DIALOGUES HEROES III:
Из Вагантов

or Dr. Afanasov's "Canadian Notes on The First Snow", vol. 17.4%
(dedicated to A.F. & K.B., Bjelians of The Space, MK^2, and D-Bros)

«Profundity ratings for statements containing a random collection of buzzwords were very strongly correlated with a selective collection of actual “Tweets” from Deepak Chopra’s “Twitter” feed ($r$’s = .88–.89).»

PRE-CHORUS:

1 Azar 1394 SH.
Drive 3/4, bass 1/2, tone 1/2.
That should give you the closest sound.
(clean, delay)

E---------------------------
B---------------------------
G----------5----------------
D----7-5h7----7--7-5h7-5-0-- x3
A---------------------------
D--0------------------------
E-------------------------------------------
B-------------------------------------------
G----------5--------------------------------
D----7-5h7----7--7-5h7-5-0-----7------7----- x8
A-------------------------------------------
D--0-------------------------5------3-------

ससंससार  ससंससार  ससंससार  ससंससार [OPEN BRAIN CURTAIN] ससंसार  ससंसार  ससंसार  ससंसार

CHORUS: Wind was blowing through the open chakras. The wind of change.

PHILONOUS: Hopefully this time it will be something more pleasurable than Gorbachev's silent betrayal and Scorpions' visit to Moscow.

HYLAS: Dear Philonous, I see that you also crave for some prolegomena to Hexensküche of the Grothendieck--Riemann--Roch veni--vidi--vici theorem about local life bundles?

PHILONOUS: Naturally, my grateful not-so-dead friend. Since massive collective trip of all Canadians on the National Weed Legalisation Day became a critically acclaimed spiritual event (95% on Rotten Soultatoes), it started to attract all possible varieties of worldwide vagabond openminders, urged to represent
their mental schemes as a part of the nation-wide multidimensional cosmic-trip on a weed space-ship into Organic Fractional Dimensions.

HYLAS: My dearest Philonous, while I may agree with you on the subject of our discussion ("was it unexpectedly ignited at some of those underground waterloaan seminars?" - Hylas tried to remind himself, but he had a feeling that the no-go for infinitely precise processing, derived from the Kotovian Permanent Memory Leak Theorem, prevented him from doing so; but maybe it was just an ordinary green hole, a temporarily blinded spot in chemically hyperconnected neural network), it is quite clear from a classical ("a term, which refers to XX-th century, LOL" - Hylas has been *actually* thinking) education that space-time has four, precisely four dimensions. As you know, this follows from the advanced geometric properties of the Hodge theory applied to Yang--Mills type theories, and, more precisely, the mathematics of cancellation of ghosts in the nonabelian setting ("...and you may be interested in this interesting historical remark, that some indications of it were provided already by Finkelstein in Old Sweet Seventies" - Hylas decided not to add it, before having a kinky game of verifying this claim by himself through research into the original papers).

PHILONOUS: The love for illumination and enlightenment, replacing the ancient category of truth---as long as the latter is allowed to be considered in an appropriately generalised form---is the only struggle that we could strive for together, beloved co-traveller of my local lucid daydreaming ("exosemiotical junk-joint at the heart-mind betrayed"---was quasi-rendering Philonous synchronously, while observing that the structure of an attached p-adic probability estimate is computably generalised Morita equivalent to a derived Picard groupoid in one of the local fibrations of his local mood geometry). However, let's stop being deleuzed in the derridorium. In the First Enlightenment epoch of the New Middle Ages the "old great four" dimensions of space and time, so bravely controlled by the oldschool engineers of mechanical machines, became only a pervert (or, sometimes, sentimental) passion of an extravagantic minority. The favourite modality of most of the population was the game of SSAM (Self-Syncopated Awareness & Multiperception). In order to design proper tools to feed the growing needs of subtle mixes, completely new semiotic learning languages and corresponding implementing environments had to be introduced. The distinction between them has replaced the old one, between syntax and semantics. (De Sassurean surgical cut was expelled into the barely inhabited caves of the last positivistic Talibans with their exclusivistic reductionist occultism. Let them play their fetishes, someone has to continue the research on the plague.) Logos and Theos were floating in their tantric kundalini dance, giving re-birth to all post-quantum stuff in which Multiverses of thought styles of thought collectives were modeled in.

HYLAS: But please, don't forget to remind us also that SSAM pills were allowed to be sold only in the special license stores, with complete control and tracking of each particular individual intake. Moreover, SSAM was considered by some (unexplainably but peacefully deceased) critics as EVIL (Extracted Venomial Iboga Lethality). Recently discovered additional "QM::rand(); scrolls" fragments contain allegations of a serious reality fraud: removing those organic microcomponents from Iboga that allow for the "ultimate awareness / God-level forgiving", and substituting it by BOSS (Babylon Obeyence Synthetic Subjectivity). The allegations of an inside job supposedly made on 11/7 by the government of The United Protectorate of Psychozoic Provinces were quite popular for a while, especially at some shady areas of the flea markets, fueling both people's mutual distrust and good income of the illegal iBOGa dealers (called "Dervishes-D") as well.

PHILONOUS: Despite the Dzherzhinskyan smell of a massacred human flesh here and there, at the outskirts of our Happy Phantasmatic Empire, the samsāra wheel of historical process definitely needs to be taken into account in an estimation of the value of a handicapped Enlightenment enriched by the anyone who no longer feels the necessity to cry over the inevitable nonideality of all things mortal, at least because they were anyway designed to be such ("But, after all, he was right about this Iboga stuff... Maybe I should not pretend that I am more Enlightened than he is? What if some day he realises it? Would it be possible to play out the trickster's improvisation game once again? Let's cover up it with one more layer of a crazy semiotic spiral before he's see the weakness and fear in my eyes!" - the creepy purr of an old buddy, the neurotic inverse pentatonics, was gripping his stomach and the big pile of ice-cream with some weedtella inside it). As we all know, the DMT electro-insectic guardians bring a legitimate entry to the higher-order steinerian levels of Naturwissenshaft. Was vernuenftig ist, das ist wirklich; und was wirklich ist, das is vernuenftig. Vehrstehen Sie? Atman macht frei.
HYLAS: I know that you are trying to play out the hedonistic argument for this "synthetics are not so bad compared to organics" old crap, but let's be honest. Only shamans are able to play with real death and life. And the price is high, way higher than you could ever get even with Dawamesk B-2. Synthetics are just mental illusions that fool you into broken daydreams. The spiritual cannot be conditioned on the mind-waves, independent of how luxuriously you are trippin', or the size of your astral synchronicity portfolio is. Yes, one can always fool some chicks on tantric festivals, but sooner or later, you'll face the glimpse of an akashic smile. Je n'approuve que ceux qui cherchent en gémissant.

PHILONOUS: There is no such thing as a natural death. Nothing that ever happens to man is natural, since his presence calls the whole world into question. All men must die, but for every man his death is an accident, and even if he knows it he would sense to it an unjustifiable violation. Well, you may or may not agree with the words, but in the end it will only be your best personal bet among all of the possible contexts of interpersonal emergent realities, and you can only partially design them.

HYLAS: So what do you propose for an interesting way of life in the artificial heavens?

PHILONOUS: Many fruits of the doomsday's deceiver spirit are on this tree. Let's just try one of them, and see what we will find.

HYLAS: Ok, let's take the snake and bake the cake with no mistake in the intake.

[CHORUS starts singing Tuvan overtone shamanic song. PHILONOUS reaches out a semi-cyborgised quarter-bioelectronic hand towards the art installation above them, and takes down an apple. CHORUS stops singing. A silent moment of contemplation. PHILONOUS takes a bite (and at this moment we hear a powerful Tibetan gong sound) and passes the apple to HYLAS. HYLAS takes the apple, with an accompaniment of a very insane violin and harmonica music. Apple comes closer, closer, and closer to HYLAS' mouth. Violin goes crazy. Vika goes wild. HYLAS bites. Second tibetian gong. Silence. Darkness. Binaural isochronics after some noticeable pause. Then return of the light - but only as a single reflector straight onto PHILONOUS. His voice has changed. His clothes have changed. Now he is the TRICKSTER of the Ceremony.]

TRICKSTER: "...so the practical unverifiability of Mochizuki's 'Inter-universal Teichmüller Theory' by the worldwide mathematical community seems to be a borderline experimental example of the 'for-all-practical-purposes correctness' of Voevodsky's argument for the use of higher-homotopical type theories as a foundation of mathematics based on computability instead of the ancient "theorem-and-proof" construct of mathematical 'truth'. Ramanujan never needed the latter anyway, yes? And this is the whole point of post-quantum structuralism, or Physics 2.0, if you want to give this viXra-quality stuff a name,..."---Dr. Afanasol Benz emptied his pipe of the burned ashes of The Previous Approaches, and after a small break decided to continue (but---why? (or: why not? ("in fact, actually, why not?" - was thinking all that time HYLAS))---at some random further point ("there is no such thing as randomness, according to Jaynes"---some parallel process in HYLAS' mind has been communicating in the shadowy offshores of whatever remained of his consciousness))) his improvised investigation of internally perceived visual transitions that he was growing recently at the southern outbacks of his mind---"...just a specific application of the new categorical fusion of logic with geometry that is based on a principle more refined than the idea, according to which the structure of *singular proofs* of properties of geometric objects may be just an indication of the fact that a whole *theory of given structures* can be used as a "spatial" model for the refined versions of these objects including their structural relationships, understood, e.g., in terms of "propositions as arrows" semantics (for example, sheaves over the opposite category of smooth rings model more theorems of a theory of smooth manifolds then the theory of single smooth ring). The new principle says that the procedure of intertwining between different viewpoints - logical, programmistical, post-quantum, homotopical - is an inherent part of their own foundations. This allows one to essentially enrich a playground for construction of different visual representations of algebrisations of specific systems of proving theorems about structures. We need this not only for effective programming of those insanely hyped Very Deep Neural Learning algorithms, which applied to Witkacy's paintings and novels will design specific modular, programmable genetic circuits that would control specific electronic plant functions (an electron-[iron]ic Earth volta of O.Becker & G.Selden), but also to deal sensibly with such crazy mathematical universes as this 'Inter-universal Teichmüller' stuff. Mochizuki's great sense of humour, providing radically comic *and* serious Denkstil for establishing the
criteria for the optimality of proofs of correctness can be appreciated only from the perspective that takes his all theory as a mathematics created in order to intersubjectively communicate the contents of visions and insights obtained by heavy-duty systematic intakes of psilocibean shrooms with some occasional shintoic channelings. Doing boolean and intuitionistic logic was good for set theory and topology. To address more advanced mathematical geometrical objects and proof tools, logic has to be less 'globally reproducible'. Only weak patterns are repeated, and in a specifically 'dynamic' way. To transcend the cute mythology of the '68-'69 protests (as indicated by baudrilleardian turn in critical philosophy), beyond mutual nonrepresentivity of C*-algebras with sigma-complete orthomodular lattices of projections on one side and kripkean intuitionistic multi-sort higher order type theory modelled in Lawvere--Tierney toposes on the other, one has to localise logic by further following the path of fibrations into higher order groupoids, beyond nonabelian higher-order stackification of Tarski/Stone/Gelfand duality, and so on... Motivic patterns... Don't forget about higher-order neo-fregean ideas of Makkai in (Montreal, August '08)... and further... through the chilled-out lazy lounges of the Grothendieck Cafè... Much to say... Maybe one day...

[the voice of TRICKSTER becomes more and more rippled in the frequency floatations accompanied by sound amplitude decrease and accompanied by HYLAS' sun salutations on the edge of a visible scene with a rainbow multi-light visual effects around him. Everything becoming gradually slower and slower until the lucid state of a singular awareness of being here and now that stops all movement, wherever it has been just before.]

CHORUS: Somewhere, in the night, watch the weather change, while the winter snows of South-Western Ontario gently weep in the waves of Lateralus' riffs...

ससंसार  ससंसार  ससंसार  ससंसार  [CLOSE CO-B(R)-AIN KURT-AIN]  ससंसार  ससंसार  ससंसार  ससंसार

POST-CHORUS (&PHASER):
[with binaural isochronic sound in the background]

...so if I'd believe in something from nothing today, in lauditive Te Deum, Wouldn't it be better to believe in the happy Mickeymouseoleum? In the spirits of dreams, the spirits of trees, And---free of blood and gluten---the simulacras of tears?...

Waterloo, Ontario, 23.XI.2015