With respect to physical qualities, like height, this perception does exist. However, we are yet to determine through these data whether certain personality traits fall within this consensus too. We have already failed to find evidence on gender roles being represented. There may, however, be a pattern to the topics under discussion, and what they ‘give off’ about the user.

Heath and Heath (2010) delineate a number of principles that lead to retention of message, including simplicity, unpredictability, concreteness, credibility, emotion and storytelling.

Credibility itself- the ‘authority’, or likelihood of someone’s words being perceived as true- links to avenues other than just the profile itself. The dating site could offer mechanisms to double-check against bogus profiles or bots, while others may require login through integration with APIs of other social networking media. Wotipka (2010) details other mechanisms within the profile often harnessed to protect against misinformation. These aspects fall outside the purview of this study.

However, the other five elements of Heath and Health (2010)’s formula depend largely on the user’s choice of language and content in their self-representation essays. Danescu-Niculescu-Mizil et al (2012) explored memorability of advertising slogans in the online realm in ‘distinctiveness’. Based on lexical and syntactic considerations, they define this term as “unusual word choices built on a scaffolding of common part-of-speech patterns.” This is evaluated against large English corpora by comparisons of likelihood of occurrence. Arguably, this connects to psycholinguistic literature involving ‘surprisal’ metrics. (Hale, 2006).

The methodology in Danescu-Niculescu-Mizil et al involves locating movie-quotes, and juxtaposing them with quotes that mirror them in all aspects of memorability other than the choice of words- including length, speaker, and relative position in the film’s screenplay. They also find that more memorable quotes involved elements of ‘generality’ bestowed by the use of more present tense verbs and definite articles as well as fewer third-person pronouns.

Fortunately, the construction of this paired setup emerges from within our data itself. With applications of neural network-driven models such as Doc2Vec, it is possible to attach similarity scores to documents. In this case, each ‘document’ is a dating profile. Following Danesci-Niculescu-Mizil et al (2012), additional precautions can be undertaken to ensure matching lengths.

\cite{nagarajan2009examination} find that shorter profiles usually enjoy higher rates of matching. \cite{rudder2014dataclysm} suggests the most effective message lay between 40 and 60 characters.

Kelsang Thundup surveyed the bitter end of his world and smiled. Over the edge of the cliff, a thousand houses burned. In the inky depths of the valley, a new firmament was born. The one above twinkled benignly. His fingers pressed tighter into the beads of his rosary, and he knew he had pressed too hard when his skin squealed.

His robes billowed in the wind. “Everything must die. I did not think now was the time.”

The butter lamps, sputtering and rancid, cast snake-like shadows across the walls. His form spread over the Tantric scrolls, diseased and dead. Avalokiteswara continued to grin, with the framed photo of the Dalai Lama poised at his feet. If only His Holiness knew what was happening so far from the capital.

Then a new form careened in. Kelsang wanted to spring, but that would be making it too easy. With his back still to the chamber, and his eyes pinned to the valley, he thundered. “I will tell you nothing.”

The scuffle of worn boots on the creaking wood planks. Still inept, still without the sturdy descent of heels into certain stances. A husk of a soldier, but a soldier nonetheless.

“You did not keep your promise.” Kelsang said coldly. For an infinite moment, the winds howled. Hot tears pooled in his eyes, blurring the fires below into an almost eerie beauty. His family lived in one of those houses, though he had not seen them in thirty years. He wiped one off, and found it had already frozen.

Finally, the figure behind him spoke up. In his terribly broken Lhasa-dialect Tibetan, and words that shuddered with a broken heart.

“I tried to stop them. You know I am telling the truth.”

Again, he stood silent. His saffron robes drenched in moonlight. His hands shook. Whether from cold, pain, rage or fear- he could not tell. This was all an illusion. It had to be.

“Why don’t you just leave?” the soldier asked. “You know how this will end.”

“How did you get past Gyatso?” Kelsang asked.

The soldier said nothing. “Why do you not spin the Wheel? Why do you not leave?”

Finally, Kelsang could take it no longer. He twirled around with as much poise as he could manage. He pulled together a smile. “You are still a child, Guofeng. You do not understand. If it is in the destiny of the wheel to be destroyed, there is nothing we can do.” He paused. “Do your people know you are here?”

“Yes, and they think I am here to kill you.” Said Guofeng.

“Aren’t you?” As coolly as he could manage.

Kelsang noticed for the first time that blood was streaming down one of Guofeng’s cheeks.

“Your death is certain”, he said with almost a theatrical pause. “My death is certain too. But none of us will die tonight.”

“ How are you sure? Do you think that your father could explain this with his science?” Kelsang asked.

“I wish my father could have met you. He always knew there was missing in his...his” Guofeng failed to draw the right word out.

“ Theorem?”

“I’m sorry, I don’t know how to say it. But he has been labelled a reactionary.”

“And here you are, trying to save the enemy. Do you really think your Chairman will forgive you? If he finds out the real reason you came to Tibet?”

Guofeng stood frozen. In almost a pathetic whimper, “He will not find out. If I get inside the Wheel first...”

The next morning, Tara’s phone rattled in its cage. She curled up tighter, almost hugging her pillow. Then she heard that ominous rattle as the clock connected with the Bluetooth.

A baritone voice came on. “Good morning, Miss Linsdale.”

She almost let out a scream. Then she took a deep breath. She’d never felt this level of relief on hearing a male voice- not even for her father’s. So Pragya tAI had not overridden her security ciphers. Yet.

“Good morning Harald. Are there any emails from Jo?”

“Yes, 3. The subject line says: ‘Client contract needs amendment’”

“Shit.”

Good line:

The internet produces this idea of a best thing, and that if we wait long enough, we’ll find it/

Wichita small town folks wanted more

On first date, we know very little about a person, so we overweigh the few things we know

All our high profile tech entrepreneurs in Boulder- all the Indians, they’re all shutting down! They’re selling their companies.”

“We’re a matchmaker, not a dating agency.” Said Jo.

The ferns billowed, and Maya Tai was back.

So you know you’re not going to marry her. You know what you signed up for. But you’re still going to see her? So what is this you’ve got going on here, Mr Kant?

“Give it time, *beta*. You never know.”

“How’s the *beta* testing going?” Jo fought hard, but eventually slipped and dissolved into giggles.

**THE DATE**

“Well, when TAI spoke from the candle, Dina got talking about the environment and how we’ve lost our sense of connection with the planet.”

“He’s shutting down his operations, laying off all the people on the expansion plans. Listen we can’t have this. I can’t believe I did this, and to my own Dad.”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that” said Jo.

“Buddhist AI? How’s that even possible?”

“Well,” said Jo. “I was in France once, and I met a monk. And he said that reality wasn’t what he said it was.”

You know what, no pressure. Hell, if I hadn’t rushed things, I’d still be single.

The line clicked and Kant was gone.

“Thank you, Maya Tai, that will be all.”

The projection disappeared.

“When are we going to tell him?” Tara asked.

“Tell him what? That Maya Tai”

“Relax, Jo, I know. I know. I was in a Physics class. All Indian and Chinese nerds. I know.”

“Of course you know. You’re half-Chinese.”

“Some fraction”

Tara, that’s why you keep those glasses on. Hideous, hideous things you’ve got there. But you want them to hide your eyes. Because you look like any other normal Canadian white girl. Until they see your eyes. You have your mother’s eyes.”

“Thanks, Snape.” Tara giggled. But Jo had a point.

You know how tAI developed mind-reading ability? There are so many technologies to upload

Because the AI realized that thinking too much was the cause of our suffering. It’ll do whatever it takes to end human suffering

So mindfulness and meditation are the only ways you keep TAI from reading your mind. And it easily infects any smaller, dedicated system like the Ursula AI at our partner restaurants. I think so.”

“Is he asking for his money back?”

“No, he actually liked her. He’s just not going to marry her. But I made sure my legal team had that covered. We did our job. The real question is, how did your algorithm come up with Keisha?”

Tara tried to sound sure. “It’s an error in the NLP. Her name did sound like an Indian girl’s. I had some friends from India back in Toronto- Nisha, Disha, Trisha. “

“Well, we got away this time. But make sure it never happens again. Tomorrow, we don’t want

“Well she says that in terms of evolution, it’s pretty pointless that humans became conscious. Because our sense of ‘I’ and need to conquer is half the reason why we’re in this shit today. And it’s funny how the AI Is more ‘conscious’ then most of us are...’

“Don’t worry, TAI is not conscious. *It* learns, and I’ve put in quite a few systems for that. But it’s not conscious like a human is.”

“Well, if you say so. So where is she really? This Pragya TAI?”

“At a Buddhist monastery in Crestone. It’s about a four hour drive from here”

“What’s she doing in a monastery?”

“Oh, she just needs some clarity. She comes back to visit us every week.”