

The Beyondness of Things An Absurdist's View

On our planet, the tiniest of motes within the grand scale of the entire known and unknown universes, we are fortunate indeed to have possessed persons of immense intellect, those who can comprehend and imagine everything from the teenytitchiness of the quantum particle to the bogglingnesses of the multiverse, the megaverse, the Brane system and more. But all due credit must go to two of our greatest visionaries: Professor Richard Dawkins for his proving the existence of The Flying Spaghetti Monster originally theorised by Bobby Henderson, and Bertrand Russell for his postulation of that great china teapot that orbits between Earth and Mars.

We now have but a short time to wait for space technology to advance a little further before the existence of this particular phenomenon will be verified and images will start appearing in our newspapers and on our information screens. Indeed it is understood that bookmakers are already receiving wagers as to the pattern on the china (Delft being a current favourite) and the variety of tea therein. Personally I shall be disappointed if it is not a good English Breakfast tea. But I must caution the reader – before you scoff, remember Einstein. He lacked confidence in his own convictions, memorably stating that God Does Not Play Dice and bodging his own equations with a Cosmological Constant. Well I can tell you that God was one of the first to wager that Russell's Teapot will bear a Tibarine design and will contain a nice strong Chun Mee.

Now in such a complex Everythingverse it is necessary to comprehend that an addressing and coordinate system is desirable in order for anyone or anything of a curious or bureaucratic disposition to know where everything else is. Given that one accepts that fact it is but a small step to realise that any indexing or measurement standard, if it is to remain workable, cannot be fragmentarily owned or managed by multiple agencies. There has to be an Ultimate Authority to ensure that standards are adhered to and that the system is utilised correctly.

It then follows that an Authority has to reside Somewhere, and be embodied in Something. Yet to be maximally effective it should be seen yet unseen, hiding in plain sight as it were. For example if that Authority had to give notice of an inspection visit to the Blagr peoples living on the 7th coastal fractal crenellation on the fourth continent of the 11th tectonic layer on the 13th planet of the 97,876,573rd star in Galaxy 771,818,851 of Brane 997 of Multiverse 2 exponent 312.09, the Blagrs would simply continue with their long-established way of life, blissfully tottering around on their five legs, precariously clambering up on their wobbly two-legged stools to lift down yet another bag of poimu-flower flour from their top shelves in order to snort a few more lines up their sphinctal orifices, safe in the knowledge that any visitation from Cosmic Health and Safety would need to be signalled half a million years in advance. (Lest any reader should question the likelihood of such an odd-limb-number creature existing, the tottering is due purely to the ingestion of excessive amounts of poimu-flower flour. Before their species-wide addiction they were renowned throughout their galaxy for their tight-rope walking abilities).

Of course, if Einstein did happen to be wrong about the speed of light, the Blagrs could find themselves in deep and unanticipated trouble.

Oh yes, about that Ultimate Authority: remember the teapot?

David Silver, January 2018