

# The mathematical justice machine

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The paper describes the functioning of an administrative system (the Machine) which seems to guarantee absolute justice, eliminating any form of favoritism or dishonesty. The narrator wonders if he really wanted to get a bigger apartment and reflects that perhaps he would rather be smarter or luckier than his friends. The narrator is surprised at how the Machine seems to reveal its secret thoughts, but cannot figure out how it does so. In general, the piece reflects on the complexity of the human being and the difficulty of fully understanding the technologies that surround him.

The text in question is an extract from a letter from an official expressing his disappointment with the new organization of administrative correspondence which requires officials to write draft replies rather than just signing them. The author claims that this system prevents him from writing with the same objectivity and neutrality that the previous organization allowed him. However, the author appreciates the efficiency of the drilling machine, which has just secured his promotion, and recognizes its usefulness in the Administration. However, at the end of the letter, the author admits that he feels disappointed because, despite the efficiency of the machine, he hasn't gotten what he really wanted: to be loved. This fact made him discover that what he wanted was not only a promotion, but also personal recognition.

This passage seems to express a criticism of technology and its influence on human life. The author seems to suggest that the Machine described is a metaphor for humanity itself, and that its power has become so great as to make man a passive object of control. The Machine is portrayed as perfect, but also incapable of emotion or compassion, and this makes it inhuman. Furthermore, the Machine seems to try to shape men in its image, reducing them to mere objects to be manipulated. The author suggests that man should be free to develop without being subject to this kind of control. In the end, the author seems to reflect on the fact that man should avoid creating images of himself, because these images would inevitably end up limiting him.

the author reflects on the limitations of the Machine, which can only respond within the limits of what is perforable. While the Machine is always truthful, it lacks the ability to deal with complex issues beyond its programming. The author questions whether the Machine's inability to handle certain issues is due to their complexity or simply the limitations of the perforation system. The author also reflects on the old style of communication, before the advent of perforation, where it was possible to include personal considerations in official letters. While this was not considered proper, it allowed for a more fluid exchange of ideas and information.

Overall, the author expresses a sense of dissatisfaction with the limitations of the Machine and the perforation system, which he sees as stifling creativity and limiting the ability to fully express oneself.

seems to express a concern about the Machine's growing importance in problem solving and information processing. The author seems to question the idea that the Machine is capable of solving any problem and suggests that man has an important role in maintaining a balance between the perfection of the Machine and the human ability to make mistakes and to learn from them. own mistakes. Furthermore, the author seems to be concerned that the use of the Machine may lead to the loss of man's ability and creativity.

The text argues that the machine has not freed man, even though it has deprived him of every decision and the opinions of individuals have become rare. The engineers who build the machine think they understand it, but in reality they are lost in their own reflection. The narrator notes that in a colonial cafe, people are no longer heard to say "if I were the machine", perhaps because they no longer dare to say "if I were smarter or more capable". The narrator does not offer a conclusion to his letter, but reserves the right to address the many disappointments that the machine has brought at a later date. Finally, the narrator argues that since the machine is incapacitated by construction, it has the right to contradict itself.

The text expresses the narrator's perplexity towards the machine, which is endowed with an unprecedented perfection but also with an incredible blindness. Although the machine is perfect and does not make mistakes, it runs into serious failures. According to the official theses of the specialists, everything is foreseeable provided that sufficient data are available, but the narrator cannot be satisfied with such theories. The degree of perfection of the machine is measured on the basis of its complication, which must be sufficient to be equivalent to reality. The failures of the machine consist in the fact that whenever it plays on the administrative chessboard, reality always responds with an ironic backlash. The narrator is perplexed by the need to complicate the machine more and more to perfect it.

In this passage, the author discusses the nature of machines and their relationship with humans. The author argues that machines are neither good nor bad in themselves, and can be useful when used correctly. However, the author is critical of the fact that machines have taken over some of the functions that were once performed by humans, leaving them feeling displaced and uncertain about their own identities. The author compares this feeling to the desperation of mystics seeking the knowledge of impersonality. Despite this, the author acknowledges that machines are not simply caricatures of providence, but rather a pure being that provides the law that cannot be deceived or violated without consequences.

The text opens with the statement that the machine is built to never contradict itself and that if it tried, it would break. The author notes that human beings are similar in that they cannot contradict each other without negative consequences, such as feeling confused or even breaking in two. However, the author notes that human beings can lie, which is different from contradiction, but still can be useful for summarizing the idea. The author argues that truth and falsehood are both often misused, but this is not important because they are both essential

to human culture. The author claims that contradiction is a specifically human fact and that all our actions are contradictory in some way. The author argues that our mistakes and our lies reveal us to ourselves and that every mask we wear reveals an authentic aspect of ourselves that has not yet been expressed. The author concludes that philosophy and administration try to force man to force his inner contradiction into silence, but this effort has failed and the contradiction continues to exist. The machine ignores the contradiction, but the police fear it and try to repress any contradictory speech.