won't become weaponized in the most Orwellian of scenarios?

Knowledge without wisdom is inseparable from the human condition. So the idea that these technologies can be weaponized is certainly apparent. Look what is happening with social credit scores in the East and even recent bank account freezings in the West. Eden on EOS in and of itself won't do much to counteract any of these potential negative scenarios. But what can happen is the idea that democracy can be done differently spreads far and wide. This is one of the greatest opportunities we have with Eden. First we need to evolve 'Eden' (in this example I really mean Edens plural..as this is a global community thing) to have a meaningful force within EOS. This, so that when the comeback of EOS happens one of the reasons for its rise is because it has this profound and unique decentralized yet democratic human governance layer. When people look to EOS they will then become exposed to a new and superior way to do democracy.

It would be subtle, but sometimes an idea, if powerful enough can light a match. “It does not take a majority to prevail... but rather an irate, tireless minority, keen on setting brushfires of freedom in the minds of men.” - Samuel Adams

The interesting thing about nature is everything, in one form or another, is an expression of consensus. Every thermodynamic state is a balance of pressure, temperature, and volume, where that balance is literally a form of molecular consensus. The weeds in my lawn are finding consensus with the grass as to what plant gets more nutrients and exposure to the Sun. Rabbits if overpopulated will succumb to disease to bring the population back to a required balance, a state of consensus among healthy rabbits. Humans are no different with an innate, devine requirement of needing consensus. Consensus among the conscious is where things get tricky with our ego’s and such. However we still find ways to achieve it, some methods are simply better than others. The Eden process, aka political playoff or fractal democracy, is a clever and incredibly useful means for us humans to find group consensus. So in the fight against a potential Orwellian future the Eden process could be incredibly powerful. We can come together and select different rulers if we all agree on a different way to achieve consensus.

IR: “When everything Americans believe is false, our misinformation campaign will be complete.” -Willam Casey of the Regan CIA. Please, share your thoughts given the current state of the world.

CB: Quotes like this certainly make you shake your head. First we always need to question the veracity of these things…this one does come from a bit of a broken telephone game. That being said, I'm of the belief that there are some who have knowledge about cycles in history that simply can’t be shared for fear of alarming society to the point where it would no longer function. The virtue in a white lie is legitimate. Sometimes the righteous path requires deceit for what is in the best interest of the whole. If for example the CIA knew of previous global cataclysmic events, and believed these to be cyclical, there is rational argument to be made to keep this a secret from society. People get anxious enough with doomsday predictions, nevermind one directly from the government.

IR: While we’re on the subject of existential threats and cataclysmic disasters, let’s acknowledge that they won’t necessarily be created by humankind. What are your thoughts on our species existence and odds of surviving what appears to be a cyclical pattern of mass extinctions?

CB: Yes it's definitely wise to consider that cataclysms beyond our control may take place. Some even aren’t that ‘cataclysmic’. For example the Carrington Event from 1859 was a large enough solar flare that if it occurred today would basically wipe out a large swath of the world as we know it in terms of electrical infrastructure. For the larger type of event that would lead to mass extinctions we could look at recurrent nova (look up ‘T Pyxidis’) or global flood events from Earth-crust displacements. If we are to assume that these events follow what everything else in the universe follows (cycles), and some cycles have scales beyond our ability to appreciate, then it would be reasonable to postulate that our Earth also experiences cyclical events beyond our control. If this is your position, then I would ask you to look around…we’re here, humans are doing fine. Sure there is plenty of evidence that humans lived in caves from time to time; that might not have been glamorous living, but we made it…here we are again. So in terms of the odds of us surviving a cataclysmic event, I’d say they are quite high, as a species that is. Certainly an event like a recurrent nova, or global flood will wipe most of us out, but we are a very crafty species, some of us will make it to the next age, which if we’re lucky will be a golden age of humanity where our memories aren’t wiped of the previous age.

CYCLICAL IN NATURE

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OMNIGLOT of DECEPTION

with Peter Gric

The unforgettable structures and ominous depictions of human-like relics intertwined with cables and alien technology. Peter Gric's epic compositions define a particularly dark genre of surrealism, but beyond even his work, I was fascinated how the artist found his way to the depth of blockchain; a subculture not inhabited by visual creatives at the time. In a sense, I felt a camaraderie with him, even though we worked in entirely different mediums.

Our conversation began with his childhood and family life. "I grew up in a totalitarian regime, in Czechoslovakia. My father introduced me to the arts as a child. He made ink drawings and sculptures out of wood. His primary talent that emerged was sculptures. He didn't do this for decades. He stopped doing them when we left Czechoslovakia in 1980, then it was just from time to time, for himself. As a profession, though, he was a graphic designer.", he said.

I was curious if his family had any indication that he would become the artist he's is today. "Yes, actually from the very beginning. I was perceived as a prodigy or something, in that regard. I would get a lot of attention from family and friends of family. I was a product of my parents, of course, and my mother was a graphic designer, so I got it from both sides and they encouraged me.

With the arts as an ubiquitous theme during his early development, I wondered about his imagination as a child and the role it played in his early experimentation. "As a child I was always fascinated by anything that was not real. It was spaceships. It was dragons. Stuff that was not from this reality. You could say that I always had this tick from the unusual and things that are not from this time.". I deeply related to this sentiment as well. "As a child, I didn't really understand surrealism and found it disturbing and weird, but as a teenager I began to love it. Originally, it was about spaceships, but I began to go in a different direction.", he said.

Peter walked me through his academics as a young adult, eventually bringing him to The Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna in his twenties. "Before this, I was going to school for graphic design, which I was not interested in but it was a means for me to still draw. I then came to The Academy and met several artists who work in the surrealistic and fantastic realm, which also my father was very involved in. Because of this, I feel it was imprinted on me as well."



Peter explained the restlessness and frustration that came with the disciplined approach to painting at The Academy. “I am a traditional old school painter. I get bored. At The Academy, I felt that, “…this is it? Just brushed and paint, every day. I have to perpetually create something?”. There was something missing. This can’t be it. I was involved in computers since I was 16. I had a home computer. An Artari 8-bit. I was learning programming. My dream was always to use 3D graphics as reference for my paintings. I hated the idea of using a ruler for perspective. I knew computers could do it. I could see it in the movies. I could see it in the media. It should be possible and it took me a while before I had a computer that could handle aspect building. It was 1992 and I finally got a hold of software that could do this. I’ve never stopped.”



When I happened upon Peter’s work in 2017, it stood out amongst the hundreds of blog posts buried within the pages of a blockchain social network I frequented at the time. I clearly remember being exponentially captivated as he shared more of his catalog. Over time, Peter became my favorite account to curate on the site. I asked him how he stumbled in to blockchain, NFT’s. “It is because I’m curious.”, he said. “I’m not just a traditional artist. I have many interests. I fly drones. I love photography. I love making videos. Of course, I use all kinds of software to manipulate imagery. I always need tools to find a way back to my paintings.If I have the same tool for four or five years, I get bored. I feel like I’m stagnating. My art is repeating itself. I must paint for my income, and I also feel bad if I don’t paint. Because I’m so curious I go out there and find blockchain, AI and NFT’s.”

“Must there always be an element of technology in your paintings?”, I asked. He replied, “I also did work without 3D reference using very old, organic techniques like decalcomania. You press color with film or paper and get random textures and I loved

this! It's just a place to start, and it's always different. You have no control over it. This, the calcumania, is why I'm so fascinated by AI now. It gives me a starting point and I've never liked to begin at a white canvas. I like to work in the computer design my geometries, then paint after it. Or I combine it. I print some elements on to the board, then painted over it so I have the plot. I like to have something there.", he said.

Once invoked, the topic of artificial intelligence began a spiraling debate on the ramifications of this technology I mentioned that in my exploration of MidJourney, I'd come across users that had generated stunning surrealist works that were using his name as references within their prompts. "It is scary, because I see that many, many artists, especially digital artists, are going to eaten by this. They will be irrelevant unless they figure out how to make something more interesting. The thing is, it isn't going to stop with MidJourney. MidJourney is just the second step maybe, and it will become more sophisticated; more variant. It will be more and more difficult to compete with this technology, and I decided, either I can ignore it and paint as long as I can, or I will use it. This stuff is using my work, too, and it's as you said, people are typing out prompts with my name or the names of artists; it is using artists's content to create this imagery.", he replied.

"There is no place for creativity in a deterministic system."

I lingered, taking the opportunity to suspend this moment with one of our generation's great surrealists. I asked him how a well executed, beautifully composed, pleasingly toned AI generated image makes him feel. He paused, then commented, "If you ask me if this is art, I don't know.", then elaborated, ""You look at it, and you're first impression is, it's beautiful. It's fascinating, maybe disturbing. Amazing colors and composition, and then you zoom in and you can't see anything. Something is missing, and it's the details. It suggests there are details, but there are not. They are fragments. They are zombies of creativity.".

"What is creativity? What is decision? What is composition? What is causality. If you look at any software or algorithm, it will always operate within the realm and limitations of causality. It's always, 'if, then'. Cause and effect. There is no room for decision or freewill. I believe humans do have freewill. It wouldn't make sense to have self aware consciousness while not having freewill. Freewill is the ability to make a decision which is not derivative of some thing before it. If it's derivative, it's a reaction. If it's spontaneous, then it's coming from an insight.

I'm not saying all our decisions are decisions. Maybe it's only one in a thousand. When I'm painting, I'm reacting to all kinds of stimulation and experiences from my past; other artists, what I see in nature, what I see in industry and technology. Of course as an artist, I'm reacting, I'm using causality as well, but then, there are these sparks of real decisions. You have real input from somewhere, god, if you will. Then you split the chain of causality in to a new branch. These machines, the way that we use them, they are strictly deterministic. There is no place for creativity in a deterministic system. It can only fake it.".

I asked Peter to share one of his prompts; a panorama of the interplay between his conceptual abstractions and the epic manifestations of his work. More of this conversation with Peter Gric available on the Immutable Realms website. immutablerealms.io

The interior of an monumental Lovecraftian cathedral covered with complex 3D roots systems and cables in the middle a sci-fi alter with a big sapphire eye in the center science fiction steam punk artstation



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