



Pistachio

A single pixel in an image of a human brain on a standard EEG screen in 2010 was equal to 5.5 million neurons, the whole brain contains 86 billion neurons, that is connected by 100 trillion synapses. In 1961, before the Blue Marble photograph, Yuri Gagarin was the first person to journey into outer space and experience the Overview Effect, and in 2022 it was suggested as collective morning VR routine on a global scale. “It’s a hippie thing, you wouldn’t understand”. Jesus’ face in a piece of toast, Steve Martin talking to a street sign, a burning bush, a message spelled out on the table in nuts, a sign from beyond, just for me. Michelangelo’s Pietà, inspired by Dante’s comedy, “Virgin mother, daughter of your son”, said, as Christ of the Trinity, Mary was his daughter, and bore him as well. Giordano Bruno burned at the stake in 1600, 1567 years after the crucifixion, mind and matter as one, split by the church as binary code, the Copernican Earth and Sun in an infinite universe, where Mother Teresa and her dark night died in 1997, the year that Google registered domain. 1980, Post-it Notes are introduced, Voyager 1 sends Saturn images, 2012 it entered interstellar space, Voyager 2 in 2018. Quote: Christof Koch on Giulio Tononi’s Integrated Information Theory (more than the sum, the phi, a consciousness-meter, how qualia are the geometry of integrated information in a system, seen as a polytope, or, in another word, a crystal, a star, the panpsychic building blocks too): “The crystal is the system viewed from within. It is the voice in the head, the light inside the skull. It is everything you will ever know of the world. It is your only reality. It is the quiddity of experience. The dream of the lotus eater, the mindfulness of the meditating monk, and the agony of the cancer patient that feel the way they do because of the distinct crystals in a space of a trillion dimensions – truly a beatific vision. The algebra of integrated information is turned into the geometry of experience, validating Pythagoras belief that mathematics is the ultimate reality: Number is the ruler of forms and ideas and the cause of gods and demons”. I’ve been thinking about Jericho, and Jesus visiting, healing the blind beggars inside the walled military complex, around year 33, only days before he went to Jerusalem to die. And thinking about the blind spots in our eyes, that the conscious mind does not register, though logged subconsciously in the brain according to fMRIs. Did Gagarin see the walls of Jericho from up there? They say, he said, that he saw no God up there. Did he see the unbridged gap and dried-up rivers in the desert around it? The Hard Problem of the Sun, a bucket with a hole, turned upside down, on a summer day with clear skies, at Equator. I have this reoccurring inner experience. When falling asleep, I see and feel as from the point of view of a sphere, moving forward in vast empty space, through a square opening, a precise fit, and I look back, and see the four rounded corners in the square that the circle left untouched, vibrating and changing color. And then switched around, I’m in the center of a square, passing through a circle, and looking back again, I see the four shapes in the circle that the square left untouched, vibrating and changing color. It is as if I am these shapes, embodying a new year’s rocket or a spacecraft, flying across the firmament as a shooting star, on a linear timeline of years that pass as nothing. In the fourth dimension a body cannot twirl freely. A straight line, as a miniscule part of a larger curve, spiraling, coming and going, a wind-up clock perhaps. Was I in the Big Bang? And before that? Looking at the nuts on the table, across my retinas, I see the crashing numbers in the network, Y2K, millennium 2000, it would have been wild to see, in the wildest time, sitting in the starry night, in the desert outside of Jericho, as a giant hour glass collapsed, and above, exploding in the sky, a single rocket, splitting into two, into three, merging back into two, and then back to one, and zero.