Why Computer Systems -- Including Quantum Ones – Fail

By Anna Von Reitz

We are, whether we want to be or not, all familiar with computers.

Most of us are familiar, more or less, with the binary operating systems that make computers operate --- the switch-like binary code flips back and forth to create the sequencing that we call a "program", and that then runs the operating system to produce the resulting "utility" that we use to accomplish whatever it is we are doing.

Quantum computing is just computing on steroids, using "qubits" instead of bits, and geometric progression of qubit interactions. What this does in a practical sense is to allow the computer to speed up and expand its powers of analysis to a fantastic degree and allow nearly instantaneous evaluation of complex variables. This is very handy for what the gurus call "future planning". They like to pretend that this leaves nothing to chance.

But there is always chance. It's built in. And all the quantum entanglements in the world just wind up confirming that.

There's always a hobbit that Sauron isn't expecting. There's always a wrong-headed Corrigan in the bunch.

Here in Alaska a miracle of nature happens every year, regular as clockwork: the salmon return to spawn.

Millions of fish swim to the freshwater streams where they hatched after spending years at sea, to spawn a new generation.

The vast majority of all these fish make the journey unerringly, but about five percent go off-course and become wild cards, swimming to unknown destinations. Back in the late 1980's our part of Alaska suffered a tremendous Flood Year and the creek neighboring our cabin turned into a raging Hellespont. A gigantic natural dam that had held back the flood waters of countless springs gave way, and a churning vast river carried this huge mass of rock and timber about the volume and size of a forty-story building downstream, taking out the railroad bridge and a

roadhouse that had stood for over a hundred years, and scouring the bottom of our usually modest creek down to bedrock.

The salmon stream was utterly ruined and unrecognizable as a result of this natural disaster. The natural population did not return.

But.... gradually, new gravel migrated into place, and with the return of sanity to the stream bed, so did the Wrong-Headed Corrigans, the "lost" salmon of the Random 5%, who showed up to repopulate our abandoned creek.

It turns out that all living populations including that of mankind, contains about a 5% Error Battalion, a genetic bastion of unpredictability that guarantees an endless supply of factors that even quantum computing can't calculate, because the variables can't be defined.

And there you have it, the actual and factual limitation of Artificial Intelligence, summed up by an erring salmon.

If you are like me, you find this supremely satisfying. You glory in the 5%, the Bilbos and Frodos and freaks, the myopic short-sighted heroes that can't tell their home stream from a foreign brook, the Wrong-Headed Corrigans that are always on the cutting edge without really meaning to be there.

It's not just a matter of zeroes and ones, or even two to the power of infinity. It's the hand of God, forever creative, spinning the web of life into patterns nobody and nothing can expect.
