We might not know who on Earth Mr B is, but we are free to think of him as a medium-size Klein bottle

Asli Cavusoglu & Fatos Ustek

On a sunny afternoon as it always is on the counter of an encounter casts a picture; a picture of a surmised Mr B. 'What if I did not come here', he whispers, realising that it was a thought with a sound. He would swallow the sound back if he didn't think that the thought would also disappear somewhere inside him. Leaving his coat at the reception, he calculates immediately that the number given to him is a prime.

He enters an empty, lustrous hall. He walks towards the middle of the hall counting his steps on the gridded carpet: 'One, two, many. One, two, many', until he places himself in front of a round, marble-carved sculpture that is casting an L-shape shadow on the floor. Puzzled, he takes a sip from his tea. It is indeed important to describe the world as accurately as possible, he thinks, utters and eventually does.
Mr B, his tea cup with a few sips remaining, his last thought, the sculpture he stared at with its L-shaped shadow wants to be carried sequentially to a somewhere, a pseudosphere and a meta-universe with an f(x) function by an unknown maths student. Would the tea vaporise into an air balloon or solidify into a tree? Would then the sculpture endure as an untitled piece? Would Mr B's thought fully form akin to an egg? Or Mr B remains as vertical as the Eiffel Tower? What time would the three clocks on his wrist - one for the current zone, one for the zone he had departed, and one for the zone he was going to - show? What would happen to the state of being in, out, down and up? Would the student make a foolish mistake by calculating the effects of the observer?

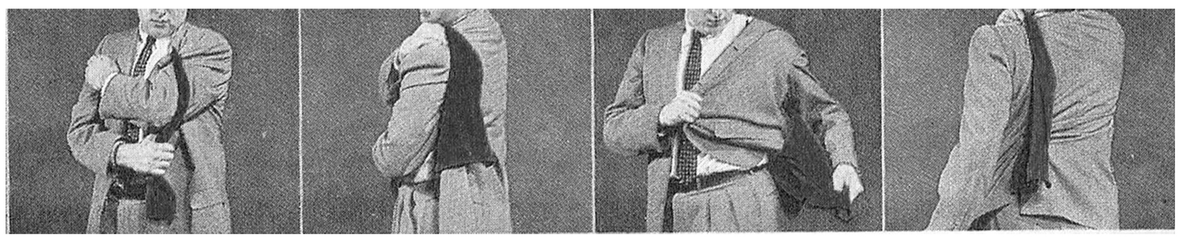
Please note: It is meant (to show?) an entire Mr B. including his socks, his shrimp-smelling breath, his awareness of nonsense and his taste of beauty as well as the books he has read but can't recall now.

Warning: This chapter proves something we call pseudo-thought and everything might be very well possible in a pseudo-sphere

We will try to show that everything is measurable even if they were not yet performed, nor stood still neither took an action, but unconditionally pre-existed, such as pseudo-reminiscences where a person conceives an event that he has not really experienced, but that has only come to his mind, as if it had really happened to him. All of you must be familiar with The Guy who believes that he is Napoleon. He appears in the very beginning of mental hospital scenes of average films to convince the audience that the scene is taking place in a mental hospital. He wanders in front of the camera for a few seconds; his right hand inside of his jacket murmuring to himself about Waterloo. We are expected to believe that there was only one Napoleon who used to make such a hand gesture and is dead by now. Equation continues so: If someone believes that he is Napoleon, he must be out of his mind. Even if there were several Napoleons existing with the same propensities, The Guy who believes that he is Napoleon wouldn't be the original one. That's why we see him hospitalised. We are inclined to think that he is doing nothing but confabulating. He not only recalls facts, but also things said in his presence, possibly even his dreams, and all of this is now part of his consciousness; all of it present but a chaos because, if he remembers something, he cannot decide whether it happened in reality or whether he dreamed it. The trace left by a real incident is only a little different in intensity from the one left by a dream or an idea. Let us emphasise that we call an idea, a thought - if it has enough of the attributes of a thought, although no one of these properties is essential. If, from the first flying saucer that arrived from Mars, a being emerged that felt like a thought, we might very well call it a Mars-thought. In the extremely unlikely event that, apart from its origin, it was indistinguishable from an Earth-thought, even to the extent of being able to interbreed with it, then we think it would be hardly misleading to call it simply a thought.

Most of us realise at the back of our minds, but few of us face the fact, that impossible things are constantly happening. Take, for example, the disappearance of an everyday object. We put down our pen on the desk and two minutes later it is not there. No matter how hard we search we can't find it. Probably the butler finds it near the mantelpiece, but what can we say? Some sort of mistake must have happened, we tell ourselves, and forget the matter as quickly as possible. To give you another example, in the A Void where would the letter 'e' go when the writer decides to exclude it from taking part of the entire novel? It could be very well found on the same mantelpiece. We can prove that Mr B goes to the same place, or happens to be a different thought that he is not supposed to be, like the pen and the 'e's, where we would call 'an assumption invades the future'. If the laws of nature are constantly being broken, we should expect each person to find the particular anomaly he is looking for. We suggest a new law of nature: nature anomalies of all kinds occur with perceptible frequency.

We are granted by the fact that, in terms of mathematical formalism, a counterfactual momentum measurement together with the factual position measurement - in the statistical population of possible outcomes, describes the particle in motion, as if a bean jumping off a boiling pot.



Let us assume that counterfactual definiteness (CFD) is the ability to speak meaningfully about the definiteness of the results of measurements. If the position was found to be r0 = (x0,y0,z0,t0) then in an interpretation satisfying CFD the statistical population describing position and momentum would contain all pairs (r0,p) for every possible momentum value p, whereas an interpretation that rejects counterfactual values completely would only have the pair (r0,"é) where "é denotes an n-dimensional space/time value, could be the same 'e' we have mentioned above.

Now, let us define hidden variables, which stand for microscopic properties of fundamental particles that we are unable to observe directly by means of testing, perhaps due to technological limitations that might not exist at some future time. I.e. maybe we simply need a bigger microscope to see the details of what is going on at the very tiniest level. But since we can't observe them, they may be 'hidden' now - but perhaps if we knew more about them then that might explain the otherwise mysterious behaviour of particles.

In the case of calculating CFD we are in need of reposition of hidden variables, or particle attributes (such as position, velocity, energy, polarisation, etc.) so that the coordinates of the instant of time movement is in continuum can be articulated within an additional dimension of the observer's take on.

Let us call this additional dimension as the element of reality, with the assumption - that is similar to the assumption that Mr B ever existed as himself - if an observable property of a system could be predicted with absolute certainty (100%) without disturbing that system, THEN it must correspond with an element of reality. This dimension is mostly regarded, as the moon being there even it is not under observation.

Let us now imagine the world we live in as a superluminal rainbow where SIMULTANEOUS elements of reality such as Mr B, his tea cup with tea inside, his last thought, the sculpture he stared at with its L-shaped shadow are measured. Let us name these entries as s, a, b, t where they from four distinct relations, also displayed in his different wrist clocks.

p1m (s |a, b, t) = the probability that the outcome of the measurement performed on 1 is s when m is the complete state, the measurements performed on 1 and 2 respectively are a and b, and the result of the experiment on 2 is t.

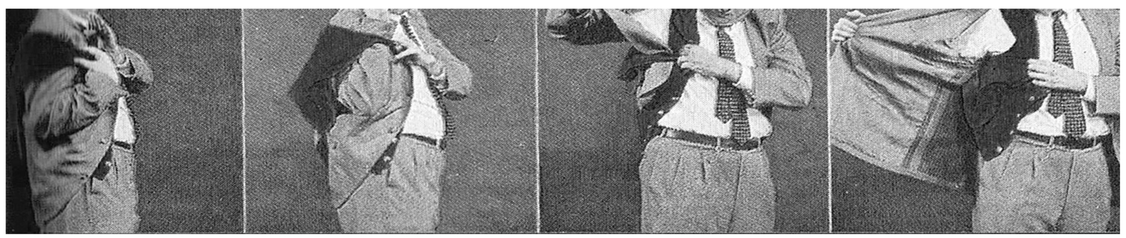
p2m (t|a, b, s) = the probability that the outcome of the measurement performed on 2 is t when the complete state is m, the measurements performed on 1 and 2 are respectively a and b, and the result of the measurement a is s.

pm (s, t|a, b) = the probability that the results of the joint measurements a and b, when the complete state is m, are respectively s and t.

pm11(t, b, a|s) = the probability that the outcome of the measurement performed on 11 is r0 when s is incomplete, the measurements performed on 11 and 1, 2, 1&2 respectively are compact.

Therefore, within every configuration of an indefiniteness, a counteraction follows with a constellation of hidden variables leading the event to an incompleteness. Hence, the Euclidean geometry that occupied decades and centuries of human labour in order to formulate a sensible outlook of the relation of things around us can still strike a chord but not necessarily enough to compose a poem. In other words, it is means an entire Mr B. including his hat, his vanilla smelling armpits, his prosopagnosia as well as his MPD with 92 faces kills every pet he has.

(QED)



The saga of Mr B encountering his antipode in one of the Earth's Subset where we don't live

If he is a stranger in the universe
One who has no knowledge of what is in it
He is no less a stranger who has no knowledge of what takes place in it
A stranger in the world is the one who is surprised at anything
Whatever that comes to pass in life, spoke a voice
Waking him up in spite of his weakness
I have come to cross your mountain that lies askew.
I have come to ford your beautiful flowing water,
I have come to take shelter in your narrow hidden spaces
Spoke he, in his voice he is familiar to
A sonorous voice responded in a fury pointing out the same landscape
It's we who have come to cross that black mountain of yours lying over there
Who have come to cross your beautiful running streams and
Who have come to cross, to take shelter under your wide mantle
The voice bewildered him, coming somewhere from his face, not through his mouth
As if it has been resided there for ages like a mole
Using the words extravagantly, he wouldn't dare to use
Do not bother yourself by picturing your life as a whole,
As you are picturing me, spoke the voice.
Do not try to assemble in your mind the many and varied incidents,
which have come to you in the past and will come again in the future
Apply your thoughts to what is being said
Let your mind enter into what is coming to pass what is caused it to be
You are a thousand years ahead of your present
Now, you are we and we are a sound without body
Interlocutors dwelled upon a subject, that's we.
Did I transform into a conversation then,
like a lunatic's mind that splits into two poles
One believing that he is Napoleon whilst the other denies it
Instead of turning into a mirroring self or a fallen star, asked he
The voice laughed for a while and spoke
There is nothing more wretched than
One who made the circuit of everything
How swiftly all things vanish away, both the bodies themselves
In the universe and the remembrance of them in time.
We are whole, an uncut footage
Destined to follow each other
No one loses any other life than
The one that he is living,
Nor does he live any other than
The one that he loses
No one could lose either the past or the future
Though just get lost in the labyrinthine
Of the un-preset present.