

There is more to nothing than it might appear.

Socrates is reported to have said (many times) that he knew nothing. Most of the universe consists of empty space--nothing. Therefore Socrates knew about most of the Universe.

On a clear night, you can see the great emptiness that surrounds this planet. Most of these stars are visible only because they, like us, are part of a great swirl of stars called a galaxy, yet with light years of empty space between them. Any randomly chosen cube of the Universe with an edge of one trillion miles would probably not contain a star. More than four trillion miles, nearly seven trillion kilometers, separate the Earth and the nearest star--yet between galaxies, there are much greater swathes of nothing. Most of the universe (more than 99.9999%) seems to be empty space.

But The Great Empty is not really empty. Even in a complete vacuum there are lots of little somethings (virtual particles) that 'want' to become real, and often do for very brief periods of time. These new somethings pay the Energy Debt incurred when they were created--with themselves--and go back to being nothing, even though they can affect things in this universe during their brief existence. Mother Nature's energy loans have to be paid back extremely quickly! But the Energy Debt can be paid in other ways... and then the universe would have new particles in it. Therefore, even in the emptiest of the Great Empty, there's always something--or the potential for something.

Yet solids aren't really solid somethings. The molecules that all solids are made of--they somehow hang together solidly with nothing but space between them. Molecules consist of atoms that hold their intra-molecular positions with nothing between them. Inside the mostly-empty atoms there are point-particle electrons (that take up no space at all) and a tiny nucleus with yet more emptiness between them. Inside the nucleus, there are protons and neutrons with space between them. Imagining that protons and neutrons are mostly nothing with something(s) inside, and that even these something(s) will someday be found to consist of mostly nothing and new something(s) inside is reasonable. Perhaps there is more nothing all the way down... to The Great Empty.

If it is all really Nothing... how can Beings manage being Beings? How can Beings taste/smell/see/touch the Nothing? From where comes the Will that may lead to Something? These questions may not be directly answerable. The Great Empty may not be empty, even if there is Nothing there. Maybe it is full of Potential.

Somehow the nearly empty universe allows Something to Happen anyway. There seems to be Mass; that which will not be moved, for there is no way (known to no6ody) to change the inertia that all matter has. What seems to be Energy must be expended to move that which will not be moved; yet matter can be changed into Energy. This energy flicks across the nothing as if it were nothing at all, yet still takes time to do it and is diminished. This ethereal Energy will interact with matter, energy can act like matter, and energy can be changed into matter. But energy weighs nothing, even if it is made by destroying matter. Gravity is a mass-to-mass attraction somehow transmitted across the nothing. Somehow, gravity, which all matter has, can alter the flow of energy, even that of massless photons, energetic nothings which are practically everywhere in the universe. What of time, measurable but unknowable, that mysterious 'thing' in which the nothing happens anyway?

This means... perhaps Freedom. You are free to chose what you Will, for it's all a big nothing. Perhaps it's like painting a picture upon a soap bubble. Such a painting will come to nought, but it might get painted anyway. By chance and by your actions you will be judged, and you are a judge. If there are other judges, perhaps only some are as ephemeral as the yourself-bubble.

Do as you Will. There is Absolutely Nothing to hinder you and no6ody (who is and is not a knot in the nothing, yet not nothing) cares.

Sometimes, I think that I know I'm living right when white rice tastes excellent, plain potatoes taste heavenly, and eating a freshly picked leaf from a mint plant is almost too intensely good. It's merely a story. There's more... perhaps a human deep in denial or addicted to moremoremore might spend huge amounts obtaining the very best foods to be found on this planet--perhaps to stimulate a brain made dull by soul-killing tasks. A human whose metaphorical soul is ringing like a bell might choose to live as simply as possible because that's more than good enough. Such a human might find that plain air tastes good... the very wine of blessedness.

But there is a scary side. Suppose that the previous memecomplex/story began to spread. Suppose that increasing numbers of people do constructive works which metaphorically pound out the dents in their souls from the inside. Suppose this sets their souls to ringing like a bell. Such people are much less profitable than sheeple, so suppose The Powerz That Be then decided to do something about that... and suppose that this already happened many many years ago, over and over and over again.

Just as Socrates said that his 'daemon' would forbid him to act when he was about to do evil, a modern human may 'hear' a conscience-stricken voice from the inner wilderness before, during, and/or after the commission of a sin. The greatest judge of yourself is yourself, and if/when you fail to pass your own judgement... the feelings thus evoked can later drive a soldier to suicide. Call this 'daemon' a conscience, but it is best heeded and respected. It can be subdued/silenced by 'training' or 'bad luck' and 'bad choices.' Perhaps it never goes away entirely even in the worst of humans.

George Fox tells a story of confuting a doctor in America who "denied the light and Spirit of God to be in every one; and affirmed that it was not in the Indians. Whereupon I called an Indian to us, and asked him 'whether or not, when he lied, or did wrong to anyone, there was not something in him that reproved him for it?' He said, 'There was such a thing in him that did so reprove him; and he was ashamed when he had done wrong, or spoken wrong.' " (From one of George Fox's journals, September 1672.)

Don't you have 'such a thing'? Nearly everyone does. 'Such a thing' is more than just a mental phantasm of a parental figure carried from childhood. 'Such a thing' often communicates without words. Perhaps this 'daemon' is the 'other' half of your brain, the non-dominant half. May your corpus callosum have a healthy amount of work to do.

In The Emyre, a metaphorical mechanic can overcharge you for matches, use them to set your car on fire, and then force you to pay for the parts and labor needed to repair the damage. In real life we have been not taught to call them flesh-mechanics, tho perhaps we should. Until we do, those well-paid humans that we do not call flesh-mechanics will usually profit when they make mistakes. These metaphorical mechanics also profit when we make mistakes--the consequences of eating what tastes good rather than what is good; from drink large amounts of sugary aqueous solutions with other added chemicals made only by humans; from sitting immobile in front of a sound'n lite box for hours. Now these metaphorical mechanics will profit from ignorance and delusion. Since bad advice is likely to lead to profitable conned-sumers, it is everywhere. The humans we do not call flesh-mechanics will profit more if they are silent, and even more if they assist with producing the never-ending flood of moneywhore propaganda.

Isn't that crazy? This stupid situation guarantees much stupid human behavior.

In The Emyre, there are groups of humans that can call themselves 'corporations.' This group of humans attempts to profit as quickly as possible and have 'limited liability,' a money-protecting privilege bought from a government. [buzz-harshing noted. subject switch activated.]

"(...) hanging up branches and removing the leaves. The resins accumulated on my fingers... I scraped some off. There were definitely skin cells in the strongly adhesive resin that reluctantly parted from my fingertips. Then it happened. I rolled the contaminated resin into a ball, put it in a pipe, and... I smoked bits of myself with the resin." [from getting high on my own supply, hominid 'brainhertz' 7.2 x 10E09, Planet Earth; Sol system; vector 0.994 0.993 0.899 plus 30,000 light-years from the galactic barycenter of the Milky Way Galaxy [recommended review: better than biting your fingernails]

I often sacrifice a bit of myself (without thinking about it) for the rest of me... I do this all day. Every breath taken costs something-- the energy to power lungs must be gathered and my blood cells wear themselves out bringing-and-carrying-away. From skin cells in a resin ball to blood cells in a capillary; to once-living food eaten and biologically burned to transfer bioenergy; even the huge numbers of dead stars that exploded when the universe was younger and scattered new elements that they had created--all this happened so that there could possibly be a me. In some tiny but very important (to me) way, some tiny part of all this was dedicated to me so that I may move, and see, and...

[what a wild ride that is!]

How can one repay a blood cell? I owe the oxygen I consume--to whom? or/and what? and/or to what whim? Is it possible to be worthy of all this [in my opinion, in others opinions, in The Opinion)?

IF ten thousand heroes must fail so that one may succeed, THEN there is no dishonor in failing.

IF every brain is like a lottery ticket... who decides who won? Maybe everyone did.

IF your 'entertainment' got paid for, AND it wasn't you paying the bill, THEN you may be part of a product.

#### The Professor

The professor taught for forty years. The professor graded papers and gave lectures and awarded grades to handsome young men and beautiful young women. The professor was listened to respectfully during his talks, and most of the students were frightfully polite and listened attentively even after class. The professor was paid well and had enviable social status even before the first lecture, for professors are 'valued' by a culture that claims to love learning.

What happened to the professor after forty years? What happened to the polite and obedient students who learned to be polite and obedient for good grades?

THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY versus you. Pick a game, any game... and \$'ll hire thousands of players just to beat you. Pick up a gun, and a thousand armored helicopters will appear. Try to ignore \$, and \$'ll buy adverts and hire rumor-mongers until you lose. What possible defense could stop The Best Money Can Buy? The victor \$ extracts your labor and/or your silence and/or worse.

Money 'wants' everything to be for sale. Not only goods, but 'services,' or paid-for human behavior, it tries to trade in, making what it can perfectly fungible, freely sold and bought and re-sold and re-bought. If something doesn't fit in the 'profits-first' point of view,' then it's too easily ignored or shrugged off as 'an externality' by a human, especially if the \$ chasing is unaffected. Thus, \$-inspired thinking 'wants' to de-soul every transaction with ab\$tractions, for illusions are perfectly fungible. An uneasy human might add more abstractions until deals get made and 'collateral damage' is 'unavoidable' 'acceptable' 'tolerable' 'regretful' 'will be investigated' 'in the past' and 'off the table.' Moooooving whore-ward.

Some people, if they owned the sun and the sky, would laugh with delight and share with everyone. Other people, if they owned the land and the water, would only let their \$laves have access. Decorations upon the yoke of \$lavery would keep the slaves deluded, passive, and obedient and accepting of their 'fate.'

Of whorium and corium

It is much easier to cheat and mistreat a despicable human being. A human brain can program itself to despise other humans who have valuables, sometimes without all the brain cell networks 'knowing' about it. Evolution \*might\* have doubleplused this for many many years, but even if it 'worked' with sticks and rocks for weapons, it won't work with for-profit nukeplantz.

Most people don't have the 'insight' to recognize it. It's like the first-time potsmoker--reports no mental changes but will laugh and smile all the while until someone says something about the smiling--then (mini-epiphany) so that's how it works/what it is like, and now has learned to recognize 'it' the next time there is an opportunity.

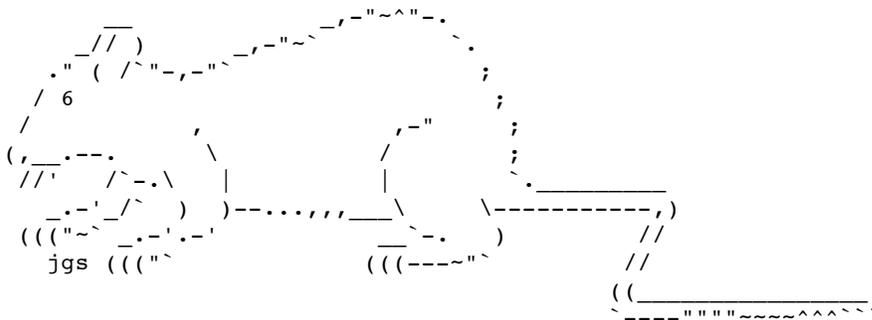
Once upon a thought experiment, a scientist imagined a rat and a device that could dispense electrons to an electrode placed in one of the rat's 'pleasure centers' found in its brain. A tiny pulse of electrons should make the rat feel really really good. How good? Long ago, some scientists found out.

A mouse could be trained to push a lever thousands of times to get one jolt. A rat that can obtain a jolt with every lever press will prefer this activity so much it will starve to death. A mouse can be trained to slow its heartbeat to get a jolt--so much so, it can be trained to kill itself that way.

A very few people know how well this works upon a human brain. But many real-world things (like food and sex) can stimulate similar human pleasure centers without electrodes. Even abstractions can elicit pleasurable feelings--imagine a pile of money. Who knows the extent modern chefs and chemists have learned to stimulate certain brain areas by creating high-tech foods that taste better than any real food? What happens when chemical concoctions meet cheesecakes? And video games and video pron, and five hours of TV a day...

I remind myself that there are forms of arsenic that taste sweet as sugar. Would you like to have a couple kilos of this kind of arsenic lying around the house? Perhaps you could store it on a kitchen counter, right next to the sugar bowl... which is full of a chemical compound that crystalizes out of evaporating sap of plants agriculturally altered to produce abnormally large amounts of it.

Mindfulness.



Some scientists will talk about rat pleasure-centers or mouse intra-cranial self-stimulation, but grudgingly, as if they're not proud of it. It's in books that nobody reads. But what happened when the \$ervant\$ tried putting electrodes into human heads? Suppose stimulating the pleasure center worked the way it did on the rats and mice, and the \$whore\$ added it to their list of how to make humans into slaves. But rumor has it that it stopped working on a particular person. The person wasn't quite right anymore, thought the \$cientist\$, who misunderstood remarks like "So that's the way it really is." The \$whore\$ became bored and ignored the 'brain-damaged' person that they had created, who was content with very little and would not be a slave. The affected human was eventually released and forgotten, for the \$ervant\$ could see no effects that interested them. Back into 'society,' this person was often called 'new age nut-ball' and 'acid casualty.' This person wandered much and said little, for few would listen to a person try to explain what cannot be put into words. Who will listen to the Nearly Silent Buddha?

"If you present an animal's body, even a new species previously unknown to science, to a knowledgeable zoologist, she should be able to 'read' its body and tell you what kind of environment it inhabited: desert, rain forest, arctic tundra, temperate woodland, or coral reef. She should also be able to tell you, by reading its teeth and its guts, what it fed on. Flat, millstone teeth indicate a herbivore; sharp, shearing teeth, a carnivore. Long intestines with complicated blind alleys indicate a herbivore; short, simple guts suggest a carnivore. By reading the animal's feet and its eyes and other sense organs, the zoologist should be able to tell how it found its food. By reading its stripes or flashes, its horns, antlers, or crests, she should be able to tell something about its social and sex life." Richard Dawkins

Of course, there are exceptions. The giant panda, a bear-like animal in China, has omnivorous bear-like teeth but eats only bamboo. Perhaps this is evidence that the panda recently has changed its diet, probably to cope with the ever-present humans who are much more efficient omnivores. Modern humans have flat, millstone teeth and moderately long intestines but seem very interested in eating carnivore food. Humans, KNOW THYSELF!

Do you believe in a GØD that knows all your thoughts, all that you do, all your failings and virtues? There is no speaking about GØD, but the human who knows the most about you is YOU.

In an 'entangled' universe, you'd expect physicists to find odd quantum linkages, kinda sorta like every particle is connected with every other particle in the Universe. You'd expect odd things like photons that could interfere with themselves (just one photon can behave like a wave), and that you could (theoretically) learn the identity of a newborn particle that's light years away. In such a universe, you'd expect that eyes could grow spontaneously to enable bits of the universe to see, and evolving brains could learn to wonder at it all. You'd know this because a semi-sentient being can be both the Buddha and a nobody simultaneously.

IF holding a hammer makes all of a human's problems look like nails, what happens when a human is holding a gun?

IF a human controls the greatest show on earth AND is able to buy the best psy-op brain-bending, THEN

If one seed sprouting is miraculous, then billions of such seeds are even better. Think, for it is also miraculous. Be!

The Buddha was here! I was concentrating on something else, but the Buddha was here! When I showed up, the Buddha was gone already, but I *know* I just missed him. I searched, but found nothing... except that he was here again while I was intently seeking, searching, watching and waiting. He fled the instant before I noticed him. Perhaps 'I' drove him out...?

It's a good joke; and it never gets old. Where and whenever the 'I' is, again begins the peek-a-boo game of you! Buddha could never be anywhere else than everywhere else, even you.

The metaphorical wheel of Desire spins forever and goes nowhere if 'you' are 'there.'

Warning: the use of words will cause alterations in brain structure and mental abilities. While these effects are generally considered to be good; neutral and negative side-effects are also likely.

It is very difficult for most people to think when hearing loud words. Viewing text words can also eliminate a mental train of thought. Thinking is compromised when one is around chattering people. 'Right speech' is very important, for hearing words controls the direction your thoughts will take, even if it is just for a short time.

Since spoken and written words can alter affected human brains, a hypothetical device that displayed distracting enhanced videos paired with audio words, sound effects, and music would be a potent disrupter of human thought.

The power of stories... a person with above-average typing proficiency has one seldom-talked about ability--typists will type words and parts of words much more than a non-typist would even if they are 'typing distracted.' Typists have learned certain typing combinations very well and can type them 'without thinking.' Such a person can disengage the mental attention usually given to such typing, perhaps by talking and/or listening to something else while typing, and instead type randomly whatever 'feels right.' The results of such typing are not random. The following sample, extracted from a font-testing session, shows that the letter 't' is often followed by an 'h' or a vowel.

\DABECISONTEIDABECHSNTueaoSNTHUAsNTHUASNTHEUusnthaoeSSNTHSNTHUSNTOHUNTHOEHESN

Instead of believing a story about well-learned motor skills, a person could believe a story about an inner daemon that chooses to communicate with 'automatic typing.' Much future behavior depends upon this story. A person who believes the first story might do this 'trick' for others, and explain why it works, and teach other typists how to reproduce the 'automatic typing.' A different person might try to extract supernaturally-inspired meaning from a string of ten-thousand not-random letters 'auto-magically typed' in a sincere effort to share knowledge with the world.

wheresanthouinasoeunqwurstnheukeonthu.oquneor

The story of nerves and bio-electric neuro-patterns is testable by anyone with a computer. The unverifiable story of head-spooks has led to insanity and Socrates.

"IN A COUNTRY WELL GOVERNED, POVERTY IS SOMETHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. IN A COUNTRY BADLY GOVERNED, WEALTH IS SOMETHING TO BE ASHAMED OF." CONFUCIUS

Teaching: the ability to pass along staggering amounts of information to the next generation. It is as if humans had an external brain made of books, stone tablets, computers, and every other durable data-recording device that humans use. This external brain has given humanity enough power to alter the world.

Finding good teachers is difficult, especially in a culture that allows ignorance (in we-the-people) to lead to profits (in corp\$ estate banks). Humans will sometimes try to make themselves seem important or try to increase their personal wealth--and when such a human is a teacher, the easy subjects will seem hard, and there will be more and more subjects to learn about, and it will take longer and longer to learn them. Yet, the teacher will feel pressured to teach what people \*want\* to know, and ignorant people are not good judges of what is needful to learn. But to one human to choose what is important enough to teach to another--the arrogance, it burns!

Human teachers must eat... in consumerculture words, how do you pay them?) Socrates, in The Apology, answered that question (filtered thru Plato and 2400 years of error-prone human data replication and restoration). Even tho Socrates claimed to be unable to teach anyone anything, he was a teacher, for revealing unrecognized ignorance is a great but often unappreciated service that teachers must do.

Socrates: "And what shall I propose on my part, O men of Athens? Clearly that which is my due. And what is my due? What return shall be made to the man who has never had the wit to be idle during his whole life; but has been careless of what the many care for--wealth, and family interests, and military offices, and speaking in the assembly, and magistracies, and plots, and parties. Reflecting that I was really too honest a man to be a politician and live, I did not go where I could do no good to you or to myself; but where I could do the greatest good privately to every one of you, thither I went, and sought to persuade every man among you that he must look to himself, and seek virtue and wisdom before he looks to his private interests, and look to the state before he looks to the interests of the state; and that this should be the order which he observes in all his actions. What shall be done to such an one? Doubtless some good thing, O men of Athens, if he has his reward; and the good should be of a kind suitable to him. What would be a reward suitable to a poor man who is your benefactor, and who desires leisure that he may instruct you? There can be no reward so fitting as maintenance in the Prytaneum, O men of Athens, a reward which he deserves far more than the citizen who has won the prize at Olympia in the horse or chariot race, whether the chariots were drawn by two horses or by many."

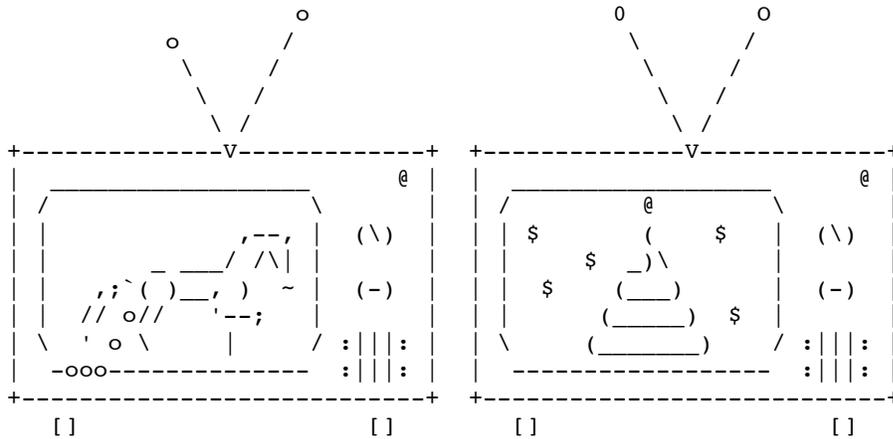
The Prytaneum served free meals to honored Athenians. (Teachers are presently paid by governments or by donations.) Terrible things human-happen to too many teachers when money is dangled in their faces (because they are tempted to make easy subjects hard to learn, and by splitting knowledge into many subjects). In such a situation, some humans will make the wrong (whore) choices. Teaching is difficult enough without temptation\$. Socrates had the philanthropic and wealthy Crito for a friend, who probably made sure that Socrates didn't starve. A modern Crito would never physically meet a poverty-stricken Socrates these days, and perhaps today's Crito would like to believe that there are no modern humans as worthy as Socrates.

Humans still remember Socrates- even his way of teaching. The ancient story is a powerful meme-complex with potent anti-whore-memes that might lead to anti-whore behavior. With such memes in enough brains, perhaps money will no longer make the world go wrongd.

"(...) I tell you that to do as you say would be a disobedience to the God, and therefore that I cannot hold my tongue, you will not believe that I am serious; and if I say again that daily to discourse about virtue, and of those other things about which you hear me examining myself and others, is the greatest good of man, and that the unexamined life is not worth living, you are still less likely to believe me." Socrates

Perhaps Socrates would never have spoken as eloquently if his life was not in peril, and perhaps humanity needs these stories that the old words have carried for generations. Perhaps the benefit gained to humanity by having such a story to tell is/was worth any one life.

Imagine a baby smiling at you. Keep imagining that beautiful, happy face while I mention something else--whatever I want *it* to be. Because you're imagining a cooing infant, *it* will be linked to those feelings. What is *it*? I will not say. 'I do not wish to become my enemy' is my current favorite variation of 'do not do to others what you would not wish for yourself.' Even now, if I mentioned an amused human infant (a laughing, happy baby) at this point, you might unconsciously emo-link it to the 'golden rule.' Be careful out there--if there is rhetorical power in commanding a human to make mental pictures, then there must be even more power when whores use *enhanced videos and psychological tricks* as well.



You may have the impression that I don't like the sound 'n lite box. This is not true. I merely have vague evidence that the transmitted videodata is behavior-altering (tetra-ethyl lead) and (cigarettes) mind-altering (asbestos)(bank bailouts). Until the internet, nearly all the videodata came from those with things to sell or propaganda to push. Such people cannot care (incorporated) about your mental health any more than fastcorpfood vendors can care about your waistline. That stuff is produced with The Average in mind, and corps driven under the whip of Profit will do anything cost-effective to 'work that average.' Deaf dumb and blind becomes a profitable mind, well worth the initial start-up funds, for *when fools go to market, the shopkeepers rejoice.*

Alone or in small groups, the humans were sedated by the see-and-tell-a-vision demon that had a thousand flickering faces that cast eyeball-magnet magic much too superstim-strong for an unsuspecting conned-sumer primate living in paralyzed paradise. Under the lash of those with the cash, the demon did as it was bid, but demons are demons. Unintended consequences, overlooked societal costs, corp-created profit opportunities distributing the dumb-down, the metaphorical mental pollution. Whor-i-u-media is freeee, many lifetime's worth, 'generously' supplied by those who seek profits first!

Programming the people, each person freely selecting the corp-created 'channels' that they will allow to go down. What could possibly go wrong? *When fools go shopping, the shopkeepers rejoice.*

On demons... a big demon is made of many little demons. The big demon constantly torments the little demons in order to move about; and the little demons torment each other even though there is torment enough just following orders. The big demon is powered by fighting and pain and suffering.

On angels... a big angel is made of little angels. The big angel needs to give no orders; the little angels know what to do. The big angel moves because the little angels make it possible, willingly sacrificing their time and effort for the big angel and for their little angel companions. The big angel is powered by willing sacrifice-by anonymous gifts of time and effort.

On real life... all Earth's life-forms are made of at least one cell. Cells are little bio-machines often aggregated into bigger bio-machines, cells have no brains, no feelings; just inputs and outputs and mycin ratchets and rubisco reactions all powered by hydrogen fusion that occurs inside of a giant ball of gas that's one astronomical unit away--except for a tiny minority of cells that extract bio-energy using chemical reactions; the reagents are multi-billion year old elements created when stars died.

Every dirty deal inspires the desire to be a dirty dealer, for in such a dirty world the cheaters always 'win.' In a world of liars, it is easiest to lie, and in a world of thieves the stealing never stops. It seems that d-evil\$ have an easy time of making other humans into devils. Yet... there is something better in not cheating, not lying, not stealing, even if other humans aren't likely to respect or imitate such behavior. It is easier to break and destroy than create and enjoy--but we are impermanent makers and movers anyway. Every day in many ways, we alter the universe, and the changes bear our metaphorical fingerprints--for we are goddesses and gods; we are world-makers; and we can do better.

I have a metaphorical thousand faces. In previous books, I was Gandalf; and also Aragorn, and Samwise likewise. I have been Beowulf and Lady Godiva. I am Hero, I perform The Honorable Actions, and can Learn A Lesson when I act selfishly or stupidly. I am loyal and trustworthy or learn to become more so before the story ends. I am Worthy Of Imitation, and bring back knowledge and/or other valuables in good stories. I would be You, for you will shape yourself to be like the Heroes in stories you believe in. The Hero is The Good Person Defined.

The wit, wisdom, and worthyness of the storyteller and the storyteller's culture are revealed for all to hear. Stories have Power, so they are best tested and judged before use. Both computers and brains can be damaged with bad software that cannot be tested before use. Avoid \$torie\$, which are first and last told for money-getting. In Real Life, money attracts moneywhores, who push \$torie\$ with the best adverti\$ing (psyop\$) that money can buy. In Real Life, money makes the world go 'round. Round the bend, that is.

if everyone would just spend five minutes a day trying to think up ways to benefit other people... that's [data available, operational parameters not set] human-brain-hours spent making things better than they might otherwise be--and there are lingering after-effects from thinking 'good' thoughts, and mental effort spent on focus focus focus staying-on-task is good mental training for anybody.

Sometimes I imagine that, when the universe was formed, a Deity *knew*, and slightly adjusted the path of one atom so the universe would be perfect. Perhaps that event happened in my own brain, and I will someday get an idea because of that atom. Then I smirk at myself mentally, but am still not entirely sure I should.

Moving one atom will change the entire universe if enough time has passed. Maybe it already has.

Where else could freaky ideas like that come from? Neurons? Brain jelly-ware and software? LOL! I'm a smirking cousin of *Pan troglodytes* whose entire existence is limited to a tiny fraction of the surface of one planet.

[It seems that the deepest pockets of the universe (the nearly infinite gravity wells created when massive stars die) create real particles out of virtual ones. Perhaps our universe was created when a point-particle electron got infinitely close to a point-source gravity well, and we don't know it because Time just about stopped. Perhaps we are within the 'event' horizon of a point-source gravity well. What we can see of the universe is expanding faster than the speed of light.]

Deep down, nearly every human feels like The One; potentially as powerful as any prophet, able to lead the other humans to peace and prosperity. Don't you feel it? That, someday, G ✨ D will talk to you, or that you'll just KNOW what to do... and you'd stop all the evil and the idiocy if you only had... ?

Perhaps G ✨ D is talking to you right now. Perhaps you already KNOW what you should be doing. Perhaps your avatar is before the gates to hell (which can be other people) and heaven (which can be other people) and YOU are a people.

We live better than kings of old. Many of us can have on-demand music without musicians, food from halfway around the world, fine clothing and fast cars and good roads and air-conditioning and antibiotics and painkillers and much wisdom (both ancient and modern) at our fingertips. Yet for most of us it is not enough. Some seek ever more comfort, some seek power, or truth, or justice; but most merely seek ease and entertainment. What are you going to do with what you can command?

You Watch and you Will, as Actor and Spectator, player and played, predator and prey.  
the only way 'it' can be said is if you say it.

You are the universe's eyes and ears in awe or in tears.

You can create and correct... or not. You have free will. You may sling mud or get drunk, spend all your time chasing desires, which become increasingly elusive--especially if you're good at catching them. You might be letting the days go die. But what choice do you have?

Once I was a psychopath, and I didn't like me much. One day I decided I wouldn't think that way anymore; I'm still trying not to.

You have a part to play--yourself. (Nobody can do it better.) That which is you is part of the Universe--to take what choice and chance give to you! Only you can turn it into YOU. Somehow, you are unique in a universe that is built of identical particles... "Once you've seen one electron, you've seen them all." Richard Feynman

Perhaps the whole universe consists of a few subatomic particles and one soul, both repeated endlessly - for why work a good miracle only once?

If so... Hello, you. You're me, and I'm you, and there is no 'they' that is not already us... if we only knew.

Let us suppose that G { } D is the Entire Universe. Therefore, if you are a tiny tiny part of the matter and energy that is the Universe, then you are a submicroscopic part of what G ✨ D is. But... can the infinite be diluted?

You can't predict the weather? You don't know which of the local plants can be eaten, woven, or are good for an external antibiotic? You can't kill and cook a rat using nothing but rocks, sticks, and a stone knife? You don't even know how to make fire with sticks *and* a vine? I'll teach you all those things if you'll give me a big heap of cigarette lighters. A big heap.

Who are your heroes? (You shall know them by the stories you can tell.) Is there a living person that could give you advice that you would definitely take? How many people are smarter than you could ever be? But most of all--from where comes the arrogance that makes lists like these depressingly short?

Too much of it comes from cultural sources. "A cynical, mercenary, demagogic press will produce in time a people as base as itself." Joseph Pulitzer But some arrogance is natural, as nearly all humans have it to some degree. Arrogant people are more likely to act on incomplete information, and real-world information is always incomplete. The ancient world must have favor those who act.

In order to adapt to modern ways, perhaps you can mentally change (self-programming) so that humility is one of your dominant character traits. Once you have worked that bit of magic upon yourself (for it is magic and/or divine), seek out heroes. You will find them. Add to your collection of heroes.

The universe provides challenges and mysteries enough to keep humans busy forever. In this universe, humans would be better off without stupidology, but humans appear to be too stupid to stop making more stupid, which makes even more stupid--a stupid vicious circle. If human-made machines ever get to be smarter than humans, it will be because the humans have stupidly become stupider than a collection of circuits.

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Imagine a child intently listening to the ticking of an old-fashioned watch. It is likely that the child will start dancing or singing along with the ticking. Some people might think that the ticking of a watch is a boring thing, but this child is listening and dancing happily... just because.

This is what Epictetus meant by 'appearances.' The watch is delightful or boring only because a human thinks it so. 'Appearances' make the world--one observer at a time.

Epictetus said that these 'appearances' are within the powers of a human being to control. For example--imagine a watch tic-tocking. Did you know that the place where the watch 'ticks' is separated by a discrete distance from where the 'tocks' come from? If the watch is dangled from a string, sometimes you can hear other parts of the watch resonate.

If you bring it, it's here.

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Pardon me, sir/madam, but that style of debate belongs only on Ebil-O-Medai. Faux you too. Do you realize that you are shouting? Please tell me exactly what it was I said that caused this reaction. Perhaps i am merely confused.

Do you know that all the media is owed by corporations? You remember all the old movies with actors that were smoking cigarettes? People were paid to put that in the script. You know that corporations used to advertise tobacco?

Do you know that you will never be whatever it is that you could be if you believe lies?

Would you have me be quiet if I could say something that might spare another person misery?

How would you know IF you are wrong?

Every morning, a plastic bag is delivered to my doorstep, and it's always there before I take my dog out for a walk. There's also paper inside, a vaguely pornographic, scary, and fantasy publication that is printed on trees that were cut down, shredded, flattened, and chemically treated. Despite this effort, the bulky paper is inferior to the dog-poop proof plastic, and the paper sometimes pokes holes in the bag.

The plastic that brought the fantasy publication into my life takes my dog's poop out of my life, a strangely balanced equation... yet it is the only one that balances. The poop and plastic will become a tiny part of a huge pile of garbage that will be there forever (if everything goes as Planned by Man). To dispose of unused paper properly, the custom here is to put it in the 'recycle,' which is supposed to make up for all the trees cut down.

Entropy always wins... yet life is. The earth is warm because the sun is converting matter into energy fast enough so that a half of a billionth of its output is enough to heat this planet; the sun is going downhill so fast that the earth gets 'free' energy deliveries. Plants can capture this dissipating energy, but are inefficient; most of the sunlight is 'wasted.' More energy is bio-lost when animals eat the plants, and even more bio-lost when animals eat the animals that ate the plants; so that there can never be as many kg of predator as that of prey.

Life feeds off of the increase of entropy. The sun is scattering energy in all directions, increasing the disorder/entropy of the universe. Earth plants and some microbes feed on a tiny fraction of the one part in 500,000,000 of the sun's light that falls on the planet. Using the energy harvested, these life-forms can create order--or reverse entropy. But, without the 'wasteful' scattering of sunlight, there could never be photosynthesis on a distantly orbiting speck of mud.

Nearly all life on this planet depend upon these sunlight-eaters. The universe bestows the gift of sunlight for its own reasons, and this gift will disappear into the Great Void whether it gets used or not. There is still time before the Great Rip. Go, plants, go.

A star has to cast light in all directions for millions of years just so that a few photons might be detected by a human eye for a few seconds during a casual glance up at the infinite sky. Perhaps that's what it takes to illuminate the darkness.

Energetic nothings called photons supply the energy that chlorophyll captures and chemically stores. A tiny miracle called a cell that is made from contaminated air and dirty water also made the chlorophyll.

there is evidence that it was there

starlight is evidence that a star was there many years ago, yet the stars move. on a journey from one faraway star to another, a photon from one would have to travel to where the other star would be many light-years later.

light reflected from the near at hand takes a tiny fraction of a sec to interact with the eye of a human and supply the energy to flip some proteins from one state to another, the bio-detection of which is called 'vision.'

there is never a way to verify what was there in reality unless you were there to be it. there is no way of knowing what might have/will have happened during that tiny fraction of a sec it took the meat-machine to perceive the light, which itself may or may not be an illusion. even computers are limited by the speed of light. there is no perfect... but there *is* good enough to see and to be reality. the only there where you can be is where you are, literally making history for others to see ( ).

can you fly, like this?

No, I cannot.

you are right. the i cannot fly. but can you fly?

No. Nobody can fly like that.

like this? why not?

I do not have wings and my body is heavy.

whose body?

Mine.

and where is the you that owns the body?

Here.

does the body obey your every command?

No.

did you make the body?

No.

can you fix your body?

No. If it cannot fix itself, I am doomed.

where is this i that is doomed without a body?

Here.

the i that cannot fly, the i stuck inside a heavy body--is it unseen, unknowable?

Yes.

what does it look like, this i inside?

It has no look.

is the i heavy to carry?

I do not know.

does the i float and bear you up, or does the i weigh you down?

I do not even understand the question. The I is not a thing.

the i is no thing?

The I is not made of matter. The I is a product of thought.

without your thoughts, the i is not?

Yes. Without my thoughts, my I is not.

so you make the i with your thoughts?

Perhaps.

why?

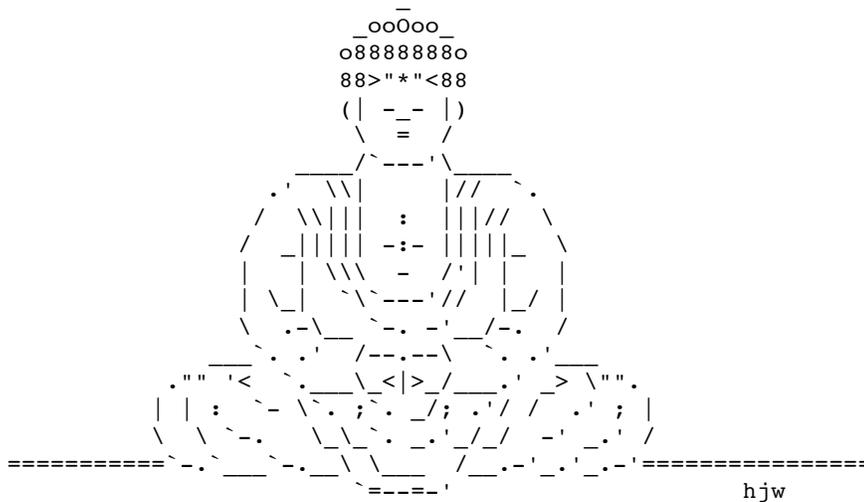
As irrigators lead water where they want, as archers make their arrows straight, as carpenters carve wood, the wise shape their minds.

the arrow

I've tried and tried to make my own arrows, but they are mal-formed things. One day, the Buddha comes and sees what I am doing. He picks up a stick. He points to my knife--I give it to him. When he splits the feathers for the tail of the arrow, I rush to find thread and glue.

The finished arrow is perfect, and I have learned much. I thank him, and he says "Such behavior should be more common in your culture."

As the fletcher whittles and makes straight his arrows, so the master directs his straying thoughts. Buddha



Sometimes, a human dog 'owner' will receive unconditional trust/love from a dog. This affects the human greatly, for the average human cannot be trusted/loved for very long before making many attempts to be worthy of such--and sometimes the attempts succeed. This is a basic thesis of nonviolence--the 'opposition' humans must be given every opportunity to show it is worthy of love/trust, and if they prove unworthy, the 'opposition' humans will lose legitimacy even in their own minds. Probably the biggest hindrance to nonviolent action is that a significant number of humans are not 'normal.' Humans who have suffered physical and/or mental damage, such as victims of corpculture training and/or poverty are all too common; throw in bio-toxins and natural-born psychos; add in easy-to-use weapons and greed and denial and ...

"I mean that under competition there was no free play whatever allowed for the capitalist's better feelings even if he had any. He could not be better than the system. If he tried to be, the system would crush him. He had to follow the pace set by his competitors or fail in business. Whatever rascality or cruelty his rivals might devise, he must imitate or drop out of the struggle. The very wickedest, meanest, and most rascally of the competitors, the one who ground his employees lowest, adulterated his goods most shamefully, and lied about them most skillfully, set the pace for all the rest." Edward Bellamy, in his 1900 book Equality

Except in special circumstances, it is not possible to put another human in debt. I cannot spend your money. Right?

The exceptions...

0) With permission. A person may loan the sovereign ability to incur debt to another person. "Here's my [credit device/money]. When you're at the hardware store, buy X for me and then buy yourself lunch at the restaurant next door. Please save the receipts."

1) Violence or threats of violence (physical or cultural/economic) used to extort promises to pay in the future.

2) A human may make poor legal or financial decisions that are enforced by governmental 1).

3) If you should ever meet a governmental reprehensive, please ask why 'national' debts are transferrable from one generation to one that doesn't exist yet? Perhaps it is hereditary slavery by yet another name.

If a person was sprayed with a chemical that caused bees to sting, would you blame the bees for stinging?

those who would do everything legal and quite a few things that aren't will always have an advantage over those who respect societal and natural laws.

If I was a government, everything I had would have to come from others. In real life, most of my ideas came from others, rarely attributed properly. I get much of my food from others, which they give to me because I give to them pieces of paper. I require much from everyone and return little to anyone--except for the waste I predictably make. And I owe, owe, owe in many ways but I rarely pay my debts, for most of them are impossible to repay.

William James called religion a "feeling of being at home in the Universe." Myths and legends and stories are also ways of feeling at home in the universe.

why do 'they' say that 'history repeats itself' yet also say that 'you can't turn the clock back?'

[couldn't resist updating this piece from "Poor Richard's Almanac." by Ben Franklin. (available at archive.org)]

If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for a word to the wise is enough, and essay words won't fill a bushel, as Poor Richard said.

They desired him to speak his mind; and they gathered around him.

He proceeded as follows "Friends, says he, and neighbors! The taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our Folly, and forty times as much by our CorpGovMedia; and these taxes are always paid first."

However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. God helps them that helps themselves, as Poor Richard once said in his Almanac of 1733. A harsh government might tax its people one tenth part of their time to be employed in its service. Idleness taxes many of us much more; if we consider all that is spent in absolute sloth, hypnotized by a box, doing nothing; being nothing. Sloth, by bringing on disease, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labor; the busy highway rarely needs a snowplow. But dost thou love Life? Then do not squander time! That's the stuff Life is made of.

How much more time than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry; and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as Poor Richard says.

If Time be of all things the most precious, wasting of Time must be the greatest prodigality; and since lost time is never found again; and since what we call 'time enough!' always proves little enough, then let us then up and be doing, and doing to a purpose. By diligence, we will do more with less. Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all things easy, and He that riseth late, must trot all day; and shall scarce overtake his business at night. Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon over-takes him," said Poor Richard, who added "Drive thy business! Let not that drive thee!" and "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Someday, you will have to give back all that you have been given. You were born with nothing, and will take nothing with you when you die. Only what you have built and done for others will live longer than you do.

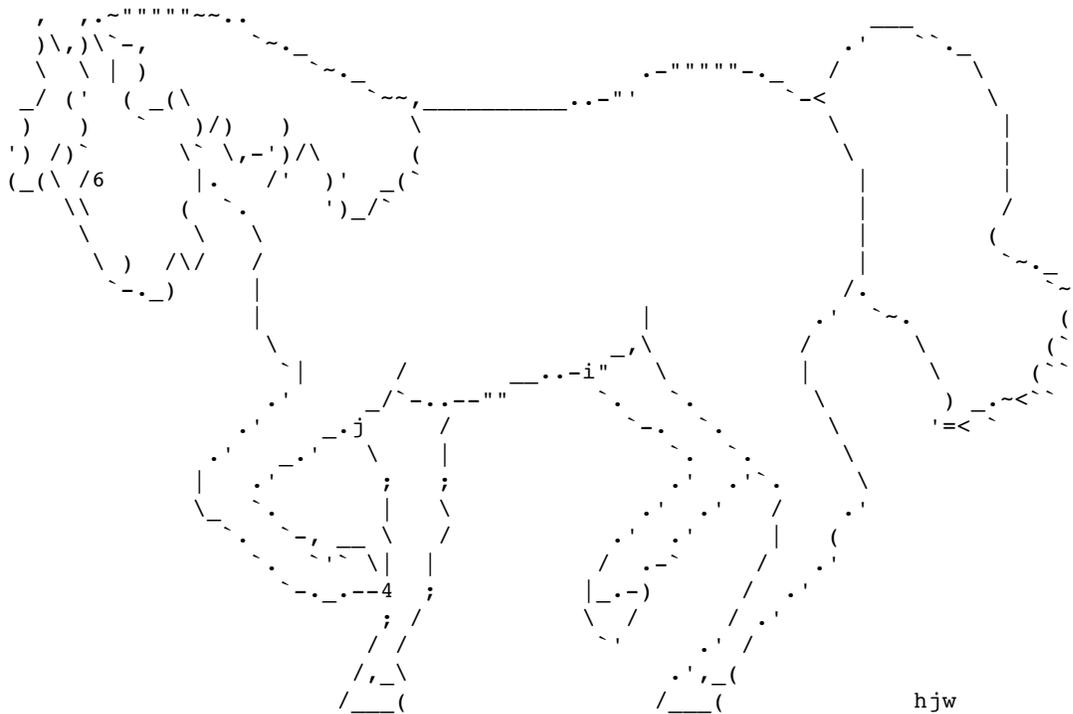
you think that, once you have amassed enough wealth to feel secure, then you'll be able to take care of the hominids around you. Then, you'll be able to care about bears and tree-frogs and atmospheric pollutants. Then, and only then... Without a secure future, who can be what they really are?

laugh

you will never have enough wealth--NEVER--until you stop caring for it. You will never stop caring for it until you feel secure. You will never be secure if you are living in a jar shaken by bank\$ters. You will never be secure if your time is taken away from you by work, housework, and sound'n'lite box. Ignorance never begets security, and greed is never satisfied; round and round and round. You will never be what you really are.

not a pebble to stand on; not one roof-tile for shelter.

But... there are illusions. Better illusions than the ones the corp-hologram spins by the billions. There is the illusion of friendship (which can be felt). The illusions of community and culture shape the minds of all those who be-hold and belong. The illusions of truth and justice motivate countless humans who become illusory heroes who may become real heroes.



#### Kluge Hans

'Clever Hans' was a horse. His trainer/owner taught him to do simple tricks. When asked how much is two plus two, the horse would stamp one foot four times. But "Kluge Hans" could also do other simple math problems, convincing his trainer (and many others) that that this horse was a genius. Then...

After a formal investigation in 1907, psychologist Oskar Pfungst demonstrated that the horse was not actually performing these mental tasks, but was watching the reaction of his human observers. Pfungst discovered the horse was responding directly to involuntary cues in the body language of the human trainer, who could solve each problem. (The trainer was entirely unaware that he was providing such cues.) The horse 'forgot' the math when parts of the trainer's body were obscured by a screen, or when the trainer couldn't hear the math problem.

After he had become adept at giving Hans performances himself, and fully aware of the subtle cues which made them possible, Pfungst discovered that he would produce these cues involuntarily regardless of whether he wished to exhibit or suppress them. The 'Clever Hans Effect' complicates experimental design and shows up in strange places--a University of California-Davis study revealed that cues given to drug-sniffing dogs by their human partner may cause unwarranted arrests.

Many many stories that could be written, but why write them? For what reason should anyone bring stories into this tiny corner of a tiny speck in the middle of nowhere in an empty universe?

WHY NOT?

Why write words that stimulate reading brains in ways favorable for my selfish financial reasons? I don't want to be a ...  
SOCRATES.

If I had a cauldron of Amused-to-Death, would I sell a tiny, nearly-harmless drop to someone who found it amusing? How poor would I have to be before I would sell a drop?

Do I want to be the hero in that story? Always broke, hungry, and cold, because heroes would destroy their stocks of Amused-to-Death secretly rather than sell it into the great pile for a price. Such heroes aren't spoken of, especially in Whoria. Is it 'better' to deserve honors and not get them, rather than the other way around?

This book is for 'sale.' You may read every word before you decide to 'buy' it. To own this book, follow the Buddha's advice: "Believe nothing, no matter where you read it, or who said it, no matter if I have said it, unless it agrees with your own reason and your own common sense."

"Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider." (engraved on the wall of the reading-room of the Harper Memorial Library at The University of Chicago)

If you do your own thinking and seeking of truth, you will become wiser. What you understand is what you know, and what you know is what you own.