

IT STARTS WITH A SONG. ONE BEAT.

THUP THUP THUP
THA-THA-THA-THUP
THUP THUP.

THAT'S WHERE YOU
FIND THE TEMPO.



BUT THE REAL TRICK IS WHEN YOU
WANNA PLAY ANOTHER SONG, YOU
CAN'T JUST FLIP A SWITCH. THAT'LL
BREAK THE RHYTHM.

Caroline Sharp
THE
CHAOS ENGINE

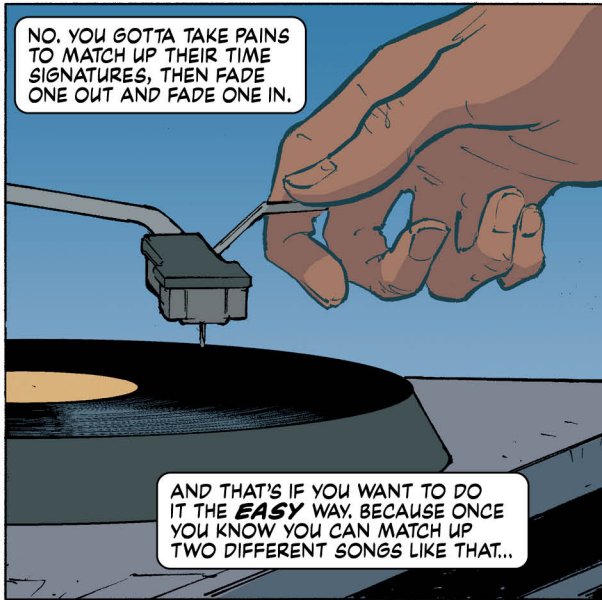
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Side 1
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SO YOU ACTUALLY
HAVE TO PLAY BOTH
RECORDS AT THE
SAME TIME. BUT THAT
WOULD BE **CHAOS**.

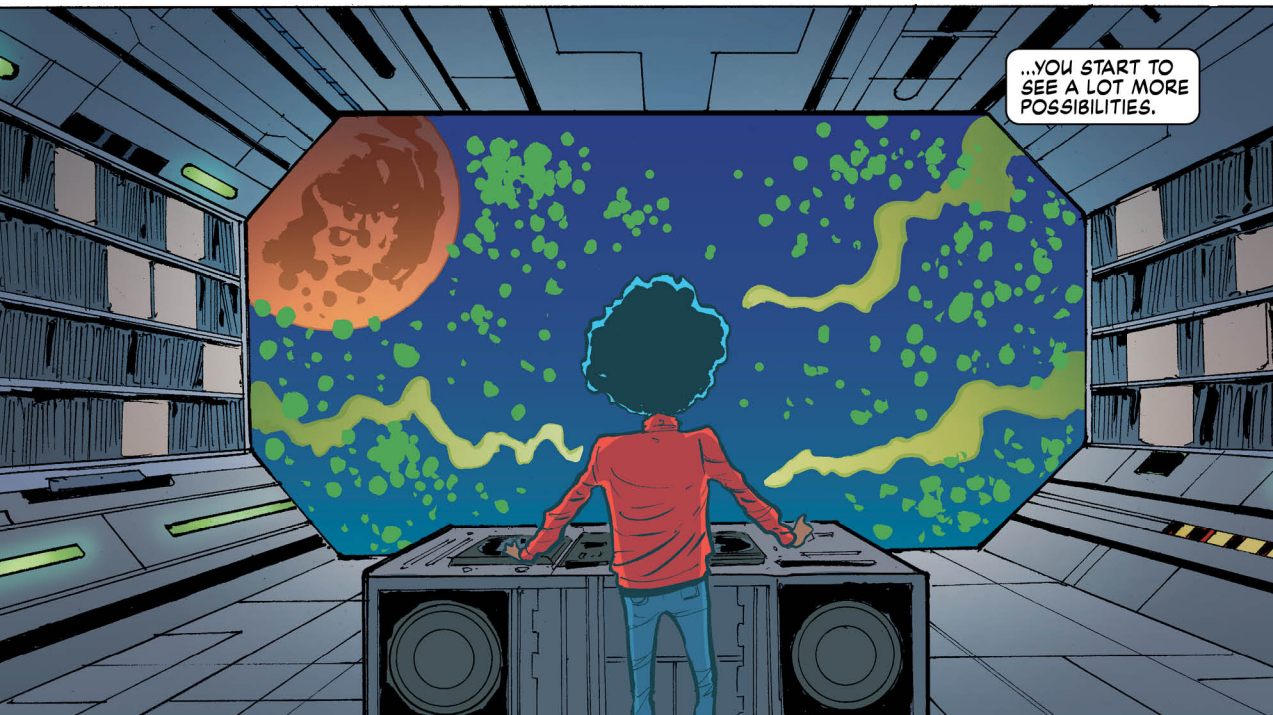
AND I CAN'T
ABIDE CHAOS.

NO, YOU GOTTA TAKE PAINS
TO MATCH UP THEIR TIME
SIGNATURES, THEN FADE
ONE OUT AND FADE ONE IN.



AND THAT'S IF YOU WANT TO DO
IT THE **EASY** WAY, BECAUSE ONCE
YOU KNOW YOU CAN MATCH UP
TWO DIFFERENT SONGS LIKE THAT...

...YOU START TO
SEE A LOT MORE
POSSIBILITIES.



NOW. TAKE A SECOND AND
IMAGINE **HUNDREDS** OF
RECORDS BEING PLAYED AT
THE SAME TIME. **THOUSANDS.**

IMAGINE THE CACOPHONY, DISSONANT
NOISE THAT BUILDS TO NOTHING.

ENDLESS VARIATION.
UTTERLY UNSTRUCTURED.

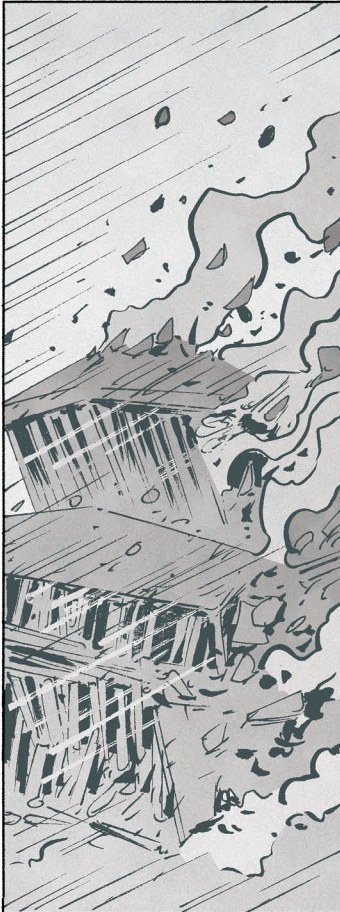
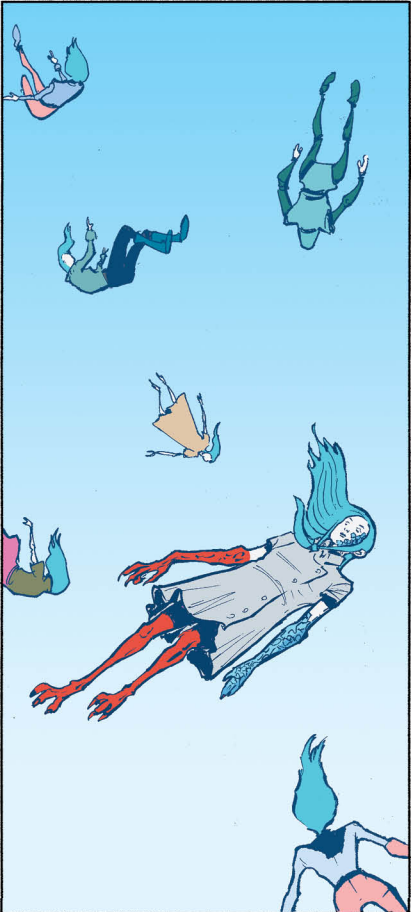
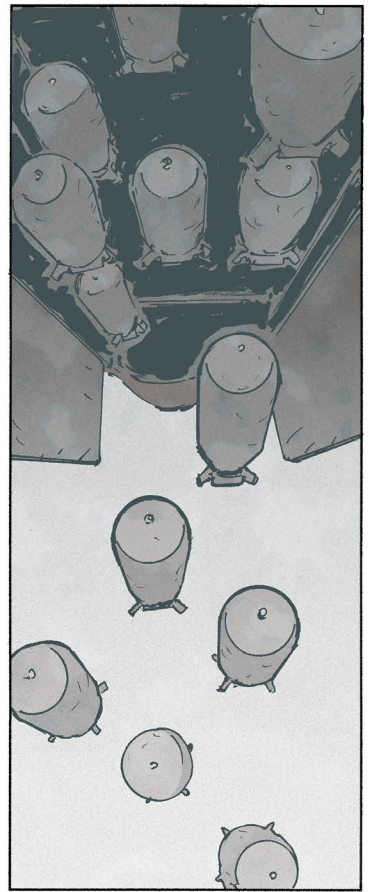
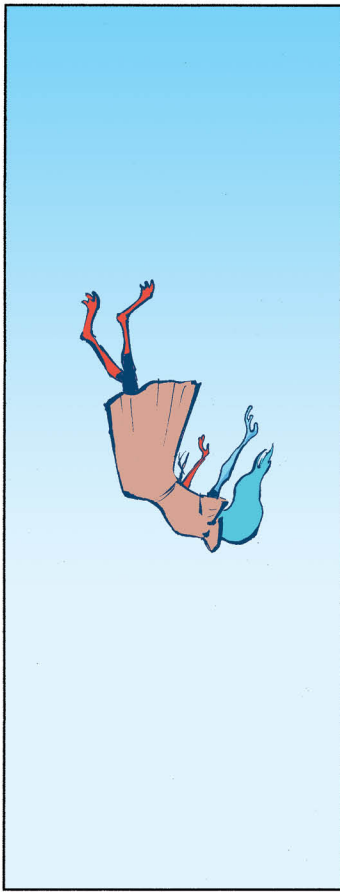
AND SEE, THAT AIN'T
HOW WE ROLL.

YOU GOTTA PICK
A BEAT. PICK A
GROOVE, RIDE IT
OUT.

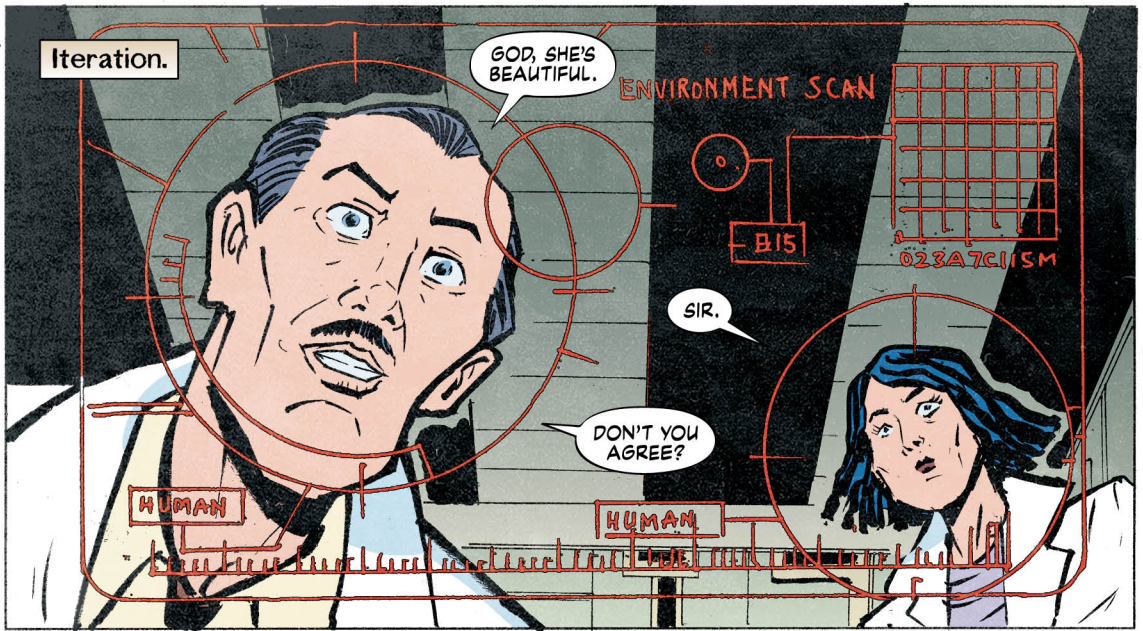
AND WHEN THE
RECORD'S DONE?

ANOTHER ONE
IS ALL QUEUED
UP AND READY
TO SPIN.

FOREVER AND
EVER, AMEN.



BUT FIRST YOU
GOTTA MATCH
THE BEAT.



Iteration.

GOD, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.

ENVIRONMENT SCAN

B.15

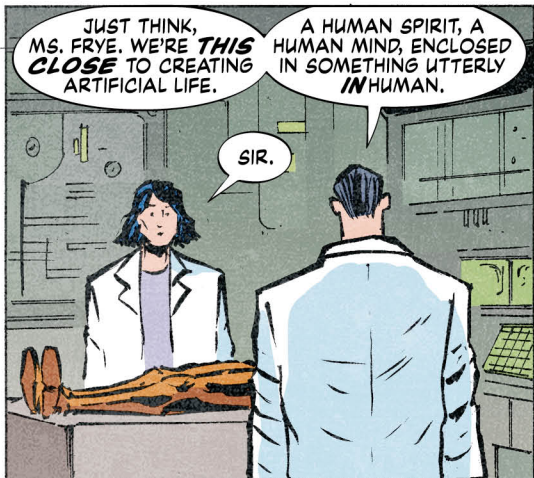
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SIR.

DON'T YOU AGREE?

HUMAN

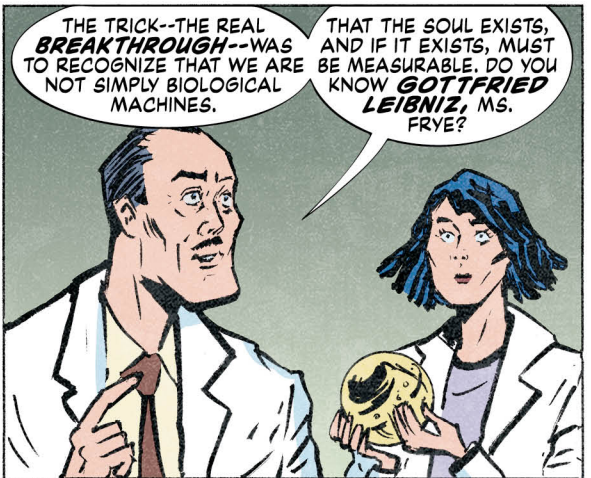
HUMAN



JUST THINK, MS. FRYE. WE'RE **THIS CLOSE** TO CREATING ARTIFICIAL LIFE.

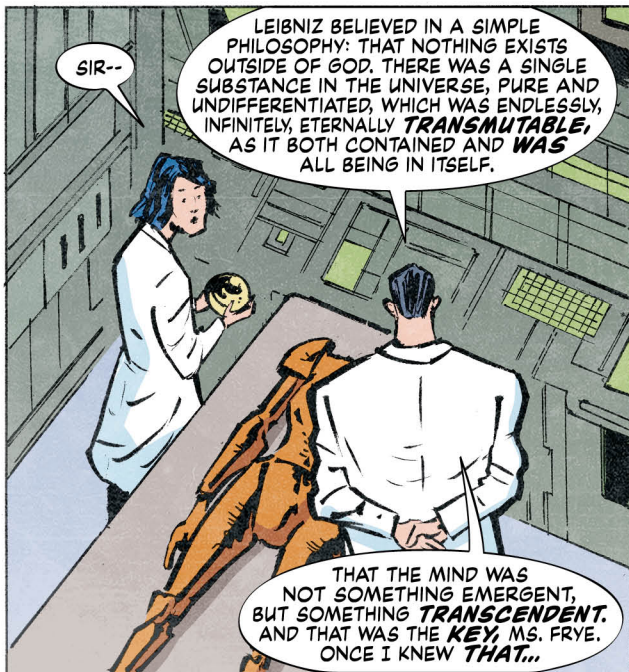
A HUMAN SPIRIT, A HUMAN MIND, ENCLOSED IN SOMETHING UTTERLY **INHUMAN**.

SIR.



THE TRICK--THE REAL **BREAKTHROUGH**--WAS TO RECOGNIZE THAT WE ARE NOT SIMPLY BIOLOGICAL MACHINES.

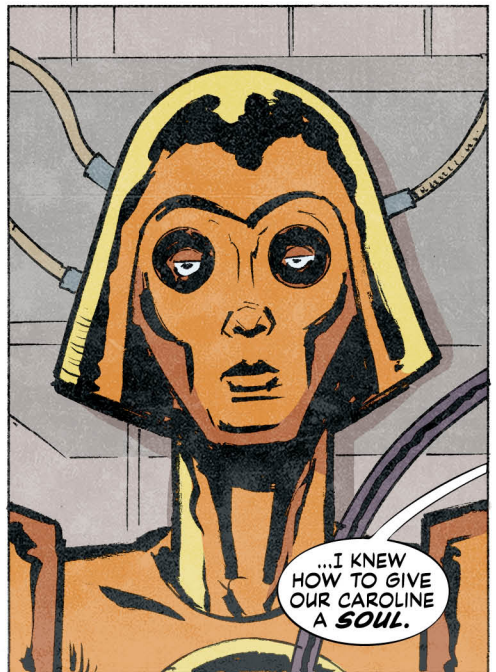
THAT THE SOUL EXISTS, AND IF IT EXISTS, MUST BE MEASURABLE. DO YOU KNOW **GOTTFRIED LEIBNIZ**, MS. FRYE?



SIR--

LEIBNIZ BELIEVED IN A SIMPLE PHILOSOPHY: THAT NOTHING EXISTS OUTSIDE OF GOD. THERE WAS A SINGLE SUBSTANCE IN THE UNIVERSE, PURE AND UNDIFFERENTIATED, WHICH WAS ENDLESSLY, INFINITELY, ETERNALLY **TRANSMUTABLE**, AS IT BOTH CONTAINED AND **WAS** ALL BEING IN ITSELF.

THAT THE MIND WAS NOT SOMETHING EMERGENT, BUT SOMETHING **TRANSCENDENT**. AND THAT WAS THE **KEY**, MS. FRYE. ONCE I KNEW **THAT**...



...I KNEW HOW TO GIVE OUR CAROLINE A **SOUL**.

