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**Dorin Moisa writes of the brains**  
**(*The Brain, a Decoded Enigma, Cosmos, 2003*)**

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Without knowing, of course, like all of us, what it is made of, nor how it works, chemically and physically. There is pretty much to study here, and such a study would never probably reach an end, because the brain invents itself during its own self-investigation. The only certainty we have is that the brain does exist, since *cogito ergo sum*, and one more proof, if needed more, is Dorin Moisa himself and his book referenced above. The only certainty I got after reading this book is that Dorin does indeed exist, and thinks.

I could not refrain myself of associating him with Penrose and this author's recent attempts to explain the brains. Like this guy, Dorin too thinks that he, and we together with him, could think the thinking, and have thoughts about thoughts. This is erroneous, because when we think we are pure thinking and nothing else, and there remains nothing and nobody then to think the thinking. When we are thinking we are no more ourselves, we ourselves are the thinking. There is no consciousness in that process to disjoint the things, to see to what thoughts our thoughts fit in. Only God thinks Himself, this is why He does not exist among us, just some of us, sometimes, temporarily, participate in Him when thinking. Had we been able to think the thoughts, we would be able then to create worlds, as many and as distinct as us, the humans, each of them with its own God, and of course, a God of Gods, arriving to the latter again with the same question, which is, therefore, obviously infinitely recurrent, and, consequently, unsolvable, impossible and void of any sense. Any claim of solving it would make nobody to understand it.

In contrast with God, who is always schizophrenic, because He is thinking the thinking, thus creating the world, we, the humans, are only normal, because we have images, beliefs, ignorance, attempts, and from time to time we are also able to be happy by taking part in thinking. Those of us, the schizophrenics, who keep trying to think the thinking, and to create their own world, are viewed as mentally ill and disordered, precisely because they resemble God. This is also why they are viewed as sacred. If all the people would be schizophrenics and would think the same thinking simultaneously the whole human race would then be God.

Dorin says that we do not know what we are talking about. This is true, we do not know indeed. But we do know to talk. Really, it is a great wonder that we still succeed however to get a consensus, even a mutual one, or at least to understand each other. We call this puzzle reason, reasoning, and it is the ontological argument for the existence of God. Dorin says the objects of our thinking, which resides in the brains, are some unknowns, like images, symbols, and he calls them models, some more particular, some more general, organized in some hierarchy. We manipulate these models, and this manipulation is our whole psihic, or psychotic, life. This life, when accurate, is mathematics, and we know from Godel, this smaller God, that even then we see

often that indeed we do not know what we are talking about. Wonder again, is that we know to talk.

The book is full of sharp, and attractive, observations regarding our mental processes, like model simulations, logic or harmonious self-correcting, image, symbol and story models, etc. All this demonstrates again the impossible.