

Near-Future Piece: 13 PCE - Prototype.

If anything defines a community, it is the place or space it occupies. And if anything defines the strength of a community, it is the degree to which the people within look out for each other. There are many expressions of this sentiment, a popular biblical one being, 'love thy neighbor'. Good neighbors are there for each other. If two people share a community, they are neighbors. If the community is strong, the people have each others' backs. If it is weak, poor, then people fall through the cracks. Another popular saying is, we can all be a better neighbor. The fact of this is testament to the reality we face: we often don't know *how* to be a better neighbor in the face of life. We have only so much time, energy, and people.

The first prototypical community world piece computer in local scope was built to address the homelessness problem in Anchorage, Alaska, called the *Anchorage homeless-world piece computer*. This was in part due to a longstanding personal interest the inventor held dear, but also for a very practical reason: it doesn't matter what your ideology was; we could all rally together to solve homelessness, even if we were inclined to say not-so-nice things about each other in the confines of our private spaces.

Average people of average-and-above intelligence (that is, the 81% of people above the lower standard deviation¹ from average) were quite capable all-along of understanding that solving homelessness was not as simple as just saying, 'get a job', or, 'get lost'. We could not *export* our social problems, and we could not *force* people to do things. The homelessness problem in Anchorage was a safe way to introduce the concept of the world piece computer to the community of Alaska at large, then eventually the nation and globe.

Before this prototype was erected, only a few seeds of personal, individual world piece computers had been scattered to the wind, hopefully still running and developing independently. The inventor noticed that attempting to cater to the average consumer *first* was not the way to promote individual mass-adoption. Reflecting back to the advent of the electronic digital computer, it was clear that the laptop and desktop and smartphone devices that we know as 'computer' spawned from a long line of scientists and engineers creating large special-purpose computers to solve extremely specific, yet *difficult* problems.

So in other words, the electronic computer did not start as a box that lets one draft documents or check one's email. The electronic computer started as massive machines devoted to solving specific types of *extremely* hard problems. These problems were usually modeling complicated physical systems for engineering design. They were often for optimizing solutions to systems with many variables, just like the piece computer optimizes the arrangement of pieces in a world. This historic way of using computers proved so valuable that it motivated the miniaturization and improvement of modern computer technology to the tipping point—mass adoption.

Tipping into the era of the general electronic computer that most people think of only came about because the electronic computer proved it could do the *hardest things first*. Everything

¹ standard deviation: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Standard_deviation

else followed. This wisdom is actually quite common in the world of entrepreneurship. In the general case, if one wished to create a general product for mass-adoption, that product concept must first be tested and tried on the outliers and extreme cases. If we can accomodate the outliers and atypical and extreme cases, then we can accomodate everyone.

We had to start somewhere. Homelessness seemed like a worthy challenge.

Near-Future Piece: 13 PCE - Prototype: Pieceprocess, the warroom.

The first community world piece computer took some effort to erect, and it was quite awkward at first. This was the Anchorage homeless world piece computer. Two years have passed since then, and other individuals have begun tinkering with implementing their own local community world piece computers. As it turned out, sometimes it was a little easier to start by thinking in terms of the local scope, then work backwards to the individual scope. Those involved in local world piece computers would often experience the universal piece in the local scope then realize they have had the seed of an individual world piece computer all along. It was then just a matter of deliberately building it out and adopting the universal piece language in the same way they were helping to build out locally.

In fact, in many cases, an individual building a world piece computer was simultaneously building their local and their individual computer using the same effort—synergizing. The distinction was largely just a manner of perspective. After all, the time machine for peace was a *social* invention program. The Individual at least, knew that maintaining the universal piece process demands social support. It simply wasn't possible to create an individual world piece computer without being a part of some larger world piece computer. This was in some sense, by definition.

In any case, the city of Anchorage has a particular quiet buzz about it. The buzz was something new, a chatter, not a noise, more a speaking hush.

Somewhere in Anchorage, Alaska

With mild apprehension, she walked into the conference hall.

This one was in an abandoned building that somebody from the Anchorage world piece computer was donating to the piecespace, probably a 100 by 200 foot room. This particular region of the world had a homeless problem like most. However, what made this homeless problem uncomfortable was that being homeless here was not like being homeless in Los Angeles or Chicago or Detroit or New York rather, this was Anchorage, Alaska. Sure the weather was often times similar to those places with colder climates, but here winter was *longer*, and with harsher lows. The real difficulty here, was the *length* of a winter, with dangerous low temperatures present around 9 months in the year. In fact, it is rare to find a 24 hour period in this region where temperatures and climate do not pose an immediate risk for hypothermia.

That aside, the conference hall looked more like a warroom, like from a spy movie or something. It was busy with chatter and movement, a wide range of Human expression, tone, tambour. There was the occasional alarming shout coming from a back room somewhere, a squad of medical personnel in the corner where it was emanating from; they looked intent, but she saw two of them laugh hard in a quick flash; surely the shouts must be fine. The whole scene was seriously intimidating, but there was an energy about it, a different kind of focus.

At first note, hanging from the rafters along the long wall on the rear side of the space was a set

of large painter's drop-cloths, stretched taught by some kettlebells and yellow Alaska Sand & Gravel sandbag pieces contributed to the computer. There were three projector pieces hanging from the rafters—likewise contributed—displaying three large projections onto the drop-cloths. On the center projection was a massive map of Anchorage on one sheet, its triangular shape in the inlet and mountains distinct; there were a few red and green blips blipping away at various locations on the map; one green blip was moving at high speed, south along the New Seward Highway, obviously in transport. The projection to the left looked sometime like an alarm system from a telecommunications network operations center—a long list, rows of entries, each with a corresponding set of colored lights, some flashing, most static—they appeared to be names—some pinned to the top in an obvious manner. The projection to the right displayed something like a profile, like *literally*-literally from a spy movie. It was a female, she had a smug grin and defiant glare with a list of stats below—current, past, and *future*. Her ID apparently corresponded to that particular fast traveling green blip on the center screen, and to th—

"NO WAY! Elizabeth! You maaade it!"

The Individual swept out of the fray, clearly excited, exhilarated but cool, *amplified*.

"How couldn't I!"

—brimming smiles. Big hug. Nice.

She was pleasantly surprised; it was her first time experiencing a world piece computer, but this sort of thing was becoming more and more popular lately. Like, you wanna kick it? Yeah, let's try this for first date: come check out this world piece computer I've been working on! Let's see if we can be a part of making some novel good shit happen, impact! —Something much greater than the sum of the parts! More and more often it seemed, people were using world piece computers to connect with other likeminded souls for friendship, companionship, and intimacy—general love. She was a little skeptical at first, but so far the experience was energizing, clearly serious business. Clearly these people were committed and focused with a sound sense of collective purpose.

"Let me give you a tour! ?"

"Yeah!"

As she figured, the projection screens were as so. The list of entries as it turned out were all informants, agents, and vulnerable adults living within various homeless community camps, shelters too, and some of them were pure roamers. The woman pictured on the screen now was a deep cover agent, homeless, but employed by the Anchorage world homeless computer to roam the south side collecting intelligence and discovering new homeless community members in need of aid and registration. She was being driven to a stretch of railway behind a popular upper class restaurant where a known clique of homeless reside to interview residents. Her mission in the past few days has been to locate a missing local high schooler who had run away from home but family and law enforcement efforts so far had failed to locate. The agent's name wa—

"—Yeah, that's Rayze, or MamaShug as she goes by on the streets. You know, like, sugar mama? Hah. Yeah she's nice, but don't give her nothing but real, otherwise she'll put you in your

fucking place *real* quick-like. —harmless though, really. ;)"

"She sounds..um, spicy. How many agents does this world piece computer employ?"

"Erm.. 78 at moment. But we could use a lot more. We could always use more. At least we have a never ending job source to provide to for those who would prefer to be homeless."

"People prefer to be homeless here?"

"Surprisingly, more than you would imagine. Be careful questioning somebody's position as a homeless person. Telling the wrong person that they need to be saved and that they need a home will make them *very very angry*."

"...noted...thank you."

"The mission is only ever to minimize bad and maximize good. This is the essence of the underlying universal piece process...the same universal piece that underlies any world piece computer on this planet. We hold true to a core peace bias that favors *tolerance* and *acceptance* among many other values. Tolerance is what we need to show to those people who would rather say *fuck your establishment* than have a home. We are here to help them live more prosperous lives nonetheless...with or without a home...and when we do so effectively, our help is welcomed in fact!"

"hmm. ok. Cool."

But that was just the projection screens. There was so much information on those screens that they could spend at least 10,000 words going over it. Suffice to say however, most everyone in this conference hall was constantly looking up to these screens here and there—it was part of their personal universal piece process in this space. Some however, still preferred to do things from their smart-phone electronic computers.

The content for these projector pieces came from electronic computer pieces on a row of desk pieces in the middle of the hall. These desks were stacked double wide, for about one third the length of the hall. In the middle of the desk row, there were a few large computer boxes, several being relatively old. These were the core electronic computer pieces. All of them were networked into a single distributed cloud compute local network, ultimately connected to the homeless world's mainnet at large. One box housed the machinery to store vast amounts of profile data, all the geographical tracking data over the past 5 years, all the data streams from external agencies' databases. Another box was full of graphical processor unit pieces², which took all the database data and crunched it through machine learning³ algorithm pieces to help the world homeless computer identify data patterns in real time. Fiber optics connected these central compute devices together, because lately they had been experimenting with creating a proper supercomputer⁴ out of these electronic computers. The supercomputer was for the

² GPU: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Graphics_processing_unit

³ machine learning: <https://www.ibm.com/topics/machine-learning>
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Machine_learning

⁴ supercomputer: <https://www.ibm.com/topics/supercomputing>
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Supercomputer>

experimental purpose of repurposing genetic protein-folding software⁵ from the field of biology to help compute optimized piece arrangement and configuration in a world piece system. That's a different conversation though.

Along this entire row of desk pieces were a host of small conventional electronic desktop computer pieces. People were working on all of them. Instead of a traditional cloud however, all these computers were setup as validators for a much larger local world piece computer blockchain⁶ peer-to-peer network⁷ piece (spanning the city of Anchorage as a whole). All the global database information—the important stuff—was stored on a forked version of the Filecoin⁸ blockchain—integration with the interplanetary file system of course—and all database entries ineffable, an unalterable history of what had gone on with this particular homeless world piece computer. There is always a brain piece though to integrate the system with the piecebrain, and that was this one little integrating medium-sized box that took all the database, and machine learning, and blockchain data then consolidated it into displayable format (simultaneously relaying the data to the piecebrain center) to project to all the other device—

"—See, that's what this iPad does. I can select different profiles, zoom into different parts of the map, isolate different alarm points, all from right here. And there are a few of these iPads floating around—those who hold the iPads form part of the overall piecebrain, like, individuals involved in piecebrain activities are the quote-on-quote leaders. In computer terms, they are the core logic that makes the central processor work right. Further, using the projectors here for example, anybody can pull this display up on their mobile app to see the same realtime data we are looking at. Likewise in any given moment, anybody can deviate from the realtime brain to access aspects of the database that they might need right then."

"Tech savvy."

"Always. Technologies are tools. Humans make tools, it's what we're good at, and it generally works out for the better."

"So what happens when the brain people—'—piecebrain—'—sorry, piecebrain people can't decide on what to project or do?"

"Yeah! So, that is usually obvious when it happens because things start switching around erratically, and when it does we have a social protocol where we notice, then we convene to have a piecebrain-storming session to resolve the issue. So far it is super effective. All ad-hoc."

"Nice."

Walking around the central row of desks with electronic computers toward the corner where the medics stood, it became hard not to wonder about the colored duct tape on the floor.

Except for the side of the hall with the painter's drop cloth projection screens, spanning from

⁵ protein structure prediction: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Protein_structure_prediction#Secondary_structure

⁶ blockchain: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blockchain>

⁷ peer-to-peer: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peer-to-peer>

⁸ Filecoin: <https://filecoin.io>

interplanetary file system: <https://ipfs.tech>

each conventional electronic computer on the center aisle out to the hall's walls on either side was a long strip of colored duct tape to the the wall. For each computer, there was a pair of duct tape strips spanning outward from it to the edges of a large 4'x8' whiteboards on wheels. The room—besides the projection screen wall—was surrounded by whiteboards. (Well, there was a chalkboard, but that's a different conversation.) On some dividing tape lines, there was a color on one side, and a different color on the other. These sections looked a lot like wedges. On the inner arc, always a computer, and on the outer arc, always a whiteboard. There were a couple wedges in the hall that had the same color, but those wer—

"—What's up with the colors?"

"What do you mean?"

"So, this computer whiteboard wedge is green, but to the left is blue and to the right is yellow. But, I notices walking in that another wedge on the other side of the room is also green."

"Ah. So, each aspect of the universal piece—the peace process that this overall world piece computer maintains—has been assigned a color. Wedge pieces involved in direct outreach—the street team—are blue. Wedge pieces related to local government efforts are yellow. We use green for wedge pieces that represent the different shelters around Anchorage. Purple happens to be used for local social support agencies. White, religious organizations. Black, maker spaces and invention efforts. The colors are arbitrary, really...

"...but they allow us to easily identify one another, and adhere to various social protocols in place. For example, if you do *not* wish to interface with people driven by faith in higher power, then you tend to avoid white. If you ask me who to talk to about the Community Safety patrol, I'll tell you that I have no idea, but visit one of the purple or blue wedge pieces and somebody there will certainly be able to help you...

"...We use color for everything. It ultimately helps us create our own little local universal language, enabling us to refer various pieces without actually needing to know all the details. Like, it's pretty cold out lately so we need a whole lot more help from purple. White will also be of immediate help because they are usually really good at hosting clothing drives within their individual religious communities."

"This is all very involved."

"Yeah."

On occasion, a whiteboard was rolled to a different wedge for inspection. At the moment, two separated green wedges were actually in the process of trading whiteboards.

"Those two greens are synchronizing resources, pieces between their respective shelters."

"Hmm."

There was a certain chaos to the air, a bustle. The entire range of emotion was present. There were friendly people, and there were grumpy people, all sorts. In the corner with the medics, there was one of those stairs-on-wheels you might find a the hardware store. It was positioned with the tall end facing the room. Hanging from the rafters to the left was a bell.

"Here, let's give you the bird's eye view. We use this staircase for making global announcements to the components of piece computer contained in this room. If anybody has something that they need or want to say to the entire anchorage homeless world piece computer, they climb up and ring the bell. This triggers a camera to turn on to record the announcement, and people are conditioned to temporarily save their process place and silence. The video of the announcement is then broadcasted to remote units, the piecebrain, and archived in our piecespace. We like to make announcements anytime something happens that affects the whole homeless world piece computer community—good and bad news. Climb on up with me! It's the best view of the operation..."

"...only if you promise not to ring the bell with me standing up there...!"

"haha ok ok I promise."

They climbed up, and the fray as a whole was consistent, one singular motion, constant, continuous, people busy at work, conversation.

"So, are you clear on what a world piece computer is in the first place? Like, at the local community scope in particular?"

"Well, not entirely, like, I don't fully understand how this is any different than what we already do.."

"Yeah, totally understandable. That is a common sticking point in understanding. One thing that people get mistaken is they hear about the *homeless world piece computer* and think *oh, well that's just another nonprofit out trying to solve the homeless problem*. Like, they often think *oh solving homelessness is simple a matter of introducing more resources...if we only had more shelters and more social work nonprofits, more money, we'd solve it, we just need MORE!* So, that is in *part* true, yes, but we are people who believe that throwing *MORE* at a hard problem will never be enough. We believe that something lacking at a more fundamental level must be introduced to solve the problem. That's the role the world piece computer serves, and in particular the universal piece—the peace process—and the overarching global piece computer network that we know as the universal piece computer."

"Ok...go on..."

"So, in short, the homeless world piece computer is not a new *thing*, rather it is a *new way*. It takes all the things we already do—all the pieces—and systematically integrates them to optimize their configuration⁹ by treating peace as an explicit process, not a result. The process is the new thing—the way is the thing. A world piece computer is not something you just 'make'. A world piece computer is something that *emerges* when the right set of rules, mindsets, and pieces are adopted in a deliberate manner."

"So the way is the thing that this project contributes to the preexisting efforts?"

"Yeah. The premise is simple: When you put pieces together in just the right way, then the whole becomes greater than the sum of its parts. A world piece computer takes what already

⁹ optimization problem: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Optimization_problem

exists—all the pieces—and arranges them in a way that creates *more* than would otherwise exist. In many cases, this *greater-than-the-sum*—the difference—may be quite large indeed. So in this context, the homeless world piece computer is a construct—a way of doing things—that takes all the preexisting efforts and integrates them into a unified whole. Otherwise, things are too siloed and interpersonal social frictions impair individual organizations' willingness to cooperate and join forces."

"Ok, so it is more like a collective."

"Yup, but one that approaches everything *explicitly* in terms of treating peace as a computational process. The process is engineered to optimize the arrangement of all the pieces involved. A world piece computer is a physical and social hybrid technology that makes it possible to say $1 + 1 = 3$. The actual functionality is based on principles from something called *Integrated Information Theory*¹⁰, which is a scientific theory that seeks to describe consciousness in terms of how much information a system integrates within it."

"So like, *creating something out of nothing*."

"Maybe more like, *creating some new extra thing out of something*. The extra thing *emerges* as consequence for treating preexisting pieces in a computation manner according to the universal piece--the peace process."

"So this piece computer, the Anchorage homeless world piece computer, what is the extra new something?"

"Maybe we could call it *glue*, glue that globally increases the utility of our limited time, energy, and people. This computer is a physical and social space that adheres to a single language—that of the world piece computer and universal piece computer formalism. This is a community where all you need to be a member is a will to improve the state of homelessness in Anchorage, and a willingness to participate by becoming an aspect of The Individual and creating a world piece computer yourself. This is a space where we put the universal piece process first, the homeless world piece computer first, and everything else about our personal identities we shelve while we work. Like, here you can be whoever you are without worrying about how compatible you will be with somebody else's personality. We have protocols and peace bias built into this aspect of the universal piece process that avoid and resolve conflicts. We welcome anybody here, and this is one of the core peace biases installed in our universal piece: individuals adhering to the universal peace are biased to favor inclusion, acceptance, tolerance, neutrality, compassion, commitment, nonviolence, and nondisruption...among other things."

"What happens when somebody wants to be in the computer, but they don't follow those peace biases?"

"We accept their unwillingness to conform to our values, we include them wherever possible, we confront their tendency to disrupt things with neutrality and compassion. Ultimately, we use persistent operant conditioning¹¹ to reinforce behavior that is aligned with the universal

¹⁰ integrated information theory: http://www.scholarpedia.org/article/Integrated_information_theory

¹¹ operant conditioning: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Operant_conditioning

piece, and we ignore or disincentivize everything else. For situations where somebody gets aggressive or hostile or belligerent, we swarm them then engulf them, like white blood cells."

"Engulf them??"

"Yeah, in accordance with the *inclusion* peace bias, those of us who are experts at resolving hostility and physical confrontation surround any escalating conflict--literally and figuratively--to prevent things from escalating. There are a few men and women here who are experts at physical violence and are always on the ready and eager to respond to someone belligerent. There also happen to be a couple outlaws involved in the community, and their presence seems to do a pretty good job deterring any egregious behavior within our community so far. That shouting you heard earlier, that was one such example. He's a homeless guy named Nate who's on our street team, but he had too much to drink tonight, was getting angry and physically hostile toward somebody about something I don't know what. Rob, Andrew, and Evelyn swarmed him and corralled him to the back room where they're running a universal piece subprocess to understand why Nate is so upset. This is so that we can help him feel better and get back to the important work of improving the homelessness problem. Another peace bias we favor is *respect*. Although Nate is clearly out of line, we respect the fact that he has a grievance--a point of inner war--and we exercise the *compassion* peace bias to make the effort to help Nate find his inner peace. It sounds like he's calmed down a lot. It was pretty ugly for a minute there before you arrived...glad that wasn't your first impression haha."

They had been standing at the top of the staircase for a while. A few pieces on the main floor were wondering if they were going to make a big announcement, glancing frequently at the guest speaking with The Individual. Everybody loved a big announcement. Not now though.

"So yeah, glue. Another aspect of the glue is that everybody can relate to the pursuit of peace and prosperity. Even people at war with each other are only doing so because they are fighting to achieve incompatible versions of peace. Like, *war is the **general** pursuit of peace*, at least peace in the sense that most people use the word, the result. We are at war with the homelessness problem. We will experience a deeper sense of inner peace the more we defeat the problem as we wage war. But what makes this situation unique is that everybody here thinks in explicit terms of *peace as a process, not a result*. There is *one* peace process, and this is the universal piece. Every little thing that somebody does within this homeless world piece computer is a single thread—or aspect—or facet—of this single peace process. Me talking to you *now*, is based off me thinking in terms the universal piece process, to maximize the goodness of fit that *your* world piece has within this greater whole. By how I define *inner war*, I would feel a *sense* of inner war if you walked away from this experience with a sour taste in your mouth. By how I define *inner peace*, I would feel a *sense* of inner peace if you walked away from this experience invigorated by having learned a new, powerful concept, with maybe even a willingness to participate."

The Individual walked down the stairs; she followed.

"What makes this different. ? This is like any other organization, but the secret sauce is that everything we do here is *deliberate, methodical, systematic*, and framed *explicitly* in terms of peace, computers, and process. The masterminds among us take this one step further and

frame everything explicitly in terms of *time*, which is our scarcest resource. A *world piece computer* in a general sense is part of what we call the *time machine for peace*"

"Hah! *time machine for peace* ... that sounds pretty far out."

"Well definitely not time travel to the past. Time machine for peace is just a collection of physical and social technologies forming a distributed machine of sorts—a system of technologies—that helps us manage our time better, so we get the shit we want done, and thus feel a deeper sense of inner peace. In a very literal sense, the time machine for peace empowers those people involved to travel *forward* in time *more effectively* to the future they prefer."

"Time machine for peace."

"hah yeah, time machine for peace."

She followed him back across the room to an empty wedge, and they sat down on some empty stools that were sitting there.

"This seems super chaotic. How does anything get done?"

"Oh! So, there are no bosses or leaders here. There are prominent pieces called The Individual—brains and minds such as myself that do a lot of thinking and directing, but there is no rigid governance, just the common will to improve the homeless problem."

"Ok so again, *how does anything get done?*"

"Right. So in general a world piece computer (well besides the universal piece process and core peace bias) has whatever rules are best suited for the community it represents. Are you clear on the difference between world rules and the universal piece?"

"As I understand it, the universal peace is the *how*, which is simply to bias action and decisions in terms that are more peaceful, and treat peace as a process not a result."

"Yeah, and rules are more the *what*. What do we do to inform our decisions? In any world piece computer, the explicit rules must allow for flexibility, sort of like how the constitution just defines the framework for government, and everything else is filled in as we go. For the overall universal piece computer, there are six rules that any given world piece computer must follow *by definition*: The first rule is to adopt and maintain the universal piece. The first rule is to adopt and internalize the common language. The second rule is to adopt and uphold the universal prosperity mission. The third rule is to never give up. The fourth rule is interactions must be voluntary. The fifth rule is honor commitments. The sixth rule is to make your own moves. Sandwiching these rules are the *rule zero* and the *end rule*. Without getting into the details, those two rules ensure that The Individual operator cycles through applying the rules regularly. This is the basis of The Human Imperative"

"Sounds like there's a lot going on there, but is that it?"

"Yeah. Rules four and five are actually borrowed from a company called *Morning Star*¹²,

¹² Morning Star: <https://www.morningstarco.com>

which is a tomato paste company that generates over a billion US dollars of revenue per year. The wild thing is that this company has no bosses, no titles, and they make all that product and money with those two rules alone, completely self-managed. They call this approach *Mission Focused Self-Management*. The piece computer invention project employs these two rules—interact voluntarily and honor commitments—to 'get stuff done' aligned with upholding the universal prosperity mission—or rule number three. These rules apply to the world level too, because the world piece computer runs a *part* of the overarching universal piece. The rules are just contextualized in terms of that particular world. For example our Anchorage homeless world piece computer prosperity mission is to maximize the inner peace and minimize the inner war of homeless individuals and those people impacted by them. My personal world prosperity mission is to maximize my sense of inner peace and minimize my sense of inner war by inventing and distributing world piece computers, constantly building up my own to facilitate healthy physical, mental, and social living. The universal prosperity mission is to improve the state of global peace by maximizing the sense of inner peace, and minimizing the sense of inner war among the world's inhabitants."

"That's pretty fucking massive...!"

"Hahaha yeah, it is. But giant baby steps right? ..one at a time."

"You sound like you have really put some thought into this."

"I've been mulling this stuff over for the past twenty years, yeah."

"What about rule six, make your own moves? Where does that come from?"

"Oh. That came from this big-hearted redneck I met from Florida. Rob was my mentor for a while there."

"What about rule three, never give up?"

"Portugal. the man. Their song Modern Jesus. I would add *have faith in self* but that's not universal enough to include in The Human Imperative I think. I dunno. Maybe it should be. I try not to overthink this stuff."

A goosebump wave washed by. The absurdity of it all. The gravity. Redneck from Florida. Grammy winning Alaskan rock band. Tomato paste company. War is the pursuit of peace. The Individual. Engulfing. Piecebrains. Global peace. The Human Imperative. Homeless world piece computer. Outlandish. A web of obscurity.

She spoke.

"What compelled you to build the Anchorage homeless world piece computer?"

"Around ten years ago I was writing my book where I first properly introduced the world/ universal piece computer concept, thus forcing myself to actually figure out how the thing would work. I have always been emotionally invested in the homelessness problem, and I had spent a lot of time thinking about how a world piece computer could be used to gain real traction on it. I wrote this conversation and described the world piece computer that surrounded it. Since I published it, I kinda had to follow through with the vision."

"This is so meta right now."

"Thanks, Elizabeth. Also though, my motivations are selfish in part, I have been on the verge of homelessness a couple times in my life, and in a selfish sense it brings me a sense of inner peace—security—knowing that if I *do* ever hit the streets, it will be okay because there is a system in place that helps prevent people from slipping through the cracks."

"Oh. Ok..."

Pause,

"...May I ask you a personal question?"

"Sure."

"How do you support yourself, doing all this?"

"Ah! Good question. Right now I work as a software engineer and make some royalties off my books. Because I work in a remote and flexible position, I can be here all the time, working in between things. Right now, besides the street teams who are mainly ex-homeless themselves, most of us are working on a purely volunteer basis. The exceptions would be the PhD students and UAA faculty who came up here just for this project. They get stipends and salaries, but there is still not yet an official affiliation with the university, so, different conversation. We are working on more high-level business ventures, deals, so we soon expect participation from employees of businesses who partner with us. Those people would in effect, be paid to contribute to the homeless computer. We are also in the process of brokering data-sale agreements with various interested institutions, as in they buy our Anchorage world homeless piece computer big-data streams and archives for their own special purposes."

"Interesting. Thank you for sharing."

"Of course!"

"May I ask you another question?"

"Shoot!"

"How does somebody new get involved?"

"Easy! You start by just showing up. Showing up is the hardest part. And when you're here, you just kinda learn the rules and soak it all in. As you soak things in by listening and asking questions, you learn our universal language—our lingo, our jargon. Once somebody can converse with some fluency, I've found that people just naturally gravitate toward working on what they want to work on. By rule number four, there is no forced involvement. You do whatever you wanna do. If that means you take initiative and attempt to do something novel and new, hell yeah. If that means you wanna be on the street team, hell yeah (but do be careful). If that means you wanna just observe, hell yeah. We only ask that you do *something*. If you observe, then tell your version of our story, report, share, seek out pieces we may need. The more pieces the better. Something extra out of something. Ultimately though, the quickest way to immerse is by internalizing The Human Imperative as defined by this particular homeless

world piece computer. You can find that on our website."

"I'm in; sounds engaging. But one more question: why do you call this the *warroom*? Emphasizing war seems counterproductive, linguistically at least."

"Oh, well, it's because in a general sense as I mentioned, war is the pursuit of peace. In this room, we focus only on the process—the universal piece—that we've devoted to eliminating the inner war and conflict that people feel because of the homelessness problem. If your loved one is living on the streets, you are most likely in a state of perpetual inner war about the situation. If only there were something more you could do, but you've tried it all. This is that something more, the something extra, where you can come to wage your inner war against the homelessness problem. As we see things improve, you can feel more a sense of inner peace, knowing that you are doing everything in your power and then some to help both your loved one, and people like them. This is in effect war against war, and we prefer not to shy away from the fact."

"That's kinda heavy. That particular generalization of war is .. difficult to swallow. War is the pursuit of peace. If you say peace is more of a process than a result, that means you are saying that peace is war. To be more peaceful is to be more warlike."

"Yeah. Hard to swallow in the grand scope. What makes it difficult for me is that it implies that if we want to be at peace with the world around us, then we need to be warlike about attacking our problems, and most people would rather not think of themselves as warlike. There are simply too many negative connotations."

"I actually think being warlike is deeply engrained in our Human Nature."

"In my world it is impossible to disagree with that. It's just hard to find the right outlet for it, one that doesn't involved self-destruction, destruction, or violence. How do we harness the warlike core of our Human Nature? We harness our tendency toward war to methodically increase the cumulative state of our peoples' inner peace."

"Oh. Oh! When you put it that way it makes way more sense to me. Correct me if I'm wrong in this analogy: so, the universal piece—the process—is what we use to harness our warlike nature for generating good—say, energy in the form of our pursuit of peace—and a world piece computer is like the outlet that we plug the external world into to provide it with the juice and drive and impulse it needs to improve the arrangement of all the pieces out there thus change things for the better. ...?"

"You know, I *literally* didn't think of that analogy until you said it just now...and I think the outlet/plug works well at least as a high level *analogy* for how we should deal with *Human Nature* in the context of the universal piece and world piece computers. —especially in terms of how we *power* the computer and describing the computer's core functionality—generating peace. Hmm.. Thanks for that!"

"You're being super meta again."

"haha.. Maybe let's take a break from heavy and go feed our bodies."

"That sounds splendid."

And yet another instance of The Individual was instantiated, beginning the maturation phase.
The two had a good night.

Near-Future Piece: 13 PCE - Prototype: Piecespace, in the field.

Most of what the warroom managed were computational pointers to bits—the pieces—that were distributed throughout the surrounding piecespace in Anchorage, Alaska and abroad. By this point it was well understood that it is too computationally expensive to convert pieces into digital bits, and simply, it is easier to leave the pieces in place and bring the world piece computer to *them*. The Anchorage homeless world piece computer had become a truly distributed computational system.

Somewhere in Anchorage, Alaska

Meanwhile in the piecespace, in Midtown Anchorage, a group of four men were huddled—two sitting, one kneeling and one standing—in a circle around the backside of a large green power transformer, a metal box the size of a small car, one of many scattering the city. There was trash strewn around the four men, an open to-go container with what looked like french fries on the ground to the left of the one kneeling, a blanket shared by the two sitting, and the man standing, just steadily swaying there, occasionally throwing his hands up in passionate gesticulation. There was a handle of cheap vodka—or maybe it was white rum—in his right hand, nearly full. He took a swig and passed it around.

It was good weather in Anchorage! Sun just set, so the twilight of dusk glowed dark blue gradient on the horizon. The weather was amazing compared to the day before—a balmy 40 degrees Fahrenheit with no looming precipitation in sight. A street light had just turned on nearby casting an orange glow from the surviving relic of a sodium lamp. The moon was out. Spirits were high.

The four were friends. They met on the street. All four of them were chronic alcoholics, smokers, with the occasional meth moment once in a blue moon. Two of them had developed symptoms of early schizophrenia that are commonly associated with late stage alcoholism—seeing shadow people in the peripheral vision, paranoia, hearing the occasional invisible voice behind, stuff like that. All four were rather moody, as the mood swings from chronic substance abuse are tumultuous at best. But none of that ever got in the way of the companionship and sense of camaraderie they felt together. Two were veterans, one elderly from the Vietnam war, and one youth from the War in Iraq. Two of the four were white, two Alaska Native. Their clothes were beyond filthy, teeth in various states of decay, their faces puffy and weathered and shiny with oil and sun and cold exposure, hair of medium length, shaggy and greasy. They had all gotten used to each other's smell, and none of them cared to remember the last time they showered: they were drinking tonight and life was good.

This would have been the typical scene a couple years ago, but now was different. These four were actually more united than back then, as they now formed a homeless 'family unit' world piece computer. Their computer of four was connected directly to the Anchorage homeless world piece computer via various protocols and assistive technologies. They were drinking tonight, but they were also working. Laying beside two on the ground—clipped to the clothing on

the kneeling and standing—were little medallions the size of an Oreo cookie, each with a different colored glowing LED light. Red, blue, green, and yellow.

There was a large button on each medallion, and these men were instructed to press it every time they felt anger or sadness or felt sick. These medallions were simple trackers with an assigned color light and a feature where they could turn off the tracker by twisting it apart if anything went wrong and they needed help from the Community Safety Patrol. The men were likewise instructed to twist *all* their medallions apart if they needed medical or police assistance. These were originally made at the local Maker Space, but had recently sourced production to a local fab-fab factory to begin exporting the tech to other parts of the country. They were actively setting up their own manufacturing facility in Anchorage dedicated to producing homeless tech to cut out the middle men and create local jobs.

The four remained connected to the Anchorage homeless world piece computer because they were employed in sorts. They knew they could make more cash—or even straight food and booze—in exchange for carrying these little trackers around, gathering intelligence about other disconnected homeless in the area, and running their own instance of the universal piece. Besides, it was kind of fun, like a board game but with no board, just real-life space and pieces.

Because the universal piece is biased to favor tolerance over intolerance, instead of seeing the relationship as enabling, the homeless world piece computer saw an opportunity to coax the men with help and treatment in one of the halfway houses proffered to the project. In this case, these were mainly abandoned churches and unoccupied foreclosed derelict homes on loan in a recent property-piece agreement brokered between the homeless computer and a few local banks and lending agencies.

Tonight the men were at that particular transformer for a reason; they had a scheduled meeting with somebody from the homeless computer's street team. Each one also held a small white card as they passed the bottle around. These were like id cards. The one standing and swaying was standing for a reason otherwise he would certainly be sitting, but he was currently the *peacemaker* for the universal piece process they were running in that moment. The peacemaker was responsible for facilitating the process, for mediating and helping things along.

These four men were having this session because two of the men—the one sitting and the one kneeling—were at odds about where the four of them should go next. One wanted to wander over to a nearby encampment in the woods, while the other wanted to stay put, just chill. The remaining two simply didn't give a shit ever, so they were typically the peacemaker.

They were incentivized to limit their world piece computer as a family unit of at least three, but no larger than five. They were incentivized to stay together. If the homeless computer monitoring team noticed them split up (an automated script in the tracking system programmed by the a couple local high school after-school coding camps), then the four men would not get compensated for the information they gathered, and they would not get as much money—food or booze—in return. This was in part to help ensure their safety as vulnerable adults, and also to keep them from becoming a clique or gang.

Already they were pretty buzzed—not lit up, just buzzed. The two at odds were taking turns exchanging language by reading prompts off their little white cards and making statements

about their belief in what they should do. After each time they would pause and the peacemaker plus the other two would think about what peace biases each statement favored. The fourth man, sitting, was passively serving the role of *peacekeeper*, as usual, and he would check to make sure the seven rules of the universal piece computer were followed. Every time the two at odds came to an agreement on the peace biases favored in a given statement, and the peacemaker agreed with the agreement, the peacemaker would pass the bottle to the three for a little nip, but not a pull. Whenever the two and the peacemaker were at odds, the peacekeeper would intervene, sometimes with physical force because he was after all, the eldest and most respected, physically experienced.

Throughout the piece process cycles, the men would press various buttons on their medallions. This registered with the warroom that an aspect of the piece process was engaged within that particular family-unit piece computer. On occasion the voice recognition listeners in the medallions would pick up a key word or phrase and increment a counter. The data was stored and likewise used as a measure of how active—and how compensated—the four men would be for their connection with the overall homeless piece computer.

As they went they made tallies with the french fries for each participant's choice, when their statements' peace biases were agreed on. The tallies were almost always an even score, because this was an amiable family unit after all. The french fry tallies signified the merit of an option, and unless there was a veto from either the peacekeeper or the peacemaker (rarely), the real question was simply which option to do first. The peacemaker—being the most diplomatic of the four and always looking for win-wins suggested that because their contact had not arrived yet, and they did not know how long they would be, their family-unit world piece computer should remain put first. They should meet the contact, then move to the encampment once the liquor in the bottle reached the bottom of the logo on the label.

And so they agreed and put their cards in their pockets, leaving their lights out for the homeless computer street team contact to find them. One ate the french fries off the ground.

They had come to really enjoy the universal piece process, because it really *was* like a game, a way to engage mentally for a minute or two, here and there. There were points, there were rules, there were outcomes, there was laughter, and anger, and frustration; the intellectual and emotional stimulation was oddly enough, addicting. Like many on the streets, these were not necessarily stupid or lazy people, rather over the many years they just happened to be improperly incentivized by society and fell into patterns of substance abuse, defiance, resentment, isolation, and declining mental health. Once on the street, there are simply very few incentives within immediate reach, and immediate relief from their woes is what most crave (if not all of us in general). Tell them to get a job? That's not going to fix anything *now*. They need their fix *now*. But, the intellectual and emotional stimulation was a nice alternative diversion from these woes, especially when the weather was as nice as that night.

After a few minutes' silence, the one man at odds who wanted to stay at the transformer told the other that after-all, it really would be nice to have some soft ground to sleep on tonight instead of the harsh pebbles surrounding the transformer. Good idea friend.

And good timing, for in that moment of silence their contact skirched to a halt on a bike with

cargo containers hanging off the back wheel-rack to either side. This was somebody who recently transitioned from the street to a nearby halfway house for treatment, education, and support while he got back on his feet. He too, was employed of sorts by the homeless world piece computer, but he probably made more than those four men did combined, and he was grateful. But the real wealth came from feeling a sense of freedom and purpose after replacing his chronic addiction to alcohol with the support network and mission provided by the homeless computer. (Well, he wasn't entirely sober, but a little is a long ways from a lot, so again the universal piece process favors tolerance over intolerance, moderation over abstinence or excess.)

He spoke their language fluently. They met once a while back, but he introduced himself again anyway, and knew their names ahead of time because each color was assigned its own unique name for this family unit. They made small talk and he asked how their universal piece was going, and what they had plans for that evening while he plugged their medallions into his handset one at a time to download their data. (There was also a feature in each medallion that activated when a medallion senses it is in close proximity to a medallion from a different world piece computer family unit, thus recording any conversation that ensues. This voice data is later analyzed by speech recognition and machine learning algorithms to identify trends and patterns in the homeless social space—tracking rumors with valuable insights about somebody's whereabouts, for example.)

The contact noticed the yellow man's distress-button count was higher than the rest—significantly. He asked what the matter was, and if he needed to initiate the universal piece process to work it out. The yellow man declined and just said that his stomach was kind of hurting a lot the day before. The contact made note in his handset, and reminded them to disable all their trackers if he needed to go to the hospital. The contact was given a small cash allowance for each visit, and was instructed to spend it on whatever they thought was best for their family unit. Although the Anchorage homeless world piece computer formally did not support enabling by using the allowance to buy alcohol, when the street team individuals hit the street, they were technically individual world piece computers that were connected to the Anchorage homeless world piece computer at large, instances of The Individual free to make their own moves.

Street team contacts were free agents, bound only to the seven rules of the universal piece, in particular their honor to their commitment to the homeless world piece computer's prosperity mission, to maximize the sense of individual inner peace for those living on the streets, and all those affected. Tonight, along with the parcel of food likewise provided in addition to the allowance, the contact bought a bottle for the family unit and two bags of sour gummy worms because word on the street was that this family unit loves gummy worms. (He wanted to establish strong rapport first, before making asks from them, because this is diplomacy 101. His mission to maximize his personal sense of inner peace was to see these men get treatment and help for their suffering. He was willing to do whatever to achieve this, even if that meant buying unhealthy booze and gummy worms.)

But he noticed the bottle of clear liquor on the ground next to the peacemaker, it was nearing the logo on the front label, so still a lot left. From his personal experience, once you start drinking as an alcoholic, you don't stop until it's done or your pass out, so he told them he

bought them a bottle but wanted to save it for tomorrow because he wanted to get information from the encampment first. He passed on the gummy bears though, and the men were thrilled. They offered him a nip from the bottle, but the contact knew better because he was given a safety training before assuming his role and didn't want to risk getting herpes. He smiled and thanked them, telling them he was taking a 'tolerance break'. Intrigued, they quizzed him about taking breaks from drinking to excess every night.

It was approaching time to part ways, for the contact had a few more family units to visit that night. As a final step he pulled out a notepad and asked the men to recount any homeless individuals disconnected from the homeless computer network. They rattled off a vaguely incoherent list of names and locations. And that was it.

The contact pulled out four medallions with a fresh charge, set their lights to red, blue, green, and yellow, and exchanged them for the four mens'. He asked them if any of them needed a new universal piece process card, which they did not. Then they agreed on a place to meet the next day to trade more information for the bottle. He told them a quick joke, and they loved it. They wandered off to the encampment.

The contact was confident that with the right long-game approach, combined with the fact that the men had to stick together as a family unit to get more of what they want, he would be able to convince them to make a group decision to get help and be as individually wealthy as he had become. Social accountability is powerful.

He sent a quick confirmation text to the pieceprocess warroom, and biked off to the next family-unit world piece computer. The data from the pickup had already been uploaded to the piecebrain digital piecespace memory, all automatically of course.

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From field teams to agents and others, the warroom was their command center. The warroom was responsible for running the universal piece—the local peace process. If anything came up that required a decision to deviate from the current running process, they would consult their local piecebrains, or they would forward a decision request to the central piecebrain.

## Near-Future Piece: 13 PCE - Prototype: Piecebrain, actual intelligence.

The net data stream—the sum of all individual data streams that were now collected by the Anchorage homeless world piece computer—was becoming immense. Computer science and engineering students at The University of Alaska, Anchorage had become deeply involved in creating algorithmic techniques to crawl and catalog and interpret this mounting source of data. Experts in machine learning and artificial intelligence started to crawl out of the woodwork. Some people even moved up to Alaska with the sole purpose of attaining their PhD in various big-data analytic<sup>13</sup> techniques in the context of the novel social program. Alaska began to import sociologists and social workers for study and training on the integrating world piece computer system.

As it turned out, curating this data became quite valuable. People wanted to pay the Anchorage homeless world piece computer for its data. This began the eventual trend of people using their personal and community world piece computers to harvest and sell their rightfully owned data to the highest bidders. They were well on their way to building a Humanistic Information Economy.

### *Somewhere in Anchorage, Alaska*

Meanwhile in the piecebrain, it was a penthouse suite. One of the homeless piece computer's more charitable individuals decided that they no longer needed a fancy executive office and contributed the suite to the computer as a property asset piece.

On one side of the building, windows facing the Chugach mountain frontrange. On the other side, windows facing the inlet. In between the sides, a wall of windows facing the city of Anchorage at large. The sun had set, and thermal energy from the daylight releasing from the asphalt and other thermal mass caused a vigorous shimmering in the city lights. On the back wall opposing the wall of windows was a wall of digital windows, flatscreen televisions and a few projectors, displaying windows into the warroom and various piece property assets throughout the city. All the old walls from conference rooms and cubicles had been removed. It was an open space, an internal wall separating the suite from the neighboring suite, with a U-shaped wall of glass providing the space with a continuous source of light.

In the center space, were desks and tables, with a few half-height cubicle partitions designating this or that subspace within. It looked a lot like a maze, spaces between being just wide enough for a wheelchair to fit. The maze corridors were arranged so that if an individual wished to visit a particular subspace in the maze, then they were forced to pass by check-in spaces on their way. If an individual wished to visit the actual intelligence center of the suite for example, they would have to pass by tables with various apparatus devoted to tracking ai pieces and a monitor or two displaying statistics about the most active actual intelligence algorithms running that moment.

In the corner of the windows near the mountains, a group of three individuals stood speaking,

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<sup>13</sup> big data: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Big\\_data](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Big_data)

looking at the windows. There was white dry erase written on the windows in orderly tables, a few equations, and one diagram, circular, what looked like a blob in a polar coordinate system. The white writing in the dark however, in order to keep from glaring on the windows, were illuminated by black lights mounted above. The white dry erase glowed neon yellow-white, a subtle additive fluorescing in the high frequency lighting. The three individuals eyes intent on the work, the conversation, the whites of their eyes glowing likewise in the black-lit window's impromptu dry erase surface.

"Appropriating aid pieces according to the Dena'ina Algorithm clearly transformed the computer's power supply into a three-phase<sup>14</sup> source."

"Clearly. So the issue is that we have a resonant spike every three cycles. But what gives?"

"Really? It's pretty obvious. This creates a production signal in our homeless camp and shelter pieces, that, given production lag, renders a large portion of supplies out-of-sync with the actual spike in demand."

"See, before supply became three-phase, the production lag coincidentally coincided perfectly with the **next** resonant spike."

"Oh ok. Our shit's out of sync."

"Yeah. Our shit's out of sync."

They were deliberating and iterating with their instance of the universal piece—their small little portion of the peace process—in order to come up with better solutions to the worsening problem of never having enough of the right resource or pieces in a given instance. They would publish their results in a local journal dedicated to Anchorage homeless world piece computer proceedings and technological advancements. But that's was a little far out. The three still had a lot to do to establish and begin tracking key performance indicators relevant to that particular problem at hand.

On the other side of the room, there was a square space within the maze, against the back wall, central, about twenty feet square. In the center of the square was what looked like an abstract art sculpture. It was a single multicolor ribbon forming a spiral within a spiral within a spiral; it was the core high-level non-electronic/electronic memory and analysis piece for the homeless piece computer. It was a calendar, but more advanced, capable of displaying multidimensional cycles in realtime.

The largest spiral began and was parallel with the ceiling it was hung from, beginning at the top, about three feet in diameter. This spiral represented year-cycles. Month cycles formed twelve up-and-down loops along the larger spiral per single coil of the larger spiral. These formed a toroidal, donut shape. Finally for each month cycle loop in the spiral was the smallest spiral in the ribbon, one little loop per day in a month.

The smallest loops looked like a slinky, forming a larger slinky, finally defining a single helical coil downward from the ceiling. At this point there were four of these largest coils. Four years

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<sup>14</sup> three-phase power: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Three-phase\\_electric\\_power](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Three-phase_electric_power)

had passed since the erection of this particular memory piece in the homeless piece computer, a cold January four years ago. In the final coil closest to the ground, eight vertical loops indicated August was here, that it was getting cold.

The ribbon was covered in colors, each color representing some kind of significant repetitive event, placed precisely on the portion of the memory piece representing that particular year month and day—down to the time—that the event took place. There were a handful of black marks for example, signifying deaths among the homeless community, usually correlating with cold and evening alcohol abuse, the data revealed by inspection. There were many more white marks, signifying moments where an individual was officially elevated to *not homeless* status.

Somewhere down the ribbon, around year number two, one of the resident electrical engineer artists installed a capacitive element to the ribbon coupled with a machine learning visual AI system capable of detecting a point and touch along any point thereon in the spiral. For every point-and-touch event on the spiral, the computers would immediately display all relevant data on the projectors displaying on the back wall. A two handed point-and-touch event would bring up data within the time period defined between the two points. Toward the end—the bottom— of the spiral, the ribbon had been replaced by a center-lit liquid plasma crystal display tape, segments perfectly to fit new days on the ribbon as those days passed. This new display tape had the ability to display colors according to context—enabling a much higher degree of resolution. There were some wires dangling down through the center of the larger year-coil to power and control these LCD tape strips.

In all, this sculpture was a visual representation mapping the calendar cycles of timespace onto linear time. It allowed for the easier identification of emerging cycles in timespace that would otherwise be lost to the noise in a strictly linear timeline. The visual representation also helped people more easily focus on the trends at hand, the tangible and visual nature of the sculpture appealing to the Human tendency to favor spatial relationships and physical objects.

Around the spiral time-keeping sculpture were six people. The one speaking at the moment was the unit's peacemaker, in charge of ensuring that the group stayed on topic and followed the five rules of the universal piece. Another watched the group carefully for changes in facial expression and heightening tones of voice, conflict. This was the peacekeeper. They would interject on time to time.

The subject of that group's universal piece—their peace process in that moment—was a concerning cycle-streak of bright pink marks, clusters occurring every three weeks. Pink in this case had been designated as distress signals for the camps and shelters to use in the event of being overwhelmed in some manner or fashion. The Dena'ina Actual Intelligence Algorithm clearly wasn't functioning optimally. The other three individuals at the window formed a breakout subprocess to begin determining a root cause of the situation.

The six individuals at the memory spiral were deliberating as to how to next evolve the universal piece in the context of this concerning trend. They were considering an evolution advancement—an early iteration—resulting in a temporarily higher rate of global peace evaluation and process evolution. This is more costly in general, but it may be worth the extra expense in that particular case. It was a cost benefit analysis algorithm in their peace process.

"I for one am not in favor of any topological variation in the Dena'ina Algorithm. As our breakout is beginning to suggest, this is probably just a cycle-management problem. Time, energy, people scarcity, all resulting in a general resource allocation problem."

"I second."

"I third."

The peacemaker spoke.

"Any objections?"

No objections. Time to advance the universal piece.

"Let's divert our attention then, to playing advocate for the anti-case."

This group of piecebrains believed it was important to first play devil's advocate for any ruling to abandon an option entirely. It was one of their universal piece routines. They deliberated on the merits of a topological—or fundamental—change to the Dena'ina Algorithm.

After some time,

"Have we made peace with the decision to focus on the cyclic metric nature of this problem, abandoning any motion to make a topological change to the Dena'ina Algorithm?"

Nods all around.

"Advocacy concluded. Moving on."

This was a meeting with no agenda, just the five rules of the universal piece computer plus their individual and local prosperity missions. As time went on, the team devised resolutions—commitments to abide to, follow through on. After consulting with the breakout team running their mathematical subprocess over in the window corner, the team resolved to advance the phase of the computer supply by nine days. The harmonic analysis would be trusted for now, but with heightened number of universal piece iterations in the next month to track the supply chain response the the advance.

Up in that penthouse office suite, was one of several spaces across the city of Anchorage devoted to logic and decisions relating to the overall pieceprocess mediated in the war room. The collection of these spaces defined the *piecebrain* in the Anchorage homeless world piece computer. The decisions, resolutions, commitments devised within the piecebrain would disseminate into all aspects of the piecespace and pieceprocess—local government, non profits, churches, schools, businesses, the streets, family residences—permeation.

Interestingly, although logically a world piece computer only has three components, the pieceprocess, the piecebrain, and the piecespace, in physical practice this manifests as the collection of all individuals operating within the piece computer. Each individual maintains their personal aspect of the pieceprocess, each individual contributes their personal brain and decision-making powers to the piecebrain, each individual contributes the space within their world to the overall piecespace of the piece computer. The rest are pieces, both physical, tangible—and non physical, intangible.