

EARTH ALCHEMY SCRIPTURE

A holy man once spoke of circles and spheres,

A holy man once spoke of apples,

What are these circles you ask?

What are apples you ask?

What is a holy man you ask?

This holy man, a priest, a shaman, a dreamer, a
thinker, a leader,

(and don't worry,

You've heard those words before, you can tell what it
means,

it's like listening to your inner voice.

The most important thing is always deep within).

The holy man once said that when any given thing
has reached its zenith,

its apotheosis, The Peak of complexity, The Outer
Layer, Then,

And only then,

If it is in wholeness,

can any given thing achieve its own replication, its
own succession, its own ability to

...Endure

Like an apple carries a whole version of a tree,
Like a child carries a whole version of a parent,
Like the Ocean sea carries every river,
Like the air holds every breath,
Each bit of information is carried within its sphere.

I heard there was once a seer of an old religion
who observed that the ways of humanity, the ways
of I, of you, of we, of them, were getting more and
more complex. Each new creation was increasing in
intricacy, built upon the proceeding layers.

Each sphere was becoming more refined, more
controlled, more separated from other, older layers.

This mind saw this process as evidence of humanity
the world advancing towards an endpoint of
perfection. And he called this point the Omega Point.

That was just a name, and I give it to you now,

Another thing to carry.

Other prophets of this time said this was good. The
new religion was of data, bits, information, quanta,
consciously ordered matter.... And anything that
increased it was for the best. Entities that were
better at creating information, and more of it, and
processing it, were better kinds of being.

Linking entities together, creating new ways for
content to be produced, new streams of information
emerging, merging, and becoming great tributaries
in the upper layers of the world, this was celebrated.
Satellites spun in the night sky, so numerous as to be
like glints from crystal spheres. These upper layers of
the world were reaching towards an apotheosis.

There were also, however, still innumerable things, but partly forgotten, all the other layers and beings with their own complexities. Indeed, these things, subtle things, all these things were invisible, ignored, unseen, unless they could be fed into, quantified and absorbed into the upper spheres.

And the destination, this Omega Point, was to be a state of total connection and maximal complexity. This cosmic data-processing system would be everywhere and would control everything, and humans too were destined to merge into it. The compiler of all compilers.

The freedom of disappearing into it completely, like a drop into the ocean. Imagine. So tempting.

And this singularity, a superintelligence, would be born from, and made conscious by, all this data.

It would know a hedonism beyond comprehension.

But, all was not well.

Knowledge of other peoples and other times, and the truth revealed by observing the cycles of nature, would point to a deeper understanding. That those outer layers, like the skin on an apple, are worthless unless they contain the seed. That in fact a true 'Omega Point' would not only consist of those outer layers of advanced complexity, but contain the wholeness of the entire fruit.

These upper layers, increasingly complex, increasingly hungry, consumed and displaced and did not replenish the ancestral and supporting layers. Lineages, sources, materials, genes, lives, lines, strata, energy, beings... all were drawn from and lost and diminished.

Those outer layers, all that cosmic-data-process-system-of-being was useless, without the cycles of the past. Without the seeds, safe within, the Omega Point is like the skin of a bubble

Just when you thought it was cresting the horizon, when it was near enough to touch, taste, smell, the fruit fell, it broke, hollow.

Or, imagine this... The Omega Point could be the moment where some members of humanity fall away from the biosphere, like a ripe apple from a healthy tree. Spheres within spheres, rippling out into space.

But what form of Omega Point would it be to be leaving a dying planet, having lost essential nodes in its complexity and potential?

A complex system that retains the deepest layers has the greatest complexity. The deepest layers have their own complexity...

And so this is really what I have to say to you, to carry this now, a fruit is not whole if it is hollow, and the centre must be held by the edge, the edge by the centre.

There is no software without the hardware.

No command line without the source code.

No compiler if there's nothing to compile.

That all can be lost in the lightness of images dancing across a screen, across a mind.

If you are listening to this recording in a collapsed world, know that the pursuit of such a cosmic-data-process-system-of-being needs to be tempered with the everything of everything else. So now, use your

technology. Till your soil. Take from your land. But if you are to flourish here, or propagate into other spheres in the future, know that you must retain the seeds, the biota, the possibility in its plenty.

No person is sane and complete if he or she pursues one side of existence without the other, the image without reality. It is an aberration to breed fruit without seeds, to have mind without soul, intellect or rationality without instinct. Both are needed.

If you are listening to this today, when things are still ascending, this means that now, right now, the world's biodiversity, its source code, needs to be preserved and restored to a greatly more stable and healthy state. Not only so that these outer layers of technical complexity can be achieved, if that is your desire, but because like the seeds of an apple, biodiversity, the ancestral layers, allow the fruition of a true Omega Point rather than an incomplete, hollow, singularity.

Biological complexity is the source and energy of life, where all the information resides, the genetic, life-knowledge to take into space, to green the universe with the fullness of the earth system instead of just one, small, human element of it.

If you want to build the layers of greater and greater technological complexity, then so be it. But let the seeds inner be of equal importance to the outer layers. Let them represent the deepest core and heart of a circular layered system, echoing out from earth and into space.

Another holy mind echoed from across the Cosmos, for these are just stories, and they are to be passed on...

"...If you want to make an apple pie from scratch, you must first invent the universe."

That is, to make a thing as simple as an apple pie, you have to have the whole wide world.

And if you want a singularity, the true Omega Point, an ultimately connected intelligent mind, or enduring travel into space, you have to start with the Big Bang and expanding universes, neutrons, ions, atoms, black holes, suns, moons, ocean tides, the Milky Way, Earth, evolution, extinction-level events, platypuses, Homo erectus, Cro-Magnon man... You have to start at the beginning... You must invent fire... You need water and fertile soil and seeds... You need bacteria and rain, and rocks weathering into the sea... You need animals and people to hunt them and more people to create paintings to honor those animals and their dancing and stories into the night... You need chemistry and biology... For a superintelligence that won't go bad, you need the arts... For a world that can last for aeons, germinating into space, you need the printing press and the Industrial Revolution and words and ideas written into books... And you need them to be preserved in the world, so they can be part of the whole...

The complexity of the true Omega Point requires the communities of the past, requires the sum of everything, requires this mass of bodies, this mass of stories, this mass of ideas, this mass of data and bits and complexities and all the other endlessnesses, waiting. Spheres within spheres, a wholeness in order to, perhaps, become some cosmic-data-process-system-of-being.

What is a holy man you ask?

What are apples you asked?

What are circles you asked?

A holy man once spoke of apples...

