

I Am Not A Cyberterrorist

Matthew Wiese – Dec 6, 2015

It's a strange and oblique world where writing computer software can land you in prison or on a watchlist. Worse yet, it's at a time when technology is so intertwined with our lives that no-one thinks to pause and consider those invisible eyes peering back at us through the screen. Not long ago, our nation was founded upon beliefs which were fundamental to resisting our occupiers. Why, then, has a nation built on these core values begun to systematically silence those who call for the very right to say anything at all?

This insufferable mind-virus has now made its way into the other Democracies spread across this pale blue dot. Our primary export has become a freedom so fundamentally fascist that one Eric Arthur Blair saw it coming in 1949. Thoughtcrime is the norm and the *other* is our primary enemy.

Where 100 years ago the sole medium for social revolution consisted of pen and paper, we now use batteries and bytes. However, the essence of our righteous cries for progress lay unchanged: the human need for expression and independence. It is crucial not only to reclaim those ideals that the populous holds so dear, but also to preserve them for ourselves and our posterity. We can only guess what the medium may evolve to be in the next 100 years; however, we are able in the *now* to make sure the essence may still have a way to express itself, whatever *it* may be.

The brave new world we find ourselves in would resemble a fantasy nightmare to people not more than three decades ago. We are provided with the awesome power of global presence; instant communication is possible despite vast oceans and tall, proud mountains. Having fought so hard, Prometheus would be ashamed to see us relinquish our natural freedom so easily to each other and the State. Not even the Gods our creators have the strength to protect us from ourselves. Security theatre has become the norm. We sit pretty with our cappuccinos while enacting human rights violations on countries far removed from our own, slithering the dirty fingers of imperialism into all the sacred cavities of civilizations who lack the power to act in defiance. Our State is no more than a has-been icon of a golden ideal that's long ago faded to show its true colors. Where at one point in time people clamored by the hundreds of thousands for their piece of the "dream," only now when they arrive it's obvious this so-called dream had fine print. It's disgusting to know that the [Crystal Palace](#) stands in the midst of the turmoil it has created only to declare all of it was in the name of freedom.

Who's freedom are we protecting? It surely isn't the mother who's home was destroyed in the blink of an eye, leaving her trying to hold the bloody remains of her only child that keep flowing out her fingers. Is this the freedom the denizens of the Crystal Palace wish to be known for?

I can only pray for a time in the future where my daughter can write software without the demeaning eyes of Big Brother watching her every move. The stream of open information is but one avenue for change, and it must be fought for in the present. There can be no delay else the potential for permanent damage arises with a new generation of thinkers already exposed to this crime as "normal." It won't be long until we all hold the fate of Pavlov's mutt, drooling away at the conscious thought of *more* without considering the hands who feed us.

Friends and relatives may call you insane, a sort of literal manifestation of the movie screen conspiracy nut, but that is fully why we need to act. Education in its purest form of knowledge transportation may be our only survival and preserving pathways to unfettered access is not one small step for man.

My internet communications are [wrapped by vidalias](#) and I may not be a three letter agency but I do have the power of [GPG](#) by my side. Protection is simple and voicing your opinion not just to legislators but also to loved ones is vital. The State and its surveillance become less foreign when your son-in-law informs the family at Thanksgiving dinner about the true power of these technologies.

The work of myself and others is not dangerous nor cruel. We do not detonate car bombs in crowded marketplaces nor do we heave rockets from near-invisible drones. Our actions are those of well-reasoned and proud idealists. If it is a sin to dream of an open society then we are sinners through to the Inferno. No society is implicitly valued over any other; we seek to provide the most democratic means of communication to all those who ask for it. These hands are not those of a fascist. We do not kill and we do not torture. We are targets merely for believing in a dream in which [datalove](#) becomes a word so widespread that a toddler uses it alongside “mommy” and “daddy.”

Do not insult us by comparing our Crypto to your Weapons.