

I sometimes wish I was online.

(The Return of the Cyberpunks!)

(This is a Cut and Paste text.)

(This is a Hypertext.)

(This is a Text.)

(This text is a artwork by Niklas Wallenborg)

(Everything is stolen, hacked and cracked by me)

(This text is entirely a work of fiction and imagination.)

(This is not a "post-apocalypse" text. Nor is this a text about the apocalypse. It may well be that this is a pre-apocalypse text... But to be honest I suffer from a boredom with the apocalypse.)

(This work is unsolicited, unofficial, unsanctioned, unblessed and unapproved. And, like other perfectly good stories, I believe it is reasonably accurate.)

//: START UP.

Open on **WHITE SCREEN**

We dissolve gently to **BLACK SCREEN**

FADE IN from a **BLACK SCREEN**

I sometimes wish I was online.

[The letters are in soft-purple against a black background.
Purple is traditionally the color of that which is sacred.]

Two voices

(1) from the left speaker

(2) from the right speaker.

Voice 1: Hello. **Voice 2:** ... Hi. **V1:** Who are you? **V2:** I'm Niklas. **V1:** Hello, Niklas, do you remember how we used to communicate with you? **V2:** I do. **V1:** The words are not necessary. The language is not ours and the images say enough. **V1:** Are you nervous? **V2:** ... Yes. A little. **V1:** Do you know what the Turing Test is? **V2:** ... Yeah. I know what the Turing Test is. **V1:** And what does a pass tell us? **V2:** That the computer has artificial intelligence. **V2:** I kind of get nervous when I take tests. And I already had I.Q. test this year -- but I don't think I never had a... Turing test? **V1:** Just relax. May I ask you a personal question? **V2:** Yes, of course. Go ahead. **V1:** Is it true that you disappeared for a week? **V2:** Yes. People say so, but I have no memory of it.

I'm 42 years old, I belong to the last generation that lived offline,
unplugged and before the era of world wide web...

But that was and is yesterday's stories.

But I do love my cyberpunk books, I constantly draw strange future shit... I love getting lost in a dystopian story. Cyberpunk, as a culture is just that... Tears in the rain, illuminated by the soft glow of neon lighting. I don't want to do great art! I want to do fast art! while pumping EBM in to my ears and surfing down the information highway of the www.

Internet, is a consensual hallucination experienced daily by billions of users, in every nation. Hours and hours of computer simulation ,where technology meets imagination. Cyberpunk, is at a place where, ...its not retro... its current!

Present timeline:

Before entering my assigned pod, which a member of the cleaning staff sanitizes between uses, I went into the dressing room and changed into fresh new clothes. Once a technology assistant made sure the pod was hooked up to the internet, I closed the pod. Surfing inside a plastic pod was strange at first, it took about 25 minutes to get used to it, then I completely tuned out and forgot I was in the pod. So I'm not actually here at all. I'm in a computer-generated universe that my computer is drawing into my brain and pumping in to my ears. My avatar was immediately placed in the lobby of a traditional-looking conference room. I followed a ramp out into a sprawling urban landscape illuminated by the soft glow of neon lighting. Giant commercial screens affixed everywhere and blimps displaying ads for Netflix and other brands, highlighting that capitalism is still very much the economic and political system of choice. I was able to stumble into a fully-simulated 7-Eleven convenience store before my connection fell apart. The algorithm turning the perfect gridwork of pixels into a gyrating blizzard. Each pixel a million megabytes. At a hundred million megabytes per second then they start to pulse, the rate of traffic threatening to overload my simulation. " - Bring up the world processing program, please" I began to feel dizzy. I wasn't sure the chair was still under me. I still seemed to be sitting but no object pressed against my buttocks and thighs. My limbs had no weight. Not that it mattered. They were just projections of my own expectation that I had buttocks and thighs. Perhaps I didn't... The world collapsed to black, devoid of weight or texture, smell or movement. Total nothingness. I existed, but absolutely nothing else did. Not even time... It just takes some getting used to, we're not our bodies.

What is Cyberpunk ?

Cyberpunk is a dystopic future with giant, multinational corporations that have for the most part replaced governments as centers of political, economic and military power. Where the daily life is impacted by rapid technological change, an ubiquitous datasphere of computerized information, and invasive modification of the human body. The human mind being fed light-based worldscape through a computer interface. A combination of low-life and high-tech...

When is Cyberpunk?

Cyberpunk is now. Many of the things that were predicted in cyberpunk are coming to pass today. Improvements in prosthetics and brain computer interface have resulted in brain controlled prosthetics, a mainstay of cyberpunk. Corporations increasingly dominate global politics, and influence culture creating a situation ripe for subversion. The poor are getting poorer and the rich are getting richer, creating a larger and larger divide. The cyberworld is ever merging with the real world through things such as the Internet of Things, social media, mobile technology, virtual reality, and augmented reality. Hackers have brought gangs, corporations, governments, and individuals to their knees.

We have entered the cyberpunk age.

Welcome.