

**We Organize**

**By  
Joe Viviano**

Why do the cells of a plant organize the way they do? Indeed, technology has shown us that the individual cell can't refuse its purpose and function based upon its individual circumstances. So then, a cell is more or less a unit that is predetermined to a set of functions based upon its limited available options and allotted reactions to those options. This is very similar to what can be seen when we run artificial intelligence simulations. When we tell the programs to copy themselves eventually the self replicating patterns will construct themselves into wilder and wilder patterns as time goes on.

So then, it would seem that the marvelous structure of the plants that we humans either enjoy or revile is a configuration of unruly conglomerations, inside which are more unruly conglomerations and so on. And here we are, the human race, apparently at the top of this mountain of complex stuff beneath our feet. As we take a walk outside, we don't often consider the journey the grass between our toes took to get here; how long ago plant life exploded and spread across the earth, seeping green between its cracks, and spewing oxygen so that its cousins can also invade the surface.

If we pick a leaf off a tree, and look at its arrangement, we can see for ourselves a system of tiny photosynthetic cells which make up its blade, as well as an array of veins which carry substances in and out. Let's contrast this happening with what human beings are doing. We walk further outside, down the street, and find ourselves in the middle of a veiny network of streets, alleyways, highways, and thoroughfares. Permeating these structures is a matrix of tiny houses, factories, universities, food markets, and convenience stores that vaguely echo the arrangement of the leaf you're holding.

Let's set it aside, the cityscape in the palm of your hand. What would it mean if the collected efforts of mankind amounted to nothing more than the fickle pleasure of observing a dying rose petal? Wonderful in its arrangement and its dissolution. It would seem then that human beings today are, by and large, unknowingly apart of, extensions of, and cogs of a seemingly complicated system; forming patterns and structures without holistic consideration. What sort of structures might human beings and their technological extensions fashion themselves into?

Say then it were true, that inevitably the earth will bleed out onto the cosmos a wave of gray that will permeate the dull, mostly geological and empty galaxy. An event reminiscent of a time when plant life flourished across the face of the earth, filling the spaces and cracks between dull insensitive rocks with radiant and delicate plant life. So what? It doesn't seem likely that the human race will awaken to this future knowledge and then choose to capitulate along with our dying sun. But rather, it seems more likely that the system will simply resume business as usual with no end in sight.

The human creature is already a sophisticated and fragile organism, it's equipped with sensory and cognitive capabilities that allow for it to contemplate the universe around it. It's capacity to see into the future has led to the advent of further speculation concerning what might be after death, and thus has led to the construction of various systems of religious thought. Despite the sophistication of the human organism, the tools it comes equipped with aren't enough to satisfy its inquisitiveness. It knows that it's dying, and yet on it goes.

In spite of possessing foreknowledge of its inevitable death, the human being will continue revising its sensory systems; making them more sensitive to stimuli, in the hopes that additional information will lead to further understanding of how the universe works, or perhaps more often; how "we" got here. Yet in this process, the human collective has modified itself into a different organism than it was when it initially asked the question "How did we get here?". By making ourselves more sensitive to external stimuli we've effectively changed what we are as a species.

Science communicator Neil deGrasse Tyson once wrote-

*“The honing of our senses from birth through childhood allows us as adults to pass judgment on events and phenomena in our lives, declaring whether or not they make sense. Problem is, hardly any scientific discoveries of the past century flowed from the direct application of our five senses. They flowed instead from the direct application of sense-transcendent mathematics and hardware. This simple fact is entirely responsible for why, to the average person, relativity, particle physics, and ten-dimensional string theory make no sense.”*

So then, it already seems clear that in order for humans to acquire further knowledge about the universe, we must begin to construct machines which transcend our own capacity to feel the world around us. Imagine such a case where in order to re-achieve the already achieved goal of self discovery a new tier of sensitivity on top of our own will have to be created and so on ad infinitum. The current level of sensitivity that humans possess is sufficient enough for us to anticipate the probable event of trapping our collective egos within a shell of extra sensory equipment that we'll deem “necessary” to further the endless goal of exploration.

Make no mistake, we are doomed to perpetual folly, for contentment is not an aim which can be achieved by doing something. Perhaps one could say, you can “be” content, but you can't “do” content. As a matter of fact, contentment is an entirely unhelpful trait for the perpetuation of any species, if any organism became truly content with its current situation it would likely be still and wait for death. It may seem rather bleak to suppose that the sum of human activity amounts to perpetual discontentment; continuously working for the future towards individual matters until the body dissolves and future intentions become forever unresolved.

But we aren't really a fundamentally different kind of something from the rest of the world, just as any species that evolved from something isn't necessarily a fundamentally different kind of species as its predecessor. But rather, at a certain point we divide them from each other as a construct of human convenience. Nature is still moving along in the path of least resistance; just as it's easier for certain chemicals to bond or repel, so too is it easier for human beings to go on living and not capitulate to the impermanence of the universe.

However, in spite of the thwarted efforts of the individual man, his life, like the component of any larger system, serves collective goals to which he may or may not be perceptive of. The larger system needn't be conscious, have a purpose, or any feasible predictability; it simply goes on of itself. Nature created mankind as a result of convenience, it didn't do any hard work to create the whole human race. We seem to think of computers as the durable creations, made of enduring minerals that are capable of outlasting the life of any human, but we too are simply utilizing the most convenient materials we can find for the goals we've setup.

What constitutes life anyway? We've tried establishing a catalogue of distinguishable chemical processes but have reached an impasse as to whether or not we should consider viruses alive; in spite of their apparent “awareness” (if we can even call it that) of cells which it can target for its own reproduction our current definition of living organism excludes it anyway. Should we then define anything that's “aware” as something which is “alive”? Certainly not, allowing ourselves to define life to the activity of being aware of something else would make computers alive, because a computer

“knows” when the mouse is there.

No, the human species more than likely won't allow itself as a whole to empathize with the technology that it's created; eventually humans will reach a singularity where they've completely divided themselves from and trapped themselves between the technology they've created and the technology that created them. Forever will we be caught between our ill-conceived attempts at dividing the world; the planet forever scared in a matrix of squares only viable while flying high above the surface of the earth.