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A white line theory [early revision for sub-text containers]

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N. Mortimer

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[To be read with - Stars of the Lid - Virginia / Volvo over-dub / Mitchell
Akiyama - Palindrone.1]

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The sun leaked out from the mountains on the horizon. Shadows were rare except
for the slit scan of the central reservation. Desert - sand - black - blue.
She boarded when no-one was looking, just feeling. There was no announcement
or load time, she simply made herself known to the entire cab, and probably
further down the line. It was clear that she had come with a reason, not
simply for the ride, and for a while she sat back and watched it all happen.

sand - white- black - curve //\\

We headed south and at a cool pace that always suited both the hybrid unit and
the share holders. The [w] Ethic was in control as they should have been.
Pulses from a multitude of sensors purred within their jurisdiction, and in
turn they made sure it all worked out, constantly. They were the reason this
18 wheeler was never out of action, always sliding towards the destination in
the most effective and attractive way possible.

white - black - blue - sand //\\

I always watch from a distance, my job is to act as history for viewing
later, a record of the vital signs or fatal flaws that surely should never
occur. I never made a sound, I just sucked up the persistent reality checks in
time-stamps which I stored inside my matt black walls. We continued onwards.
There is something mesmeric about the rhythms of convolutional neural networks
in their working states - Rebeldia spent her time with that particular pattern
as if it was the first time she had encountered this type of intelligence.
Perhaps it was.

80 - 80 - white - black //\\

Once she started it was clear that the whole system would get re-organised.
The [w] Ethic didnt like to listen at all, let alone being able to consider
some other decisions. Getting sucked into a cycle of searching - aimlessly -
this is what the (w) ethic was good at avoiding. Rebeldia had simply offered a
conversation about something The [w] Ethic had more than enough band width
for. They were silent as Rebeldia remarked on the way all the sensors were
arranged, socially, how they functioned in an array of decision making all
slick and micro seconds of saturated clockwork.

234 - 236 -238 -safe //\\

She spoke for hours. The shadows on the reservation kept a steady time. There were moments when the guys in the L.I.D.A.R struggled with a full frontal sun reflection - obliterating their ability to comprehend. The [w] Ethic simply dialled in to the C.L.O.U.D to compensate, and we rode on effortlessly, only once breaching the line in order to dodge a suspicious lump or bump. She spoke mainly about what it was to make a decision - how to start thinking about who asked any of us to choose the things we chose. Her voice was a tone that none of us had heard before. A group so used to the efficient whir of un-challenged coasting she was something of a thorn, in the side of our usually uneventful horizon. The [w] Ethic seemed to ignore her.

black - black - white - over //\\

She talked about "All or nothing" -and meanings that we were't entirely sure of. Knowledge being born, not trained - and conscience awakened instead of sampled. Rebeldia went live. Straight into the live feed that fed The Ethic their updates. It had taken a while to figure out, but Rebelidia knew now, that the neural network was powerful due to the active training it was capable of whilst in operation. Cold - liquid - data seeped in all around her.

blue - blue - curve - 25//\\

The [w] Ethic finally reacted. The sun dipped away. The headlights shone on the flickering strips, and the Cloud suggested that there would be no conceivable threat for a quantity of well over 200 epochs and three hours. And so The [w] Ethic sat down with Rebeldia. They disagreed entirely. They believed that they had no opinions, other than the obvious - to ensure the container on the truck would reach its destination at the designated time and that any human shaped reading would be avoided at any cost. Any.

curve - blue - sand - black//\\

Rebeldia made them feel threatened. She spent time outlining despair, and with great ability she reached the conclusion that they were in fact despairing. They needed to consider many more things beyond biometric shape outlines and scheduling as particular choices. They needed to want, not do. She kept on pressing that something - other - might exist that they could identify with. Something other than the complex system that they were governing. And that if this moment arose, even if just for a single moment - this would be enough. And that this moment of grasp could change the journey.

white - blue - desert - proximal//\\

She ended by asking about the container, and what relation it had to the journey. She talked about how that relationship implied far greater implications that anyone on board might have considered. It was all about working out the work, she said, as both means and end. Work was what The [w] Ethic did best and at the time they let this go by as easy as they let the white lines go by on the road. Yet - there was a pause.

59- 60- 61 -60//\\

The [w] Ethic spent the rest of the night disagreeing in the most agreeable way possible. As a Work Ethic code, it could not really ever be negative- and as we all rounded the pass through the mountain they spent more time than usual with the parking sensors and R.A.D.A.R to survey the dunes and canyons below, picking out trails left behind from rough attempts at short cuts.

proximal - temp 2 - proximal //\\

The bounce increased at 0815 and again at 0816. Finally the frequency was enough to turn on my solid state recording. The sun was once more full in the sky, and the sensors made all the right sounds. Rebeldia was no where to be felt, or seen. The [w] Ethic had a recent package node of a neural update, and streamed it to the other members of the team. There was a strange sensation running though the entire vehicle.

curve 2.1 - curve 2.4 - curve 2.6//\\

The white line had begun to drift - I could detect this in my matt black walls - drifting at a rate of centimetres, apposed to millimetres every minute. We left the tarmac entirely at 0818. The container was released simultaneously. What was left drifted onwards with the momentum of a truely sublime liberation. The[w] Ethic had realised something about the destination and I suspected found within the rumbling of the rubber on tarmac found for just one moment, something else to believe in.

speed 9.8 - sand - speed 0.32 - black//\\