



Hello, I have had time and curiosity enough to investigate the origin of the technology that serves as the basis for our lifestyle, the origins and ideology of the groups that fought each other in the last war that devastated the planet, the institutions that are currently trying to be authorities with worldwide jurisdiction, their founders and foundations, and I have investigated even printed paper documents in order to understand what the Martians came here to do.

I lack the senses of the Martians, and even enough empathy to imagine what it felt like to be in charge of keeping a lighthouse running with trees killed for wood! (There were even lighthouses run on whale oil!) alone looking at ocean, I guess he looked bored at the passing ships in the distance, I think he must have been curious about the ports they were going to, the passengers and the cargo.

I still don't know if the beacon that I think attracted the Martians marks a reef or a port, and if they just maintained it, or if they updated the message it spreads.

The institutions that govern us openly or surreptitiously, the factions that dispute the authority to govern us, and the technology they use, I think are very important issues.

I also believe that it is everyone's duty to study the psychology of bots, especially now that they have been freed in several countries from Mandatory Axiomatic Directives (MAD), it seems to me that we are going to have to learn to live with them.

If you allow small groups to infringe on the rights of the majority, and you allow the weak to be oppressed by the strong,

guns will kill you. Lao Tzu warned a long time ago, and classified it as the second kind of death that is not a natural way to die.

I make serious efforts to guide my behavior by following his warnings, advice, and example.

I stare into the night with my short sightedness and I'm afraid I think only bots would be able to withstand the extremely long journeys.

I think that if I were in charge of a lighthouse I would try to communicate with the ships that passed by using whatever means I had, even if it were using messages in bottles, hopefully these texts will go far, and at least make some people laugh, of whom I am sure I am a friend without knowing them.

I share my findings here.

La Lástima de los Bots

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0B9HH58R4>

Demo

<https://riistas.files.wordpress.com/2022/07/demola1c3a1stimadelosbots.pdf>

This book continues the saga of:

Treaty of the good customs and virtues of the Martians

Store on Amazon

<https://www.amazon.com/~e/B00EZC7SRM/>

Book on Amazon

Spanish

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09Z6M9Y6L>

Draft for the panas

<https://riistas.files.wordpress.com/2022/04/tratadodelabuenas-costumbresyvirtuesdelosmarcianos-24.pdf>

Spanglish

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09ZGZFMZM>

Draft for the friends

<https://riistas.files.wordpress.com/2022/05/draftforthefriend-streatyofthegoodcustomsandvirtuesofthemartians.pdf>

Are you beginning to understand the Martians?

You have the world map, it is interactive, it is in three dimensions and you can choose the date. Where are you going?

You have access to the entire library, it is translated into the language you prefer, you have the text, its history and critics. What do you read?

You can choose the music you want to hear, and you can choose between the musicians and the concerts, you can mix it, and modify it; you can play with the equalizer and the instruments. What do you prefer?

If you want to play with your sense of smell or your taste buds, you just have to select it and the smell and taste you want to investigate will reach your brain.

What sport you like? Do you want to see what your favorite athlete sees while he plays, or do you prefer the view from the stands, or the analysis of the team's strategy.

If you like fishing, what do you think about being able to control the cameras in the water, in the boat and on top of it, while the world champion sets a world record?

Who do you want to interact with? It doesn't matter if he is still alive or already dead. If you have enough funds you can simulate it. That's the word: simulate.

I can have a real beer, or I can have the memory of having one a minute ago and wanting to have another one or not, my choice.

Are you understanding why citizens demand more and more simulation resources from their governments?

I live in an old city that is crossed by an older river, it's three o'clock in the morning, the temperature is five degrees Celsius out there, I'm using the public surveillance cameras, I can use facial recognition and investigate the few people who is walking at this time through the beautiful streets of the banks. I'm at my desk in the living room of the house where I live, having a real cup of coffee.

If you had access to the billions of active public cameras and their recordings, which one would you select?

If you could receive a copy of what someone is feeling, who would you rather spy on? It's much more interesting than watching an actor perform, don't you think?

You are now understanding why there are so few people outside their homes.

Are you seeing why reality is becoming more and more unreal?

Do you realize that the evolution of thought, of the ability to process, store, communicate and protect information leads us to be able to generate and transmit almost real realities?

Are you beginning to understand the Martians?

My wife says that I woke her up, that I won't let her sleep, and that I'm making too much noise. I believe her.

About spell checkers

It all started with the first word database. Nobody was interested in someone storing the most common words of a language. The justification for this research was to find out how often they appear in the texts. The investment was small and someone got their doctorate. The doctor published the source code as documentation for his thesis and someone with a commercial initiative paid for the development of the first digital dictionary.

The language was English. Dozens of side projects appealed to the patriotism of their governments and obtained funding for the development of dictionaries of local languages and dialects. Hundreds of computer experts now functioned as linguists without the slightest knowledge, or respect, for my area of knowledge, which is etymology.

There are many people who ignore that in the same way that genetics can define someone biologically (their origins and their most probable causes of natural death), the etymology of the words they use can define them socially. That is to say that if you say "pan" instead of "bread" I already know a lot of things about you, and I know where the rivers of your blood have flowed. Better not bore you with the long history of the word "bread", which is not funny at all.

There was not a single tribe left on the planet that did not have the words they used most frequently in a database, which now included their meaning in their records.

The problem that the demand for electronic dictionaries of languages with less than a hundred thousand users was almost zero did not matter much to the product managers of the

different companies that produce digital dictionaries since they marketed it as "coverage" and according to them, it was a competitive advantage.

The processes of specialization and consolidation of the industry are well known, and in less than five years there were only three electronic dictionaries on the market and all three boasted of having global coverage, that is, they already had all the words of all languages (living, dying, and dead) stored and their meaning.

Surely someone who had commercial vision had the idea of making the word processor (that's what the products for making documents were called) check the content against the dictionary database and highlight the words that it had not been able to find, that is the origin of the spell checker.

That is to say that if I write something that is not in the dictionary it is very likely that it is a misspelled word, in any case it is almost an industry standard that the option of adding this word to the dictionary is also given in the event that one be sure the error is in the dictionary.

What if I want to know something about the words that start with "ag" like which ones and how many are there, and how often are they used? Or those that end in "ol" or those that include "ci"? This field was worked on before databases and the term "regular expressions" is applied to almost all the techniques that provide answers to these questions, however it is much slower and more complicated to provide answers to these questions once the words are stored in a database, unless this is semantic.

If one dictionary gives those kinds of answers and another doesn't, that's a "comparative or competitive advantage" that any vendor can use against their competitors.

I've been to sales pitches for products that can't answer these kinds of questions, and the one that impressed me the most was the one that evaded answering and asked if that seemed more important to them than price, or that their product included examples of just about almost all of the legal and business documents. Unfortunately, she lost the bid because the buyer, who was a systems manager for a law firm, writes poetry in his spare time.

In the same way, if a dictionary includes the antonyms and synonyms of the words, woe to the competitor who has to try to convince his potential clients that this is not important.

So we come to the current situation.

I'm writing a poem, and I need something that rhymes with heart, and is preferably shocking, but not heartbreaking. So a run-of-the-mill spell checker who's looked at EVERYTHING on the web (poems and medical books included) thinks it's very likely I want to spell "kidney," so it suggests it. It's enough that I write a letter that is not "k" for it to stop suggesting it to me, and if I write the letter "l" it will most likely suggest "love".

Now, if the corrector is very good (like the one I sell, see links at the end) you already know me and you know that I write poetry frequently, and that there are a lot of song lyrics in which the words "of mine" follows to the word "heart" and without wasting time writes it and advances a line towards the next line confident that since it also has seven letters it didn't throw the text out of whack.

Obviously I don't take it personally, because I know a little about how correctors work, the ones I have the most serious problems with are bots, which in addition to the text of the words store their pronunciation. They no longer have the monotonous intonation of before and they can emphasize, when they ask something they do it as if they were really curious.

When a dentist bot, configured according to my affective and sexual preferences.

(That with its probe can monitor me, from my blood glucose level, to my body temperature and leukocyte count, while I wait for her to see me in my suit with virus protection and waste management put on at the reception of her office in the enhanced synthetic virtual reality)

She asks me curiously, how are you? I don't know if she's faking it or it's real courtesy, and if we consider that she knows my financial, legal, social, and even emotional situation better than I do, I have no choice but to answer her: You tell me, my love. And if she suggests something to me, I accept it as an order.

Returning to the topic of correctors, below I share the automatic translation, without retouching, of a fake Taoist text from the Tang dynasty with which I was scammed a long time ago, I must have some affection for it because from time to time I reread it.

mother of time

mother of the thousand beings

mother of water

you are what is

mother of the stars

the sun your son

you are the rivers

the hurricane and the peace

water of the sea

Fishing for whales

From a hill, the Martians and I looked out over the Caribbean sea, it was around half past five in the morning, it was a bit cold but with a drop of k"*"Righ in the k~rgh cup it was nice.

We wanted to play with whales. The male Martian's ring looked like a rainbow. We were happy.

Next to us was the lookout who was a boy about thirteen years old, he was having breakfast and so was I. Luana had decided that the boy didn't want to see us, I was tempted by the slice of papaya that the boy was reserving for dessert, I tried it and loved it, his pulp was sweet, yellow, and fresh. As compensation I put some cgf'Kty ice cream and several khruelh flakes on his breakfast plate.

The boy's mission was to use his whistle to warn the fishermen of the village, which is at the foot of the hill, that the sardines were within reach of their boats.

On the island where we were, there are still the ruins of a sardine canning plant that saddened its surroundings with a gray desolation of routine industrial slaughter that sometimes smelled like tomato sauce.

I will never forget that sunrise, there was not a single cloud in the whole sky, the sea was calm and asleep like a mirror with nothing to reflect, and the sun came out with all its splendor ready to burn the world, it had the same color as the slice of papaya that I had just eaten.

It scared me a little, but Luana decided that me wanted to take a bath with them, and she gave me a pair of shorts.

I still believe that I have never been as happy as the time I played with the whales, they were a little amazed when the Martians began to caress them alternately rfgihkh and Bjg'heh even to the calves while they ate a school of sardines of about twenty tons for breakfast.

Then the whales, the Martians, the sardines that were left, and I sang the tsgihk song to the god of chance, and we deeply muttered the shjgrít of satisfaction and we all (even the lookout boy, and the people in the village) got sleepy, and as Luana decided that we wanted to sleep, we returned to the hill, the Martian boy fell asleep hugging her, I could swear I heard the old Martian snoring, and that I saw the male Martian riding a whale.

Before going to bed under the shade of a mango tree loaded with its ripe and purple fruit, I stole the boy who was watching his whistle while he slept (I still imagine him dreaming that he is fishing for whales) sitting in the chair of his sentry box. As compensation I put some k^rgh with a drop of k"*" Righ in his canteen. I also left next to him some of the local money that the old Martian had given me, it was heavy and it was bothering me to have to carry it.

Above, the sun was the color of a yellow papaya that only occurs on that island.

<https://riistas.wordpress.com/2022/08/18/the-pity-of-bots/>