

## Lithosphere flying, saucers and other tricks

Backing up my old files on a massive external drive, i'm suddenly struck by this life allegory, which at the same time holds a powerful aerodynamical and information theory analogy: i'm taking care of my wake, the contrail i left.

I'm trying to range eddies and vorticities, redundancies, on the small world into which I can peek back, the memory of a computer. I seek for the minimum of an arbitrary function, the image of the subjective me through time, which must collapse on present time and be self consistent. My quest is the quest for sleekness, the inviscid airfoil who spreads the air normally to its own volume and glues it back on the trailing edge, zipping through reality at the expenses of the minimum energy needed for not sinking into the homogeneous medium, but nothing more.

Why this specific criterion, one may ask, and the answer is simple: my subjective image is an abstract image, i'm an entity playing a topological game with reality and senses. Unfortunately, I leave contrails and wakes which are dign of a blunt body with a lot of base drag, and the medium surrounding me is far from being the homogeneous fluid one finds in the air: it's full of stones, ridges, dead ends.... It would be more appropriate to say that I'm trying to fly through the lithosphere, and yes, one could fly into the lithosphere, provided some basic postulate on its own self-consistency physics are changed, and some time constants rearranged.

I could enter into thermodynamics and entropy issues, trying to define my being and my life as the whole action garbled into the wake of my whole life, which would be a scalar quantity and therefore somehow unable to get some more variability and richness of the overall behaviour of a life form.

There is a powerful image, a flying saucer/airfoil slicing through reality and time, to which the inviscid airfoil analogy is actually bearing to: the saucer is just being there at present time, no traces of its past, because it leaves no wake, no traces of its future, because it could slice anywhere. The ultimate independent action machine.

Its independency, however, still lacks some issues. For example, from objective time. To be time-independent, and not being a statue or a balloon just floating there -which one might say to be of contemplative existence- the machine should actually convince the surrounding physics to negotiate time too. The whole wake/information theory analogy stands as far as time is interpreted in a classical fashion. One possible alternative would be the "permeative action": the machine actually is a diplomatic machine, an osmosis machine, achieving an incredible masterpiece: still maintaining its own identity -or some parts of it, like a talea, which spreads the same genetic code through detached parts of the same organism- it manages to flirt with each quantum interaction at a microscopic level (as i would describe it) till it makes a break into the surrounding causal-effect tissue. This tissue gives the self-consistency of the outer environment at the eyes (and facts!) of a "wide angle" observer: the environment *is* the resulting interactions space, the ultimate dictatorships in terms of what is what, where, when and how, including the machine. Should the machine carve its break inside the causal-effect negotiation, it could eventually turn the whole environment inside out like a sock.

To be honest, such a machine already exists, and its exactly in front of your eyes. It is reality, as one commonly calls it. Not exactly the shape of a flying saucer.

So, this works. We are completely turned inside out by the permeative action of reality. One could say this is because we are made by reality itself.

But this is not honest. We play *cache-cache* with reality. Sometimes we let it in, sometimes we go into our special hidden corner, like a professor who checks out some formulas on the retro of a flyer to teach to his students on the following day, and we isolates from the causal-effect tissue of external reality, which would not allow this *tricherie* under the sun. This is to say that we do imagine/think about something that is not there. At the expenses of some energy, one might say, we put our machine at work: it has indeed started negotiations.

So, the small, almost invisible flying saucer is actually born, and struggles as usual to be alive, as it can, *tricherie* or not.

Will it leave any wake?



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