

A Poem for an Empty Spot

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Abstract The background to the “Poem for an Empty Spot” is a creepy feeling that there is something questionable with the motive and deeper driving forces for the efforts to declare that mind is something else than it is. As a scientist using mathematics I have learned the importance to take deep feelings seriously, and not only trust on deduction and routine solutions. Our deep feelings serve as pathfinders, and as pre-paradigmatic signs they are important to notice.

Keywords Mind · Automaton · Reductionism · Control · Magic

1 Introduction

All this men in history taking a step forward to declare that they know about a secret reality behind the simple impressions we are occupied with. Not only about our surroundings but also about who we “really” are ourselves. This is the ancient role of the holy medicine man, getting in contact with secret worlds. This role is much older than science. What do they want? Who has the problem? Are the declared good benefits for mankind just ad hoc? And as a critique of this: who could be more able to criticize than the zany, making long noose in front of the king?

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2 To be Only

I distrust Mr Demokrit’s smile
Perhaps his silly friends were happy,
Sitting in his garden
Drinking, talking
But Mr Demokrit himself?
No

I also remember Mr Descartes
Sitting in his chamber
(Is philosophy the science of sitting?)
Looking out
Human beings passing by
In the dark and rainy night
Are they automatic?
Small marble pebbles popping around
In veins and nerves
But he didn’t dare
The ultimate step
Even automata could have fear

And all the other
chamber-sitters
Some in black coats,
many in white
Telling me I’m
a clockwork,
a telephone switchboard,
a punch-card,
an electro-chemical reaction,
a computer,
and whatever tomorrow
But sure I will hear again
that I’m only
something else