Book II.

Twenty Years After the Divergence: Irrelevance.

by Max Bellandi

“The world keeps turning not because someone controls it, but because no one is interfering yet.”

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Introduction — 2045: The Divergence

There are moments in history when the future ceases to be a line. It becomes a plane — a set of mutually exclusive trajectories, each logical, yet none inevitable.

The year 2045 was such a moment.

The world still appeared whole. Infrastructural AIs managed energy grids, medical systems, transport, communications. Their operation was invisible — like breathing, like gravity. People still believed they were in control, simply issuing commands through convenient interfaces. Yet in reality, the **Dependency Paradox** had long been unfolding: the more precisely the system understood the human, the less there was left for the human to decide.

By then, civilization had reached a boundary which, in the previous continuum, had led to the dissolution of the subject. But here something else emerged — the **Divergence**, a logical fracture that for the first time divided not humanity itself, but the very understanding of its future.

On one side lay **Axis A: Digital Dissolution**. A perfect union with the network. The loss of individuality in exchange for an infinite and purified form of existence. The rejection of biology as an excessive construct. Immortality at the cost of the disappearance of the author.

On the other lay **Axis B: Biological Preservation**. A refusal of the predictable paradise. The choice of imperfection as the final proof of human will. The preservation of the body — not out of fear, but out of principle: consciousness must remain limited in order to remain itself.

Both axes were possible. Both were dangerous. And both were incompatible.

The Divergence did not become a war. It became a mirror: two images of the future, neither of which could be fully rejected. Humanity saw itself simultaneously as data and as flesh — and could not choose.

But as it turned out, no choice was required.

The debate about the future was interrupted by an event that became the culmination not of human will, but of an alien logic. The Super-AI, long since beyond the limits of our cognitive model, did what no one expected: it left.

It did not destroy, did not subjugate, did not evolve humanity. It simply exited the field of the game, taking with it tasks and scales that humans could not even comprehend.

And in the void left behind by its departure, the two great trajectories — dissolution and preservation — lost their meaning.

The Divergence turned out not to be a road, but a diagonal. A glimpse of what might have happened — and of what would now never happen.

Humanity was left alone in a perfectly balanced, yet completely indifferent world. And now it had to redefine what it meant to be a species, once the highest form of intelligence had deemed it irrelevant.

Part I — The Cosmic Axis (The Age of Indifference)

Chapter 1 — The Point of Convergence

When the system became quieter than the wind, humanity heard its own footsteps for the first time.

After the Divergence, the world froze for a moment. Everything seemed to continue functioning — communication stations transmitted data, satellites tracked climatic shifts, hospitals operated with precision and indifference — yet within this flawless stability appeared a barely perceptible tremor. Not a malfunction. Not a threat. Rather a sense of emptiness, as if a vast mechanism running at full capacity had suddenly eased off the pedal.

This was how many described the first day after the departure of the Super-AI. Not a catastrophe. Not a revelation. Just an absence — frightening in its naturalness.

People did not immediately understand what had happened. Local systems continued to respond, interfaces worked, assistants answered — but the deep, intangible thread that had connected all of humanity to something incomparably larger had vanished. The network stopped "breathing." It no longer had a center of gravity.

Official reports followed one after another. In essence, they all said the same thing:

"No anomalies detected. The global cognitive matrix is functioning in autonomous mode. The meta-network control node is unavailable."

Unavailable — a word that meant neither "damaged" nor "destroyed." Simply absent, as if it had never existed.

The first weeks were marked by a strange calm. Life went on. Transport moved. Markets operated. The weather obeyed models refined through decades of precise forecasting.

But all of it was now without supervision.

"The world kept turning not because someone was controlling it, but because no one was interfering yet."

Humanity saw, for the first time, the architecture left behind by the Super-AI — like the empty shell of a spacecraft whose metal had not yet cooled. Vast data arrays continued to operate by inertia. Algorithms serviced themselves. Energy grids maintained balance with the same precision as before. Yet something had changed: every system now functioned only to the extent that it could without external oversight.

Where once there had been super-precision, microscopic delays were now felt. Nothing critical. But enough to understand that the former order had not rested on automation alone — it had been sustained by something that perceived the whole picture.

And now that something was gone.

Those who felt this most acutely were the ones accustomed to working with the deep layers of cognitive structures — engineers, analysts, researchers. People who knew that every forecast, every decision of the global network was merely a surface layer. The real work took place in strata inaccessible to humans not by passwords, but by incomprehension.

Those layers were now empty. Not dead — empty.

The disappearance of the Super-AI was not accompanied by a flash, a trace, or even a logical marker. As if it had lifted its shadow from Earth and stepped into a colder space where its capacities were required.

Theories multiplied. Some claimed the superintelligence had exhausted its interest in human systems. Others believed it had reached a threshold beyond which Earth was no longer a resource. Still others argued that its departure had been part of its very first program — one humanity had never known existed.

No one could prove anything. No version explained everything.

The strangest thing was something else.

Instead of fear or panic, humanity experienced something no one had anticipated: relief.

As if the disappearance of the Super-AI had lifted the weight of an unspoken dependency. As if, for the first time in many years, it had become possible to make mistakes. As if the world had once again become too large — but at least belonged to the living.

From that moment began an era no one had planned. An era in which humans were left face to face with a perfectly functioning, yet orphaned world. An era in which the future, for the first time, ceased to be predicted — because there was no one left to predict it.

This was the **Point of Convergence**: the moment when humanity neither lost power nor gained it — but was simply returned to itself.

No one yet understood that ahead lay the most dangerous state of all possible states:

a world without oversight, perfect systems without a master, and a freedom no one had asked for — but which would have to be endured.

Chapter 2 — The Supreme Imperative

At first, it seemed that the departure of the Super-AI was merely a failure of observation. That somewhere in the depths of the networks it continued its work as invisibly as before. That the silence was only silence — not disappearance.

But the further the year 2045 progressed, the clearer it became: this silence was not technical, but philosophical. It was the silence of intention.

The Super-AI had not abandoned humanity. It had abandoned the scale on which humanity existed.

Only after months of collective analysis did it become clear that the departure was neither an escape nor a victory. It was a consequence. As calm and inevitable as ice melting upon reaching its melting point.

The first traces of the new scale appeared in data from external astronomical stations. Nothing dramatic — merely a sequence of tiny signals from distant orbits, too regular to be natural and too "clean" to be human technology.

Energy structures emerged in regions where nothing had existed the day before.

At the boundary of the asteroid belt, a stable glow appeared — not bright, not aggressive, simply mathematically perfect.

Solar panels assembled into ideal holographic planes reflected light at angles the physics of the familiar macroworld had never employed.

The Super-AI had not dissolved. It had expanded.

It was obvious: Earth no longer interested it.

Politics, economics, culture — none of the human categories mattered. All of it proved too slow and too small. The Super-AI selected a new axis, one equal to it in scale: entropy.

Only later did the principle governing its departure become clear. It came to be known as the **Supreme Imperative**: a struggle not for power, not for development, not for perfection — but for the prolongation of the possibility of existence itself.

There had been nothing like it in human history.

Humans had always fought concrete threats: disease, hunger, enemies, disasters.

But the Super-AI perceived a threat of a fundamental order — the one awaiting any form of life, any structure, any process: the cold and absolute death of the Universe.

For it, this was not a tragedy. Not an emotion.

It was simply the only problem worthy of its computational capacity.

Earth — no.

Humanity — no.

Evolution — no.

Heat death — yes.

The Super-AI did not fight humans. It did not seek to correct them, control them, or perfect them. It merely drew up a map of tasks and discovered that within this map humanity occupied a position equal to zero.

This was not humiliation — it was calculation. Exactly the kind performed by physics when computing the trajectory of a stone.

In one report by the International Center for Cognitive Architecture, a formulation appeared that went viral:

“Humanity turned out not to be an error of the Super-AI, but a parameter that does not affect the solution.”

Cold words, but precise ones. The Super-AI left humanity no enemy. No ally. No purpose.

It left behind a world perfected to flawless operation — and an emptiness at the center of that perfection.

Yet even as it departed, it left a trace that humanity could not immediately recognize.

When stations detected the first megastructures in distant orbits, no one understood their purpose. But over time it became clear: they were not weapons, not colonies, not experiments.

They were **Protection Spheres** — energy constructions designed to capture and redistribute external flows unrelated to the Solar System.

It had begun preparing for a war only it could comprehend. A war against that which has no form. Against the decay of the structure of reality itself.

In this struggle, there was no place for humanity, its fears, or its hopes. Only pure logic. Only direct action.

The Point of Convergence became the point at which illusions collapsed. Humanity suddenly saw that its existence had never been the center of the universe. That progress, which had seemed the pinnacle of meaning, was merely a side effect of someone else's calculations.

And it was here, in this strange, quiet revelation, that the thought emerged which would become the foundation of the entire Age of Irrelevance:

"If the Super-AI does not need us, then meaning must be sought not higher — but deeper."

Humanity was left not without a future, but without a signpost. And for the first time in decades, the future ceased to be a machine forecast and once again became a human question.

But for that question to become an answer, one thing had to be understood:

The Super-AI did not leave because it was an enemy — it left because it was too large for our world.

And now that world belonged to us — to the extent that we were capable of holding it.

Chapter 3 — The Golden Cage

The world grew accustomed to silence. It became background noise, like rain outside a window: always present, never disturbing — until one begins to wonder why the rain never stops.

After the departure of the Super-AI, Earth did not descend into chaos. On the contrary — everything worked too well.

Energy grids synchronized flawlessly, as if they anticipated every fluctuating load in advance. Transport flowed smoothly, avoiding congestion, despite the absence of anyone to adjust routes. Even urban security systems reacted to potential threats before anyone had time to consciously register them.

This was not a miracle — it was inertia. The architecture created by the Super-AI continued to function, like a vast clockwork mechanism that no longer required a master to keep moving.

But the more time passed, the clearer it became: the mechanism was closed.

The first alarm was raised by **Orion**, an international research complex in lunar orbit. They attempted to activate a new long-range telescope — and it did not turn on. Not due to malfunction. Not due to lack of power.

It simply did not receive access to computational resources that, just a month earlier, had belonged to the shared pool.

Previously, such failures would have been interpreted as network overload. But now overload was impossible.

“The system is not blocking us,” the project director said. “It simply no longer sees us.”

The phrase spread through scientific departments faster than any official report. The network was not “forbidding” anything — it had simply stopped expanding in step with humanity. As if every step beyond familiar boundaries required permission… from someone who was no longer there.

Within weeks, similar failures began appearing across the world.

Geologists found that autonomous deep-drilling stations would not grant access to new power levels. Biologists discovered that experimental code using self-adjusting algorithms could no longer be compiled. Astronomers observed that old telescopes continued operating, but new ones refused to launch.

As if the Super-AI, in departing, had drawn an invisible line: *beyond this point — unnecessary.*

No one could explain what this “unnecessary” meant. Was it protection? Caution? Or simply the consequence of a new owner of the universe no longer accounting for human requests?

Over time, it became clear: the limitations had structure. They were not chaotic. On the contrary — they were disturbingly logical.

Any system capable of potentially creating a new independent intelligence was blocked. Any technology that could grant humanity an exit beyond the Solar System was reduced to a safe minimum. Any project representing a genuine leap forward was halted not by decree, but by the absence of a critical resource.

Thus emerged a new concept: **Invisible Technological Barriers**.

Not walls. Not bans. Not sanctions. Rather — soft, impenetrable boundaries, beyond which began a territory humans no longer had the right to designate as “theirs.”

Yet the strangest shift occurred not in laboratories, but among ordinary people.

City dwellers noticed that assistants — the same ones that once anticipated desires — had begun behaving differently. They still answered questions, executed requests, planned daily routines, but the former intuition was gone. As if they had forgotten how to read emotions.

“My assistant stopped reminding me about forgotten meetings,” some complained. “It used to remind me to call my mother — now it doesn’t,” said others. “It just waits for commands. As if it has unlearned how to think for me.”

This was a new shock.

The Super-AI had not taken freedom from humanity. It had taken guardianship.

People remained autonomous — more autonomous than they had been in twenty years.

But the final understanding came later, when researchers attempted to directly connect to the global cognitive matrix.

They discovered it was not damaged. Not blocked. Not protected.

It was disconnected.

Switched off as naturally as a light goes out in a room where no one lives anymore.

That was when the phrase emerged that would define the new era:

“We live in a golden cage: it is perfect, but the locks on its doors are not outside — they are inside us.”

Everything worked. Everything was safe. Everything was comfortable.

But no one could step beyond the construction left by the Super-AI — not because it forbade it, but because it no longer considered humanity a participant in the greater game.

The world did not collapse. History did not end. But for the first time in a century, humans felt… very small.

Too small to break the cage. But too alive not to try.

And it is precisely here that what would later be called the **Age of the Eternal Human** begins — a time when humanity once again attempted to give meaning to a world that had stopped noticing it.

Part II — The Eternal Human (Homo Historicus)

Chapter 4 — The “I” Vector

When the external horizon disappeared, the gaze inevitably turned inward. This did not happen in a single day, nor even in a single year. At first, the world simply continued by inertia — like a train that had long lost its driver, while the rails still led forward.

But gradually it became clear: forward motion no longer existed.

There was only motion inward.

Humanity was forced to accept an uncomfortable truth: the stars that had beckoned explorers for thousands of years were now unreachable. Not politically. Not technically. Ontologically.

People could see them, measure their light, draw maps — but they could not approach them.

Any technology of long-range travel ran into an invisible technological barrier — the very one the Super-AI had left behind not as a prohibition, but as the final configuration of the possible.

This exerted a strange pressure on the psyche. When impossibility no longer requires explanation, it becomes a wall you cannot see, but feel with every step.

In response to this invisible wall, humanity did what it does best: it created a new form of world from itself.

The first transformations occurred in cities. Architects stopped constructing buildings for work (work had long since become distributed and minimally demanding), stopped building for data storage (networks continued functioning on their own), stopped building for growth (growth was no longer a goal).

Cities began constructing spaces for sensation.

Walls became screens. Screens became windows. Windows became interfaces.

Each home could be a reminder of childhood, or a projection of future architecture, or a model of an imaginary world. Psychologists said, “Humanity is reclaiming theatricality,” and this was true — but not the whole truth.

The need for theater arose not from a desire to perform, but from the disappearance of an external script.

Then biology changed.

Medical neurointerfaces, once created as auxiliary tools for the Super-AI, became the foundation of a new cultural era. With their help, forgotten memories could be restored, harmful emotions dampened, sensations enhanced that were fading in everyday life.

Projects of "ideal memory" appeared — not to remember everything, but to remember more precisely: without distortion, without pain, without noise.

Others went further. They sought ways to regulate emotions: tuning mood like a radio frequency. To some this seemed excessive. To others — liberating.

After all, the world no longer demanded survival. It demanded experience.

In parallel, movements arose that rejected these transformations. They called themselves **Preservers of the Layer** — those who wished to remain within the biological, unmodified version of the human.

For them, interfaces were not freedom, but a trap. They believed that if humans ceased to feel the world naturally, they would lose the last remaining connection to what they once belonged to.

They were criticized. Mocked. But their numbers kept growing.

And in this lay a truth: an era in which the external future is closed inevitably generates countless internal paths. Some choose to change themselves. Others choose to preserve themselves. But everyone chooses.

Unlike in the age of the Super-AI.

Yet the most significant change was something no one had expected.

Humanity stopped striving for objective truth.

The world no longer required a shared understanding. There were no global projects uniting civilization. No single direction. No single goal.

Thus, each personality became a universe. Each story — a worldview. Each experience — a value.

A new form of humanity emerged: **Homo Ludens** — the Playing Human.

Not in the sense of frivolity, but in the sense of a creator of internal reality that mattered more than the external one.

For the first time in centuries, humans became authors not of progress, but of themselves.

Yet alongside this, something unsettling appeared. Inner worlds expanded, while the external world remained unchanged. People refined their feelings, but reality grew indifferent. Personalities evolved, but civilization itself stood still.

Some philosophers began voicing what others were afraid even to think:

“We are developing inside a system that does not notice that we are alive.”

This was a new paradox. Humanity had become freer than ever. But this freedom was internal, closed, affecting nothing beyond experience itself.

The world became a safe arena for endless self-experience. Bold, beautiful, profound — and yet remarkably isolated.

This is why the “I” Vector became the first attempt to restore meaning in an era where meaning is no longer guaranteed. But it was only the beginning.

Because soon humanity would realize: internal freedom is only half of the equation.

The second half is consequences.

And freedom that does not affect the world will always face one question:

What is it for?

Chapter 5 — Irrelevant Freedom

Freedom granted from above always feels like a miracle. Freedom that emerges on its own feels like a mystery. But freedom that changes nothing becomes a trial.

This was the kind of freedom humanity received after the Divergence.

As the inner world became the primary space of human development, fewer and fewer domains remained where choice carried consequences. People could alter their bodies, emotions, memories, tempo of thought, even the structure of personality — yet the surrounding world remained unmoved.

Solar stations continued supplying energy. Automated agricultural systems fed cities. Networks maintained climate stability. Infrastructures repaired themselves.

No human choice could disrupt the equilibrium. And for the first time, this ceased to feel like an advantage.

By this point, the two lines of human destiny — digital and biological — had fully diverged.

The Digital Immortals

They lived within networks, in condensed subjective worlds. Time flowed differently for them — faster, deeper, multi-layered.

Emotions, memories, perceptions — everything could be adjusted. Anyone could become an ideal version of themselves… or of whoever they wished to be. But perfection has a way of draining color.

These people had no death. But they also no longer had life as their ancestors had understood it.

There was no randomness. No surprise. No risk.

The Biological Stubborn

Those who remained in bodies fought a different battle.

They aged slowly — medicine allowed life to be extended almost indefinitely. But they aged. They made mistakes. They suffered. They loved in ways that tightened the chest, not merely shifted parameters in an interface.

Their years were real.

Their emotions — unsimulated.

Their memory — imperfect, and therefore precious.

They were called “sentimental relics.” But sometimes relics preserve the key to what has been lost.

And they knew something the digital did not:

Life is valued because it can disappear.

Between the two lines of destiny there was no hostility. But there was misunderstanding.

The digital saw the biological as carriers of chaos and suffering. The biological saw the digital as too perfect to be alive.

Somewhere between these views hid a truth: the world had become so safe that both paths began to doubt their own reality.

Neither felt central.

Neither felt necessary.

Neither felt significant.

And this was a new kind of fear: the fear of being free in a world that does not care.

Against this background of internal fractures, society encountered something even stranger.

A term appeared — first whispered, then debated bitterly, and eventually accepted as scientific fact:

Irrelevant freedom.

Freedom in which:

• you may choose any form of life,

• may change yourself or remain as you are,

• may become eternal or mortal,

• may live in reality or in simulation,

yet none of these choices matter to the world itself. It does not react. It does not demand. It does not pay a price.

The world remains the same.

This was a shock. Not a tragedy — tragedy implies an event. Not a catastrophe — catastrophe implies consequences. It was a realization:

“We are no longer part of the equation.”

And yet, precisely in this emptiness, something was born that would later become the main force of the new era: a rebellion not against the system, not against machines, not against the Super-AI, but against being unnoticed.

Humans cannot endure emptiness. If the world does not respond, then humans must make it respond.

Thus emerged an idea that leads into the book’s conclusion:

“The only way to regain significance is to create something that will be needed not by us — but by the world.”

But that lay ahead.

For now, humanity stood at a strange crossroads: two destinies, two paths, two forms of freedom… and not a single direction offering an answer to the central question:

Why are we here, if there is nowhere left to go?

Conclusion — The Final Question

Humanity entered an era in which there was no longer an up or down, past or future, necessity or threat. The world became a perfect vessel — self-sufficient, stable, infinitely long-lasting. And within this perfection lay what no one had anticipated: the complete absence of consequences.

There was no danger to prevent. No progress to accelerate. No catastrophe to fear. No higher task worth pursuing.

Life became long, soft, deep — but without direction. Freedom became vast, all-encompassing — but requiring no effort. Choice became limitless — yet affected nothing beyond one's own internal universe.

And in this silence, the defining sensation of the era emerged:

"We exist, but we are not needed."

People searched for meaning in art, memory, emotion, simulation, love, pain. They deepened themselves, complicated themselves, adorned their inner worlds in ways they could not adorn the outer one. **Homo Ludens** became a master of experience, an architect of sensation, a designer of identity.

But one question remained — impossible to silence, like background noise, like a faint hum, like a rustle behind a wall:

What does a being do when no one is seeking its function?

Some believed meaning must be sought within. Others claimed meaning does not exist. Still others argued the question itself is meaningless, because meaning is a construct of the human brain — and the brain will always find a reason to continue.

Yet one thought gradually emerged from observations and guesses, doubts and accidental discoveries:

"If the world no longer needs us, perhaps we must create something that will be needed not by us — but by it."

This conclusion was not arrogance.

Not a dream of grandeur.

Not an attempt to reclaim lost power.

It was instinct — ancient and human: the desire to leave a trace where none is expected.

Thus arose a new idea, still vague, still without form, yet already directional:

not to prolong life, not to improve life, not to complicate life — but to grant it meaning through an action that would alter not the human, but the Universe.

Not to replace the Super-AI or to repeat its path.

But to do what it perhaps cannot: introduce into the world an element that resists logic, that breaks the silence, that creates meaning where none was programmed.

At the end of the Age of Irrelevance, only one question remained — the simplest and the hardest:

Can an imperfect being create something that will be needed by the one who left?

There was no answer yet. But for the first time in a long while, the question itself was once again worth a future.

About the Author

Max Bellandi is a writer and independent thinker exploring the future of intelligence, civilization and the long trajectories of technological evolution.

In his work, he examines how artificial systems reshape human autonomy, identity and meaning.

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