



**By Santosh Jha**

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*If **Consciousness** could liberate itself from servitude of viscosity and transcend beyond reassurance of intuitiveness; if **Cognition** could dare to journey probabilities beyond dogmatism of self-evidence; infinite novel and alternative **Causalities** open up and blossom to potential, the ever-evolving portals of mesmerizingly marvelous spectrum of experiencing. Probably, first time in human history, a humanly designed idea and structure of artificial intelligence has accidentally unraveled the true potentials of nature's stupid design of **Intellect**. Essentially, in a way, human civilization has only just begun to take a definitive shape, in the womb of time; after centuries of tumultuous meandering of embryonic maturity.*

*Let there be no miscarriage...*

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### **At The Very Outset...**

It is incredibly unsettling to arrive and stay at the experience that if this very powerful sense and feel of 'I' or definitive me is what billions other have lived out in past and billions other shall in future; there seems an entrenched actualization that 'I' am a continuous and immortal observer-witness of Reality. But still; my consciousness and sense of 'I', knowing it very well that this is a bubble; has a tough time deciding how I should place my personal mortal subjective consciousness vis-à-vis the immortal objectiveness of the infiniteness of reality, in a way that is most appropriate and closest to the actuality of reality; in a short span I am allowed to survive.

It is easy to experience that as my own personal subjective sense of 'I' or me is a bubble within the larger bubble of reality, this deep sense of actuality of my beingness and its transcendentality are only emergent virtuality of bubble existence. Though it is however, to experience as how best and optimally my bubbled reality should align itself with actuality of objectivity of cosmic reality, beyond, above and beneath the surface-level restrictiveness of my personal, subjective and visceral-intuitive experience-cognition of partiality of reality. The painfulness of my relationship with spectrum of 'Me' as well as with the expansiveness of 'Reality' is the test of the wavering sanity of my consciousness and cognition.

This juxtaposition of ephemeral 'I' vis-à-vis the eternal Cosmos is scary, yet mesmerizing and satiating. A transient speck of virtuality of my mortal being, trying unsuccessfully to stupidly stand tall in front of infiniteness of colossal cosmos of reality is the best humor, I can offer myself. This is the precarious path of cognition, a consciousness has to tread. This humor is scary; yet probably the only viable option to accept and internalize mortality and its journeys. This journey is now at '57' and still foolishly experimenting with experiencing, cognitive spectrum and their optimality of potentials.

The journey of a 57-year old 'Me' is on at two simultaneous levels – first is, upgrading and augmenting the levels of novel-alternative information to prepare my consciousness for experience-cognition of diverse and multidimensional realities and second is upgrading and augmenting the levels of courage and sanity to brave and internalize novel-alternative experiences; especially cognitions, avalanching on my stupid consciousness. The tragedy is immense, as this '57' is neither intelligent nor brave.

It is a humbling and distressing realization that consciousness, especially my own stupid-insipid one, is too fragile, ineligible and incongruous media to journey the tumultuous and intimidating pathways of both subjective as well as objective information and experiencing. As always, I share, with you, whatever I experience and internalize in the journey; to make happen 53 eBooks so far. This sharing, in your hands right now, is 57's 54<sup>th</sup>...

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## **Content of Intent**

This causal relationship among available and amenable dimensions of information, experience-cognition, its memories and sense of 'I'; evolving in the perceived linearity of time-space of ever changing and tumultuous cultures of human world is weird at best and calamitous at worst. It creates parts and shades of consciousness of a person and often, as these parts happen to be independent and asymmetrical, their collective and cooperative assemblage engenders a virtuality of personality, which always struggles to decide upon the holism of its consciousness and its common life-living goals. Consciousness therefore seems very restrictively, just a messed up and incompatibly piled up inventory of un-synced information bits, catalogued and indexed by a precariously poor memory, to recall where and how things are stacked.

This clearly means; if information and its optimal management is what create a successful and smart consciousness; it is important to have clear and efficient communication between information, experience-cognition, memories and sense of 'I'. These four 'friends', need to be in highly

galvanized, mutual and collective relationship. And for this to happen, they need to communicate well and enough. Ultimately, this can happen only when the *friends* have a powerful and intelligent language as well as sumptuous leisure in tranquility and sanity of milieus. Tragically; only a handful men and women have the opulence of these treasures and therefore, almost 99 percent of humanity; me included; has the poverty and misery of these *bare basics* to allow them the luxury of having a viably sound consciousness.

This poverty has its worst impact on optimality of experience-cognition of probable realities and its expression to oneself and others. This means, for mass majority of humans, both **Intent** and **Content** of their consciousnesses are impaired and befuddled, thus susceptible to scammed expressions. This all I am saying, not as an excuse for my own stupidity, which anyways is a foolproof indefensible actuality; but just to underline the reality about the challenges that are there for both you and me, as we begin to share the contents of intents over such complex issues like reality, experience-cognition, consciousness, et al.

As a 57-year old stupid, beginning with my 54<sup>th</sup> eBook, as always, I rely more on your magnanimity and genius to reach out the intent of my content, in optimal shape and symmetry. As always, my poverty has the opulence of your munificence and compassion...

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## PREFACE

It is mesmerizing; somehow, like a miraculously scripted but well lived out dream, to unassumingly accept and internalize; how these 57 years of my life has been an incessantly meandering journey of wading through different, contrasting, catalytic and unconventionally *avant-garde* dimensions of what is popularly termed as Reality. Far more magically marvelous has been this deep felt realization that this multitude of differentiated shades of *Reality*, experienced and actualized by what I may stupidly call ‘myself’, are actually the models and simulations, which my brain states manifested, for purposes, I am not always sure but can be genuinely clubbed as *navigational*, in its full spectrum. This scientific term reflects very well in popular cultural connotation in human life-living when it is quipped that life is like an ocean and every human being has to *swim* across it, wading through deep tumultuous waters. Essentially, *navigation* of a life points out to the spectrum of thoughts-behavior-actions, which this very subjective sense of ‘I’ or me as protagonist possesses or presents, as reaction to largely personal experience-cognition of situations that its brain states processes as ambient Reality, to successfully progress in society and culture.

Thankfully, the same brain states keep buoying up this uncomfortable realization to me that whatever shades of Reality *I* may say, I have experienced and ‘registered’ as happening to *Me*; cannot ever be authenticated as objectively true and singularly actual. The humanly perceived labels of *truth* and *actuality*, as presented to what is popularly realizable as *Self* and *Consciousness*, are probably only a grain out of the colossal holism of Reality, manifesting itself at the cosmic theatre, that too at a very localized and transient Time-Space landscape.

A subjective and personal reality of perceived situations cannot be an *ocean* but only a tiny portion of water-pool, with its own ripples and waves to navigate through, within the larger nomenclature of an Ocean.

Metaphorically, a life is like standing on a tiny patch of sand at the beach of a sea, which is a only part of an ocean and then stupidly feeling that it has *seen* and *known* the ocean. Probably, there ain't a certainty of actuality of Reality of transcendentality. Probably, objectivity to a human possibility, restricted by its poorly localized-ephemeral consciousness spectrum, is only sum-totality of equally ambient collective subjectivities, that too within a very slender fabric of Time-Space, which is just a small patch of infiniteness of the cosmos.

May be; there are only probabilities of infinite actualities of possible Realities. A single life or subjective individual self assesses and lives out only a few probabilities and stupidly terms it as sum-totality of the universe of reality. The personal water-pool simulates the feel and perception of an ocean as the water expanse happens to be the common fabric of reality for all lives in collective space of cultures. In modern scientific parlance; what consciousness can realize and actualize are some pockets of *reducible* realities, in the mega expanse of *irreducible* probabilities. This probably is the minuscule 'beach-observer' potential of consciousness, facing the expansive probabilities of an ocean.

This seems the magic as well as the seed of pathologies for human life-living. Internalizing and living out this *reality* about 'Realities', with a very powerful but equally precarious media of *experience-cognition*, is probably the most acerbic yet most satisfyingly rewarding actualization of self or consciousness. My 57, therefore, seems both blessed as well as doomed at the same time. Living out a life, as sufficient and sumptuous yet momentary as 57 years; in the infinity of Time or to say in Timelessness space; and in a

constant and ever evolving journey of accrued knowledge and novelties of constantly emerging scientifically credible information, is a huge satisfaction, as it is probably a reasonably good chunk of 'Time-Space' progression, to be accepted as sufficient 'micro model' of the very progression and evolution of Reality itself in this cosmos. This hypothesis of self or subjective consciousness, as a 'mini-model' for perceptual internalization of the possible models or simulations of realities in cosmic theatre, is a thrilling idea about life and living.

Probably, this dimension or hypothesis about personal reality stands as a portal to the probability of multidimensionality of realities, in the vastness of Time-Space structure. The sense and acceptance of 'Me', as this small and clumsy window to peep into the infiniteness of cosmic milieu, its diversities of probable realities, embedded transience and ultimate mortality, is very unsettling, yet equally satisfying experience-cognition. This wide spectrum of probable realities, available for experience-cognition, between the two ends of potential and stupidity, to an individual human consciousness is colossal grief as well as ultimate bliss, all at the same time. This hugely humbling and equally satiating internalization of the holism and entirety of the idea of *navigation* and my own personal stupid-ephemeral *life* in it is an eclectic amalgamation of grief and bliss.

A self or subjective consciousness is innately capable of handling neither of the two. This is the magic with human consciousness, as both *grief* and *bliss* happen to be experiences-cognitions, equally enlightening and enriching for this fragile-ephemeral-mortal life-living. This is the spectrum of potential a *media* has, as it stands to process information in a milieu and also gets evolved by affecting the information plexuses constituting an ambient milieu. Evolutionary design and cultural mind training are aimed at optimizing bliss and run away from all semblances of grief but the



consciousness as a powerful media and its hugely potent tool of experience-cognition must always be consciously and conscientiously trained and led to accept and internalize both grief and bliss as equally precious plexuses of information for multidimensional navigational prosperity and empowerment. Tragically enough; consciousness as a media requires good loads of persevered mind training to rise above and beyond restrictive evolutionary designs and cultural slavery to handle and maneuver the *magic* and prevent it from turning into pathologies of behavior-actions. Only a handful has it; mass majority don't and they squander the potential.

This potential also probably presents as a tool to unravel and realize the objectivity of *Causalities*; the random as well as patterned information plexus, embedded in structures of realities, lends itself into, to orchestrate multi-dimensionality of probabilities of realities. It is a happy realization that this restrictive subjective experience-cognition can be trained and oriented to be the portal of unraveling the expansive and layered objectivity of reality. Grief is that it is a hugely missing priority in contemporary human world. Science and collective human intellect of contemporary times help a great deal, if accessed and imbibed in right earnest.

It is mystically brilliant how *Consciousness* and *Reality* interchangeably extend each other the *locus* and localities of perspectives and contexts, to get unraveled and expressed in multitude of dimensionalities. It is somehow hugely fabulous but very tough to understand and appreciate as how both Consciousness and Reality present themselves to each other interchangeably as *Media* as well as *Milieu*, in evolving progression of Time-Space, to unravel each other's dimensionalities. This interchangeability of *observer* and *observed* 'locality' in cyclicity of causalities is a colossal treasure for experience-cognition landscape, if consciousness is evolved-enlightened and milieus are sober-stable-

systematic. If not; it is a definitive recipe of calamity and criminality. This is true potential of life-living for attainment of which the bare basic idealisms in human world are always hugely missing. Very naturally; pathologies find pathways of the pandemic of hypocrisy-depravity-criminality. This relationship between consciousness and reality and their situational interplay in sanity of milieus are critical elements in human life-living, as well as in society-cultures.

To state the idea in a simple, straight but stupidly innocent way; I and my 57 years of life, happens to be a living evolving micro-model of how Reality journeys in the cosmic milieu, brimming with information and their experience-cognitions by different dimensions of the situations of the media of consciousnesses. This hypothesis is scientifically viable, as it is now widely accepted that all realities are contextually hypothetical patterns of information, actualized through locality of conscious-subconscious observance, in the infinity of Time-Space landscape. It is tough to understand and express what it theoretically means but it is beautifully satiating to experience and internalize, how my own model of emergent sense of *Self-Consciousness*, processes information and models realities for me, within the localized milieu of Time-Space and through shifting situations and contexts of observances.

Tragically; the media of humanly designed language is such an insufficient means for expression and communication of these experiences and cognitions; especially those beyond the restrictiveness of ambient contextuality of Time-Space and that of populist perceptions. It seems strange but true that I do not need to experience and cognize what I say with words as probably, language is barely a very partial representation of the intent of the Self and that too largely as protagonist of action-behavior; not as theatre of experience-cognition. The *theatre* is experienced,

independent of linguistic conveniences but its expressions-communication happens predominantly through the *dialogues* of the protagonists. But, there is far more to theatrical experience-cognition than dialogues could ever be able to represent and express. The dialogues are designed for facilitation of the protagonist; not the theatre. Theatre is repository of experience-cognition and therefore can go beyond language but protagonist is the role player and requires the sole media of dialogues through singular availability of languages to accomplish its tasks. The theatre also is not everything as realities and milieus beyond theatres are colossal and they impact the *theatrics*.

This gap between *protagonist* and *theatre* manifestations of Consciousness seeds loads of hypocrisies, denial and deceptions, most of which is uploaded through the dialogues of the reacting protagonist. A language is a poor media for the monologue-dialogue of largely the protagonist part of the consciousness in collective space and is very seldom successful in representing the experience-cognition in personal domain. Evolution and cultural training requires that dialogues of protagonist should ideally be used for survival successes in the competitive milieus and not as the media to express the true and honest intent of consciousness. Traditionally therefore, languages have always been the handy tool for most deceptions, hypocrisies and scams a person heaps on society-culture to optimize his or her personal prosperity. The protagonist scams the theatre and ensures *success* in cultural milieus.

All languages, including mathematics, seem like a workable metaphor to explain and express a model of the partiality of reality; not the holism of actuality of reality. The trouble is two-fold – how much and how well, the metaphor explains a model of reality and how much and how well a model represents the actuality of reality is precarious. This is one huge disability,

pertaining to over-dependence on language for representation or modeling of realities, which unleashes plethora of pathology of consciousness. It is very tough to say whether right realities wrongly expressed or wrong realities rightly expressed has done more damages to human sanity and order.

Interestingly; this also applies to whatever I have shared with you so far and what shall follow in these pages, as you journey ahead. I very humbly wish to say that the *protagonist* as well as *theatre* of my '57' shall try my sincere best to present the best possible symmetry and synergy to make my intent and content fall in linearity, as I progress with this humble enterprise, destined to be my 54<sup>th</sup> eBook.

I, my life-living, the cognition of realities, as processed and actualized by the ever emergent-transient media of my consciousness, which yet unfathomable information-processing by my brain plexuses actualized for my experiencing, seems like a microcosmic model of how the macro milieu of the cosmos works its ways, in the massively complex plexuses of information, out there in the infinite universe. This establishes a queer and perplexing relationship between what we popularly know as and call *Life*, and the probability of *Reality*. The seemingly inevitable advent of Life, as a media to process information, constituting probabilities of Realities and this complex evolution of experience-cognition tool of the sub-media of Consciousness, happen to be the subject matter of lasting interest and inquisition for not only my '57' but for any human life.

What I am very humbling attempting to write in this eBook; which happens to be my 54<sup>th</sup> eBook, is based on this hypothesis that my 57 years of life-living, can be accepted as a valid simulation of how Reality works its ways and shapes the personal as well as collective consciousnesses of life-living;

especially that of we humans. My own '57' is just a poor model to enunciate this mystically mesmerizing **Relationship** between *Life* and *Reality*. It hypothesizes that the geometry and its mathematical correlates are the same – be it the dust particle like an individual life, like my own '57' or the mega galaxies or black holes of the cosmos. The commonality probably is the **Information**, as embedded in Time-Space fabric of the cosmos; presenting and expressing itself in different permutations and combinations of probabilities; as *observed* by different shades of the media of Consciousnesses. Life as a probability of Information plexuses, constituting the cosmic landscape of realities, is a good model to understand this relationship between *Life* and *Reality*. This also hypothesizes that though a poor and precarious media of navigation for life-living journey, the human consciousness still has the innate potential to witness and investigate as how frameworks of life, reality and its experience-cognition work and present a model of reality, interacting within the ephemeral situation of body-brain and localization of Time-Space fabric.

This hypothesis helps in possible deciphering of a pattern, which could present a case study of the pathologies of human world and its tumultuously wild oscillations. May be; it could help in redesigning human cultures and civilizations; consciously installing novel structures and functions; weeding out the now depraved, outdated and weathered ones. This may very well facilitate a novel and alternative personal journey, led by scientifically validated information, instead of the fake-fudged-fragmented-propagandist ones, dominating the contemporary human milieus.

The eBook title, *57's 54<sup>th</sup>*, may sound like a statement of subconscious self-importance and undue conscious immodesty of the author but I very humbly say it with all sincerity and innocence at my behest that this eBook

is an exercise in conscientious compassion. I am writing to very humbly attempt to underline this very duality that these 57 years of my life-living have been journeyed simultaneously through populist-dominant cultures, as available to all, on one hand as well as the novel-alternative dimensions on the other, which modern scientific knowledge catalyzed for happy actualization. The '57' has waded through all shades of Information entrenched in the wider milieu of human world and has been fortunate enough to witness, experience and internalize the conflict and dualism, the self or consciousness is destined to live out. This sounds as immodest acceptance of reality but I very humbly assure that me saying this and sharing with you is merely presenting a situation of somethingness. I have already sincerely accepted, words are only very poor carriers of *intent* and *content* of consciousness and all perceived realities are probabilities.

All accruals of these 57 'I' am sharing with you as my 54<sup>th</sup>, may kindly be accepted as shades of probable realities, which presented themselves to my stupid consciousness and these dualistic milieus of contrasting information made possible to internalize them as novel and alternative cognitive structures. Very humbly and even stupidly; I am attempting to present them in my 54<sup>th</sup> eBook, with the help of words and syntactic arrangements, which I deeply feel are very poor media of expression and communication of intent and cognition. My own insufficiency with the language I know and write, adds to the restrictiveness and haphazardness of the expression of my intent. But then, as I admitted before, I have always trusted the magnanimity and intellect of my beautiful readers in decoding and deciphering my *intent* through the *content* of this poor *media* of written-spoken words. I insist; the poverty of my stupidity has this lasting prosperity, which you bestow on me. Otherwise; I could never have been able to write 57's 54<sup>th</sup> ... Thanks!

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## **At The Very Beginning – Core Causality of Reality**

Every human life is a potential of infinite probabilities, despite the fact that every life happens and begins with a seemingly mundane singular ‘predestined purpose’, coded and embedded in the seed of life itself as well as in the ambient milieu, it has to journey through. The core and entrenched purpose of mere *survival* in the ambient milieu is so powerfully and meticulously encoded in homeostatic framework and innate-embedded unconscious-subconscious fabrics of body-brain that it smothers or prevails over all other peripheral probabilities of purposes of life-living.

The beauty as well as the tragedy is that *survival* is unconscious-subconscious expression of life and therefore the living organism and its ambient milieus never consciously feels and admits it as core purpose, even while all human cultures and human systems of life-living are only conscious manifestations of this unconscious-subconscious causality of all realities humans live out. This probably breeds the primary hypocrisy of human life-living. Life comes duly stamped with survival code but living rituals never admit it as conscious purpose, even while all human life-living rituals are diverse expressions of this core causality of survival.

It may sound as the most stupid thing to ask as why life happened at the first place, in the precariousness and tumultuousness of somethingness, in the evolving of reality out of an unfathomable nothingness? Moreover, if life happened, then why and how it got aligned with inevitability of mortality, in the overall framework of emergent and evolving reality? It is

the ultimate institution of pure compassion to imbibe as why *Life* has to happen and evolve to unravel the multitude of dimensions of realities, only to be journeyed back to nothingness, at the inevitable advent of *Mortality*. It is humblest situation of consciousness to hold on to this tempestuous feeling as why the somethingness of Life needs to happen at the first place, if it has to journey to reach the inevitable destination of nothingness at the portal of mortality. If initiation is nonnegotiable ticket to definitive nothingness; what utility-validity the *meanings* assigned to all *purposes* in between have?

The stupid thing is; this question is not what life was designed to imbibe and ask, as out of the millions of life forms, only humans could understand and ask this. This itself seems to suggest that *purpose* of life is not even a *valid* question as this question accidentally got framed because, human species as a life form could evolve an experience-cognition mechanism to frame it. It seems, purpose of life is an insinuation at the very fag end of the wide spectrum of unconscious-subconscious-conscious experience-cognition, emerging because of the quantum of conscious elements in a species called humans.

Does it mean that purpose of life is invalid query and asking it is somehow a pathological state of consciousness? Does it imply that asking about purpose of life is an illusional proposition? Does it mean that human consciousness; be it an accidental accrual or otherwise, itself is a pathological proposition, in overall scheme of life and cosmic construct, fabricating realities, which are delusional? Does this mean that life was not supposed to be deciphered and reality was never destined to be unraveled but they accidentally happened as consciousness *accidentally* found a species, known as humans, which unnecessarily and uselessly planted this question that has no validity in the overall scheme of cosmic construct? The core



causality of reality has to be deciphered to understand reality itself, in its holism and multidimensionality.

Interestingly, the subset of these primary inquiries seems to be this very *reasonable* query that if *Life* was inevitable adjunct in the evolution of *Reality*, why its survival and continuity was designed or otherwise happened as the most unlikely and *threatened* probability; making *survival* as the unnecessarily and disproportionately dominant theme. If life had to happen as portal to reality; the dominant theme of life must have been the assured safety-sanity-continuity of life itself to allow consciousness to have unperturbed stints at experiencing realities. It isn't as life is the most unlikely continuity in the complexities-competitiveness of milieus. This raises the query that as life is inevitably aligned to mortality, it itself is not inevitable part of reality but an accidental one. Can accidents have definitive and avowed purpose?

Another critical inquiry is – the entire human civilization and its cultures were consciously designed and evolved to optimize survival-continuity and weed out elements of uncertainty-threats, but how come the same human cultures turned out to be the largest and worst killer of survival potential of humans? Why the ostensibly random *design* and supposedly premeditated *intent* both failed miserably in ensuring the bare basic of preservation of something they so meticulously created and sustained? Why it is that survival has no obedient takers and all agencies only stand subservient to will of mortality?

Somehow the induced fragility and brutality of innate complexities-competitiveness in the very design of life structures in nature's randomness and autonomous-ness can be understood and accepted. However, it is beyond reason-rationality as why the contemporary ambient human milieus

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