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# STARGATE

(Traslation by *Rosanna Branch*)

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*“We are looking for something,  
that’s already found us”.*  
J.M.

***Do not open that door...***

In this moment in time, my thoughts are analysing a series of infinite possible structures...I ask myself which will be followed to begin and bear its fruits.

I see a staircase. At the top of this staircase is a door. What will be behind this door? I shall walk up...here is the door, here am I facing it.

I touch the handle. Who knows, will it be open or closed? All I need to do is lightly touch the handle to discover it...and there it is, the door begins to open...

The place where I find myself is truly enchanting, maybe it is a good thing being here...even for just a short while, let’s say...a few minutes.

One...two...three...four minutes...now would be better for me to return to the house, it is getting late. I will return tomorrow. I leave. I close the door and walk down the staircase.

And here I am the following day. The same staircase; the same door. I walk up the stairs. I am facing the door. Who knows, maybe today it will be open again, or maybe not? It will be enough to lightly touch the handle to discover it...and there it is, the door begins to open...

The place where I find myself is still the same. I only stay for three minutes and then leave. I close the door and walk down the stairs. I will return tomorrow morning.

Time passes by...

.....the following day.....

Here again, here is the staircase and here is the door. I walk up the stairs. I am in front of the door and think: “It will most probably be open”.

In a rather self-assured way, I touch the handle...and there it is, for the third consecutive time, the door was actually open. I am not at all surprised. Once again, I am in the same place. I stay here for about two minutes. Then I leave, close the door again and walk down the staircase, promising myself to return tomorrow.

The next day...

Here is the usual staircase and the usual door. I start walking up the stairs.

“So, let’s see...today I must go to the barber’s, go to the post office to send some letters, check my e-mail, return my mother’s oven dish...but anyhow, I’ll walk into this wonderful peaceful place of idyllic appearance”. There are only three steps to go and I will be at the door; I can already see myself across the threshold, inside that pleasant place”. I have the unconscious and nearly absolute certainty that in a few instances I will touch the handle and open that door, that nothing and nobody can stand in my way. I give a glimmer of a smile and in a rather decisive way, I lower the door handle throwing myself forward with an outburst and ... strangely enough...the door is not opened and I nearly hit my head against it.

Once again, just as it often happens throughout one’s life (...or more lives), the last pieces of a simple puzzle do not seem to match with its own expectations.

The logic of the Universe is far more complex.

Each time that our expectations are transformed into something more “solid”, that is, into mental structures which no longer allow for any kind of doubt, and that therefore define a potential future as something not definitive, which no longer has potential, as it is nearly completely taken for granted; it is in that precise moment, that all the wave functions that our system (body-mind-soul) has managed to previously collapse in our favour (therefore creating a “positive” reality), completely change direction to give space to a less favourable reality. Do you know what this means? It means that our expectations, our most deepest desires, our stupid firm beliefs and our stupid illusions...make our surrounding reality change in the most

unfavourable way! To give you a most trivial example, for what reason did the stock exchange start its slow and inexorable decline, exactly at the stroke of the year 2000? On the first of January of the year 2000, investors' exhilaration was at its highest point!

The expectations of million and millions of investors had already reached the highest point because everyone believed that an out of proportion growth in all the financial markets (above all in the fields of technology and telecommunications). But for what reason do you believe that for two thousand years, all the religions in the world have been professing the same things? Someone about two thousand years ago, had noticed that the only way for mankind to be saved is to be without stupid illusions and desires; and this was a long time before all the world scientists "discovered" quantum mechanics changing their concept of reality.

This strange cosmic law, is relevant to all sides of the human sphere. Whoever fervently desires unconstrained richness, will never obtain it, whoever deeply desires a partner for life (true love, as they say), will never find it!...and so on.

***All the poison that you do not need...***

The heart is a factory of desires, but they may only be realized if we are able to secretly hold them within; the moment that those desires emerge to the surface, and attack the brain, the potential to fulfilling those desires disappears (and the only times when they are fulfilled, there is a high price to be paid). But how is it possible (someone will surely ask) to safely keep in secret the desires of our own heart, hoping that these will come true, without making our "supreme organ" and our body go into motion to realize them? Well, I would answer the question in the following manner: there are two ways to bring our soul towards whatever we desire the most; the first is to analyse all the "apparent data" that the reality in which we live (family environment, working environments, bars attended frequently, friends, relatives) is able to give us, by later using the brain to elaborate a plan which is completely rational so that our objective can be reached and that in the end, our body can carry it out. The second

way is to lie down on a bed and let our body (including the brain, obviously), absorb all the information that the entire cosmos is able to supply to us; the moment that our soul has decided which part of the earth it should transfer it to, we simply need to let our body and mind (rational thought) leave the bed together and follow it...without making any objections.

By using the first method, you will certainly have about twenty per cent probability to fulfill your dreams; by using the second, the probability is approximately seventy per cent.

The main point now is: nobody is able to know exactly what dreams, aspirations, greatest desires are hidden in their own unconscious nucleus. Following our own soul, would therefore mean to walk towards potential events of which we cannot completely know (not even in the slightest way) the developments, whether positive or negative for the person himself or other people involved. In this case, what we would carry out, would exclusively mean to be an act of faith, without (as previously mentioned) knowing the effects.

An ancient Chinese proverb says "God punishes you when he lets you achieve your desires".

Now, according to you, in which of the two cases would God try to punish us? In the first case, where we exactly know our desires and manage to reach them, or in the second case, when we don't exactly know what our desires, but finally (with a good seventy per cent of probability) will implicitly be revealed and therefore be offered on a silver dish? You hold the right answer.

If anyone believes that I have not been clear enough, I can add this: the first method, based on "apparent data" (...misleading) and on the rational thought which around these takes shape, certainly does not create happiness of the soul (as I perhaps initially and erroneously implied), but only the "physical" and partly psychic one. Instead, the second one, based on cosmic information and on the subconscious nucleus, could place the soul, if not under a state of "happiness", in an environment

in keeping with happiness, therefore more correlated with the human being under question.

I can already hear the voices of wise men admonishing..."Only a madman could abandon everything that he has built in many years of sacrifice, to go and die of hunger who knows where!"..."People who behave in such a way, sooner or later end up in psychiatric care!"..."If God gave us the gift of a brain, maybe it is because every once in a while we should use it" ...and so on.

Well, after all they are not so wrong. Whoever leaves the old path for the new one, knows what he leaves behind but does not know what he will find, as an old saying goes. Normally, whoever constantly follows this proverb, will not be able to expect much from life. The Sacred Graal of ...*happiness*, is only for the most fearless.

There are however those who are convinced that true revolution lies in normality; well, for some aspects it could also be true. But life, true life, the one that if we listen enough, we feel running through our veins with a pressing rhythm, could be revealed as a reality made of comfort, routine, deliberation and Hegelian rationalism ? Which dreams could ever be realized in such reality; maybe those in which God punishes you once they are achieved? And the old wiseman, at this point answers: "Watch out guy, Nicholson teaches that only few people are able to fly on the gawk nest without hurting themselves".

***It is necessary to suffer before we can learn...***

About a year ago, I met a girl who was a few years older than me; her father was of Romanian origin, whilst her mother had Serbian/Croatian roots. She was one metre seventy three cm of height, fifty eight kg without shoes and clothes, brown hair, hazel eyes and a mind as sharp as a razor. The typical *femme fatale* of Slavic fascination, able to make anyone fall in love (including the idiot who is currently writing). Without going into details, in one way or another I was able to make her fall for me and within weeks I took all my rags to her house, and started living with Miss Universe.

At the beginning, things were going well, but each time she looked into my eyes and told me she loved me as well as said that she wanted to stay with me all her life (...and "beyond" this life), through good

and bad, as the love that she nurtured for me (as she said) was nearly boundless, well each time she came out with such nonsense, I would always unfailingly feel a strange uneasiness in the solar plexus area, which travelled up towards my heart. It was as if each time she placed her eyes on me she absorbed part of my *elan vital*. That is when they started, what she considered to be exclusively stupid paranoid fits and nothing else. I soon ended in a deep state of depression; I was ill and did not know who to blame for this strange and unjustifiable uneasiness...but now I know: I could only blame myself!

When we feel a strange uneasiness in the solar plexus area, it is necessary to interpret it as an alarm bell! Our subconscious at that moment in time (or the system body-mind-sould, if you prefer) has already “filtered and elaborated all the cosmic information, which in itself has been able to define in a subconscious level, a whole series of potential futures (that could therefore be reached), all unfavourable to the stated person-victim’s expectations. Her parents had never been very open towards me, actually, I felt hatred and disdain towards me. They had never explicitly confirmed their feelings towards me or made me understand this in other ways, but I felt it; each time I met them, the “tension” in the air was tangible. This matter kept on making me feel more and more oppressed; until one day I decided (just like any yankee that you can respect, ready to make justice alone and in no half-way measures), to break the ice and take the bull by its horns. I had an argument with her parents (this conflict took place in the absence of my beloved one), and as a good self-taught psychologist, let all the bad come to the surface...

According to them, it was a simple cultural difference and *educational difference* (according to these people, I was not sufficiently educated for their little princess) and I did not represent to be the ideal man for their refined offspring.

The following day, I saw the woman who was supposed to have later been my future wife, Miss Universe. She looked in my eyes with obvious disdain and showing off her full pride she said: “*This time you have really done it, how did you dare jumping on my parents in such a way? This is the last straw, I will let you know when you can come to collect your stuff. If you hadn’t argued with my parents, we*

*would probably have got married and had children. Goodbye". It was a reply which made me believe that there had been something else to it for some months but that she had obviously been afraid to lose her little puppy, always ready to satisfy all of her needs, she never had the courage to reveal. Everything happened, whilst I, like a perfect idiot, swayed in a sea of tears, begging her to think about it again and forgive the great mistake I had made, according to her, by arguing with her parents. She didn't even shed a tear. At that moment in time, I understood that I had spent a year of my life, with a merciless woman, totally cold, wretched and heartless.*

*A few days after our separation, I wrote her this letter: "Maybe I should not have desired your love so much; maybe; maybe I should not have desired your parents' love so much and I should not have longed for a life that is so simple and balanced. By doing this, I have not done anything but lowering the wave functions towards the wrong direction, and the future which has arisen has been everything but favourable.*

*But how can a human being let go of a desire of love, just the moment that he feels he has found it?*

*Maybe the secret is here. The spell lasts only while unaware of the I-WHERE-WHEN; the moment that our eyes are open and at the same time doors of perception, love, the spell, disappears in a twinkle of an eye. The meeting with the twin soul, the one that not everyone is lucky to find through a lifetime, can only happen in a moment of great suffering (...or viceversa), where all the doors of perception are totally open...an instant in which time appears to crystalize, where the ticking of the clock seems to stop all of the sudden, it is like the transit between life and death...where silence reigns supreme, and in your own mind, in your own Universe, you can only hear a chorus of voices that always repeats the same line...Amazing Grace, a sweet melody that goes deep into your bones and makes you tremble and cry at the same time whilst joyous. In this precise moment, when the sky all of the sudden appears to be painting in red, blue, white and all of the other colours of life, we have the total awareness that the person by your side, will follow you for the rest of her earthly existence\*.*

Life is like a painting of Pollock, that can be dug deeply, even in the chaos it is possible to find some order, some logic of events, which as they follow, define the life of each human being.

We'll take a look at the last things that Miss Universe told me before pronouncing her last magic word that ended the spell."...

*"...If you had not argued with my parents, we would have probably got married and we would have also had children..."* Well, now, with the wisdom of hindsight, I laugh at it; but I can ensure you that at that time, I was so distraught that I would have actually apologized to her parents, in order to stand by her side. How blind, how foolish of me, how naive...with my eyes closed, blinded by the last flashes of passion, I was going to make the biggest mistake of my life! Fortunately, I opened my eyes and didn't make that great mistake.

I will now analyze what would have happened if I had apologized to her parents. In the best of cases, they would have accepted my apology, still continued (and probably greatly) to nurture a hatred and disdain towards me. Miss Universe, on the other hand, would have also nurtured some sort of hatred towards me, at least for some time, until the tension between the two of us would have slowly died out. But how long could this state of things have carried on? This fake relationship, where her parents could only place their negative influence? Maybe the time to get married and bear a few children? Well, I feel that you may already know the answer. All your sins will soon find you out. Wanting to take the bull by its horns and immediately, I did nothing but accelerate the times and bring about our inevitable separation; thus avoiding the most disastrous consequences (many of you know what a legal separation consists in, especially when children are involved).

There are some paths in the life of every human being, that our souls cannot avoid, for simple reason that they themselves actually "programmed" such paths!

A few months after our separation, in the period when I was starting to find a certain psychological-physical state, I wrote to my analyst the following letter:

*“Dear Doc. M,*

*I am writing this letter, so that you can realize, how (after the events have taken place) I see reality around me, therefore, as a consequence, you may be able to analyse in a most complete and objective way as possible, the entire physical-psychological context that I have “regretfully” taken part in (I say regretfully in inverted commas, as I feel that every negative experience in life, must be seen and interpreted as a teaching, in order to improve each approach that any human being sooner or later is obliged to face, with all of life’s adversities).*

*You are a psychologist, and therefore will know more than I that man has needs and motivations which he is not aware of (Freud built his whole analytical system around this basic intuition). The point is that nobody knows what mankind’s “true” needs are. Freud himself changed his mind as many as three times on the nature of desires and instincts. Initially, he spoke about sexual and survival instincts; then he spoke of pleasure and aggressiveness; finally of a vital instinct and death instinct. From that time, psychotherapists, have always tried to comprehend mankind’s “true” needs.*

*For example, Rank emphasized the need for a strong and constructive will, Adler spoke of longing for power, Ferenczi of the need for love and acceptance (and maybe my case falls within this school/theory of psychotherapy...but only apparently, I must make this clear), Horney of the need for security, H.S. Sullivan of biological satisfaction and security, Fromm of the need for meaning, Perls of the need to grow and mature, Rogers of self-defence and self-improvement, Glasser of a need for love and self-respect, and so on. What we can finally deduce is that man is unaware of a few aspects of himself (that is his Shadow, to use a Jungian term); and beyond this, wanting to dig deeper, it seems clear and obvious that each of the main schools of psychotherapy, turn towards a different level of the “subconscious spectrum”. All these schools, therefore come to complementary*

*conclusion. The psychological profile of the girl I lived with for about a year, as you rightly pointed out during one of our sittings, is distinguished by a strong ambition towards everything that life in itself is able to offer us, but apart from this, is distinguished by a strong behaviour projective of negative qualities (such as snobbing, malice, false modesty, etc...).*

*All these projections of negative qualities, which have always characterized the nature of my ex-girlfriend, have always (obviously) been in conflict with the projections which on the other hand characterize my nature; that is projections of a positive nature, such as kindness, strength, wisdom, etc... This forced interaction, between natures which are so different, that is, between me and my ex-girlfriend, influenced furthermore by the developments which were anything but positive interactions between me and my ex-girlfriend's father (he himself was also dominated by a behaviour defined nearly exclusively of a disproportioned quantity of projections which were of a negative nature – something rather unusual for a doctor - ; behaviour which he cannot be aware of as all this negative material has been by him dissociated, alienated, repudiated, thrown away,*

*but that even though such potential reserve, has always been in some kind of projections. The reason for his profile-psychological behaviour towards society, which actually characterizes his daughter too, my ex girlfriend, I believe is partly due to all of life adversities which he had to face as a foreigner, in an alien land) could only have matured sooner or later in an inevitable separation between the two of us.*

*The implausible hypothesis is that everything originates from, is everything that we see in other people or in the world's only a projection.*

*In order to reabsorb or recover our projections we project ourselves completely onto the other object or person. In theory, it would be necessary to do the opposite of alienation, that is identify. As you will certainly know, the job of identifying with the woman chosen to be a life companion, this would have never taken place, as it is strongly against my nature. Such work, is solely achieved when there is an*

*interest in psychoanalysing a determined subject for therapeutic purposes.*

*What is most absurd in all this, is that at that at the end, I was the one to come to you and not the opposite!*

*But at the end, everything balances out, the easy and the difficult blend, the high and the low lie side by side, the forward and backward follow one another. ...there are no mountains without valleys, and those who try to eliminate the valley, will be forced to demolish the mountains. Those who say to want justice without its correlative, injustice, or a good government without a bad government, do not believe the great principle of the Universe, neither the nature of the whole of Creation. Hatred of evil only reinforces evil, and the opposition reinforces whatever we go against. It is a law which is mathematically exact. The continuing denunciation of evil and of its emissaries does nothing but encourage its growth in the world, a truth revealed sufficiently in the Gospels, but to which we obstinately stay deaf.*

*What my ex girlfriend and her parents should understand (but I strongly doubt that they will one day be able to do), is that moderate cynicism has always been a feature of people who have great culture and humanity. All the possibilities of authentic affection between human beings depend on being able to accept and know an element of unshakeable roguery, within ourselves and in the others. (It is a real shame, that such way of seeing reality, is a feature most exclusive to anglosaxon people; sentences like...son of a ....! and so on, in determined contexts, can be meant as a compliment only in a city like New York or Los Angeles).*

*The strength of fanaticism, no matter how "effective" may be, can always be bought at the price of unawareness, and whether one has a more or less good cause, invariably reveals to be destructive, as it operates against life: it denies the ambivalence of the natural world.*

*"I could live in the nutshell, and believe myself to be the King of an endless space, if it was not for some bad dreams" Shakespeare had seen correctly, it is really the bad dreams, or bad ambitions, that*

*change the destiny of every human being (...and as a consequence that of entire mankind!) in the most unfavourable way one can imagine. Mine, fortunately, is heading towards the right direction...the "dark forest" is now a vague memory of my past.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*F.Intilla,*

### ***The Creative Soul ...***

In your opinion, what is inspiration? Who knows how many people in this moment in time, with a smile full of pride and self-confidence, will remember that famous statement made by Edison "This is a book for learned people, so why write it?"

Do you really want to know what inspiration is? Well, now I will reveal it to you....Inspiration is the moment when your soul precedes your body, your mind! ... It is the moment when you find yourselves in front of a uncut stone with a chisel in your hand...facing a piece of paper with a pen in your hand...facing a canvas with a paintbrush in your hand...in front of a piano with your fingers on the keyboard....and there is no way in understanding how you managed to find yourself there! An instance beforehand you were elsewhere, carrying out other tasks, and then, all of the sudden, you find yourselves at the exact point where all the forces of the Universe flow to ensure that a creative act takes place! Initially your mind is astonished, then asks the following questions: but what on earth am I doing here? Then, in the spur of a moment, the answer comes from above, and your hands, just like magic, your hands begin to move uncessantly, according to schemes belonging to a Divine logic, chaotic, irrational...and in that precise instance, each awareness of I-Where-When disappears into thin air! Each sense of identity is lost, a shattering energy

takes over your entire body, and you become the painting, the music, the stone, love...you are the entire Universe, you are God

*Carmina Burana.....introduction.....*

Ambition is a synonym of desire, and desires as we previously discussed, you know where they take you. It is essential to abandon every stupid illusion, every stupid desire in order to access the doors to infinity! To be able to...not observe...but being, the Aleph...the Omega, a nail, a tree, a planet, a star! To be able to see *Eternity in an hour, the Universe in a Grain of Sand*. Yet, it is so simple, to clear the doors of perception, it is enough by carrying out a simple act of faith. Blake had seen righteously; and walking on his footsteps, even Huxley, Grof, Castaneda and many others.

*Stargate* is the magic word...whoever passes at least once in their lifetimes this threshold, will no longer see reality as he always perceived it to be...but will see it as it truly is: infinite, spectral, without space nor time.

***Subtle is the Lord...***

Let's stay for a short time on the concept of love. How many of you will have heard at least once in their lifetimes, from friends, relatives or even their own parents, the following idiocy? "If you never leave your home, you will never be able to meet your soulmate!" Well, this is the biggest lie, the biggest idiocy which millions and millions of people believe in, and unfortunately, their sentimental sphere takes shape around, taking the most unfavourable and unhealthy directions which a poor human soul could ever follow in the course of a lifetime (...or more lives!). Believe me.

Nobody can escape their own destiny, nobody can escape from synchronous mechanisms (and therefore apparently causal...but only apparently, to clearly say) of the Universe (...Jung teaches) nobody can escape from God's power !

But it is essential that I give you a banal example, by telling you a purely fictitious story (even though I would not be surprised if it had actually happened!):

*Jack was a thirty year old man, tall, robus, fascinating and was a Manhattan broker. He lived a perfect life of a bachelor and lived in a beautiful loft in Long Island, in Queens. He had a Chevrolet Corvette and a substantial bank account. His working day normally started at 7.30 AM, with a French toast, warmed up in the microwave oven, a decilitre of boiling coffee sweetened with four teaspoons of sugar. At 8.45 A.M. his arse was already sat on a comfortable chair covered in material, about twenty metres of height from the still humid and totally shadowed floor of Wall Street, in the middle of millions of cubic metres of cement, waiting for the New York Stock exchange bell to ring at exactly 9.00 to mark the start of the financial day. After the hell of the first four hours of exchange, when normally the shares reach the maximum daily peaks, there was the usual lunch break that consisted of a still smoky hot-dog buried under a decilitre of ketchup, mustard and french fries, all ingurgitated in a straight posture, in the corner between Broadway and Pine Street. Another small sacrifice between two and four PM and then, at the end of the trading day, the usual beer in Greenwich with the same idiots, who after having lost the usual ten high denomination banknote with some trashy share, couldn't wait to curse and talk badly about Meryll's analysts. Finally, back to the home, sweet home, where there are just the last unpaid bills waiting for him, a few leftovers in the fridge and a few messages on the answer machine left by one of the latest bitches, looking for a chicken to pluck...and maybe for life. He wasn't at all out of women, maybe he had too many. And finally there was the week-end, which normally, when he was free from a tryst, spent some hours with his parents in a small in Woodside, discussing the same old rubbish with his father regarding the golden years of the Giants as well as the future of the Superbowl. In theory, Jack had everything...a beautiful loft in the Sunnyside, a nice car, a lot of money to squander and a lot of charming which he*

*did not have to go after to bring them to bed. They all wanted the same thing anyway; his money, and Jack really had a lot of it.*

*But although he had so much, Jack still missed something. Something that he could have never have bought, not even with all the gold in the world, something that as time passed, he had already stopped believing in, but that at the same time, left him with an open wound which helped him carry on day after day, in a state of depression getting deeper by the day. This something is generally expressed with a simple four letter word: LOVE.*

*It was this that Jack missed, love...true love, the deep one, honest, warm, sincere...a perfect blend between him and an ideal companion for life, but the good Lord, did not appear to be listening to call for his help.*

*(Let's consider that during the times of great psychic suffering, normally the "doors of perception" are much more "open" than usual, that is, than when a person is enjoying some kind of psychic-physical balance).*

*A little bit before arriving home, he stopped the car in front of a drug-store. His intention was to go in and buy the usual anti-depressants. He turned the key and the engine of his powerful Chevrolet Corvette of an amaranth red colour, stopped to switch its thermic energy into useful mechanic work. He sighed with his eyes placed on the steering wheel, then slowly lifted up his face full of sadness, until his visual ray was perfectly horizontal, allowing him therefore to read without impediment, the writing in block capitals, printed on the rear window of the car parked directly in front of his:*

*CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'.*

*At that moment in time, Jack, saw all of his life in the twinkling of an eye; from that time, he started asking himself a series of endless questions: "What is the meaning of all this?, I have everything, just everything...but in reality, I have nothing, nothing at all..."*

*The great, magnific, omnipotent Jack, Jackass...I have nothing at all! My life is empty, stupid, insignificant. But what on earth am I doing here? Fuck it...can you hear me God? Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it again!" He looked at the drug-store entrance and started to observe his hands. He stopped observing his hands and stared at the writing on the rear*

*window of the car in front of him...he deeply stared at it for a few seconds, then, suddenly, he brought his right hand on the ignition key and switched on the engine. He left the car park and a few blocks away he took the 495th street East direction; about seven km later, he took the 678th direction South. Approximately twelve km later south direction, the 678th could only in one direction...to the Kennedy Airport!...and Jack wanted to go right there!*

*He had nothing with him, apart from his woollen coat, passport, a pair of shades; and his MasterCard with a credit limit of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.*

*He reached Kennedy Airport about thirty minutes later, parked his car in a no parking area and in a few minutes found himself in a long series of check-ins connected to a multitude of airline companies. The first thing he did, was to find out about the departure time of the first flight to...Los Angeles! Miraculously, he found a place on the first flight which was going to leave within two hours. He purchase a single ticked, sat between the other travellers awaiting boarding time.*

*Four hours later, he was standing facing the city of Los Angeles.*

*In his pocket he had about seventy dollars cash; he took a taxi and asked to be left in a Travelodge in the area of Venice Beach; luckily, he immediately found a room . It was eleven pm exactly on a Thursday at the beginning of September; a day that Jack would have remembered for the rest of his life. He took off his woollen coat and comfortably lied on his bed. He took a deep breath with a semi-open mouth, crossed his hands on his chest and closed his eyes. He was exhausted. He thought about his job in New York, aware that on his return...if he would ever return...the bone, someone would have already been caught by someone else.*

*In any case, he was not having second thoughts, no doubt or worry of any kind...because deep in his heart, he knew he had done the right thing; Jack, in that precise instant, knew that he was the right person, in the right place and at the right time!*

*Something not well defined, in his mind, kept on reassuring him trying to convince him more and more, that whatever he had done in the*

*latest few hours, belonged to some sort of Divine picture. It had to be done, full stop!*

*He therefore started wandering on foot or by bike the streets of Los Angeles, without a destination, without projects for the future, feeling like a “luxury” vagabond; with the money that he had saved, he could easily live in that way for about six or seven years. In the first days, he worried about transferring his correspondence for sickness and accident insurance to the Travelodge where he was staying. During the first days, he often called his parents who were in vain trying to alleviate their anger and desperation...he had really made a big mistake, and he was well aware of it. But he was also aware, deep in his heart, of another thing; that is that despite the pain he had caused his parents with his crazy actions, in any case, he would have never gone back on his footsteps.*

*With the passing of the months, his phone calls to his parents in New York became rarer and rarer. Jack limited himself to sending a postcard once in a while, trying to reassure them on his perfect health.*

*When he did not walk along Main Street or on Santa Monica Blvd, he spent his days crouched somewhere on the enchanting Venice beach, reading novels by Asimov or Clark; he had always loved science fiction.*

*The first winter for Jack, was not so bad as he had initially imagined...when it was too cold, instead of wondering like a dog around Venice, he stayed in his Travelodge room, reading or listening to old Garth Brooks, John Denver, Beach Boys, Doors songs...he loved country music, but he also loved the west coast music of the seventies...years when, according to what his father told him, taking a girl to sleep was as easy as drinking a beer at the bar.*

*Just before the beginning of summer, Jack started to feel terribly sad and dispirited, even more than he had felt in New York, a few hours before he had headed towards Los Angeles. In his mind, he had started to feel a reasonable doubt about his improvised, sudden and*

*irrational departure from New York, where he had left without notice to anyone or anything, and even left a safe one hundred thousand dollars a year job. But it was useless crying over spilt milk, it was really useless and he had come to accept this.*

*He had left with the hope, principally fed by that singular event<sup>1</sup> (which he felt to be a real sign of destiny) from the writing on the car in front of the drug-store where he was going to walk in, to meet his soulmate; but unfortunately, during his first seven months of stay in Los Angeles, he did not have the pleasure of meeting not even one woman, who could have ever mirrored the characteristics of a potential soul mate.*

*He was fully aware of his new image; he was conscious of the fact that in the eyes of any woman or girl he might have met and got to know, he would have uniquely appeared as a loser.*

*He looked just like someone who was rather early, queueing up in front of the sad sign of the Salvation Army with many others begging for soup and a piece of bread. With the passing of time, he was nearly completely convinced that no mentally fit woman would have ever accepted starting a sentimental relationship with him, at least until he would have shown a minimum interest in finding a new job. The point was that he was lacking the motivation to find a new job. And such motivation, that is, the will to want to return to fight for a dignified life, he was convinced he could uniquely acquire again with the support, the understanding and unconditional love of a mate willing to follow him through good and bad. Jack was therefore finding himself stuck in a rut, and this was preventing him from deciding which way to go. He was in a most absurd situation, from which he did not know how to escape. Returning to New York would have been useless; it was in his mind that something surely had to happen, he was fully aware of this, but he did not know how to extirpate it.*

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<sup>1</sup> Singular and surrounded by symbolism only for him obviously, that is from his point of view, strictly subjective and correlated to the context-situation where in that situation he found himself to be.

*What had initially appeared to be a sign of destiny (the writing on the car: California Dreamin') now seemed like a trick, a hoax carried out by the Almighty.*

*July started with days where the temperature at approximately two in the afternoon rose up to thirty/thirty-two degrees Celsius; and it was during one of those days that Jack, still more and more depressed and without any motivation to continue to live, decided to take off for the last journey in his life. He went out at about nine in the morning, leaving his room in the Travelodge and headed towards the Venice Boardwalk; along the journey which separated his Motel from Venice Beach, he walked in front of a small liquor store. He carried on for a few metres and then suddenly stopped; made sure (in a positive way) that he had his ID card, he turned around with decisive steps walked once more a few meters which divided him from the entrance of that store. He placed his hand on the handle of that glass door and walked in without hesitation. Two young Mexican boys looked at him in a rather detached, neutral way; Jack bought a bottle of whiskey and left that small store, once again walking along the beach of Venice.*

*Fifteen minutes later he reached the Boardwalk of Venice; he walked for another ten minutes heading south, between only a few people of still tired faces and then stopped in front of the entrance of another store. This time it wasn't a liquor store, neither a drug-store where he could have purchased some anti-depressants. He walked in, placed his paper bag with the drink he had previously purchased on a narrow counter covered by a luminous white ant.*

*For some time, he stared person standing on the other side of the counter, a tall and robust man of around forty years of age and then came out with a ridiculous utterance: "I ... have a problem", he said in a rather bland way. The only reply that the guy over the counter could have ever given, which obviously didn't take long to reach his ears, was the following: "Friend, everyone has problems in Los Angeles". Jack smiled with woeful and lost eyes and lost in his reply continued: "...I need a wetsuit and a surfboard, only for today..."*

*About twenty minutes later, Jack placed next to him the surfboard he had just hired, a big paper bag where he had placed his Whiskey and the wetsuit he had just hired, and finally placed his bottom on the still humid sand of Venice Beach. He lit a cigarette and started contemplating the ocean; then he looked around to ascertain that no policemen or other people were around to annoy him with some “proper citizen” observation, he took out his Jack Daniels bottle that he had in his big bag and opened it still leaving it in the small paper bag that had been sold in.*

*Another six puffs of cigarettes , lit out the cigarette in the sand and started to sip the whiskey. Within an hour, Jack had finished the whole bottle. Already completely drunk, with his mind totally blurred as well as with a few hallucinatory sign, he took his surfboard and stood up staggering. In that precise moment, a guy with blond hair walked by, and with a sneering smile, he gave him the following advice: “Hey friend, if I were you, you would not go out with that fossil<sup>2</sup>”.*

*Jack did not even understand the simple words of that young guy; he was totally out that he only heard some kind of echo that he could not understand where they came from, and maybe he did not even notice the shape of the boy passing him by. A few instances later, he found himself in icy waters and fortunately only slightly moved by the Pacific. All of his memories ended there, in the ocean waves, a few twenty metres from the fine yet already web sand of Venice Beach.*

*Sixteen hours later...*

*When Jack opened his eyes, he observed the walls of the room where he was lying and then the bed where he had comfortably been lying down, guessing that he was in a hospital room.*

*Undoubtedly, someone, sixteen hours before, having noticed his state, had been able to tear him from the icy waters of the Pacific.*

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<sup>2</sup> The guy who had hired him the surfboard, had given him an old wodden Bear surfboard (this doesn't mean that Bear boards are considered to be “worthless” but simply that after thirty years, any board of any brand should no longer be in the water but in a museum such as the Surf Museum of Santa Cruz).

*Jack was still alive, but in that moment he did not know whether to be happy about it or whether he wanted to cry. The only thing that he kept on asking himself was the reason why God had saved him.*

*He stayed in that room, under strict surveillance, for another six hours, than at about seven in the evening a nurse asked him whether he wanted to eat in his room or on the ground floor in the canteen. .*

*Jack decided to go to the canteen for his dinner. He wore a jogging suit that the hospital had kindly offered, he was accompanied by the nurse to the ground floor to the entrance of the canteen. At that time, the nurse left him and he walked in without hesitation in an enormous room mainly filled with patients, as well as the hospital personnel, all sat at tables of six-eight people and busy eating the first dish of their evening meal. Jack went to get his food to the counter close to the kitchen area, and went to sit down in one of the last free places left between the twenty or so tables that covered at least two thirds of the room entire area. In front of him, there was still miraculously a free place.*

*He started placing food in his mouth and slowly chewing the first bites of meat, with the look of who has just lost his whole family in a plane accident. At that time, about twenty metres away, a nurse walked through the canteen door pushing a wheelchair where a beautiful girl of about thirty years of age was sitting. She had long, straight, silky blond hair; immediately the nurse looked at the free space opposite Jack and started talking to the girl in the wheelchair.*

*“Look Miss Dunne, I think I can see a free place over there, near that guy with a blue jogging suit” [Jack]. Miss Dunne, placed a hand on her hair and then replied: “Mmm...from far away he appears to be a nice guy; I bet he won’t even wait a minute before he starts showing off his entire Ego in the hope to appear friendly and interesting...oh God, I already feel assaulted by boredom even before I sit at that table”.*

*The nurse smiled and accompanied to the empty place opposite Jack; she moved the chair and placed the wheelchair in its place, then headed towards*

*the kitchen counter for her first dish. They both greeted each other with a hushed "Hallo"; Jack gave a faint smile and then immediately became serious, glancing at his dish and every once in a while observing in a faded way the rest of the world through the windows of the canteen. After a few minutes, the nurse returned to their table and placed a tray with the first dish in front of the lady with the golden hair.*

*Once again, Jack gave her a faint smile and once again used his vocal cords.*

*"Enjoy your meal!" he said.*

*She thanked him with a semi-smile and then started eating.*

*He really liked that woman, the energy seemed to emanate, she appeared to be positive. And the incredible thing for Jack was that she did not even appear to be stupid; actually, even though they hadn't even started a real dialogue, she appeared to be a rather intelligent and well-educated woman. It was as if his sixth sense, was making him understand that with that woman, sat by pure chance opposite him, would have been able to talk about anything.*

*Without even introducing herself; Ms Catherine Dunne, stared at Jack for an instant and then said: "Look, God is really enjoying himself seeing you so down and dispirited" He then answered: "Mmm...I did not believe God was so cruel." And she replied: "Oh...he is crueller than you can ever imagine", she put forward her right arm towards him and introduced herself with a bright smile: "Hallo, my name is Catherine...Catherine Dunne". Jack shook her hand and introduced himself as well: "Jack...Jack Caster... like the general".*

*Jack and Catherine sat at that table for about four hours, as if a mysterious power had forced them do carry out a "forced dialogue" but at the same time was terribly harmonious and reassuring for both. At about midnight, Jack took Catherine to the entrance of her room, waved goodbye and wished her a good night sleep with a smile and a handshake. He then returned to his room, went to bed, but was unable*

*to sleep the whole night. Even Catherine that night was unable to sleep.*

*The following morning, the two saw each other again in the canteen, this time for breakfast. They both sat at the same table, opposite each other, and the moment their eyes met again, they both understood that they would have spent a lot, actually an immense amount of time, together.*

*Jack had finally found the woman of his life.*

The teaching that we can deduct from this tear-jerking story with surreal contours, is that nothing happens by chance.

All the events, including those that appear to be more casual and thus without intrinsically appearing meaning, belong to a Divine Plan that cannot be deciphered in any way by a common human mind. Even the most tragic and sad events belong to the Divine Plan; it is only after the Bad that you can reach the Good and vice versa! Lao Tzu said:

Is there a difference between the yes and no?  
Is there a difference between the good and the bad?  
Should I fear what others fear? Foolish!  
To have and not to have together emerge  
The simple and the difficult come to completion  
The long and the short balance themselves out  
The tall and the small support each other  
The forwards and the backwards follow each other.<sup>3</sup>

But let's not go too deep for now, in this kind of reflection.

In the brief story that I told, it is possible to easily notice in what way some cases it is possible to notice true synchronism. In this specific case (just like in many others), both people described (Jack and Catherine) were not even lightly touched by the minimum intention to want to meet (Catherine would have actually preferred to sitting

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<sup>3</sup> Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching, il libro della via e della virtù*, Milano, Mondadori, 1978

elsewhere, as she thought she may have had to interact with, in her opinion, a disagreeable person). Their minds, before their bodies met, were clear from any kind of expectation or desire towards who they were going to meet (Catherine was going to meet Jack and vice versa). In this case, it is possible to speak about true “external forces” which pushed the bodies (and later the minds) of our two friendly people to interact with each other. Catherine was lead towards Jack’s table by a simple choice of the nurse who nearly obliged her to do so, dictated by the conditions of the environment in that precise moment (in fact, the place in front of Jack, was one of the few places left to be identified by the visual field by the nurse from that point in the room!). As far as Jack was concerned, he had no other choice but to stay there. Even his situation was a totally obliged choice and the reasons are the following:

- a) The canteen was rather crowded and therefore would have found another place with difficulty (even if in his mind he might have thought about moving elsewhere) and he was fully aware of this. In this case the action of “external forces” was determining.
- b) For a simple reason of respect and background, he would have hardly moved from that chair in the moment that someone was going to sit opposite him. In this case it was a determining action of an “external force”, related to the “highest” functions of his psychic sphere, that themselves govern all the processes of behaviour.
- c) The woman who had sat in front of him, was rather attractive; she actually mirrored the rules of physical beauty that he found congenial. Someone could now erroneously think that the fascinating aspects of this woman could be intended to be a kind of “external force” in comparison to poor Jack; well this is absolutely false. It was the most primordial Jack’s impulses, that is those principally linked to his libido, to determine a kind of strength able to keep him firmly attached to that chair. Even in this case, therefore, it was “internal powers” to determine the action”.

When things must happen, they will surely happen. Full stop. Speaking about subjective will, is always highly aleatory.

*“We are drawn by fate towards what we refuse to get nearer to by walking with our heads erect”.*

*Carl Gustav Jung*

In *Introduction to Tantra : A Vision of Totality*, there is a beautiful consideration regarding the way, at an Ego level, our subconscious interacts with other Bands levels (biosocial, existential and transpersonal) which define the entire spectrum. According to the Lama Yeshe :

*”Our Ego(...) the neurotic mind which grabs hold of a solid sense of personal identity in order to find a support, is extremely powerful, and will fight against any vision that could threaten his security. It is deeply upset by the possibility that the self, just like any other thing, could simply be a figment of the conceptual thought. Therefore, we must expect enormous resistance when we meditate upon the non-existing autonomy of the Self. It is a natural thing, it simply consists in our our profoundly radicated Ego which fights against his own destruction”.*

Making a few hypothesis, more than simple considerations, on the nature of the various Bands-levels which define the entire spectrum of our subconscious and the way they interact between each other, we can easily reach the conclusion that the lately analysed (Bands-levels and relating mutual interactions) determine psychic *status* of the subject under discussion and as a consequence the *conformation of the territory* where it can be born or the opposite, each singular synchronistic event. It is therefore essential to be predisposed so that a synchronistic event can be triggered off within our psycho-physical sphere and therefore head towards a determined type of evolution whether positive or negative. Each psychic-physical *status* however, prearranges a determined synchronistic event; we are never immune therefore to synchronisms, as even in them, there is some kind of hierarchical event. We start with the simplest form of synchronism, for example the one able to change a boring day into a much happier and interesting day, perhaps after a...”*totally casual*”...meeting with an old friend at the market, a friend that we have not seen for a long

time; up to the most complex synchronism able to change, sometimes, the whole path of our lives. (such as for example, what sparks the phenomenon of falling in love).

### ***A Universe of Information ...***

In *Arkhétypon*, I firmly supported the idea that the fundamental constituent of energy is information.

From this consideration, I deduced some even more important ideas; that is:

- . Whatever physical entity (organic or inorganic) carefully considered in this Universe, apart from representing a complex form of energy (energy at a “*solid state*”), represents also a complex kind of information, that I have named potential information.
- . All the dispersive kinds of energy (such as for example gas or the smoke of a cigarette), even considered with difficulty, consist in billions and billions of atoms, and each atom is to be considered to be a complex form of information
- . Any subatomic particle, is itself to be considered as a complex form of information.
- . The photons, that is the quantum of energy, because lacking in mass and therefore imponderable, represent the smallest complex form of information known by mankind.

At this point, someone could easily make the mistake of believing that the entire Universe mainly consists in potential information. Well, you are wrong. Things are not like this at all. There is another kind of information, which I have denominated dynamic information, and that in turn represents the fundamental constituent of the following “parts” of the Universe; that is:

- \_ the collective subconscious according to Jung;
- \_ every singular thought that takes shape within a human brain.
- \_ every singular thought that takes shape within the a non-human brain.

\_every word, phrase or discourse *accomplished meaning* pronounced by a human being. If it takes place with one or more human beings (or machines, robots, computers, etc...) able to assimilate even just a small percentage of such information, we will talk of active dynamic information; whilst in the absence of human beings or “intelligent machines”, we will talk of non-active dynamic information. Such dynamic information, non-active, in my opinion is able to join with the collective subconscious in accordance with Jung.

The same thing goes for each word, phrase or discourse at accomplished meaning which is transmitted via methods of communications known to all of us (books, television, radio, etc...). In order to talk about active dynamic information, it is necessary to read and understand at least the slightly, whatever is written in a book, or what is said on television, on the radio, etc. . .

Non-active dynamic information included in a book, whether this is never read by anyone, is anyhow not able to link to the collective subconscious...or at least I don't believe it is...well, don't ask me too much...even my intelligence has a limit!

To make you understand in the best possible way the concept of dynamic information, it is perhaps better to give you a rather banal example of how it operates within the Universe.

We therefore remain with our feet on the ground and simply observe what happens the moment we take a book into our hands and begin to read it. If it consists in a scientific paper, each single concept expressed in the book, the moment that it is comprehended by us thus assimilated, constitutes in our mind a certain number of bits of information. What we can assume from this consideration, is that the more the quantity of information increases within our cranium, and the more the energy available at our brain's disposal.. This is for the simple fact that information and energy represent the same thing!

Speaking of information or speaking of energy, means talking about the same exact thing! It consists in a pure and simple dichotomy, comparable to that supported by Einstein the moment he discovered that mass and energy are exactly the same thing, because mass is nothing but a complex form of energy. Nowadays, scientists have

finally understood that energy itself is nothing but a complex form of information!

Nowadays, physicists speak of information, codified by an atom of any element; in a not very distant future, physicists will talk about how much information constitutes, represents, a determined element. We will therefore say that a Joule of energy (or an electro volt of energy) equals to a total amount of bits of information.

Every human being, is therefore to be considered as a complex form of energy; this means that he is constituted by a certain quantity of potential information (body) and a certain amount of dynamic information (mind). In Arkhétypon, I also gave the name to the system which takes shape from these two types of information (potential and dynamic), and called it : *Information of syntony*. I then referred to a particular structure of the human mind, saying: “*Only a mind that works in an analogue way is able to extract from the surrounding environment, constituted by the collective subconscious (dynamic information) and from any type of physical entity (potential information), the highest quantity of information of syntony (potential+dynamic), tolerable by a common human brain (or any human body, providing that it is not only our higher organ which captures such information...)*”.

We have therefore just established that the quantity of energy which constitutes the mind of a human being is comparable to the quantity of information (or bit of memory) of which such mind consists in. In conclusion, we can say that the quantity of energy that constitutes a human body, is incremental in the following two ways:

The first, is extracting as much information as possible (with education and learning in any field, whether scientific, political, military, etc...), in order to increase our own dynamic information.

The second however, is to increase the potential of our own physical capacities (for example by practicing sport, body building) so as to increase our own potential information. Increasing our own muscle mass, means to increment our muscular energy (don't forget that mass

and energy are exactly the same thing), which definitely means increasing our own “*potential muscular information*”. Having said something like this appears to be something ridiculous, but I ensure you that this is the actual reality of things.

A good energetic level, is therefore acquired, the moment when we contemporaneously increase potential information as well as dynamic information.

### ***The magic spoon..***

One of the most sensational results of the General Theory of Relativity, is that similarly to heavy masses, whatever forecast based on the Euclidean geometry, is to be considered completely unreliable. It was from this important discovery that they reached the idea of a curved space. It has now been known for some time, that no “*gravitational glue*”<sup>4</sup> exists (as wrongfully stated at the time by Newton and Keplero) between the stars and planets populating our Universe.

The Earth does not rotate around the Sun due to a gravitational effect which has not yet been identified, but goes round it because such “route” is the only one that it can travel through within easy reach of our star. This is due to the fact that the space around the Sun is curved. The geometry of the Universe has nothing Euclidean about it. But this is not easily comprehensible by anyone. In my opinion this should not however frighten you; if I was wrong, I can set your mind at rest by bringing your attention to the fact that there are millions of books on the market going into detail (for the profane, and in a very simple way) in the various themes of General Constricted Relativity. The entire Universe is structured according to fields of energy, characterized by their own shape and intensity. Any “solid” object belonging to our Universe (from a matchbox to the biggest star which has never been identified), is fundamentally nothing but a field of energy. We alone, are nothing but fields of energy...that is waves of

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<sup>4</sup> However, in astrophysics, for practical reasons inherent to calculating operations, they are still many constant and units of measures which go back to the first laws of Newton on gravitation are still widely accepted and used.

probability. Considering the fact that approximately 98% of an atom consists in an \*empty space” and that everything in the Universe (including man) is in itself constituted by atoms, someone could obviously have a few doubts about our “real existence”. Maybe Minsky was right in supporting that the Universe ultimately...does not exist!

If we really wish to end it beautifully, we should simply consider the fact that the result between two potential gravitational (positive and negative) constitute the entire Universe...is nothing at all! It is from this last consideration, that many scientists have started doubting the origins of the Universe arising from a Big Bang; claiming that the Universe could actually have generated itself from nothingness! And therefore without an initial Big Bang.

Therefore, just like there are many “inevitable routes” between stars, comets and planets, also on Earth there are such inevitable “routes” between all the organic and non-organic entities which populate it. In Archétypon, I considered such “routes” to be like energetic tunnels, where any kind of physical entity (man included) is found trapped and is obliged to follow a determined route, following predefined schemes.

Starting from these considerations, it is therefore possible to challenge the concept of subjective will and the concept of time. The moment that such concepts are challenged, we inevitably reach the idea of a predetermined future; the arrow of time disappears and we start to see a bridge between the quantum reality and the microscopic reality in accordance to Newton’s theories.

The breakdown of past, present and future that we utilize in order to determine an exact arrow in time, exists only in our minds; in the absolute reality of things, this arrow of time does not exist, the *running of time* does not exist but only a *unicum* temporal-spacial time of more dimensions. It is true that each value of time is related to the inertial system it refers to (and that is demonstrated by the Narrowness of Relativity, but an absolute value of time (which englobes all these “relative” times connected to its own inertial system), as claimed by H.Bergson and a little later by I. Prigogine, must necessarily exist.

In the last pages of the book *Between Time and Eternity*, Ilya Prigogine and Isabelle Stengers, in the conclusion of a subject regarding the distribution of average time in space-time, they expressed themselves in the following way::

*“Contrary to what appears to be resulting from Restricted Relativity, there is therefore a universal time that begins with observing a physical relativistic phenomenon, in this case being the propagation of the wave. [Here, Prigogine refers to the example of an island and the observing of the “modernization wave” it is concerned with. Such wave would allow the homogeneity of the island’s space-time.N.d.A]. In the Minkowskian description, the observers observe each other reciprocally. Furthermore, they observe, the evolution of the field, the dynamic unstable system which enables the introduction of an inner time.(...) The introduction of dynamic unstable processes therefore allows to reconcile the fundamental idea of Einstein of multi-faceted times and tempi linked with the existence of a Universal becoming, as supported by Bergson”.*

So far, we have discussed that whether we talk of mass, energy or information, we are talking about the same thing; that is of an “entity” which constitutes the entire Universe in three different states of existence. (For example, we talk of mass when we talk of a stone; we talk of energy when we talk of quantum light, whilst when we talk of the mind, we can easily talk of information). But where could we place Time, the absolute Bergsonian one? In  $God=mc^2$  I suggested the idea that Time, whether intended to be some kind of *energetic resonance* produced by three different states of energy (mass, energy, information), the mind included. Whilst, for the human thought, I supported the following hypothesis:

*“The human thought (and perhaps not only ours), can be only in part influenced by the illusory “running of time” that we perceive in the physical reality in which we live; it can override the space-temporal barriers, as it is not the fruit of a striking quantity of energetic interactions which define our physical reality, but rather a multidimensional resonance of interactions as such”.*

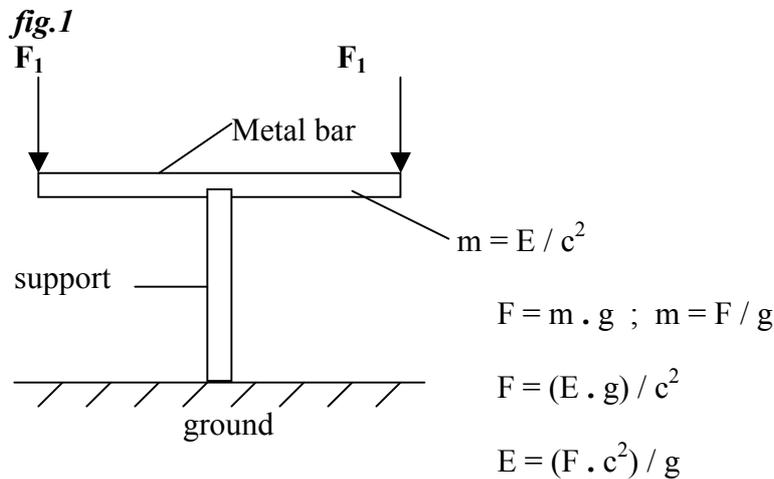
Both Time and human thoughts, according to this hypothesis, are nothing but some kind of energetic resonance.

The mind, that is dynamic information, is therefore able to generate, as well as thoughts, also Time!

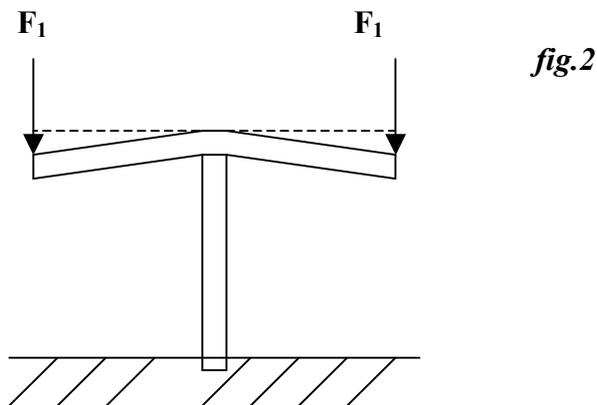
The deceptive “running of time” therefore, varies from subject to subject. Just like Einstein already claimed at the beginning of the last century; everyone will surely remember that famous rather ironic explanation that he gave to a journalist, eager to understand in the best of ways the concept Relativity. In *God= $mc^2$* , I even suggested a personal theory on the concept of biologic time.

And after this brief digression on ...the mysteries of Time, I would like to return for a while to my discussion on energy fields which constitute the entire Universe. The way we have got used to seeing our surrounding reality, will not surely help you to easily understand what I am about to explain, but you should not worry about it, I also found it difficult to see the reality of things with another set of eyes. Do not therefore feel discouraged, if what I am going to expose appears to be taken from a science fiction story or by a rather exaggerated introduction of a Yoga manual. In life, there is a time also to understand, but no one will impose it on you...where and when (to understand); it will be your fate to principally determine the if and ultimately the where and when. But I shall come to the point...

Closely observe the two following schematic drawings and various formulas that accompany them:



where "m" is mass;"E " stands for energy;"c " stands for light velocity; "F " stands for force and "g " stands for gravitational acceleration (intensity of earth field).



Now, let's suppose we have a cylinder support of a stretched shape pushed into the ground (see fig.1), able to withstand any type of force that applied onto it, without ever breaking or bending. We then lean on it a metal bar, a parallelepiped which is stretched with a square base, exactly on its centre-half (centre horizontal axis), so that both sides of the support "protrude" in equal measure. We now apply a  $F_1$

force on both ends of this metal bar, which has a sufficiently enough value able to bend the same. The ( $F_1$ ) force applied on both sides of the metal bar, is to be intended as the product of a fictitious mass ( $m$ ), for the acceleration of the gravitational field ( $g$ ). In this case, it is therefore essential considering any kind of mass, that is a certain quantity of energy...*at a solid state*, which "presses", as to invading another quantity of energy (that is the metal bar). The moment we apply this force, we witness an exchange of elementary particles. The largest quantity of energy ( $F_1$ ), "crashes" onto a smaller quantity of energy, constituted by a bar. The moment that this process ends, and the energetic equilibrium is reinstated, we believe that the bar has bent, but in reality there has simply been an exchange of particles between two energy potentials (or quantity of energy, however one might want to say between two energy fields, one which is "stronger" and the other "weaker". There has been a deformation of the spacial-temporal tissue circumscribed to the event (to the experiment corporeals), just in conjunction with this exchange of particles. The force that has been applied ( $F_1$ ), can be considered as an energy! In fact  $E = (F \cdot c^2) / g$  ; and it can be expressed for example as Mev or in Gev (respectively Mega or Giga electro volt)...or in Joules. Even if it is expressed in Newton, the force still remains a kind of dynamic energy, that is the result of an exchange between elementary particles. It is indeed true that  $F = (E \cdot g) / c^2$  !

*It isn't the spoon that bends; it is the space around it that distorts.*

*...as taught by the*

*Zen....*

***A ungrateful task....***

No one is able to know what the true meaning of life is, but at least, someone was able to understand what various activities which for centuries have been governing and modelling human existence actually represent. Towards the end of the book "*The anthropic principle*", the authors, J.D.Barrow e F.J.Tipler , discussed the subject in the following way:

*“(….)all of life’s activities, whether they consist in scientific research, economic production or mystic meditation, consist in the elaboration of information. (….)A limit which is above the total quantity of information that can be produced by using the entire amount of material resources of a solar system is  $10^{70}$  bit. Because  $10^{19}$  bit / s ( $10^{10}$  bit / person per second x  $10^9$  people) represents a lower limit for the rhythm of information elaboration in our civilization, our solar system will be completely consumed in less than 5000 years if science continues to grow in such an exponential way to the current rhythm throughout this lapse of time. Therefore, in a few thousands of years, whatever activities it will be dedicating itself to, an advanced civilization will be in a need for new resources”.*

A few pages later he adds:

*“(….)Therefore, whatever an intelligent being does, and not only his thoughts, is to elaborate information in one form or another. It follows that all thoughts and imaginable actions of any possible form of life, are ultimately subjected to constrictions imposed by the law of physics which rule the elaboration of information.”*

Every biological entity of this planet, is to be considered as some kind of “*method of energy exchange*”. These entities, ultimately represent the analysis of structures (or of systems, as one may say) opened (rather fragile) towards its surrounding environment, able to extract from such environment, all the energy required in order to live.

The moment a human being takes in food, all he does is elaborate (paraphrasing Barrow and Tipler) information in the “*solid state*”(that is, food), into other kinds of information which are less complex, moving from caloric energy to a pure and simple dynamic information, which ultimately constitutes all of our thoughts.

Nothing is created and nothing is destroyed, everything is transformed...someone said a few centuries ago. Now, it would therefore be wrong to believe that only biological entities are able to feed themselves (as open structures) and reproduce themselves.

Even if it could seem incredible, it is not only the chemical factors of carbon, able to generate physical entities of this kind; that is open structures able to feed themselves and reproduce themselves.

In 1950, Von Neumann, suggested that a car able to reproduce itself, of which the replication cycle resulted surprisingly similar to that of viruses. In *The anthropic principle*, Barrow and Tipler explain with the following words the functioning of a machine by Von Neumann:

*“In Von Neumann’s scheme, a machine which reproduces itself consists in two parts, a constructor and an information deposit which contains the instructions for the constructor. The latest is a machine which manipulates the matter enough to be able to make the necessary various parts of the selfreproducing machine and assemble them in the final structure. The complexity of the constructor greatly depends on that of the selfreplicant machine and by the material available in the environment. The most general type of constructor, called a universal constructor, is a machine, or if you prefer, a robot, able to do anything as long as it is given the appropriate instructions.(...) The deposit of information consists in the memory of a calculator which contains detailed instructions on how the constructor needs to manipulate the matter: first of all, it supplies the instructions to make a copy of a constructor without the deposit of information, or a constructor with an with an empty calculator memory. The deposit of information is therefore duplicated, that is it registers the information contained in the memory of the calculator. Finally, the deposit of information and the constructor are assembled, so that the create a copy of the original machine. The copy has all the original information, so it is therefore able to reproduce itself in the same environment”.*

Now, someone could object about the fact that Von Neumann’s machine should be intended to be like a physical entity open towards the environment which surrounds it (even though it is able reproduce itself); and in fact he would have all reasons to do so. Von Neumann’s machine, as described by Barrow and Tipler, is certainly able to self reproduce but it is absolutely not able to power itself,

which is an essential condition if we want to describe it as a physical entity open towards the environment which surrounds it. Such machine, to be able to produce others similar to it, must accomplish a task, which means that it must consume energy. It will therefore only be able to produce a limited number of machines, a number that will obviously be in relation to its own autonomy (that is on the length of its own batteries!). The machines that are therefore produced, will themselves be bound to the quantity of energy which they initially have at their disposal, destined to lower the more they actually produce others. Therefore, to be able to talk about a machine, similar in each and every way to a living system, that is a physical entity, open towards its surrounding environment and thus able to power itself and secondarily able to reproduce, it is necessary that the same is able to constantly extract energy from its surrounding environment ... without ever having to be serviced by man! It is on the basis of these principles, that we will be able to elaborate, in a future which is surely not too far away, some kind of machine... *of a perpetual motion*. To enable machines to self replicate themselves it will be anyhow necessary to wait a long time... a very long time.

The creation of such kind of machine, able to reflect some proper and real living systems, is not however impossible. A solution could be to ensure that they can be powered by the energy of the sun; unfortunately with the technology that is nowadays available, they would not be able to constantly store a sufficiently high quantity of such energy to be able to reproduce themselves. We will therefore have to wait a few hundred years, before such machines can be produced. Until mankind will not be able to design and produce in series, engines of total annihilation, the film Terminator will never have any prophesy in it. Believe me.

Even supposing that one day science could create such monsters, that is machines able to reproduce themselves, we can only hope that they would always operate and in any case for the wellbeing of mankind.

*“Science, each inclined towards its own direction, has up to now not caused much harm; but one day, the merging of fragments of*

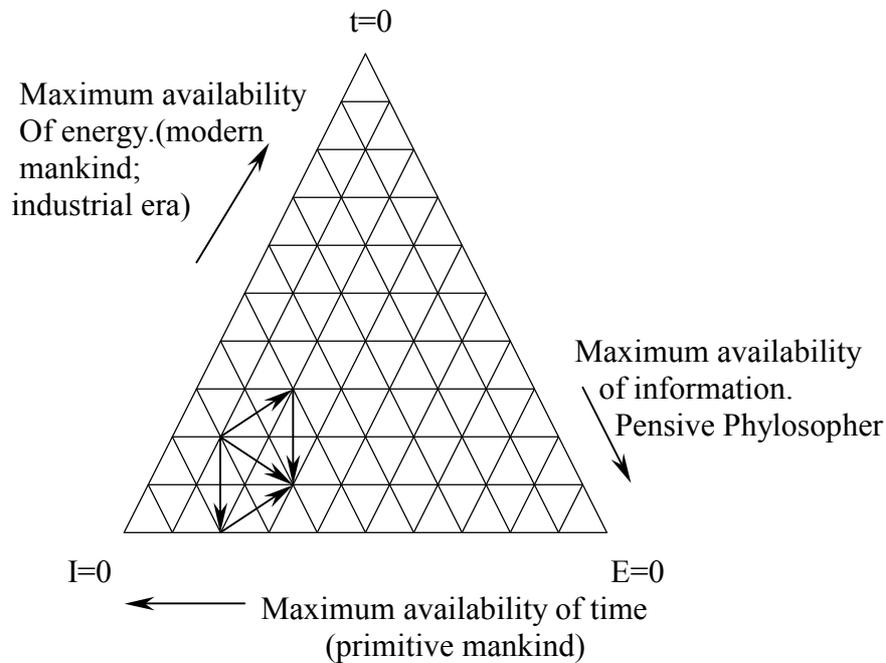
*dissociated conscious will open up panoramas of reality so terrifying...that we will either go crazy for the revelation, or will run away from its mortal light, searching refuge in the peace and security of new dark centuries”.*

*H.P. Lovecraft*

In the last few decades, scientists have gone very close to the equation which is the basis of all of Creation, that is:

mass = energy = information; however, they unfortunately still consider information to be something well distinct from energy. They consider it to be something closely connected to energy, but its intrinsic properties have little to do with such entity (energy).

The Swiss physician Daniel Spreng, managed to give his best contribution by devising a type of triangle, actually also homonymous (Spreng Triangle), which defines relationships symbiotic between energy, time and information. In this triangle, any combination of two of the three variables mentioned above, is able to modify the value of the remaining variable (or vice versa; that is: any variation of one of these three variable entities, is able to perform a modification combined in the other two).



Each point of the triangle represents a possible combination of information, time and energy necessary to accomplish a determined task. The top vertex of the triangle, represent the point of maximum energy; whilst that on the bottom right, defines the point where the “required” energy is apparently null. The vertex below to the right of the triangle, mirrors the world of the primitive man, whereas the necessary information needed to build instruments able to reduce physical labour, it was necessary to spend more time and energy in any ambit of human activity. The pensive philosopher, or the physic deep in thought for the elaboration of the desired Theory of All, is found in  $E=0$ ; point where it is necessary to spend much time and information in order to reach concrete results. The current world, modern and rather advanced as far as technology is concerned, is currently found in the proximity of the higher vertex of the Spreng Triangle, where he has given time a zero value; because in such

contest, where much quantity of energy and information is employed, each activity carried out by mankind is considerably accelerated.

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