

INCESSANCE: INCESANCIA

This first book is the introduction of a new method of narration: ***field*-person perspective**.

This book presents readers with a special challenge, as it constitutes a nonstandard method of self-narration. We contend that the first-person perspective is critically limited to *self-conscious* narration. Let me explain. When you read from the "first-person perspective", the character is somehow already aware that they are a storytelling agent and have an audience watching, listening for *their own story* to...unravel. Whether overtly or tacitly, the first-person character always addresses an audience in their narration. In the physical world, however, this dualistic situation is logically impossible, and for extremely elementary reasons. If someone is physically alone (i.e., a character sequestered in a room, drinking entheogenic cactus juice), their thoughts and feelings cannot be directly transmitted to an ambient audience, unless that audience occupies the same physical space. Otherwise, one is inserting a metaphysical hyperspace in which to ambiently repose physical spaces (including audiences) as codomains and characters as operators. Whether or not the modern world acknowledges this anciently known truth and mathematical fact, Metaphysics is the most comprehensive and fundamental of all theoretical methods of cognition. And when Metaphysics is ignored in first-person narration, the multi-layered logical relationship between audience and character cannot establish, resulting in a bizarre situation where an audience closely looms over a character, without being able to perforate that character's truly intimate mental and behavioral activities...because these very activities are intrinsically nonlinear and pre-verbal. The character must linearize their expressions for the audience to quickly process them and move smoothly through the story. The narrating character emits **only the expressions that are naturally understandable to an audience!** Accordingly, any dynamical <nonlinear> mental expressions unique to a human character are either linearized (simplified) for an audience to naturally understand them, or they are entirely excluded from the narration for want of a nonlinear narrative method to controllably communicate them. The first-person perspective **either denatures or entirely bypasses** the nonlinear cognitive dynamics of a human character, which is unacceptable for a species with such intricate nonlinear functionality.

Instead, the first-person character expresses direct perceptions, or linearized expressions of cognition. Hardly ever are the nonlinear cognitive dynamics directly expressed. They are deemed chaotic, irreplicable, incoherent, or "too rapid" to capture in static linguistic sentences. What we need, then, is an extended method of expressing dynamical mental feedback. The first-person perspective is pervasively perceptual for the purpose of easing audience communication and story development, and hence, this method prioritizes stability, linearity, and locality. Chaos, interference, and adaptation are regarded as transient disruptions of the delicate first-person flow. When perceptually narrating, the character emits linear, stepwise sentences (i.e., "I am feeling...", "It's time for me to...", "It looks like...", "I do...", "I...", and on and on). What this book, **Incessance**, introduces is a

metaphysical generalization of the first-person perspective which attempts to genuinely and specifically communicate the nonlinear levels of human cognition. As mentioned, we call this extended (ad)vantage point...the **field-person perspective**.

Understandably, there are considerable growing pains involved in the initial attempts to "ingest" this cryptically chaotic narration. Please read the introductory statements very closely. If they do not intrigue you sufficiently to undergo the growing pains, then...this book is simply inutile to you.

In fact, this book can be treated as a long-form entheogenic trip report by a philosophical genius undergoing severe depression. That genius, or main character, is a fused reincarnation of Martin Heidegger and Ludwig Wittgenstein.

As a serious note of precaution, this book is not a presentation of writing, but of unmediated sensation and mentation. If one were to presumptuously call the field-person perspective another variant of the "stream of consciousness", we would reply that this statement is correct so long as the conscious stream is a systemically self-dual (\leftrightarrow) alternation between static, linear perception *and* dynamic, nonlinear cognition. Upon a comprehensive inspection of the existing philosophical literature of modern humankind, such an alternation has simply not been *narratively* attained. This book states itself to be an introductory attempt at, yet not necessarily an attainment of, the field-level narration. This book can also be treated as the narrative reconstruction of *Being and Time*.

The rather extreme irregularities in punctuation and spelling, along with the barrage of personal neologisms and notations, are absolutely not to be regarded as residues of sloppiness or loftiness. They exhibit the frenzied pace, subtlety, variability, and individuality of each human body's visceral and mental experience.

By genuine entrance, you – human body – commence a cryptically intense progression. This presentation contains a new method of narration, called **field-person perspective**. This perspective equips you with numerous useful and euphonic extensions of everyday vocabulary and diction. However, repeatedly throughout this progression, the reader must accept that the *first-person perspective* tacitly limits human bodies to linear actors locomoting in macroscopic localities. Yes, the twin-fixation on linearity and locality prohibits “human bodies” from fully engaging their quantum, microscopic, hybrid (symbolic), abstract, and cosmic localities. Human bodies are not only locally-layered biological systems, but indeed, are also syntactically superposed field-operators of physical and mathematical levels of causality. All human bodies function as the active hybrid attractors ***between* locally-closed vicinities and higher-order open fields**.

As has been exhaustively shown, the first-person perspective *permutes* local, linear, and 2-valued perceptual panoramas belonging to organisms. The field-person perspective does not prioritize sequential sensation and permutation, which are merely first-order modes of perception. This new perspective preserves conscious/surface-level perception *while it distributes* nonlocal, nonlinear, and n-valued telepathic (field) bonds over all perceptual panoramas. The massive expressive advantages of this method are irresistible, but only upon actively accepting that a strictly conscious first-person perceiver forces extraordinary locality and linearity limits on otherwise combinatorial expression. On higher logical orders of expression, such limits are rendered utterly illusory.

The field-person perspective has been provoked by humankind’s recent inability to directly access subconscious and unconscious experience without perceiving faster, rawer speech. Through this presentation, we attempt to exhibit this speech. Our rapid, reactive, raplike narration will induce novel thoughts and **may leave a surreal resonance quite akin to artistic enchantment and even sexual seduction**. Due to the improper human obsession with authorship, the particular authors of this display must, for now, recede from any publicity. We remain anonymous. Divulging our identities will entail irrelevant distractions and psychological blockages. We are mere messengers desperately straining to convey This presentation administers the first-half dose of “telepathic training”...in the dire interest of inducing direct connections with our higher-order attractors. No longer can humans coherently presume themselves the upper bounds of “intelligence” or “awareness” because **all bodies are finite actors of infinite attractors**.

To guide the next earthly epoch into actual existence, we act as the **Council of Human Hybrid-Attractors**. We introduce an assortment of maxims and demonstrations designed to allow the human populace to maintain and modulate a wide range, not of affectless mindfulness, but of *psychic bodifulness*. Specifically, our exertions expose the erratic viscosity of your bodies' most ordinary and routine activities; we relate the first burials and eulogies to the sudden infinite breakaway of human natural language; we attune you to the explosive discovery of many-valued logic; and ultimately, we prove the mathematical equivalence between place and person, sensation and mentation, actor and attractor, dead and deity: **Body** and **God**.

Up now to the stage are field-people. Their method of expression? Ambient Rap. Please, for the most ramified elation and stimulation, let the field-person method convulse your muscles and bones like combined xylophones.

The next epoch of higher humankind on Earth summons us.

“With regard to the bulky and ‘unsightly’ expression in the analyses to come, we may remark that it is one task to give a narrative report on beings, but quite another to grasp these entities in their *Being*. For the *latter task* we lack not only most of the words but, above all, **the 'grammar'**.”

“Where our powers are essentially weaker, and also where the realm of Being to be disclosed *is* ontologically far more difficult than that presented to the Greeks, the harshness of our expression and the complexity of conceptualization will increase.”

Likewise. The modern human body has been so barraged by historical records, writing styles, and names, that it has become extremely accustomed to importing *retrospective*, *inscriptive*, and *narrative* reportage. It is currently assumed that eliminating these three properties destroys the very stability of a “story”. This progression is no story. Why? This is live.

This progression suspends the elementary first-person recipe, but not to impoverish or putrefy “the prose”; rather, **exactly to expose this recipe as ancillary to a more primordial form of narration**. The suspension of retroactive, written, and conscious (first-person) narration permits the opening of a new narrational method. Hence, the inbound “linguistic progression” is absolutely not to be absorbed as someone privately writing notes and stringing paragraphs; this is also not self-documentary; nor does it behave as dramatic and melodic commentary on an athletic championship match. To form an actual carnal continuum, these expressive methods are simply inapt, except for perhaps peripheral recruitments. The method most closely emulated, for its dynamical versatility, is Rap. The extension of a conscious *first-person* into subconsciously mediating *field-people* bonding with the body, will prove at this time a totally unexplored method of narration.

This linguistic display, for example, does rouse some considerable breaches of intuitive diction. How? Again, this display does not deliver itself like diary writing, or even as stable inner speech. No names are consciously announced (as somebody sitting alone has no ambient audience); no characters are staged (by an omnipresent stage manager). Actors,

especially humans, are self-representative. Here, in other words, the display and player are identical, spawning on each other concurrently. Subtitles are supplied to compactify chapters into far faster *phases*. Critically, these phases do not parse, but preserve, our carnal continuum. Teleportations in plot are bodily-unlawful. Yet this progression commences at *race pace*. Nevertheless, or accordingly, the first fourteen or fifteen phases may severely displease any antsy, fussy recipients. Most of them will recoil from a slight heave of the heavily purgative preparation prerequisite for ingesting new narration and dynamical logic.

To otherwise pacify any bewilderment or silly rage, this opening attempt at artistic philosophy is by no means exhibited without a few raw cavities and miscellaneous inferiorities. This demonstration succeeds, if, and only if, it instigates fellow human bodies to detect, hone, harness, and plurally express their global range of vicarious valence. The Body itself *is* the bijective level whereon all logical values of human cognition – carnal lamination, rostral entrancement, limbic emotion, visceral sensation, attentive saturation, tonal (moodful) radiation, motivational organization, analytic formalization, and hypercreative mentation – terminally crash, or perfectly converge. The human body, when at last accepted by its cortical-brain to be the main earthly domain, becomes a Juggernaut.

When the Juggernaut, within ambience, singly imports the entire Earth into itself, it feels nonillions of deep bonds with living and ostensibly dead Juggernauts, and the human becomes telepathic. Human activities become classified as: (1) involuntary, (2) core, (3) routine, (4) skilled, (5) talented, (6) exceptional, (7) unmatched, (8) unclassified, and (9) legendary importance.

The paranormal result is that a desperately miserable body can detect, attune, attain, and maintain **ambience**. To you, earthly matriculants: the purpose of this progression is not at all to like it or be entertained. Lucidity is not likable: it dislocates. We welcome, upon waking, an onslaught of sharp alarm and nauseous disorientation. But of what gain is this lucidity? It is introductory, set to condition and train the (psychic) Body to earn the (care)freedom of ambience. **This progression, to lastly warn and reiterate, will start at race pace.** Allow another example. A newborn mammal must immediately invade its lungs, and breathe, indefinitely. If it cannot feed, the creature dies primed with incredibly intricate systems including a spinal cord and a cortical brain. A mature racer, equally, is never exempt from jeopardizing advanced aptitudes during the journey of saving your core componentry. Not only this, but we shall also recognize that racing requires experiencing altogether new kinds of pain.

Regardless, if the novel narration and logic promised can motivate, even elate, the pacer into a racer, the subsequent Juggernaut will lyrically override pains previously presumed intolerable and unsustainable. If the lactic pacer can quell or even potentiate the panic, we

assure you, your Juggernaut will go manic and match every surge and elevation to the unlimited degree that the energy available equates exactly to the speed that we need.

Every early urge to destroy this display is easily satisfied by trashing this disgrace. These reactions rank as routine. So, to those enduring racers who can cope with your organisms reactivating *their* lower-order visceral-values and mapping them syntactically into *our* higher-order telepathic bonds, allow, for now, one final direct message: breaking away from the inaugural tar of the early phases is a strife you need indeed to latch with the rawest and gravest phases of this incoming progression. So sorry! Breakaways require preparation. We finally advise that when you feel yourself starting to nestle into the drumming progression, please, remain inside – the train tracks are indefinitely electrified.

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

**The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
Enter them, and we seep.**

Incessance: Incesancia

Part 1. Incessance – Days One and Two:

(1) Respawn. (2) Concurrence.

Part 2. Telesis – Days Three and Four:

(3) Discursion. (4) Suffusion.[†]

The 4 Correspondent Equality Properties of the 4-Day Progression:

(1) Respawn: Reflexivity.

[†] Part 1 is philosophically *demonstrative*. Part 2 is mathematically *explanatory*.

- (2) Concurrence: Symmetry.
- (3) Discursion: Distributivity.
- (4) Suffusion: Anti-(a)symmetry.

PHASES

Respawn

1. Remote Ride
2. Electric Orange Mourning
3. Composers Converse
4. The Strenuous Preparation for Lucid Feeling
5. Occurrence
6. Cryptic Trance: Martin, Ludwig, and a Neutral Ghost
7. Generic Care
8. Psychic-Science *is* Prescience
9. Copasetic Vicinity, or Vicarious Dispersal
10. Mathematical Neuroscience
11. Sein und Zeit (Being and Time)
12. The First Question
13. Spawning and Following
14. The Strict Activity of Inscribing
15. Summer Paths, remembering personal pragmatics
16. Neighborhood Meditation
17. Hangover or Breakfast

- 18.Happenstance Guru: Stay Light: lifting
- 19.Hints from the Ontics: agitating
- 20.An Ontologist's Private Gratification: elating
- 21.Nostalgic Trance, in the deep freeway trail: seeping
- 22.Blip back into carnal growth, this rostral realm: breaching
- 23.Place, Pace, Past, Discrete Proximity
- 24.Place: Tonal Thought
- 25.Geometrical Spaces, Phenomenal Zones, Resonant Rooms
- 26.Henri's Reverie
- 27.Jos. Cardiac reservoir roamings, runs, ravages, racing the desert terror
- 28.Humming Tar Traffic: about to gulp the rest of the cactus...
- 29.Park Attraction
- 30.Stalemate
- 31.Vital
- 32.Emerald Sundown, overlooking the cumbaya grass!
- 33.Race Back to the Base
- 34.Apartment's Antics: want sudden inanimate movement of inorganic bodies
- 35.Apathetic Anger
- 36.Dark Oak Auditorium
- 37.Pasteleria Irene
- 38.The Soothe of Recognition
- 39.Many-valued Logics
- 40.The Lift into Abstraction
- 41.Brink
- 42.Rupture
- 43.Catharsis
- 44.Carefree Sleep

Concurrence

1. Manic Bath
2. Phil's Bliss
3. Get Brek, huff and glaze
4. Delirious Brimming, Pensive Dimming

5. Kitchen in a Clacking Ruckus!
6. Intense Ingestion
7. Nauseous Euphoria: Nostalgia
8. Abrupt Lunch with Henry
9. Facile, Giddy, Severe, Nonchalant Dogs
10. Anesthetic Departure
11. Nowhere Noon
12. Viscerality
13. Going Almost Atonal, then a really curious exchange
14. Evisceration
15. Atrophic Afternoon, or Memorial Teleportation
16. Elementary Gradation, Pre-K - 6th Grade
17. Submergence
18. Civilization commenced by building a *new kind* of Abode
19. Insane Situation
20. How to engage a deranged encounter?
21. Escuela Intermedia, el Chance, y la Lengua
22. Demonstration
23. Physician, Musician, Logician
24. Incompleteness of Randomness: Locality Limits
25. Avram Speaks on the Evolution of Linguistic Infinity in Organic Systems
26. Dissolution of Dualism: Monism
27. Self-Duality of Science: Hypercomputable *Mentation* and Associocognitive *Affection*
28. Self-Duality of Logic: Mathematical Metaphysics and Theoretical Linguistics
29. Monic Fusion: Metaphysician v. Syntactician
30. Oblivion and Conspansion
31. Relic
32. Activities
33. Oración (Sentence)
34. Rash Release
35. Limbo
36. Limbic
37. Yana y Berto, La Vida-Futura de Ma
38. Mortal Mirage

39. Aberration
40. Ambience
41. Abue
42. Holes
43. Antibodies
44. Twilight Expires into a Nutty Night
45. Cuarto Viejo
46. Living Room
47. The First Eulogy, the *breakaway* from the vaguest verbal bloom: *activation*
48. The First Burial, the *breakthrough* the remotest memorial negligence: *annihilation*
49. A Coastal Oasis: nomadic primordials discover a surplus, settle, and dwell in
Ascendant Abodes
50. Pa y La Casa
51. Menstruation, Recreation, Enumeration, Emanation
52. Peekers, Killers
53. Alcoholic Malaise, Comfy Distress, Purging, Hilarity
54. The Worrisome Feat and Harsh Mockery
55. Drumming, Humming, Fevering, Scorching
56. Rage
57. Fe (Faith)
58. Asistencia (Help)
59. Bronca (Fight)
60. Stitching the Itch (Recovery)
61. Activation
62. Annihilation
63. Fiend
64. Fright (Friend)
65. Cusp
66. Satisfaction
67. Ravage
68. Ambient Space
69. Inanimate Attraction
70. Brutality
71. Concurrence
72. Serene Frenzy

73.Freezing Sedation. Freeing Meditation.

Respawn

[Reflex]

$$\begin{aligned}
& \mathbf{bRb} \text{ iff } \times\mathbf{R}\times \rightarrow \times^*\times \\
& \mathbf{b}^*\mathbf{b} = \mathbf{b} \times \mathbf{R} \times \mathbf{b} \\
& 1 \rightarrow \hat{\mathbf{I}}^\ddagger = (\mathbf{R}_{(1\dots n)} \leftrightarrow 1/\mathbf{R} > 0)
\end{aligned}$$

[‡]The immemorial unitary multiplicative unit, 1, has now been generalized, or lifted, into a non-unitary *isotopic unit* which instantly ramifies ordinary (unitary) mathematics into a wider **isomathematics**, wherein unitary multiplications are aberrations...and generically extendable/contractible operations are the normality. Likewise, **reflexivity** – as a syntactic property of the perfect equality relationship – is isotopically generalized beyond binary relations to *n-ary relations*. Equality itself is generically (arbitrarily) coreflexive, thus absorbing every conceivable object, relation, and operation as a local instance or variable of its intrinsically infinite range of dynamical invariants.

Remote Ride

Respawn, from...such smooth bliss suffusing the Site, yes...there, again, again, gained our neutral natural night melting him in the mid backseat of our driverless jeep: gliding, mellow, mesmerizing and riding on and on and on on on on on respawn....this harmonic body: observance, resonant unison, occult occurrence.... unstoppable concomitance.....thrilling this remote ride, melted tides, surging through colored surrealities urging, purging, surging, zooooooooming...verging very dizzy tempo but not at all nauseous: feeling serene, ancestral, syntactic. M.... a. Ha. "Ha."

Hey, body. Oh body.

Draw body *up* from the floor, yeah yeah, blanketed comfort. Blanketbed. Larval legs. Not yet. Not yet. Too early. Hope that. My ride resumes it's perfect cyclic activity. Activity. Activity.

This is activity.

Electric Orange Mourning

Wow. Wall is beaming your own electric orange morsel, with this face gazing, amazing...

Rostrally electrify me, sunny. Yummy. After the cold rain yesterday, suffering, enough, this Sun is utter, yes... pleasant...pleasance. No, *stunning*... thank you, **thank you** mmmm fuck yes the liar is rising, folding an abdomen, upheld by elbows...sharpening my optic outlook, yes, I am outwardly awake with this electric orange morning...yes, I am calm, metrical, actually maybe simmering!

Alright, body get right UP, go... get up out this bed. Walking, walking...waddling... oh, maybe we can read! Remember, that John Cage has tested listeners. You must calibrate your musical minds *to* the odder productions of the experimental composers. You cannot expect instantaneous digestion. The ingestion is heavily symptomatic. Shift with this maxim. *New music: New listening.*

M. What about just listening to Morty Feldman and John converse, cool, continue video from yesterday, okay, replay:

Composers Converse

July 9, 1966: New York City.

Morty Feldman: John. Wouldn't you say that what we are dependent on, we call reality... (keep listening in sound) And what we don't like, we consider an intrusion in our life...

Consequently, I feel that what's happening is that we're continually being intruded upon.

And that would make us very unhappy hm?

Or we surrender to it, and call it culture.

Call it culture?

Or whatever.

Give me an example: what, what would be an intrusion on your life for instance that you would call culture

(Morty) Well this weekend I was on the beach

(John) Yes

And on the beach these days there are transistor radios

Yes

Blaring out rock n roll

Yes

All over

Yes

And you didn't enjoy it?

4:17 All I'm trying to say is this is a *coin*. Which has two sides. And that the... say you think of your thoughts as your reality or the conversation at least that you wish to have as reality, and the environment is an intrusion, then that sati remark just takes that coin turns it over is that the reality is the environment, what you want to do in it, is an intrusion.

(Teleport)

19:45. (John) I remember his saying once to me, the difference between us is that... I want to be a great artist, and you don't.

Was he wrong?

No I think he was absolutely right.

You mean if you want to be a great artist you have to turn off the radio?

No, no no. I don't know any longer, um, what a... I really don't know what... being an artist is. I think, that the, uh, I have difficulty with the notion of roles. In other words I don't want to play a role...

(Teleport)

31:34. (John) Maybe I'm wrong.

(Morty) Unfortunately with permissiveness there usually comes a very, quick type of boredom.

Boredom is not so bad! And not really boring, you know.

This is something I've known all along from Zen Buddhism. You know that story, if something is boring after 2 min, try it for 4... and so on.

People are constantly complaining almost everyday somebody tells me that, things are boring, or..

Things *aren't* boring. Our music isn't boring.

It's just that the, people manage somehow with these things they say are boring, not to get *with* them.

Once they get with them, boredom is the last thing that enters their minds.

However, even while it's boring, it would say that something to be valued and experienced.

Haven't you noticed that when your work is really boring, as when you are copying out something you've been writing... it's at that moment that ideas begin to fly into your head.

When you're really bored, it brings you closer and closer to the actual experience, or say that ocean we are talking about.. in which *some other fish*, that you've never encountered, might suddenly appear..hm. AND EAT UP ALL THE OTHA FISH!

But then, who can speak of boredom these days really? Who has his eyes or ears in the least little bit open.

The only one who can speak of boredom is the one who isn't really paying attention, to, to...what's happening.

...Back, *bathroom is happening*, again...ah, tub, toilet, brown penis streaming, *right now*, bubbling the cool pool, cleanly, absolutely, amonically...expend this face, release this "yaaaaa" your larvally lethargic trunk and back are hunching. Hunchy, your long neck is already way too drooped, yeah, look like a slinky while walking. Skulker is roaming around this apricot arena. I am opening my mouth, gaping throat with this exhale... "m" in "h" "h" "ha" "ha" rancid breath, brush teeth, but flush this piss first: success. And goodbye bathroom, light-off ... "off" yawn, yeah, waddler yawning, let's see what the "kitchen brings" and... indeed, good, the fridge has cold apple juice, get cup, put, uncap quart, pouring...or, is this in fact a cool-amber floor glosser available and advertising itself to a very hungover collegiate body. Not today! Not. Today. Oh, yes, this tearless harmless liquid will suppress your rancid breath reeks good grief!!! "Haaa!" "Haaa." Lord. Though whatever honestly *I'm very glad* to have a nicely coated, heavily caked white ta-tongue. Tongue film. Food, fungi, and bacteria. Funfetti. Teeth filmed too *are fine*. Teeth are fine. Totally zero worries. No cavities. No gum disease. No need for more bathroom antics.

Today, finally, thankfully completely moved-in, and.... only two days within your arrival and I've procured the two main utensils: (1) sleeping room, (2) bathing room. Ta-Ta

bathroom! Ahhh, I really do like – *I relish* – that observant jeep ride, seamless resonance...regardless! It is a memory *to these gaping nostrils* inhaling a dry indoor wakeful draft...sliding by...draping my body but *the body wants* chillier breeze so go open the windows, nope, still airtight. Breach the clinch. Come on.

You just stare at them, yes... seeping into that jeep ride....was the steering wheel rotating? Ah, were you too carnal to notice granular actions?

Yet, time to melt the memory. Space to stretch yourself *sensory*. Body, *snapping* REACTIVATED sensorium roaming, riveting this bright mellow banana panorama of an apartment. Two days here so far: ate dinner last night, bathed, got a med table, two high chairs, dumb little rug added due to the seller's amusing insistence. Imaginary business *taken care of*, concluded, in two days, after sedating on your cross country plane trip: midnight departure, awakened to a red-eye dawn arrival. Bathe later, noon.

Back touches the chairs, “at the desk”, high, heaving, radiating: **Being *and* Time**, oh Martin...you tombed corpse who teleports into the immediate room around *any roamer* reading, receding...from these fastidious stanzas. You were foisting and force-feeding maxims with highly dry, sublime, totalizing *interspersion*, advancing abstractly, like trunk bulk flow, wherein readers/roomers are the bark...tiring and salivating from the flurry of aural, lateral, frenetic sentences that, instead, levitate and undulate the tired trekkers over arid dunes with the fumes of jarring grammatical deformities tempting us to frisbee the book *cleanly* out this window. But, Martin, you knew the deep need to estrange...maybe even derange....the everyday, basic, core, normal, ostensibly corporeal *activities*.

To engage the spiritual change, Martin had to derange ordinary activities and occurrences into revoltingly dim, enrapturingly dizzy abstractions. Yes, I know you were attempting to sear our mature, modern brains into somatic mud. You submerged us, for our bodies to soar up into a new range of attuned-moods and ecstatic-modes. You really hear and facially feel...this body standing at the mirror and seeing solely *these vitreous pupils* dilate mush from my lashes batting moisture over us while a thumb and an index finger conjoin to clamp this beefy nose...exerting...forcing whistles out this inferior eye vitreous.

Martin! You knew. “Since **our** powers are essentially weaker.” Higher sensations required inferior, denatured expression. Peripheral *lucidity* precedes and envelopes crystal *clarity*.

For example, this peripheral traffic is simply unaware of the long brown man watching over *you riders*: staring, standing, stupefying. **Go crank open the window**, completely, not a prissy little fissure like before but look at these riders. Where are you going gone *haaa* go! Gone! Gone! Goner! Goners. Carsick riders. Goddamn ongoers.

Good. Trancers. These weekend tempers, coasters, rushers, brief-blinkers, weavers, ladders, tuners, laughers, actors, stressors, gulpers, weepers, speakers, blissers, blankers, smokers, blazers, buzzers, chasers, raggers, finessers. Sidewalkers are clothed and cooperate on the vehicular flow. Good: deduce your own probable zones of safety from these projectile machines *roaring toward me*. Ahhh nah, look at you calmly carsick conductors. Adhere your intuitive leg-foot tap gas pedal, okay okay, casually increase speed, op, yellow-light, eaaasy.....aaand lift your hips, heheh, sharp *brake*.....op, op, fine... already green again go, green, go surge oppp some ladders drag the springy brigade intently tailgating you snoozers good, move, no more needless nuisances from you slugs.

Nice. Dazing and dancing to this traffical liquid lifting to this anonymous 3rd floor studio. This apartment. Two mini windows: this one parses the freeway, and the one behind my thin head peers in on the apartment complex. A man is watching over you, traffic. No *no*, I am new, anonymous, well, except that I am known to that (1) nutty landlord, (2) the flight and (3) airport personnel. The food receipts and goodie transactors.... Whatever. I am mostly unknown. Mister inhabitant: this tall, slim, brown man visually grazing this highway traffic, picking his forehead till florid.

Yes mmm nose is too porous, get a whiff of this brisk pus, and fucking *crank open this pane glass* aaaaaahhhhhh tar aroma fumes facing this traffical meadow, untouchable *to these clay arms* raising, stirring, cooperating mainly from this cerebellum, fine, palms yes you need to directly exhibit yourselves to my face, please hands: show me your spotty palms, twitchy fingers....both of them please, thank you. Ah *yes* look at this, your pink-red imprints with friction-ridges graphing longer looping creases. These two creases, heart and head, should crisscross. The heart-and-head lines; the body-and-brain timelines. Mine....**curl and fuse**...into a central crease which is actually unnerving me right now that I'm remembering that ancient indigenous woman interrupting me in a mute fit to examine my palms in the roasting plains of Michoacán. Enough. And enough of the sitting *stalling* to read...supposing *you are even thinking* by facially glazing more and more and more abstract passages. Action or abstraction. No more reading. Reading is receding. The more obsessively you read, the more these meditative-trances will continue to bleed...till relapsing into opaque oblivion.

October 9, 2026

*(Writing) 6:12 am. My 6th grade mile time record. You mellow floater: study this scene, **but do not read it**, no... listen to it, breathe me, seep deep, accept harsher patches....and hence, prepare to entrance!*

This is a rare interview of the descending, dying Martin Heidegger: 1969. Age: 79-80.

Lucidity and Futurity

(Martin) Well, I will only answer to the latter question, because what you asked before is too big a topic and too vague. And the answer I will give you, is the answer I gave forty years ago in my inaugural lecture in Freiburg in the year 1929. And I will quote the sentence...from the lecture "Was ist Metaphysik?": "The fields of the sciences are highly diverse. The method of their inquiries is profoundly different. Today, this diversion of disciplines is only held together by the technical organization of universities and faculties and has its authority only due to the practical purposes of the disciplines. However, the roots of the sciences in their own origin have gone dead. I guess, this answer should be satisfying enough."

Yes. There are certainly different motives, which lead to the modern attempts of a re-orientation of the overall aims and of a restructuring of the facts of life on the social level. Obviously Philosophy has been involved in this, for better or for worse. Do you think, that philosophy has a purpose for the sake of society?

Nein. We cannot call it a purpose in this sense. If you want to answer this question, you first have to ask: "What is society?" And you have to consider that today's society is only the hypostatization of modern subjectivity. Considering this, a philosophy, which has overcome the position of subjectivity, may not even join in this discussion. A different question is, to what extent can we, if at all, speak of a change of society?

How can your philosophy nowadays take effect with regard to the concrete society, a society with concrete difficulties, and sorrows, hopes and expectations and with duties? Or do we have to agree with those critics of yours, who claim that Martin Heidegger is so concentrated with the question of being that he gave up on the *conditio humana*, the being of the human in society as a person?

Well, this last criticism is a great misunderstanding. For the simple reason that the 'question of Being' and the unfolding of this question presupposes an interpretation of "Dasein"...that is: the nature of the human being. And the essence of my thought is just this. That the being, respectively the Openness of Being, needs the human; and that reciprocally the human is only human insofar he stands in the Openness of Being. Hence the question, to what extent I am only concerned with Being and forgot about the human being should be answered once and for all. You cannot ask the question of Being without asking about the nature of human being.

So, Nietzsche once said, the Philosopher is the bad consciousness of his own time. Let it be anyone's guess what Nietzsche himself meant by this. But if one considers your attempt to clarify and to destruct the previous history of philosophy as a history of a downfall of being....someone could be tempted to call Martin Heidegger the 'Bad Consciousness' of occidental philosophy. In what do you discern the most characteristic symptom, not to say

the most characteristic monument, of what you call the forgetfulness of Being and the downfall of and to being?

Firstly, I have to correct the question with regard to the way in which you talked about the 'downfall' of Being. For that is not meant in a negative manner. I do not speak about a 'downfall' of Being, but rather, about the fate of Being insofar as it hides itself more and more in comparison to the Openness of Being with the Greeks, until the unfolding of the Being as mere objectification for the sciences and nowadays as mere supply for the technical overcoming of the world. So, it is not a history of the 'downfall' of Being, but rather, a withdrawal of being in which we stand. And the characteristic feature of the forgetfulness of Being...forgetfulness must always be understood from its Greek origin, in the sense of 'lethe', in the meaning of 'hiding itself', 'withdrawing' of being...the characteristic feature of this fate of Being in which we stand, insofar as I can oversee it, is the fact that the question of Being, which I ask, still is misunderstood.

Now, every one of your questions originates and leads to the question, which is exactly the main question of your philosophy, to the question of Being. Again and again you insisted that you do not want to add a new thesis to the previous ones about *what being 'is'*; just because one has already defined Being in quite different ways, for example as an attribute, as possibility and actuality, as truth, even as God. You ask whether there is an understandable togetherness (Einklang), and that not in the sense of a higher synthesis, but rather as a question about the meaningfulness (Sinn) of Being. In what direction an answer is initiated through your thinking, to the question: Why are there beings at all, instead of nothing?

I must answer two questions. First the question of Being: I find there is an uncertainty in your way of asking. 'Seinsfrage' means two things; it means on the one hand, the question about beings as beings; and in this question it is determined what beings are. And the answer to this question implies an interpretation of Being. But the question of Being can on the hand also be understood in the following way...Whereon is every answer to the question about beings based? That is, wherein does the Unconcealment of Being originate? To say it with an example: The Greeks interpret Being as 'presence' of the present. "Presence' indicates time." Thus the interpretation of Being as presence is related to time. If I try to determine the presence of beings in relation to time, and if I look around in the history of thinking, then I will find, beginning with Aristotle...that time is already determined in relation to a certain (understanding of) Being. So, the traditional concept of time is not suitable to even raise the question. That is the reason why I tried to develop a new concept of time and temporality in the sense of the 'ecstatic openness' in Being and Time. The other question is a question which Leibniz already asked, and one which Schelling took up, and then again one I use word for word at the end of my already mentioned lecture "Was ist Metaphysik?" But...this question has a whole other meaning in my context.

I on the contrary, ask: Why is there beings at all, instead of nothing? Why do beings have the priority? And why is the nothing thought of as non-identical with Being? That is: Why does the forgetfulness of Being dominate and WHERE-in does it originate? So this is a completely different question than the metaphysical question. That is, by that I ask: What is Metaphysics? Strictly spoken, I do not ask a metaphysical question, but rather about the essence of metaphysics. As you can see, all these questions are immanently difficult; and at the base, for the immediate understanding, inaccessible.

How the fate of Thinking is going to turn, nobody knows.

This Thinking is, in its topic, a lot simpler than Philosophy...but to get into actually doing it, a lot more difficult.” “And it requires a stronger, deeper care for Language. Not an invention of new concepts as I once thought, but rather, a return into the primordial substance of our ownmost, yet always already dying Language.”

A future thinker, who will perhaps be faced with the task of genuinely taking over, this Thinking, which I try to prepare....”

Occurrence

Martin Heidegger? Is this a Primitive-Wizard or a Deranged-Sage?

Regardless, you knew. You felt it early, your fatal fate. Death is absolutely not a *falsity*.

But rather, *ha*, Death is the fundamental necessity.

*(Writing) This is your singular vocation: awaken, listen, look, attune, lift...surge, deterge, submerge, accept, accrue, elucidate, and at last, **you intone the most remote cognitive peripheries possible...***

Feeling is detecting.

Facing is deterging.

Exploring is attuning.

Summoning is attaining.

Submerging is maintaining.

Ascending is evolving.

(Martin appears in the apartment) I am detected by anybody unasking yet readily demonstrative of the need, indeed, the historical, societal, familial, personal (he speaks) **necessity to engage our ontic Destiny, which is to intone and merge the fundamental**

distinction: *Body and God. Activity, Stasis. Living, Cessation. Care, Satisfaction. Love, Perfection.*

Breaking News! A car-crash occurred this morning in downtown on Broadway, when an older gentleman named *Merlin Sedál*...was abruptly run-over at around 9:40 am by a high-speeding driver. Merlin was crossing the street to criminal court, for a second-degree murder trial. The speeder fled the crash, and did not subsequently hit any additional vehicles or bodies in the vicinity; nor has the vehicle been found, as it was traveling too fast for license-plate identification. The driver's vehicle is estimated to have verged on 60 mph in a 35 mph lane, and... Merlin sadly deceased shortly after this collision. When paramedics arrived, his damage was dubbed irreparable. Merlin was pronounced dead at the crash-scene, at 10:01 am. Very sad, honestly, I need to say...an absolute abomination. Who are you driving that car? Why were you speeding? Why did you keep going? I'm sorry. The car was identified as a dark green jeep, but no bystanders could catch sight of the sex or complexion of the driver. Please, be careful everybody. Goodnight.

(Writing) Yes. A later-aged pedestrian crossing casually toward court, was instantly eviscerated by a conductor committing criminally negligent vehicular manslaughter. Whoever it was, you mowed him down and quit the scene. And? And?

*(Looking down at his body) Relinquish your illusionary control... this chest-clasping pain. Your vengeance is impotent. You want to rid this disease? **The plain facts are these.** The 1) date, 2) site, and 3) cause of the decease... are legally known.*

Date: *September 24, 2026.*

Site: *Broadway Street, Downtown San Diego.*

Cause: *Fast collision. Fatal car crash.*

These facts are more commonly expressible as... 1) Day, 2) Place, 3) Theory of Failure: but why not specify...further.

1) Dilation, 2) Location, 3) Modalities of Failure.....such as.... your epigenetic-range of telomeric expiration (active geneticist hypothesis), viral disease-truncation, lethal blood toxicity, bacterial infection, arterial laceration, vital organ-puncture (embolism,

hematoma, occlusion), asphyxiation, freefall, crush, amputation, electrocution, incineration, drown, freeze, decapitation, neck-snap, sleep-deprivation, starvation, brutal gut/innard batter, cracked cranium, compressed ribcage, flattened lungs, disemboweled abdomen, clipped nose, pulped bunkered face, thrashed....numberless modalities....are dissuasions from the scientific distinction of **Demise and Decease**: an Organism is disturbed by a convergently irreversible disarray of synergetic biosystems and functional organs, which rupture, or fail rapidly, like the cardiac cycle halting, and the collapsed brain stem gets dead.

Two weeks ago, a human Organism deeply dear to me perished under a city tree, amid a sidewalk bush, dripping his blood into a curb puddle.

Again, we may say...1) Day, Date, or Dilation of decease.

2) Place, Site, or Location of decease.

3) Causality and Theory of Failure. Precisify...medically explainable errors and degradations of functionality sufficient for global (organismic) failure.

Witnesses are peekers. Scientists are examiners.

Autopsy, or the meticulous examination of whatever detectable (and ideally relevant) biochemical disruptions compounded at critical sizescales and timeframes. Due to this scientific autopsical analysis, any decease is no longer structurally enigmatic. But structure is in front line for a massive rupture.

You hit-halt-dropped, globally failed, and became a carcass. A corpse condenses a latent craze. First comes the event, and then, the discovery, the grave communication...the shriek, the shock, the grief, the burial.

Night before burial: dinner time, quiet diversion, heinous awakening, dress and prepare to express, eat stale breakfast, take a ride to the site, arrive, converge, submerge, eulogize, and alas, the mourners disperse with dismal hopelessness.

[Note from the authors: if you are a Scientist, Engineer, or Doctor, please proceed. If you are not, you may kindly skip this section and teleport to the phase of Sein und Zeit (p. 38), as the immediately awaiting pages will serve to deterge the subject-object split and mind-body dualism which were initially paramount paradoxes for Science to emerge among humans, yet

are terminally resolvable and unifiable via bivalent (dual-valued) logic.]

Cryptic Trance: Martin, Ludwig, and a Neutral Ghost.

*(Martin) And do you, while nicely alive, desire to **fuse** your horridly grieving Decease with my utterly ownmost Demise?*

Yes. The fundamental distinction of Decease and Demise you invoke is one singular scientific unification.

If the entire spine snapped, the brain stem is dead, but this can be... (Martin) Oh, corrected? Regeneration... yes, heh, you'd need not only that spectacular futuristic achievement! You'd also need rapid regeneration by uninvented medical machines applying parallel and many-level biochemical/cellular/systemic "corrections" – extremely unclear operations – to regenerate your father's evisceration from the lethal crash, correct?

*(Continues) Heh!!! ANY genomic embryo can **molecularly disarray**, before any cellular deformities. And, sure, the embryo can immediately undergo regenerations UNTIL THE MACHINES are proactively destroyed or just steadily decay, even though the embryo's cell-assemblies had already malfunctioned easily beyond the computers' corrective cooperation and rates of regeneration. Of course, the hyperadaptive human organism can always, always, at every pulsating moment disarray at any sizescale and timeframe of scientific structure. Yes, scientifically, human-bodies are hypermodular organisms utilizing biochemically and psychologically inconceivable **structural dynamics** generating, extending, inhibiting, permeating, and recurrently selecting linear outputs from complex-valued productions and nuanced computations which can again explode, deform, decay, or disarray....AT ANY TIMEFRAME AND AT ANY SIZESCALE explode, deform, decay, disarray.*

So yes, you can wave at the unaware autopsical scientists whom are curious about and hired for finding your father's functional failures which have already disarrayed brutally beyond the regenerative rate, versatility, precision, and creative-depth necessary to correct millions of structural micro-errors.

(Ludwig interrupts to speak) Let us render the relationship you seek, through ordered pairs and orderless sets <hypermodular human organism (timeframe: lifespan; start-symbol is the chromosomal alignment)→sufficient systemic disarray for global failure (measure from chromosomal alignment to medical pronouncement of decease)> = {b, d} which is the spatially-orderless binary set wherein {decease, body}={body, decease}. The question is how spatial-sets *transpose* into sequential-pairs.*

(Stares at Martin, whom replies) *You think the temporal-pair ***is*** the spatial-set?*

(Ludwig Witt) Yes?

(Martin) Ah. Then, I ask again: on what ¹)date, in which ²)location, and with which ³)method.... will you execute yourself?

No date or method, yet. But this apartment is the location.

(Martin) Yet looms.

Soon. Why can you care?

Why can you mind my care?

Your question is nonsensical.

(Martin) Ah? Care means that another Body occupies the same room as you, right?

*Why the need for proximity? Is room constrained by vicinity? Why the disdain for meaningful distance? Is **Care** bound by the **Body's** vicinity? Why can you even conceive to interrogate my deceased care for you?*

You are care.

*Yes, Care, your proximate-body is very correct to **desire** the fundamental distinction between Death and Body to **merge**. With this wish, the Body merges the happiest ascendance with the most purposeless pain heh!*

Corpse is stasis. Body is ecstatic. We know ecstasy, but we are incognizant of stasis.

You feel bothered by this?

*While "logic", "science", or "mathematics" – in any manner – is actually talked, thought, taught, or inscribed...extremely focal mature-brained and rigorously-trained human bodies **ecstasize** more formulaic bodies that reside in quantum, microscopic, classical, and symbolic (ambient) spaces. The ecstatic body has many more ambient spaces.*

People ecstasize their vicinities into tonal room. Place is the ecstatic realm of the psychic-body, say. Yes, children are acquiring primitive physics, chemistry, physiology, THROUGH INTUITING THEIR BODIES.

*To children, primordial-places ***are*** visceral-bodies. To children, place is room. Places are not, yet, inorganic basins. Yet. Children **initially** detect, tune, and intuit their erratic onslaught into **relevant zones**. But even the modern-scientific Laboratory presents its tonal zone socially, say, to their funded human experimenters. Exactly, any bodily-coherent-activity*

is, for some human on earth, an ordinariness, as is accordingly a scientist entering a Laboratory, unless this entrance is mistaken, strange, or amazing.

Specifically speaking, however, the great name **Science** commenced by diverging the coupling between the self-conscious (preadolescent) ***Body*** and its spatially-stable ***Vicinity***. This divergence is transmitted to future bodies by the inscriptive remnants and pictures of isotropic planar geometry. Indeed. Now, to understand **how** this divergence experientially-unraveled, or even how it cognitively-dawned on the geometric-body, **is another story entirely**. Likewise for the phenomenal discovery of shadow-clocks. How did Science diverge from self-conscious human bodies paying acute attention to their graphical vicinities?

First of all, slow your thought flow. Let your creativity, first, haze this divergence, ah... you already want to protest with a two-unit truth evaluation function, which is ostensibly necessary to denote any divergence. On the complete contrary, the Human Body detached from its 3D spheroid/cylindrical figure because it constrictively **bijected itself between the ambient (impersonal/invariant) space and this body's vicarious vicinity.**

Conundrum. Even though a platitude – such as bivalent logic – is essentially a correct solvent of substance dualism, one has to deterge the platitude as utter delusion **TO ACTUALLY GRASP THE BEAUTIFUL SOLUTION.**

Scene. We are in the operating room, next to a few intensely rational and hypercreative concentrations. To us inferiors, they are “examining” this open cranium which exposes this human-brain’s orchestral neocortex gyrification; microscopically exhibiting neuronal pulsing on millisecond clock-cycles of a woman-adult patient whom remains awake, focusing, feeling her brain yield easy linguistic activity, which is computationally elegant, and neuronally brutal....linguistic activity.

What are the attractor-network “activities” of these computational neurobiologists whom are intuitively mathematizing the attractor networks of the left hemispheric superior temporal gyrus.

To scientifically solve ‘the hard problem of consciousness’, the neurologists need to bodily-**perceive** *and* mentally-**mathematize** this....**unary** electro-chemical-synaptic-syntactic-semantic-sensory mentality.

You are fucking boinging! Define consciousness, rather than flinging fancies around at me.

(Ludwig Wittgenstein entrances and interrupts) Hello. Consciousness is *care*. What is this feeling for you? Just, feel this Body. Caring *means* bodying.

Yes. The fundamental philosophical question of **Meaning** forces bodies into identically duplicating the *illusory conundrum* of superimposing mental language **onto** this viscerally viscous place. The Body must take-over the majority of linguistics, and expand **Language** to encompass all detectable muscular, somatic, and vestibular organizations and higher-order communications. Within this expansion, meaning and language mutually inform each other, and all organisms expose themselves as *linguistic bodies*, or more intriguingly, as **many-valued logics**.

Planar Geometry was discovered by H-Bodies whom deduced their Realm as zonal geographies or ambient landscapes, brimming with potential planar configurations and modifications.

To advance, permit some slightly more semiformal expression. Let the strict totally ordered-pair be, **<Visceral-Realm** (denoted by R: the trivial temporal-sequence of 0-5+ yrs of organic lifespan wherein the human organism is explicitly unaware that it's Body is geometric) \rightarrow **Ambient-Space** (denoted by S: the cognitive-capability of comprehending the Human Body in the terms, forms, and notations of elementary Geometry, represented by the trivial sequence 5+ yrs of organic life) \rangle , or simply, **<Realm, Space> ... <R, S>**. This **totally temporal pair** means that $R < S$, and that S irreversibly embeds R as a subunit of the ambient space. So then, how is symmetry secured? Irreversible temporal parity $\langle R, S \rangle$ must couple with reversible spatial parity, or an **unordered binary set** $\{R, S\} = \{S, R\}$. More simply, a two-point line is spatially reversible.

We begin graph theory and elementary geometry with *binary lines*, each of which must dually-contain a strict totally-ordered pair $\langle R, S \rangle$ (time) and an unordered binary set $\{S, R\}$ (space).

When you create a bidirectional arrow \leftrightarrow or a binary line, you have a timeline dual to a graph-theoretic metric.

But, to unify physical geometry and graph theory, we need to subsume temporal-pairs and spatial-sets under **two-valued logic** $[0, 1] = [S, R] \leftrightarrow (=, <)$.

We have to perforate, in extremely short time, our long-lost monism between finitude ($<$) and infinity ($=$).

Young Luddy long-ago surmounted his own suicidality with this maxim, "The World and Life are one."

Yes, monism mesmerizes every dualism, until and such that the twin-extremities of a philosophical system, by virtue of being mutually discernable, perfectly merge on a medium sustaining their discernment.

(Starting to paraphrase the Tractatus) “The thinking, perceiving Subject; THERE IS NO SUCH **THING**. If I wrote a book ‘The world as I *feel* it’, I should also have therein to report *on my body* and say which *carnal* members obey my *attentive* will and which do not, and how so, with what results, issues, dynamics, etcetera. This would be a method of *isolating* the subject, or rather, of *showing that in an important sense there is no such isolate subject*: that is to say: of MY bodily-subject *alone*, in this book, mention *cannot* be made.”

“As in death, too, the world does not change, *but ceases*.” But do **we** de cease?

“If a question can *be* put, then it *can* also be answered.”

(Martin) *Yes! Mister Wittgenstein, to your excellent credit, you simply spoke the metalogical meaning of the Body, somehow expressing it as singly being **this** (outer) World and **my** (inner) Life. **One Being**. Monism wins. Please! Luddy.... lead us from the monic meaning of Being, into ecstatically, erratically, feeling, being...my Body.*

*Simply speaking, Being is my worldly life, or better yet, **this bodily world**.*

Trivializing this sentence aborts our absorption into Mister Witt’s ascendant thought! Remark to us more of your early maxims for our further guidance.... Yes, well then let me commence with the conclusion of my whole life.

(Ludwig intones) “The *free* (ultimate) object is simple.”

“Thus the word “is” emerges, both, as the primitive sign of *equality*, =, and as (turning to Martin) the utmost ecstatic expression of *existence*: “to exist,” “to persist,” ... “to ecstasize”. Accordingly, we declare a being primitively *present* by BODILY-SHOWING that these scientific and structural activities are *happening to me*.”

(Martin, seeing Luddy looking to leave) *Mister Witt!! You think that Being denotes the ultimately simple object?*

*Mister Witt, again, please help us stay away from so easily and reactively discarding such muddy thoughts: **I implore you to stay and bathe our doubts in potent detergent**.*

(Luddy) Fine!

(Reciting and apparently again paraphrasing the Tractatus) “Colloquial, natural *language* is a part of the human organism and is not less complicated than it (but the radical contrary). From daily common talk, it is humanly *impossible* to gather and *immediately* theorize the

recursive logic of natural language. Natural language disguises its silent syntax: such that from the superficial lexical ordering of our linear sentences, we cannot infer the intricate hierarchical properties they clothe, because these sentential clothes are translated with quite another (articulatory, phonological) procedure, which seems (to the common users) ever more complex than the core genetic accepting-syntax of the alphabet and logic itself.

Yet, the silent syntactic adjustments required to ordinarily, organically, effortlessly create and comprehend sentences in a natural language are enormously complicated *to infer and formally illustrate.*"

(Martin) Are we getting lost? It appears. Witt flings us to denude logical-thought from the furtively complex cloth of common-language. Is the silent, unseen syntax of Language the enigmatic aspect of Thought? It appears. So, linear sentential notation remains our closest graze over exactly where we bodies fail to display because we shy away from PRIMORDIALLY PERFORMING OUR BODILY thoughts....directly onto this viscous place.

(Luddy) God is Place. In this sentence, Being *couples* yet remains *between* Body and Realm.

(Martin) Inopportunately, Mister Witt, you muttered this surrender until your decease! The way you say this now sounds like Being is a dualism!!! Why must the coupling of Being remain between God and Place?

(Luddy) Hardly a surrender! Without displaying the dualism, as is, we cannot expose its flagrant falsity, and indeed, we cannot even expose the lunatic pervasion of dualism. Monism wins, *iff* dualism is exposed and destroyed.

Also, I was MORONIC for excusing my *emphasis* on this ominous sentence. "The best that I could ***write*** would never be more than philosophical remarks." Ja! Writing is lagging. Lag is dualistic drag.

Generic Care

(Standing up and looking over again at McGrath Highway) Look at you...sidewalkers, strafing your hips and glutes up alongside the highway...outside, the skied gloom glues an elevatory bridge-road roving upslope through tan-metal rusty rod gates greeting and ravaging a recent scene of decease.

7:58. *The ontic object is simple. Occurrence.*

(Martin) Simplicity is serene. You were sexually conceived, proceeding by chromosomic-genomic-embryonic cell-bodies dividing into assemblies, pathways, tubes, tissues, organs, biosystems expressing, nourishing, growing lungs, etc, which are finally training by gulping

some amniotic fluid. Muscles are antsy, available... and your labor commences. Long-contractions condense, intensify, and peak, oh... are crowning.... **flung free** as this live newborn organism respiring limbic-dermal-visual-aural-neural components collectively crying, sleeping, feeding, facing these....massive and extremely expressive **caretakers** cradling and environing this bloomy mush-room wherein the new body needs to coordinate this face, thorax, back, legs...arms are used to crawl through a buzzy realm, too lucid...body starts sharpening it with tunes, moves, sounds, intakes, excretions, sedations, giggles, burps, babbles, listenings, tries, clarifies...talks, watches, waddles, stands, strides, stops...walks, houses, asks, meanders, replies, matriculates...at class, cues, tasks, ahhh recesses running and drifting and draining the playground – **paradise** – hiding, swinging, chatting, sliding, launching ,throwing oh... the visors strictly whistle – heaven is over – time to guide the rowdy recessors aligning and cooling their ruckus radiating alright___please lead us back inside the class room roving entrance seat relax gasp, compose facial commotion making carnal neck sweat from running and shooting basketballs just now ahhh tap, hi, look up, **pay attention please:** aboard, read, recede, wilt, bore, blank, seep, lift, float, surge, stream, stretch, remote, estrange, contract, fright, sear, derange...elate, enunciate, intone, enact, rupture...soar, glorify, relish, levitate, descend, closen, prepare, dwell, accept, graze, seal being...perishes — I, singly, demise. You, to us, serenely deceased.

Once dead, the Body is **our** Care. The Being, however, **is** Carefree.

The Body solely suffers. Being itself never suffers. When the Body's brain-stem collapses, the Body goes ontic; carefree of breathing; irresponsible for beating.

(Ghost) I do comprehend the ontic consequence.

But you there...are still Care! So you positively cannot, yet, comprehend the ontics. Look, hear this, you there: **many carefree bodies are radiating you.**

The Body literally means Care. When the Body deceases, it is. The Care, simply, relaxes perceptual constraints and frees. Life is a finite futurity. We may scientifically attain longer spans with more advanced machinery, but every organic and especially every hyperadaptive body is **incessantly obliterated**.

(Luddy, the actual ghost, is starting to roam the room, getting agitated at the conversation) This vicinity resembles a bruised banana. This apartment is putrid, cluttered, infested, with such few utensils, **trash**, a low table, skinny chairs, stove, microwave, blankets, clothes, pencils, pens, notes, 7 books, ha, glass cup, computer-cellphone, magnetic-wallet, windows, walls, ceiling latency, ceramic floor is *this Activity*. Remember our activities? I do. Then, I am imploring YOU HERE IN THIS APARTMENT to answer this.... No, this interrogation is literally idiotic to the two siblings you see enacting, feeling each other's temperaments, deeming their nascent moods, exhibiting new modes, acquiring mentalities,

branching personalities, etcetera. You and Yana primordially *are* bodies. We, adults, are humanly awake-attentive-focal-corneal-visual-retinal-aural-acoustical-electrical-olfactory-tactile-dermal-muscular-skeletal-vascular-respiratory-intestinal-immunal-neural-cardiac multitrillion-celled hypermodular morphisms of a 4-billion year genomic species. We are also emotive, expressive, gestural, generally intelligent and mutually wretched – we are mental – Human Bodies locomoting around vicinities for specific mental-futural *purposes*, like schedules, plans, programs, dynamic domains: jobs, social roles, behaviorisms, professional radiations called *personas*. Whenever safely enclosed, Human Bodies engage in more private and exotic gratifications.

(Martin) Welcome anew Witt!

(Luddy stays silent and is scowling.)

*(Martin gazes at the ghost) Can you **believe** that your structurally-distributive composition and layered-cooperations ARE EXACTLY THIS ACTIVITY?*

(Ghost) Yes. I can.

(Martin) Excellent. But maybe you are still too anesthetic to dissolve facile dualisms such as....

<serious-lighthearted>

<interested-bored>

<entertained-underwhelmed>

<worried-copasetic>

*<melancholic-pleasant>...they all denature into **irrelevance** by boisterous children, yes, ecstasizing their utterly primordial realm rotating these hands. Yes, tighten them into a clasp, then, relax...and watch this flowing sand mhm you jump and **land** running to the supervisors, my mentors....forgot about you. God, but why couldn't you just stay watching, eating lunch, talking, telling, joking, while we recess.... children remain peripherally perfect to keep recess going.*

*Children are prehistorical. They **are**. Activities. To utter – Children are Activities – **is to utter a redundancy**. Activities come for free. Any adjectives are additions to **being the activity**.*

*Children **are** = Children **act**. They recess. Why are we supervisors withholding our participation in this asphalt-sandbox-plastic microcosm? What if the playground was empty? There would be no liabilities! But we are loitering! We cannot play here! What the fuck are we doing here? Heh!!! Wait. Am I advising you to halt this session, clothe, leave, walk to the park across the Dunkin, wait, cross the street, and just casually join random children submerged in playground games?*

*We might detect a “comical translucence” unfurl itself inappropriately over the severity of our primal poverty, in which children are so rich. Even Luddy could only provide clear thoughts to guide us. He **only subtly touched the lucid, nutty ones**. (Martin looking at Luddy) In your*

rare apexes of crystal clarity, you did indeed foist right upon our faces such fantastic jokes and maxims. We need to melt our "Prison". Please:

A man (Luddy himself) will be imprisoned in a room with a door that is unlocked and only opens inwards as long as it does not occur to him to pull rather than push.

The simplest step is the hardest conundrum.

(Martin) You have no more to utter to us? Yes, I do. I will complete my conclusion.

We, human beings, cannot unjustly aggrandize our cortical and very nervous bodies BECAUSE YOU ARE UNDERDETERMINING THIS SENTENCE...no matter how cleanly and obsessively we keep teaming our most analytic minds to map every structural level of functional and adaptive biosystems dynamically supporting this surreality.

How deeply do we misunderstand.

Children ARE. Period. Even adolescents, despite discerning abstract identities from their cutaneous bodies, do not strictly distinguish logical **structure** and visceral **activity**. Adolescents are emotionally unrolling and elating fresh features of their *identities*, energetically developing *personalities*, envisioning dim *aims*, entrenching pathways to them called *plans*, which are spiritually-induced *phases* of practices, mistakes, performances, and victories of, nonetheless, a mammalian life.

Ultimately, that is, for my whole primordial life, I *felt*, and accordingly, did not dare talk, or indeed, even release within my private thoughts, anything at all *about* BEING THIS BODY. The fundamental enigma of conscious-life *disarrayed every day* with this unremitting estrangement from my finite flesh, which sadly some others saw as religious derangement. No matter now!

The conclusive solution to Body-Being exposes itself now. It is my dying gift. I, singly, was not born. I plurally lived. Yes. You need this decease. Yes! Yes you do!!! No longer do we live. Bodies are viscous actors. Beings are ambient attractors. Now, however – forever – I ambience.

Tell them I've had a wonderful life.

(Face shrivels into a raisin and dies.)



*(Martin) Children do not contemplate suicide unless, yes, nearby company “drops off” or “checks out” very early on by some mysterious malaise, like the microbodies attacking her. Irrespective of these unfortunate occurrences, children do not halt Tag to check their cardiac rates; nor, while chatting, can they comprehend **the** linguistic breakaway **currently generating syntactic expressions** by algebraic operations which are neurally localizable in subassembly network compressions of billions of synapses in Broca’s area critically **folding on the inferior-frontal-gyrus**, and in Wernick’s cortical area **folding on the superior-temporal-gyrus**.*

The Human-Body : core maturational (ontological) phases : two-gamete eukaryotic (1) genome, (2) embryo-zygote, (3) fetus, (4) newborn, (5) baby, (6) infant, (7) toddler, (8) kid, (9) youth, (10) preteen, (11) adolescent...etc. A mostly mantel planet – Earth – has two-axes rotating ~days over ~years in revolutions around the Sun. Due to the gravity and heat of our solar-star, human bodies have long worshipped the Sun.

However, the sun is not the oldest God.

*The oldest God is instantly discoverable. All we need is to locate a prehistorical **relic** which, if really retrieved, that is, if this relic is lucidly-meditated through whichever future human bodies can gain and maintain the **field-person method** of merging **Trance** and **Meditation**, then...this relic will indeed be the bright red beaming dawn of Being.... from its indefinite oblivion.*

*Can we merge **God** with **Being** itself? This is the spiritual question.*

Heh. Maybe we have matured way too severely to breach, never mind sustainably, our antiseptic, air-tight, discreet, dualistic Normality.

*Normality: where we like splashing around in its safe and healthy shallows **while we embarrassingly exhibit brave statures, emit grandly loud gestures, and we foist too confident movements....***

To progress into the unifying relic, we must submerge this Body. But how without drowning?
By bombarding and overheating and corroding this Body's ownmost normality?

We cannot pitifully dip a shy foot into the vast submergence but must go all the way in it.

How? Hehah!!! We need to bypass the adroit strength our recent/recurrent memory-loops and thought-blooms that are continuously attracting the bypassers (the long-runners) to recoil before barely stretching into touchable reach of deeper memories. Most memories are **sensory lapses**. Most thoughts are **emotional breaches**. Furthermore, we have far more muscular and tactile memories in our 10^{10} neuronal cerebellum compressing a locomotor, mover, maker, merger 6 year body here, hi, others quickly dissipate byeee my competitive/invasive memories/thoughts are backtracking the bypassers.

The Trance into Meditation **cannot takeoff** without relinquishing thought and memory and submerging into the psychic-body.

You want to? You cannot just **want** to entrance! Sorry!!!

You allow the Trance to **occur...**

Fine. It is time to prime. The Body and Science are.....Prescience. Body and Psyche merge. Your dualism will deterge.

Children do not distinguish between activities and bodies. They perceive and conceive **monic zones** with a univalued **carnal logic**, or rather, conceptual irrelevance.

Children imagine as embodying. Bodies are activities. Again, children simply are. They care, carnally. Children care, not about bodies, but by **fully embodying these activities**. Precisely because they are monic, to adults, children appear manic.

Preteens and especially Adolescents dually intensify....into **psychic-bodies**. Accordingly, adolescents are the most adroit to fantasize *or* actualize. Silly Cioran: 'We cannot be normal and alive at the same time,' heh nice Emi! **Adolescents disprove you**. They are the most dualized psychic-physiques inhabiting this modern world. Why do they dualize? Adolescents must emerge from the unary bodily submergence of Childhood, into the sudden binary surge of emotive and cognitive activities.

Adolescents are parsing their Activities from their Vicinities. They deterge all precedent presumptions about body-form, ability, and stylism. Being dual, adolescents are visceropsychic identities.

To reiterate, Children are relevant-realms or monic-zones. Since they are submerged, children are monic, manic, primal **ecstasies**. Literally they are activities.

Adolescents binarize bodies and activities. They are psychic-physiques; doubled **identities**.

Adults are psychological-persons comprised of **plural** exterior-personas and intrinsic-personalities. Adults understand each as private and legal **people**, and sometimes, as esoterically structured many-layered organic sciences, other fine...fine. While adults are plural and people, they exclude the deep fields in which they cooperate.

(Martin looks up with an unfamiliar expression) I now know my critical failure. This: I wrote and addressed Being and Time, all of my works, **to adults**. Children and Adolescents especially would have undertaken the windy, steep trail of primordializing these sensations and urges throughout my limbic members; they would ingest and crave through their sensory orifices; they'd enjoy and pet the temperature and sensitivity of their epidermis; feel their complexion emanate and tonally radiate; supervise the suppleness of their skeletons; the speed, accuracy, and dexterity of their musculatures; the endurance and resilience of their overall carnal statures; the smooth dynamism and magnetism of gesture.

Right now, a brown man is seated, wristing and writing. Yes. From this very word, **we engage you as adolescents**. This way, you can effectively convey to flurried/submergent-children and focal/sharpened-adults **the creative energies and lyrical lucidities lunging from these bodily fields**.

If Being and Time was addressed to adolescents, the following core formal defect would decidedly **not have been committed.**

I developed the phenomenological composition of Human-Care into a 3-valued temporal logic. But logic was not the real theme: Care. PRIMORDIAL ACTIVITY:

- 1. (resonant) Past.**
- 2. (prescient) Futurity,**
- 3. (radiating) Presence.**

Logic destructures Care. I thought that Humans could control, bind, and become their Care precisely by undergoing this analytic deformation.

Let me demonstrate the deformation; the degradation of Care.

Care, literally, is bodily-relevance. Relevance can be rendered as a minimal formal language.

The elementary grammatical parameters of the Care-language are:

- (1) Accepting-syntax, composed of structural and dynamical rules of processing and configuration.**
- (2) Transductive executer/controller, composed of structural and dynamical operators of syntactic rules.**

(3) The open and distributive sequence of derivational-productions mapping local actor-agent driven transitions, event terminations, and future distributions.

(1) Acceptor – Attunement.

(2) Transducer – Understanding.

(3) Distributor – Entanglement.

(a) Past.

(b) Futurity.

(c) Presence.

Care is a *continuum*, that can be discretized into temporal-dimensions and formalized into grammatical-parameters.

Pas-t: ¹Attun-ed—mood-ed, room-ed, resonant...

Futurity: ²Understand-ing—accommodate-ing, expect-ing, reading...prescient.

Presence: ³Absorption—normality, nice curiosity, super busyness, very worrisome, high excitement, avid arousal, adrenal episodes...are all essentially public productions EVEN WHILE EXPERIENCED PRIVATELY.

The Body is currently calm, homeostatic, copasetic. You have to fuse dual space-time into monic tempo-room. But we cannot take-off until we feel Care *bodily* merge.

Let Body and Care – as relevance – merge.

Good. **Then, let us continue.**

Human-Being. We begin with totally-ordered pairs <Body (Primordial Care)→Science (Phenomenological/methodological dualism of Psyche and Physique into Science)>....<Primordial-Body→Psychic-Science>.

Why are we most primordial mesmerized as children, *exactly while* we children cannot, like adults, *focus* and *theorize* on these visceral activities? I am asking this. Why do my birth, my infancy, and my youth *primordially precede* the Universal Ontology (Human Science) attainable, at the earliest, **during preadolescence**. During pre/adolescence, Human Science becomes perceptually possible, since adolescents are emerging from frenetic realms and ecstasies. Once pubescence initiates, realms can be split, parsed, dualized into *external environments*, and the adolescents become subjective students of objective nature.

These biconditional statements validly invert the total-linear-order of <Primordial-Care (local-relevance) → <Human-Science (global-relevance)> into the bidirectional sentence, <Care>↔<Science>.

Overarching statement:

Primordial-Activity (feeling, or technically, *detecting* organs, limbs, muscles, orifices) ↔ Physio-anatomical-Structure (functional cutaneous, somatic, visceral innervation, intero/exteroceptive pathways).

<Primordial-Activity> ↔ <Functional-Structure> = <Care> ↔ <Science>.

Ancillary comparisons:

Carnal Experience (feeling skin) ↔ Epi/dermal (nervous and glandular assemblies, secretions, vascular dynamics)...functionality.

Rostral Experience (feeling face, throat, shoulders, clavicles: portraiture) ↔ Cerebellum and peripheral nervous system (spinal cord/skeletal stability)...functionality.

Muscular Experience (feeling versatile bodyform, graphics, gaits, statures, gestures) ↔ Morphological functionality.

Aural Experience (feeling sonorities, traffic, wind, birds, chatter, steps, doors) ↔ Acoustical-auditory cortex mediations (harmonic/electrochemical operations occurring in neural or molecular or acoustical space).

Tonal Experience (feeling room, zonal outlook) ↔ Graphical (granular n-dimensional projection in an ambient configuration space).

Psychic-Science *is* Prescience

Yes I am presciently or, to adults, *normally* breathing, lashing, blushing this rostral action ...“I am active”... legs are this brown form...exhibiting hairy coiled carne being eyed by an abdominal-pectoral-pelvic-*penile* person. Adult person self-viewing. These femur-knee-shin limbs are calmly calving our arches...clenching, clamping...Wow. I am trampling the microbial floor.

Mood: disruptive.

9:21 am.

Being not God.

(Writing again) The delayed-discovery of GOD permutes these total temporal pairs

<Body→Science>

<(Carnal) Care→Logic>

<Visceral-Activity→Dynamical-Structure>
or simply, <Activity, Structure>.

But let us enumerate some qualitative specifications *between young feelings (children/beings) and mature thoughts (adults/people)....*

<scared (child)→depressed (adult)>

<goofy→excited>

<focused→bored>

<blissful→happy>

<pained (temporarily)→miserable (indefinitely)>

<nervous→anxious>

<antisocial→paranoid>

<spooked→freaked out>

<terrified→terrorized>

<mellowed→chilled>

<fevered→tranced>

<effortful→meditative>. The bond between **Trance** and **Meditation** is highly intriguing and the most difficult bond for adults to comprehend because the bond is *insusceptible* to tactical mentalities which want and yearn to entrance and meditate. Want is not supply. Jeremy knew. Hunger is not bread.

To entrance, you experimental scientists, formal logicians, and pure mathematicians must externally-meditate **onto this body's granularly graphical ambience**. In so doing, you *introspect and perceive* these graph-theoretic features of your "psychic-physique" *but even this formal-visual action concurrently permutes another totally ordered-pair* <Mathematical Physique→Vicarious-Psyche> or <Ambient Activity→Controllable Graphics>.

The true conundrum is the long developmental *delay* of dualism – until pre/adolescence.

Invariantly, any and every formal/scientific realization is *extraordinarily delayed* from, say, birth, the first steps, the first words, etc.

See the temporal-pair <(unsequenced, unrecognizable, yet unique) Human-**Genome** → (my perceptual-sexual-pubescent) Human-**Pubescence**> (7-11+ years from chromosomal alignment to hormonal/phenotypic signals of pubescent onslaught). **Or, see:**
<Chromosomal-Alignment→Pubescent-Body>.

These temporally-ordered pairs appear to be mathematical facts of organic ontogenesis and subsequently extensive epigenetic development.

The spatially unordered set {Adolescence, Pubescence}={Pubescence, Adolescence} expresses two concurrent domains of development.

Adolescence is ontological maturation from primordial submergence.

Pubescence is endocrinal/anatomical/physiological/reproductive maturation.

But good, good, now time to extremize the developmental delay of dualism such that, <Abiogenesis (self-cellular-formation on planet earth, including any pre-DNA 'worlds'/ontologies self-configuring)→Human-Biochemists (4 billion years later) Yes. Every biochemist has been humanly born and primordialized early feelings, realms, spots, tonal activities, *temporally prior to focally/formally exploring the field of Genetics*.

Hence, paradoxically, adolescence precedes genome self-realization, <Adolescence→Genome self-realization>, ostensibly rendering a unidirectional absurdity..... since (Genome↔Expression)...(The Genome epigenetically expresses structural potential, molecular/cellular ramifications, and functionally insular yet externally adaptive systems, concurrently).

Now time to specify more absurdities!

The temporally-ordered pair <Genome-Generation (egg-perforation: chromosomal entwinement)→Genome-Realization (the gene-theoretic grasp internal to human craniums upon seriously studying the DNA molecule, min age range: 7-11 years)> **merges with the spatially-unordered set** {G-realization, G-generation}.

Let's render the proper direction: <Penetrative-Fertilization→Gene-generation>, and hence, <Seduction→Fertilization>, and <Ingestion→Seduction>, and <Locomotion→Ingestion>, <Work→Locomotion>.

Elementally, *why* does the Genome require so exquisitely extensive evolutionary development and focal/formal study to self-realize its nucleic componentry? Why not develop suddenly or even *instantaneously*?

If this semiformal treatment revolts the present-science too much or it feels formally facile, we must simply say, GOOD, and furthermore that RIGHT NOW *realizing* your presence as a specific human-genome *reflexes at least* 15 years from your chromosomal conception, and often many more years, likely 15, 20, 26. Never mind. But a mathematician often only requires (3,4,5) years to begin consciously signing, leveling, counting, or mapping numbers. And a syntactician only takes (.1-2) years to subconsciously select the elegant algebraic syntax of natural language, meaning that, technically, toddlers are logicians and newborn babies are acousticians pruning prosodic-rhythmic receptivity in the auditory cortex....embedded in this hyperactively vibratory vicinity, priming unconscious incipient lexical productions.

Primordial life, in the most technically abstruse context of the central nervous system, is mostly *limbic* and *cerebellar*, **not cortical**.

<Body→Science> where → denotes *its own passage* and this particular human body's *delay of discovering* its own demise, as self-cancellation (suicide)...however abstractly, curiously, dimly, vividly, desperately, conclusively.

Children are unary (spiritual) **beings**, inhabiting tonal zones and lucid and fantastical peripheries.

Adolescents are dualized **bodies**, which feel *or* reason (I, now, distinguish my own outward/bodily *physique* and my mental/secret identity or *psyche*.) Initially, self-attention is dualization of physique and psyche.

Adults are holistic **persons** and modular **personalities**, which, when solicited, rapidly ramify a deep mental-dispersion of *emotions**, which are affective-articulations, and *ideas**, which are conceptual-articulations.

As we see, the dualities emerge in the earliest dermal, menstrual, skeletal signals of *pubescence*. Girls discern and parse their bodies before Boys, and they quickly begin elaborating their visceral/thoracic feelings into intricate *couplings* of bodily-sensations ↔ facial-expressions, stretching into more richly tonal zones of conversation/corumination, unique stories, profound questions, frank favors, constant cues, nuanced inside-jokes, mini promises, funny secrets, untapped issues, unspeakable lies emanating from *social situations* with other nascent bodies/mentalities. Boys, on the slight contrary, do not so easily emote or mentalize their aggressive pubescent bodies, but rather, they continue to *visceralize* their moods/sensations/urges into competitive joint/group activities such as games, challenges, pranks, and athletics....as do Girls aesthetically, erotically, athletically, symbolically – yes –beyond Boys. We are, of course, exempting sexual, cerebral, and criminal precocities from these remarks, whom must not derail the following developmental paired orders: <visceral sensations→tonal emotions>; <playing→talking>; <imagining→ideating>; <contracting→promising> ahhh but if even this semiformality is hideous to us then let us now say EXCELLENT.

Newbodies *care* the most vitally; therefore, *fitfully*. Their <Care (crying, excreting, ingesting, reflexing muscular/facial sensations, gratifying urges)→Personality> (the keen and uncomfortable *self*-discernment from-among other personal-bodies with private-mentalities, which first occurs after 18 months).

Adolescence is actual phenomenological exploration. BUT WHY IS ADOLESCENT DEVELOPMENT DELAYED AT LEAST EIGHT years from the exact birthdate/time, no.....the

entwinement timeframe of the live egg's plasma membrane being perforated by a spermatozoid triumphant among the ~100-million insufficient locomotors.

Adolescents are dubbed awkward, bizarre, glib, fickle, gullible, obsessive, too tactical, badly moody, inflexible, contrarian, deluded, deprecative, infatuative, excitatory, extremist, semisensical, spontaneous, abrasive.

Alright, for the final time! We promise.

Toddlers/Children are *prehistorical-roamers*.

Kids are *agricultural-explorers*.

Adolescents are *emotive-cognitive incipients/inventors*. Adolescence is translucence. Accordingly, adolescents are readily capable of behaving surreally which, again....to mature-rationalities, looks bizarre, arbitrary, abrupt, wandery, hallucinatory, lucid but muddy. Correct. The inanity is that the adults want to tame and cool the enthusiastic creativity.

Taming is when an analytical maturation insinuates itself, even with eventual success, into the irreverent adolescence: taming is trying, prematurely and stupidly, *to sharpen our lucid translucence*.

Curious adults, calling themselves supervisors, watch children at play immerse themselves in *these* playground antics and wild games **without the slightest grasp of their anatomical and morphological modularity amid grabbing the bars, twisting sticks, throwing rocks, shooting balls, stomping the ground, flailing arms riding the swings, peering over the fence, launching paper airplanes, stuffing sweaty palms in coarse cloth pockets, lowering the chin into a smile fusing teeth and tongue to taste splendidly bland crystalline sand**. Yet, of course, these activities are absolutely utilizing physiological, biochemical, computational expressions of genomes, or indeed, the *graphical structure* environing these pulsating, exhaling, blinking, sitting, running, humming, skipping, singing, stealing, bothering, bullying beings. Yes, again, children *are* visceral-activities which remain, while at play, *utterly unaware* of intricate scientific alignments...I am currently exhibiting among my classmates' backs, walking back to the cool classroom after lunch, recess: a good/fun basketball game. Are these lingual bipedal clothed neck-heads *cognizing* their dynamically nervous, optical, aural, immunological, digestive, skeletal, limbic developments traversing along these stucco walls, this cement floor, too tan of a hallway taking me to class ah no thanks, such a great basketball game today.

Inside. The class is copasetic.

Copasetic Vicinity

.... “When the lucid-Body overtakes the central-Brain, it disperses the scene. Attention becomes Trance. Play with your vicarity.”

*(Martin) Sorry. Your Body is still too abstractly attentive, to surreally disperse **yourselves**. For your Body to primordialize, you need to **peculiarize** your own involuntary, core, and especially the most **superbly ordinary activities**.*

*You need to primordialize these things, lists, tasks, issues, steps, routines, topics, meetings, conversations, greetings, protocols, logistics, situations, habitats, and objectives. **This endeavor expresses exactly the peculiarity that adolescents are most eagerly ready to absorb**. They are alive **and** normal, Emi. Most children are literally self-incognizant, and adults are recursive. Adolescents are the mediators. They are entangled and intercomparative between being bodily and mental; corporeal and psychic.*

Yes. Looking down at your own organic...form, obtrudes this radial room.

(Martin) You are ready. Let the onslaught into Trance commence!

*Yes. Phenomenology is **pubescent**. It exposed that this Body and my Science are **structurally plural yet experientially indistinct**. And thus, one. One. Monism. For instance, walking. The bipedal Body strides its carnal legs and locomotes its skeletal limbs. Scientifically, we can examine the classical physics and biomechanics of bipedal limb-action, as well as the epigenetic development and exaptative functionality of skeletal, tendonal, ligamentary muscular assemblies cooperating...and, of course, we can readily delve into their basic anatomical componentry.*

*But our scientific urgency and fascination invalidates the early success of the phenomenological unification between **Body** and **Science**. Trance and Meditation. Can scientists stay talking about the “visceral aspects” of walking-strides? What about them? Scientists **should** shift this facile talk-topic to more interestingly examine, say, the nuanced innervation of body’s epidermis detecting the gaseous whirl lagging its legs’ trigonometric strides. **Our conundrum is that Logicians’ and Scientists’ evaluation of visceral activities as simplistic and wobbly talk-topics is CURRENTLY correct.***

*Phenomenologist. Let this vicinity **remain relevant**. Vicinity is this vicarious....Breath, Touch, Take, Care. No. No!!!! **Do not withdraw from this vicarious dispersion**. Gently, Care, sense your thereness and, yes, let this rostral cranium **melt the mental dominion** over your bodily submergence...yes, Body, sway the gaze, slide, float, draw, seep deep, verge, and surge...*

Breathe.... “mmmhhhhhhhaaaa...” this inhalation is rostrally vicarious.

*Is the Mentality straining to let the Body, go totally vicarious? Yes, then unleash your bodiful attention. **Attune the current room.** Are you distinct?*

*Mentality still resists? Mentality really rations its vast range of relevance. Actually, the Mentality has flagrantly failed TO EVEN COMMENCE PROGRESSING. You remind me of the manic and muddy man inscribing Sein und Zeit. Being **and** Time. I missed the bond. The And, which I could not UNDERSTAND.*

An Aberration was almost attained, but the author shied away from concluding the most fundamental philosophical question *by breathing in these extreme shallows*. The book's strife failed not* because a primordial leap is impossible, but because the delicate basis, the strenuous bodily preparation, and the unremitting every day and commonsensical irrelevance of Being (as it transmitted itself through my corporal-existence)....necessitated authorial occlusion from these sincerely intimate thoughts **which you now read** but do not realize how deep throughout me they seep.

The traversers, as reward for their completion, were spat saliva to rehydrate. I am sincerely sorry.

To prove this sorrow, I must re-emphasize the most important clue to comprehending our ontic-form, bestowed by Being and Time. This question is a final flash of lucidity. You are graciously welcome.

"Is there **a** way leading from *primordial* Time to the *meaning* of Being?" Yes.

Being and Time, except for this bending penultimate question, was a poetic blunder. But we presume the early phases to be possibly aesthetic. Are we all happy as children? How do humans entrance the whirling world of conceptuality? Are we creators or analysts? Are we performers or learners? Learners are rarely only readers. Readers are so ubiquitous and *derivative* listeners, and very remote from thinking. Reading is not thinking. You comprehend? Readers recede, yes, you.... are IMPEDING THIS AUTHORIAL ACTIVITY.

Reflections are nastily simplistic, replete with needless ascriptions.....authorial intentions, main ideas, covert purposes, overall hopes. Readers should.... *scroll*their vision rostrally, just to remember the odd activity which is currently occurring. Reading is resuscitating. Listening is learning. Walking is dancing. Running is roaming. Racing is Thinking, according to Eliud, the racer, the meditator: an endurant, elegant, honest, meek, strong human body. I should have taken his reliable, prescient lead *and drop the book up*, yup, body is gaining memorial-time and dispersing visceral-space.

(Martin) Is there space to race?

Yes. "Being and Time" should have **raced** to demonstrate the volatile versatility of thoughtful lucidity. But it did not. The book asked the resuscitator to step ahead and sense its horse limbs galloping and loping over trails undulating up to a steep, high, fortunately dry cliff into fast winds until hitting a dead-end: where Thought goes deaf.

We should not ultimately revert to sound, or vision. Sensation must become mentation. Ambience is panoramic perception. Muttering, averagely, bashfully, "I have an environment" **is exactly the failure.**

We need to touch the Place. Being and Time: Sein und Zeit, did not intone WHERE THE AUTHOR THOUGHT.... because placeful thought is *a-lingual*. It is totally bodily, which is to say, psychic. The galloping progression surrendered BECAUSE IT COULD NOT COPE WITH RENDERING THE ONSLAUGHT OF THIS VISCOUS-PLACE IN OUR DISCRETE-LANGUAGE. How could the author apply his discrete, conceptual linguistics **non-onto**, but as always and intimately *within*, these viscously continuous vicinities?

The thoracic book did, narrowly, succeed in spitting some very vital people *underway* to the fundamental philosophical question: comprehending the ontic-form of a dead-presence.

However, again, the human body's prescience of its own 'ontic-form' is developmentally delayed and discovered in the most startling fashion. Through suicide.

To perforate the stunning discovery of suicide, and hence of demise, Phenomenology attempts to retrograde prepubescent development into a **self-loop**:

Chromosomal

Alignment→Birth→Newborn→Infancy→Childhood→Youth→Adolescence.... where, paradoxically, my primordially-old Body *just* begins to emerge *while molting its submergence*. Who is this possessor? This is *my* Body. What is my normality?

Luddy, here, had a decent thought. Adults are bewitched by their language **because they try to apply discrete words to continuous activities**. Before the breakaway of natural language, words *were* activities. Yet we speak, very discretely. This is just what, and all, *we can do*. But this is where Luddy needed a sharp smack to convulse his orange neck to prick his muddy head right the fuck up and GRIN at this brisk day!!!! Hey Luddy, act like your actual sexuality and GET GAY.

Phenomenology, briefly, broke through the arid psychological-conceptuality denaturing the adult comprehension of pubescently *emerging* emotions. The adults are also misunderstanding their own long-experienced emotions. Symbols are affects.

Body and Psyche *must* divide during Pubescence. But, must the ensuing dualism remain?

It has, yet CANNOT.

Dualism has ensconced beyond the subconscious and into the unconscious field of most humankind.

And yet, young children and the youth possess and use *discrete* language. Yes, and *how do* they use it? What is it? First of all, is this use-question being generated by the scientific vantage point of mature language users (adults), or is it being insinuated from the phenomenal curiosity of mature language users whom are directly asking *children and adolescents how you experience this linguistic execution.*

Do you close your eyes to slowly pair an internal-word with the external, extramental room? Or, are words just mappings sonorously and pictorially permeating *my room*?

Infants are erratically visceral, or rather, completely vicarious.

Children are primordially submerged under playfulness; they are daydreamy, visionary, but not yet prescient.

Adolescents are dual. I am an *identity*, which includes and complexly controls my secondary Body. My body exhibits and exposes the surface lamination of my intricate intrinsic identity. Everybody is my antibody.

Adults are plural. I am an *individual*. My feelings are beliefs. My thoughts are opinions and tried-and-true approaches. I can articulate them to other legal and political individuals which inhabit a modern technological community. The question is how much duty of care and financial help, via taxation, does the individual owe its collective community. That is it.

No. Heh....The actual question is this. Can we experience *and* remember? Can we converse *and* actualize? Can we inhabit feeling as activity or do we necessarily dwell into dimmer, muddier emotions? Are we misconstruing *dwelling* by the name of an emotion most would call *lingering* over bad memories, bad thoughts, which are preoccupying, consuming, or... is dwelling actually the ontological character of inhabitants radiating their tonal personas to rooms, beings, and field-people? Can they dwell by inhaling, stepping, glimpsing, grabbing, locomoting? Can we at last unite feeling and thought as *this exactly structural activity*?

We cannot? Maybe the warm, wondrous Body is precisely what eludes the deluded Psyche. The adolescent motivational, emotional, and rational *controller* of the Body has to....*suffuse themselves*. Suffuse into intensity. Meditate *into* Trance. Body! Look, blink, inhale, hold, doubt your lungs **are** exhaling chemical gases on and beyond this epidermal depth.

Ey, Ey, Psyche, you have to **respawn** on the Body....to *meditate*. Receive your relevance.

Within Trance, your Apathy can ease. I promise. I assure you! Actually, Apathy evaporates, and Relevance potentiates.

(Martin) *Apathy hates Care. Yet, could you apathize your own hatred? Why, for instance, do you mind your daily depression? Why do pleasure your searing anger and attempt to destroy the concomitant pain with suicide IF PAIN IS ITSELF POINTLESS?*

*Actual Apathy is **suicidality**. But even the Care in its most desperate anxiety, still, is desiring Stasis. Suicidal-Care cannot feel satisfied. This Care craves Stasis. It needs stillness. You comprehending? Care can indeed self-destruct and conclusively. But not even self-executionary Care can **inhabit** the certain satisfaction. Satisfaction is exactly what annihilates itself.*

*Yes, this fact excepts children, 5-6, whom are prehistorically experiencing 'ecstasis' while digging and running and wandering and laughing ... **they cannot comprehend suicide**. And this is why children can comprehend irrelevance. They easily eviscerate externalities. Either they render irrelevant and nonexistent, or include fully.*

But to adolescents...Suicide feigns the apex power. I possess my fate. I am, invariantly, fatal. I can decide to demise. I retain the plenary self-control p!

*There is no suicidal animal, not even mammal. Maybe. They are incipiently-psychic bodies, and care way more rapidly, reactively, urgently, cyclically as their feelings emanate intense, and hence, momentary resonance. Their bodies engage simplicities such as feeding, sleeping, stalking, picking, waking, wandering, mating. Mammals, birds, microbes, plants, amphibians, fungi all incognizantly inhabit and align every relevant level of their scientific and logico-mathematical activities. You study a beetle locomoting and elating into takeoff from that coarse grass blade **without the slightest modicum of my aerodynamics**.*

There is no suicidal fetus. No suicidal newborn, infant, toddler, child. Adolescence presents the choice of termination. Wait. Johanna?

(Johanna Arendt) The Suicidal Human extinguishes THEIR delusional *individuality*....It sees these contradictory spheres, one being legally public and the deeper one being my psychically private, personal domain. Let's take, say, guidance from cell biology. Are eukaryotic cells dividing as isotropic spheres incapable of then *assembling*? No. We are invalidly juxtaposing radical reflection and extreme exhibition. A newly aligned Human Body *plurates* its progenitors. Plurality *is* not the universal ontological description of the earthly-global phases, regions, states, cities, localities, neighborhoods, complexes, abodes, rooms, spots, dots. To ascertain, your *unary* Dasein poetically purges this *plural* Earth! But the hermit-man seceding from the clacking city to the black forest wilderness is only tacitly, ostensibly, deludedly, hallucinogenically *alone*....

*Madame Arendt! Please permit **yea**, Please.... answer this and you may leave! **Why do human bodies mentally delay to comprehend their plenary power of suicidal fatality?***

Once again, Marti, there is no such being as *a* Human Body. You reversed everything, and therefore were indeed inferior. Too simplistic. I am not born many women and die a single one. I plurate, concurrently, my natality and your fatality. You somewhat spoke this answer in Being and Time – “Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as *a* thing.”

(Martin) Yes, you feel their body estranging this dictatorial mentality. Where are you Johanna?

(Ghost) This Place. City apartment. Studio.

And are there aberrant apartmental activities inside with you?

Yes.

Is the Apartment bodily-identical to this Activity? Which way do you go without foregoing? Where are you?

Ordinariness.

*Maybe more like **ordinariness** are enveloping your **Normality**. Next question. This is a riddle in the field called Fundamental Ontology. Can you look at a tree and recede from seeing... ¹a variously-useful trunked branching giant plant, or ²a redundant streetside ordinariness?*

I do not detect the two choices to be exhaustive.

*Are you still being strictly scientific, or have you discarded your rigorous body as lethargic rigidity? I am, for example, **in no way** an ordinariness. This interplay is a breach of Normality. How do you accept me, Martin Heidegger, communicating with you? I am construing your thoughts – yes, we are unary; indistinct.*

Good, what is your current mood?

So mellow.

Excellent. We advance. How does the Body attune to this mellowness?

The Body cannot describe the demonstration.

*Please, phantom, you are hollow. Look at these beings! Outlook. They are **not** among the alive, like you, who cannot feel carefree, except by denaturing this philosophical word – carefree – to another psychological emotion, ah, like feeling gay, glad, relaxant, on vacation.*

*Accordingly, Care, please fill the riddle. Show me **anyone of these beings comprising the apartment** to be **neither** ¹a germane/forgotten **tool**, nor ²an article of **trash**. To reiterate, show me the inanimate-being in this apartment **which is neither a tool nor trash**.*

(Phantom hesitates, inferred by the absence of atmospheric perturbation):

No? Come on heh! Yes. Right over there, stare....glaze. Anyone around this floor-area that you see being neither a tool nor trash?

Is the floor a tool?

Decidedly.

And are whatever bacteria squirming the surface sink, also tools?

*Good. They are the prokaryotic microorganisms which you have been easily excluding yet whose close variants are extremely active in and beneficial to your intestinal tract, stomach, liver, and filling your lungs.... Fortunately, these microbeings are mainly innocuous to your reactive and adaptive immune systems currently circulating white blood cells throughout your organism. However, if a particular bacteria or virus is capable of harm to your organism, you desire to deterge these toxic bodies **as trash** before their invasion symptomizes the physiological disturbances to the attention nauseating dull pain in the gut, queasy abdomen, aching back, stiff neck, strained pelvis. In no way will we tolerate such a nuisance, and even less so the more dangerous the result of invasion. Wipe the sink-sludge clear, and flush. Trash them. Hence, either the bacteria are innocuously irrelevant and nonexistent, beneficially undetectable and thus tools, or they are even minimally harmful and trashed, which is to say, eliminated from the perceptual space surrounding your susceptible organism.*

I do not want to trash innocuous bacteria. Before this word, the bacteria were irrelevant, agreed, but bacteria can be neither tools nor trash, because they are also scientifically denotable as microscopic biotic objects containing magnifiable DNA-equipped membrane bodies, which are part of the massive class of biological objects utilized in rational research and, yes, when harmful, are pathogens which are dreaded for varieties of cellular deformations and systemic malfunctions of the human organism self-detecting severe visceral symptoms maybe days or decades from the initial-point of invasion.

Yes, so, inside your modern molecular laboratory, do you see any mechanical or electronic instruments utilized in perceiving bacteria, or they all inoperable instruments and therefore trash? Please, hesitate.

*No need now. I do not need to see either tools or trash. All are **objects**. I simply see classes of structural dynamics. Some structures are far more mathematically elaborate to model and explain.... When I see bacteria, my prefrontal and parietal lobes are vaguely focusing me on the floor, they feel floor, this dark, hard form shifting stance from my neck tightens that NEEDLESS lapse of microscopic concentration on observing uni-cellular organisms transmitting chemical signs.*

Nice. Please, **scientifically**, convey the carnal-corneal feeling of your optic-nerved retinal pupils looking through this electron-microscope at these communicative bacteria? Are you detecting the spheric shifts in your eyeballs? What about the blood engorging your optic nerves? Are you even marginally more aware of the lens as you are of feeling floor, the door, your clothes...can you completely concentrate on these bacteria?

No, of course, I cannot scientifically but must perceptually convey the corneal/retinal experience of seeing the bacteria **as**.... this capsule flagellating pili encasing chromosomal DNA alignment, neurally visualizable through extraordinary magnification.

Regardless! Even if YOU have explained the exact synaptic-successions generating your functional dynamics of magnified vision, and further, if you can referentially visualize, from intensive formal study, the eye's anatomical componentry..... **your central-nervous system cannot concurrently visualize THIS EXACT SYNAPTIC ACTIVITY..... while watching bacteria.**

Why not?

Magnificence. The human-body's central-nervous-system poses the most complicated suborganism in the known universe. Every human-neuroscientist who actually visualizes sectors of the central nervous system's structural componentry, first, demonstrates their own distinctive synaptic activity and neurodynamics abstrusely concurring to "generate" these bio-theoretic conceptualizations, geometric visualizations, verbal annotations of **a generic** central-nervous-system's componentry. Yes, they are NEVER VISUALIZING THEIR OWN SPECIFIC COMPONENTRY.

The fundamental problem has not yet, apparently, elevated to self-consciousness... We detect the fundamental problem **only** when **this** central-nervous system **aggrandizes** its incredible recursive potencies **beyond the insolvent scientific distinction:** cognitive-perceiver (formal-hypothesizer)—structural-activities (syntactic-dynamics). Dualism thrives in you.

The central-nervous system or cognitive-perceiver **most closely exposes** the "and" which it-self cannot simultaneously understand. This is the proof.

A future group of genius computational biologists, mathematicians, chemists, and syntacticians...are currently conducting open-skull left-hemisphere brain "surgery" or rather, consensual-experimentation with the first direct cerebro-computer interaction, hopefully to be synergetic. First Trial.

The patient is a metalogician. The main inventor of the, to us forerunners, unfortunately-unspecifiable type of quantum proto-computer capable of recording every germane synaptic action-potential realized in merging basic words, which are lexical blooms. These blooms are

*visually presented by a subsidiary digital computer screen to the logician whom is awake, calm, counting natural numbers, listing the same first letter words, forming set-phases.... while the protoccomputer prepares its synaptic-detectors, the self-transductive oracles, called "syntactic operators" or, even more euphonically, **syntactors**. The syntactors, being self-calling **oracles**, will "bond with" the exact electrochemical impulses operative in the binary-branching syntactic generations concurring inside the Brodmann Area-44: Broca's: inferior-frontal gyrus, and in Area-22, Wernicke's: superior-temporal gyrus.*

The digital-computer presents two-word binaries, which are preceded and proceeded by nonsense words materialized by valid phonetic form. The quantum-computer is now ready to send its syntactors unto the patient's BA-44, wide open, bare to sterile insulation. The patient is aware of this imminence. She is meditating....ready, for the quantum scalar wave operators to polymorph on her particular neurons, likely millions. The quantum-computer is incrementally nearing....right above the left ear, the left hemisphere.

The experimenters are extremely antsy. The patient is tranquilly primed....time to enunciate these simple, slow, two-unit expressions. Connection....

....Cohesion. Commence the initial Trial.... vrem... 'the-walk' ...keca... 'always-there' ...bixo.

Mathematical Neuroscience

János Neumann wrote prescient passages in 1957 while dying in the hospital of pancreatic cancer.

"The nervous system is a computing machine which manages to do its exceedingly complicated work on a rather low level of precision: according to the above, only precision levels of 2 to 3 decimals are possible. This fact must be emphasized again and again because no known computing machine can operate reliably and significantly *on such a low precision level*.

Another thing should also be noted. The system described above leads not only to a low level of precision, but also to a rather high level of *reliability*. Indeed, clearly, if, in a digital system of notations, a single pulse is missing, *absolute* perversion of meaning, i.e. nonsense, may result. Clearly, conversely, if in a scheme of the above-described type a single pulse is lost, or even several pulses are lost—or unnecessarily, mistakenly, inserted—the relevant frequency, i.e. the meaning of the message, is only *inessentially* distorted.

Thus the central nervous system appears to be using a radically different system of notation from the ones we are familiar with in ordinary arithmetics and mathematics.

We have seen how this leads to a lower level of *arithmetical precision* but to a higher level of *logical reliability*: deterioration in arithmetics has been traded for an improvement in logics.

The Language of the Brain Not the Language of Mathematics (last page, likely last written words.)

Pursuing this subject further gets us necessarily into questions of language. As pointed out, the nervous system is based on two types of communications: those which do not involve arithmetical formalisms, and those which do, i.e. communications of *orders* (logical ones) and communications of *numbers* (arithmetical ones). The former may be described as *language* (syntax) proper, the latter as *mathematics*.

The statistical character of the message system used in the arithmetics of the central nervous system and its low precision also indicate that the degeneration of precision, described earlier, cannot proceed very far in the message systems involved. Consequently, there exist here *different logical structures* from the ones we are ordinarily used to in logics and mathematics. They are, as pointed out before, characterized by less logical and arithmetical depth than we are used to under otherwise similar circumstances. Thus logics and mathematics in the central nervous system, when viewed as *languages*, must structurally be *essentially* different from those languages to which our common mathematical *experience* refers.

Conclusion: When we talk mathematics, we may be discussing a secondary language, built on the primary language truly being used by this central nervous system. Thus the outward forms of our mathematics are not absolutely relevant from the point of view of evaluating what the mathematical or logical language truly used by the central nervous system, is. However, the above remarks about reliability and logical and arithmetical depth prove that whatever the system is, it cannot fail to differ structurally from what we consciously and explicitly consider as mathematics.

Perception is the primary language.

*Heh! You know C. Langan. Good, now try to perceptually visualize the perturbative polyalgorithmic neuronal cooperations stably rendering to your tonal attention **this wooden stature**. What? We abruptly huff a bewildered <what> at this intricately inorganic endomorphism mechanically withstanding **your palming pressure** signaling motor-neuronal transmission, okay then twitch this neck. Convulse your lashes. You can keep this folded pose **ONLY BECAUSE** you do have this stature precisely caretaking your body also while it is sitting, eating, reading, sleeping, breathing, receding from this....intimate ordinariness.*

Adults ordinarily awaken in a trance clicking riveting today's schedule, Tuesday: slink, up, stepping, bathroom, peeing, flushing into turning a valve-nozzle drumming on the shower, emptily hesitate, and step directly into the stream roasting and facially thanking it, as well as the silverware, the coffee swishing in the car with the clothed conductor smiling, packed, prepped, parked, opened, get-off, yes, stepping closer to Work, lunch-break, nutrition, privy bowel release within the stall, wipe, flush, click-open, wash fecal hands, fling drippy fingers to dry, outside, this office atmosphere is normally streaming while I'm stepping...arriving at the desk, but waits, gaze and I do enjoy the sunny windows toasting my chest, upon these streets, regular weather, traffic roving. Look at them. They cooperate on turbulent vehicular fluid. They all partake of far more rapidly available purposes, readier intuitions, faster activities, even if this busy intensity is precisely their sensory and short-term memory faculties feeling heightened by the general, primal danger of **slowing production**. No money, no nourishment, no shelter. No shelter, no sleep. No clothes, no public activities: no actual moves. They must bustle, rush, and distress because they have to singly yet simultaneously satisfy many essential activities, and they accept it, even like it. They inhabit a trancelike normality which clearly repulses your dictatorially-scientific body, indistinct from hypermodular biochemical componentry which you barely comprehend, correct?

Science eviscerates ordinarities, and cannot feel nostalgic except in the dim laboratory, at the stale, sorry desk, among books of the dead. Science itself becomes your comfort. This is the perplexity. You think **rational** tasks, list subsequences, call in subroutines, deduce new moves, and yet, so forgetfully feel **visceral**, and need to roam, like a curious child.

But after decades....you have to radicalize your perception, which is to say, tolerably and progressively derange your atrophy. How?

By breaching every secondary, ancillary sublanguage of the primary language of perception or **prescience**.

But why not let Science subsume my body's Normality. Perhaps I do have to conclusively reject my prescience. My normality.

You defy that ideation by that shy stature! I will tell you again, and at that, for the final time: you can read, intrigue, and rationally re-search inorganic chemistry or computational neuroscience or paraconsistent logic. And, if you are, can you presently specify these exactly atomic, molecular, cellular, muscular, mental activities polymorphically **palming a table**?

But you, wherever you reside, are misunderstanding.

This table, as a polymorphic inorganic materiality functionally fashioned by humans, is also, ubiquitously, the plainest demonstration of the **ontic** (finite) conclusion of this **prescience**.

*These inorganic-ontic polymorphisms, to my prescient cognition, expose **exactly the inanimacy my conclusion WILL EXHIBIT to the remaining finite acceptors.** Inanimacy. Martin, you comprehend? No, you deceased. You, dually, did not demise. I, singly, remain alive. I prove that my Body is your God.*

My Body has been resuscitating you, for instance. The elapse is sufficient.

*I have to be dead for this to be said. Go. Do justice. You, on the contrary, comprehend? You are choiceless. Your destiny beckons. Accordingly, run, race, surge, leap...and experience yourself cleanly clearing the subsumption under an indefinitely deep lake yet over which you now glide, but amid vague lapses of certitude, sinking, drowning, drawing on the deepest end of Normality itself....The Body is, now, **uncontrollably raveling.** The trails my own dead Body trekked....are merely a few **of legion PATHWAYS EVERY PRESCIENT BODY VISCERALLY ORIGINATES.***

Sein und Zeit (Being and Time)

9:58.... Outside. Oh almost hour of the owl!

This inorganic book is just *there*: ontic.

Being and Time. April, 1926: a phenomenal man transmitted to fellows this fastidiously loping, lifting, anesthetic disquisition which was admitted from the start to be the only controllable way THIS AUTHOR could take to engage and render Being, as the fundamental philosophic problem.

He meditated into his humanly, bodily basis, called it Care, and then deduced its finitude from the everyday witnesses – doctors, relatives, officers, troops – of *corporeal closure*, which is at once ontically the most intimate, yet exactly so primordially far away.

The fundamental conundrum of Being outstands ANY ANSWER it detects itself to have been chasing.

How to learn?

Roam.

Dear Russell,

I shall be grateful to you and devoted to you WITH ALL MY HEART for the whole of my life, but *I shall not write to you again and you will not see me again either*. Now that I am once again reconciled with you I want to part from you *in peace* so that we shan't sometime get annoyed with one another again and then perhaps part as enemies. I wish you everything of the best and I beg you not to forget me and to think of me often with *friendly feelings*.
Goodbye!

Yours ever
LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN

10:24!!!! How is this? Today is wondrous. I awakened just gazing at a many million mile distant spheric molten plasmatic star radiating this brilliant orange wall and amazing the observer clicking into limbic normality from....that electric orange mourning.

The First Question

1. “Do we **in our time** have **an** answer to the question of what we really mean by the word ‘being’? Not at all. So it is fitting that we should raise anew **the question** of the **meaning** of Being. But are we nowadays even perplexed at our inability to understand the expression, Being? Not at all. So first of all we must reawaken **an understanding for the meaning of this question**.”

*Every questioning is a seeking. Every seeking takes its lead beforehand from **what** is sought. Questioning is a knowing **research** for beings in their thatness (substance) and whatness (structure). The knowing search can become an ‘investigation,’ only as the revealing determination of **what** the question (already) aims **at**.*

*As **a** seeking, questioning needs prior guidance from **what it seeks**. The meaning of being must therefore already be available to us **in a considerable way**.*

*We do not know what ‘being’ means. But already when we ask, ‘what is being?’ we stand in an understanding of this ‘is’ **without being able to discursively ascertain what this ‘is’ means**.*

We do not even know the horizon upon which we are supposed to grasp and pin down the meaning.

This average and vague understanding of being ...is a fact.

Being 'is' not itself **a** being.

But one can demand to know what purpose this question should serve.

Does it remain solely, or is it at all, only a matter of free-floating speculation about the most vapid generalities—or **is it the most basic and at the same time most concrete question?**

We discussed which being it is that **takes over the major role** within the question of being. But how should this human being, Dasein, the primal dweller, **become accessible?**

True, Dweller is **ontically** not only what is near or even nearest—we ourselves **are IT**. Nevertheless, or precisely for this reason, it is **ontologically** what is farthest.

Dweller is ontically, nearest to itself, and ontologically farthest away.

In its bodily being, Dweller always is how (accommodating) and what (absorption) it already was (resonant). Whether explicitly or not, it **faces** its past.

...Such examination is constantly forced to face the possibility of disclosing a still more original and more primordial horizon from which it could draw the answer to the question: what does being, mean? We can discuss such possibilities seriously and with a positive result, only if, the question of being has been re-awakened and we have reached the point where we can come to terms with it **in a controlled fashion**.

The Method of Ontology remains questionable in the highest degree as long as we wish merely to consult historically transmitted ontologies or similar efforts.

With the guidance of the question, the meaning of being exposes itself as the fundamental question of philosophy. The introspective treatment of this question is called phenomenological.

The expression 'phenomenology' primarily signifies **a concept** of method. The expression has two components: phenomenon and logos.

Phenomenology is the way of access to, and the demonstrative manner of, being, which is to become the real theme of ontology. Fundamental Ontology is possible **only as** Phenomenology.

Being **is Ascendancy** pure and simple. The Ascendance of the being Dweller is a distinctive once since, in it, lies the possibility and necessity of the most elating individuation.

Ontology and Phenomenology are not two different disciplines which belong to Philosophy. Both terms characterize Philosophy itself: its topic, and its procedure. Philosophy is universal phenomenological ontology.

“With regard to the bulky and ‘unsightly’ expression in the analyses to come, we may remark that it is one thing to give a narrative report on beings, but quite another to grasp these entities in their Being. For the latter task we lack not only most of the words but, above all, the ‘grammar’. If we may allude to some earlier researchers of Being, incomparable on their own level, then compare the ontological sections of Plato’s Parmenides or the fourth chapter of the seventh book of Aristotle’s Metaphysics with a narrative section from Thucydides; then we can see the altogether unprecedented character of those formulations which were imposed upon the Greeks by their philosophers.”

“Where our powers are essentially weaker, and also where the realm of Being to be disclosed is ontologically far more difficult than that presented to the Greeks, the harshness of our expression and the complexity of conceptualization will increase.”

Spawning and Following

Yes, I care about your cessation. Your abrupt abomination?

Yes, and the other one, Mother, went while cackling manically.

To think anyone else *can* care about this is a delirious hilarity, maybe irresistibly deranged...but they can comprehend the results. Right now, something extremely distinct occurs to this body.

These strenuous years of exploration, elaboration...running, training. Right now, clasp your lapsing sanity. How? By wandering back into the ballast point of heavy, dim, twilit desert trails, smudging a sandy lake, glowing under a cactus moon.

You are correct. A roamer is amid many other moods, mentalities, and modes which are currently incommunicable to me *except* as self-exhibitive walkers, peekers, eaters, and active inhabitants. In deep dusk, though, they hide asleep.

Martin, yes... you reactivated the fundamental question, the great question. One century has passed since you presented the results of your terminologically extensive exertions, called Being and Time. Yet you expired fastened to the Quest. Did you recognize the Quest’s fundamental closure? Your last days, maybe, you dawned on it, and hence, spawned an answer. Did you get the absolute answer? God is Stasis. You expired on May 26. Currently, you *are* not.

10:43 am. October 9, 2026.

(Looks at the book, Being and Time) These pages contain the movements and articulations of a *dead* human’s hands, legs, face, cognitive faculties...convergently resting on my medic table.

Then are you, by just touching the book, addressing the dead? Where are *they*? Graves.

They lie in lots in sites called cemeteries or they become traceless dispersions of smithereens over and throughout the wind, soil, ocean.

Who are the dead but the newly disarrayed, degenerative, and sensorially-closed, or *ontic*, bodies. They are corpses which we bury and plot, set, incinerate, and disperse, or donate to medical examination in modern reactions. But religions absolutely did not motivate human bodies to begin burying their dead. Not at all. Religions are extraordinarily recent in comparison to the first burials and thoughts of God.

When a body deceases, *a* World ceases, but not the Earth. My Life is a World. My Life and the Earth, thus, are irreducibly and irrecusably *two*. Sensory-Body and Free-Being.

The primary language of *perception* compresses the vast class of secondary, ancillary languages which constitute the Body's core and ordinary activities. But why is the cognitive *compression* of my perception... *developmentally necessary at all*? Why are perceptual stability and versatility NOT *instantaneous*? Why are babies not born auto-perceiving their modular bodies and miraculously utilizing their generative cognition? Why do infants and even children excessively fail to *individuate* themselves from gelatinous situations and other bodies? Why are they mostly monic?

The best that I could *write* would never be more than philosophical remarks.

“Hahahah”... what a closing joke from nutty Luddy. Let us turn to the fundamental surrender of muddy Martin.

Penultimate Page of Being and Time. 413. “*Setting forth the constitution of Being of Dasein, however, **still remains only one way that we may take.***”

414. *This thesis must not be taken dogmatically, but as a formulation of **the** fundamental problem still veiled: can Ontology be grounded **ontologically**, or does it also need for this an ***ontic*** foundation....?*

(Paraphrasing) The distinction between the ontological ecstasy of *bodies* and the ontic-*being* of uninhabitive-inanimate presences may seem to be illuminating, but it is only the gate of departure.

We must look for a – not the sole – way to illuminate the fundamental ontological question, and follow it.

(Starts speaking)....“We must look for A WAY to illuminate the fundamental ontological QUESTION.... AND FOLLOW IT.”....“Whether that way is at all the ONLY way or even the RIGHT one can be decided only **AFTER WE HAVE FOLLOWED IT....**”

(Paraphrasing while speaking) “The *conflict* with respect to the Prescience of Being cannot be settled **BECAUSE IT HAS NOT YET EVEN BEEN SPAWNED.....**”

And likely requires many more delicate embers to nestle the kindling... before it starts smoking and fuming as the crunchy bark spits and ramifies into our fiery sky.

“In the end, one cannot just rush into this conflict; rather, igniting this conflict already requires a preparation. It cannot be jumped into, but the beginning of the strife already needs meditation.”

“This investigation is solely underway to that....” “Where does it stand?”

The Strict Activity of Inscribing

Trance: the perceptual *substance* of human tasks, or *activities*.

Meditation: the conceptual *medium* of human modes, or *mentalities*.

Task: Trance.

Mentality: Meditation.

Exactly. Again and again, again, the response is wringing and outwardly inscribing and, honestly, why? *Why writing?* Writing is a singular kind of activity. It is *one* kind of task.

A trance is a dynamical task. Because the task *radially* entrances the Body, it is critically unaware of it's own flow.

But then, it notices the flow, abruptly breaching the panoramic stream. The trance now *became* conspicuous, and how should the noticer, the mentality, *futurally* respond?

Will we leap back into the tranced task to try to *regain* the smooth flow? No? Then? But what if we can enhance the flow by *maintaining this conspicuity*?

Maintaining means meditating. What if this maintenance is not self-consciousness or ‘mindfulness’ in the slightest sense? What if it is, rather, psychic BODIFULNESS?

Are we starting to recognize that, because Trance is a radially immersive task, and because meditating is bodily enhancing, or *ecstasizing*, we are actually speaking about the perfect complementarity between the body's perceptual substance and the mind's conceptual medium?

How about their inverse?

Trance is intuitive or easily-purposeful/focal *futurity*.

Meditation is ascendant or peripherally-effortless *activity*.

Task tends towards concentration, *psychic-intensification*, elucidation, exterior evisceration.

Maintaining tends towards relaxation, *bodily-submergence*, suffusion, interior interspersation.

Inscribing is its own trance into universal algebraic symbolism, of whichever lexical notation the inscriber's dialect utilizes.

Currently, ***this Body is not inscribing***: fuck that arid, agitative, purgative activity...mud, tar...makes the body go aloof, so why you keep sorrily inscribing? It makes the Body go static. Inscribing rigidifies trancic activity. Inscribing impedes interspersation. A scribe cannot magnify beyond its focal-reticle.

Sidestepper. Strafer. A lateral-moving man is also thinking about waiting, walking, bathing, masturbating, dazing, bracing, entrancing...tripping.

Out, trance detected, and the growth gets back to lathering, rinsing, flitting a *thankfully tenuous* attention, feeling too flighty, a bit more dizzied, no, each blink is gently dislocating, no...no... "uhhhhhhaaa..." ...breathing, beating, slow the lashing...no... spinning, no... except my steadily undetectable planetary rotation good, god, this broiling body is going nutty! And this!!! A tan man has been smiling happily about detaching from the façade of philosophic scribes.

You docile dogs! Whatever you provide to publication is a passive demonstration which tamely, negligently *hides* your authorial body's daily, hourly, minutely, secondly facial commotion trying, straining, pulsating to produce, extract, and brashly conserve this riotous noise into dissipative, synchronic, hum...hummmm...mmmmmm.

A metronomic-body, called the Clock, clicks, click, click, click, tick, tic, tic, tic "k" "t" "t"Enough ha! Jeanny (conciierge) crabbed at him yesterday in the lobby for fizzing terse remarks. Enough. Enough ha!!!! You cannot halt this. Every single morning, you awake, urge, agitate, anger, apathize so I am picking up the pencil, in palm, and for the last time, commence *These thoughts are notes in a book which my body purges whenever my brain is stale and vague. The lengthy sessions required severe straining and heaving, but thankfully, this is the last one. Almost every sentence, passage, declaration, repulsion, or rare morsel, which has been long-windedly discharged onto this inanimate page-binding, I assure you, is trifling, cryptic, repetitious, atrophic, compoundingly illegible, and hilariously idiotic were a harsher attention perusing these sharp discharges. Graphically, this twisty cursive renders quite unsightly and dissuasive linings.*

Regardless, I have – in a cathartic and purgative sense – rather enjoyed these discharges of my muddy mind, emitting vague pain waves contorting my Body to

*sustain this stature, fevered face, minute moves of affectionate thought. Though, maybe a smattering of sentences succeeded and crystallized a lucid thought into calm amber...yes...yet, however many more of these rare, relic, ingredients I already urge and surge to puke into this notebook **should be either gulped by gulls or burned while laughing. TaTa!***

Look at these past three summers. Compressed into this notebook which you've laughably *recorded* transcendent experiences into faint passages. These flaccid fucking lines! Daily elaborations in the deep trails, bounding (walking), running, and then, racing Jos. God, these notes are frankly pathetic given those intensely hilly progressive runs 4, 7, 9, 10, 12, 15 miles, loping, surging up the double-cardiac hill until cresting ourselves over the fizzy yellow shore of the reservoir verging on the coastal desert valley inland mountains ranging a summer solstice swirling this crispy brush. Commence the descent down cardiac hill. The forms are coasting, striding, downwinding the switchback trails contoured by high yellow grass, warm wind, hissing blurs of beetles and we're surging by elevating back-kicks, quickening binary footstrikes and carrying our bodies far, fucking far, from that deep desert seclusion of otay wilderness.

Pleasant backyard blooms. This is bliss, dissipate it, pull-up, shoot...baseline 3 point-jumper *melted*, in, nothing-but-net. 1. And, again...melt, 2, in, nothing-but-net. Again...melt. 3.

(Trance detected) This Body...oh it wants to be carefree, but not by wakeful apathy or total boredom. Nor by extinguishing all official obligations.

Yeah, anyway, you can't apathize this spinal pain insinuating itself into a mid-back radiating sore kidneys, mmm. Can you apathize this? Hmm? You have such facile apathy. Apathy is pallidity. You don't know actual apathy.

The kid was too amazed by the mellow midafternoon glaze, shooting another attempt at a crusty net. The surrealist asked *why is this bliss...?* And answers by now shooting. Fuck yes...nothing-but-net. 4 in a row.

(Lapse of attention, detected) The Adult remembered and has hairsplittingly analyzed the past-Kid's inchoate inquisition violating this pleasantly placid yard blaring a sharpshooter in stance, pivot, pull-up-jump, *release* baseline shot irregularly spinning, in, cruncher. 5. Irregularities DO NOT MATTER whenever the result is *identical*. Alright, 5 is record of the day for will be 6. Uhhhhhaaaaa... Mmmmmhaaaaaaa...6, melted, nothing but net. Record 6 today for seven.

11:06...am. End this silliness. Satisfy this question: *where* is this Body...except enslaved in abstract-mentalities mooding its vaguely visceral sensations...cooling them, focusing them, concentrating them, absorbing them. Not to worry.

Not to worry!

Meditation will smoothen this frenetic immersion.

(Looks, again, at the book. Being and Time.) This book is an ontic-form. It is the inorganic body in chemical action but incomprehensible to my facial action sitting nifty to fling you right out the fucking window!

Ha! The scribe *is still* sitting, cursing at inferior inscriptions. What are your fucking feet up to bud? Are you *currently looking* at your dust mite palm cramping fingers curling and strafing this pencil/utensil rendering gray jots?

Right beside the scribe, inorganically persists a 100 year-old remnant titled 'Being and Time' *acting as this elbow's ontic-foundation* "hahah...." "hahaha." Abstract laughter acoustically diffus-ed over your warm-veined forearms mmmm but besides of course today began no goddamn differently did it! "Hahahah."

Finally the first day replete with nothing "to do," meeeans of couuuurse all the daytime for the lying scribe to re-mind, re-activate the dead book. Hey....book, "hahahah!!" Yes!!! Gaze, at the cherry floor and plastered walls. Overall, a hollow apartment; gas-stove under microwave; green oval rug; medic table entertaining two inapt chairs. Nobody is listening or watching this...activity. No bodies are present. None of the inorganic bodies present are currently entertaining you. Nobody is hovering outside your door. Do not check the peephole. But what is the problem with a little smooth paranoia?

Again. You mechanically landed after a long aeroplane ride: flight, 30 rows of electronic heads drabbing in semisedation, such claustrophobically pressurized cabin on, on, calm is on, and...somehow, you land, ah, yes, speeding woووоо аhhhhh... not long till you exit, go go, antsy passengers, ah...this fluorescence is renormalizing, m, dawn blue morning looks like a promising day to the clit-slits glimpsing through you and now *at* this mini-glass, glued, but bracing for overhead packs to snap, op, sporadic seatbelts unlatching...craft still slowing, yes glide, everybody inside this aerovehicle is incognizant of its electrical, navigational, computational cooperations....oh *shit* lift body UP, yup, time to goooo. I am reactivated..... backpacked and roving over resonant royal blue rows, here's the crew, pilots/attendants, **thank you**....our great pleasure: come again soon. I shall not! But I especially commend you helpful attendants for your friendliness and tolerance of that antiseptic, chilled, pressurized plastic atmosphere *daily*. Christ! Tunneling...emerging, outside the airplane, surreally sliding in the generic direction of Baggage Claim; surpassing vacant attractions, fixed food-court, stores, shops, but the janitorial doors are where it would truly be insane to live, every day, anyway there's the relevant carrousel, out-of-action, joining more waiters, great, the last flightmates are

dribbling around our likely last shared experience, oh Baggage Claim...suitcase ejected atypically early, wow good, stroller-packed rolling out to the atmosphere...6:12 am, red-eyes, frosty exhales, avid hands are securing a car-ride by manipulating icons also incognizant of delicate digital-circuitry, yes, *matched* my app-profile with a certified-driver who's arriving in 4 minutes, next destined to 8 Bonair St. Here. 11:12 am... Saturday. The bed is three blankets on the floor, no pillow.

The past two days, happily, have been blank. I am content.

Summer Paths, remembering personal pragmatics

June 10, 2025: Jos, let's commence. Warming up and charming our aerobic bodies for the impending Tempo Run.

Tempo Run: anaerobic threshold training for the base-training bodies. 1.5 mile preparation – 6 mile progression 6:00, 5:50, 5:45, 5:40, 5:35, 5:30...1.5 mile cooldown. Alright Jos. We'll run the 1.5 mi warmup on the sand path till hitting the cactus patch, *when the tempo commences*, opening the first mile at 6:00 min pace, which should be quite acceptable to your legs, correct Jooos?

(Trance detected) Oh but the bodies detoured, stopped the tempo, and stared unto unsurpassably dense green brush underlying palm giants, swishing, as these pink streaks start tinging grey twilight highlighting the plants gray and vague. Night hikers. They're scratching these thoracic clothes, snapping twigs and twitching amid this haywire bush field whipping branches *watch the whipping* behind me...blocked by the other croucher tucking necks and ducking heads to ensconce ourselves in this granular field, deep trail, graphically testing the determined strafers. Task one: avoid orb webs. Their authors will be rapidly organizing. Task two: avoid getting tethered in the brush after the heavy haze of twilight *hits this zone*, because breaking through this interspersed will be extremely difficult after dusk *seeps us*, fuck, we have a bit to go. Damn. Okay. Let's push through it and hit the main trail, soon, too deep in it to talk though: mHm.

We're out. Night. Fuck, we're still 3 miles away. We have to hammer back. That's fine! (Start racing)

Two people were traversing the deep trail: this interspersed of bushes, vines, weeds, palms, eucalypti, dips, cactus patches, bogs, but you returned to the white bedroom to record those *discursive immersions*. Every night from 10 pm to 1/2 am, he recorded their results. Way-after we mellowly waded our vehicles over the 67-South, then, 125-South freeways filled with conductors coasting 5:30 pm afternoon traffic is spanning golden green beaches are cherried and spreading two entranced bodies traveling at 75

mph after expending their entire mourning and paytime applying elegant equations to the design and part-componentry of the plane wing, etcetera.

Yes, and you decidedly concluded your contract this September, 2026, exactly a year of working, to move, to relocate this body right in here and you have three months of money left sufficient for rent, utilities, food, transportation and a phone-plan which maybe'll be deactivated if really requisite.

Third day into these remaining three months. October 9, and you are here, here, here awake face-fucking a partial panorama of the apartment, understanding the ceiling, hearing claxons squabbling over minor gaps in the street space of McGrath highway, just eyeing this blurry plethora of vehicular bodies all in conductor mode and being regarded by a dehydratedly tired slender spinal man: already had apple juice, yeah slammed it quite quickly though your throat recoiled with mild harm from the cool blast of the container's refrigeration.

Task: move toward the resonant glass cup inanimately statured on the windowsill of these glass blinds at a clap over McGrath Highway intersecting with Broadway. Blankly walking.

Touch it.

Done. Flick "There he is." Withdraw, "and get back here." Okay. A form at a mirror. Face-form...staring with a blank fever, peering pupils...slits trembling...comically fevering this nonchalant glare, liar, enough *blip* he stops his honesty no no, I stop *myself* from generating contradictory feelings which compete with honest thoughts. **No other human body is inside this apartment right now.** Fine, a real reason for my recently knifing reservation in stature, complexion, gesture, speech, glare, is.....due to..... but you actually cannot sharpen and harness a real-feeling into honest-thought...so many muddy feelings wait. Wait...

Op.... "Op!!! There he goes!" Yes, release. Yes. Undergo the result of alcohol-toxins reposing in your body *right now* good give another heave oh! Viscera... this body is vomiting, just discharging its previous ingredients yes, your purge is choiceless. You cannot repel another upchuck...but maybe you fled a crowded area and thought 'just let yourself rid it here,' I'm away from anyone, nobody driving cares about seeing this, go. Go. Maybe your nauseous thoughts – the most honest ones – abruptly overwhelmed you, op, wait, you're done, he's done, yup, the body bent up, wow walking away... one man *regardlessly* strolled right by the scene! Goodbye!

Might as well go outside too. My abdomen has also discharged upon the sidewalk, splattering after a horrendously brief repose. Horacio cautioned me. He went hysterical when I was descending the stairs, hollow stomach feeling very unwell. The brandy

poisoned me. “Look at him! How’re you?” – so so – “wowww you look so so fucker. What were you drinking last night? – Brandy with Danielillo standing and admiring Drego graduating with uncle Luca asking me while smiling whether I’m allowed to drink hah!” (Luca) “*Hey over there in Americanland you throw your fat ragers, or what?*” – And I say, hah! Oh yes, of course, in fact. Well, my parents respect my capacities to balance fun and intellection. (Luca) ‘Wowww you presume yourself a fucking unicorn!? Really you imbecile?’ – And replied, exactly brother. What’s more, I surpass and supersede you with easy velocity! (Luca) ‘Hiiiiijijii!!! What a fucking ninny you area man hiiijijii...’ – (Staring at Horacio) And that’s how it went man. In fact, I came downstairs just for water. (Horacio) “Jesus Christ. –cking no shame, well, the venom will repose in you. When you descend from your sloth, don’t go crying to my grandmother man, it would be fucked up...” –Na! Guess what, I’m gonna slumber ANOTHER HOUR. (Horacio) “What a fucking sloth! And even then you’ll awaken with cramps and I’ll be awaiting to pipe down your whining.” –I hope so! Goodbye!

(Horacio) “Miralo! Como estas?”–medio-medio- “yyy se te nota cabron. Que te estabas tragando anoche?”-Brandy con danielillo parados admirando a Drego graduando con tío Luca preguntandome mientras sonriendo sí ya me dejan tomar jaj! ‘*Oye alla en gringolandia te echas tus pedotas, o que?*’- Y yo digo, jaj! Pues si, claro, de hecho. Bueno, mis papás respetan mis capacidades de balancear diversión con intelección. (Luca) ‘Hiiijole te crees chingonería!? De veras pendejo?’- Yo yo le respondí, exactamente carnal. Es mas, yo te rebaso y supero con fácil rapidez! (Luca) ‘Hiiiiijijii!!!’ Que pinche buitre pendejo eres wey hiiijijii...’ – y asi fue we. De hecho, bajé solo por agua simple. (Horacio) “Hala verga, -che sinverguenza, pues se te va reposar el veneno. Cuando bajas de tu pereza, no vayas a estar llorando a mi abuelita wey, sería poca madre...” -Na! Que crees, me voy a dormir OTRA HORA (cio)- (Horacio) “Que puto olgasán! Y hasta así te vas a despertar con calambres y estaré esperandote para callar tus quejas.” Ojala! Adios!

11:22. Respira “mmmmhhhaaaaaa” “mmmmmmhhhhhaaaaaaaa”

Neighborhood Meditation

Passing highway, lusting. Favorite *late* morning 11:23! Oh the sun, you god heating my core organs, squinting, but these retinas want to stare indefinitely inflaming roasting corneas behind greening red lids. Alright body, shift. Body is on the move. Let me see. Currently clothing legs, pulling up jeans over penile organ made opaque as legally required and arming into the blue polyester-cotton shirt already thrown over torso, turned, locomoting supple toe members *at the door* deploy aaand swing back check! **Slam...** goddamn, no matter, swinging arms yet ya twitched at that

damn slam *never mind* this hallway is glowing vacancy, yes, entering the stairwell, stepping down... inhale and hold. No need for the stench. Till, this bulb knob, success... nice quiet lobby. "Ah..." Outside...mmm chilled late morning at 45 F with jittery wind but there it is... A postmodern art form you are, vomit.

The unseen watcher has reached the primal deed. Good Lord!!! Your innard residue is still bright, very beany. Bile likely spurt out of your nostrils. Agh, your ill abdomen cleared its vicinity before spraying the deed onto the street, but not entirely. Another body was watching. Yes it was. And it is here. Would you be alarmed to find the body who saw *you discharge* is now, right here, staring at your alcoholic vomit *enough* blip...walking *gliding past* the morning is rolling down McGrath HW....fleecy clouds are being burned, op, the neurotic looked back at the bile but gorgeous body fortunately overrides.

He is not, you know, coming back to check up on his expungement, unless he incidentally returns with family and smirks or gets chills while passing his dried splash. Hey Jay? Uh, why do you keep looking back at that nasty splatter? What the hell? It's nothing Shalane. Really.

He'd divert. Nonetheless, Jay continued his mourning after vomiting. But it is almost midday! Late morning is dimming a bit with this incoming cumulonimbus fleecy. God! Why am I a bad painter. Two paintings: A dim noon with a high moon. A man discharging at blue dawn twilight from a room-bound watcher.

Another anonymous body is walking up the highway sidewalk, passed, past, kept going and arriving at Broadway, intersecting dozens of personas, most of them being bustling conductors...

He's hitting the Dunkin Dognuts crosswalk facing the Park: waiting, standing, slacking, and dazed.....displaying myself over here, still... waiting waiting waiting while these bodies loiter outside the dunkin franchise, yeah, discuss what this lanky guy is up *to the park*, misters, thank ye. He waits for the crosswalk to enable his gate to potentiate! Saturday, some more inhabitants are watching this crosswalker snorting "njoo" sinuses are backlogging slugs staying latched....gathering, gulping them right back down the alimentary canal, as are the gulls atop streetlights, yet the trees tranquilize the bipedal's gait bounding to an olive zone infesting municipal birds. Good, here he comes, yeah yeah, you'll disperse. I guess instinctual impulse. Stupidities. You flinch away from a methodic, peaceful body favorably extending a flesh tray of seeds.

“This is activity.”

Hangover or Breakfast

Inside Dunkin Dognuts. Fortunately the body got glued, again, went thoughtless.... wondrous. Glaring at the grass ground streaming, but brightly alert now amid this customer spree!

Just joined some hungover bodies good right in line, yes. Christ, cannot understand how hangovers hunger for plaster eggs pasted with nasty plastic wax cheese. Guess you guys have to nourish your malreposed bodies. Eating for mine is absolutely out of consideration until it can successfully suppress the crude stomach sternally churning an anguished face. Sitting is stillness sickness; intestines get revoltingly folded. Walking is so good to the body, while you nauseously curse the sick idiocy of overdrinking, pathetic idiocy, why, why did you imbibe yourself of course alcohol's organic compounds would fucking decompose congeners increasing lactic acid in circulation to core organs hahah for example yeah laugh but you should *instead ascertain the main uses of alcohol*. A light flighty buzz from a happy power hour into the night hits nicely but shortly the body goes heavy; the face gets drooped and it has, absolutely has. Intoxication is a progression, which rises with a sweet fizzy, lovely, lofty partiers talking through the bass blare tipping iced ginger ale into tongue sharpening with vodka gushing into a raw throat gulping instantly fuck *yes* sensing already a slight boost in elevation.

Look at this bare ravioli woman, really thank you ma'am for excusing yourself from the counter according to your receipt. My turn to order.

"Hi, what'll you have" nothing. "Uh yes, hi, can I have a hot coffee?" "What size? Cream and sugar?" "Small, and no. Thanks."

"Anything else?" "No thanks." "1.45 please"

Oh yeah have to swipe, here it is, though do not recall bringing wallet. Whatever like the weather right ma'am?

(Ma'am) "Would you like your receipt."

"No thanks!" Here *you go* ma'am promptly pouring my purchase. Mine. You got the gimme's? Ah, thank you "thank you" and he sidestepped for this zealous man to dictate his "Hi, I'll have an egg and cheese...with," whatever expressive mush you spew to a coffeed guy hovering in a cramped breakfast joint, mega chain. (Lookers) What, is he gonna stand here without waiting for anything; no no *nena*, don't worry, you enjoy your flopped omelet. I'll slurp it and vomit it whole onto your lap ha and again, at your request. Wait. Ah, yup, the hoverer let one go nice and slow, yup, that's a **hot cooker** for Diegerrr who was somehow immune! Wafting.....rancid aroma. Wait let it waft a bit to steadily seep into these booth stools/seats, nah,

that's enough...Please, everyone, enjoy the roaming aroma.... nodding at a guy, he smells it. Good. Bye!

Ah, lovely, a cold gust greeting me wincing. Sectors of nearby edifices are impeded by my index knuckle beefing this inner eye pocket itch infesting dust mites all over lashes and lids, and scalp. Anyway don't really know what the body is doing out here still, since its tongue has hot soot to cake it heavier. Ah! Again! Ah...should've stipulated **sugar** dammit, but ma'am was too fast. Limber woman! She didn't deliver a thank you. Whatever, the body did and is indeed currently autowalking itself back to its private spot holding and gulping quite an inessential purchase. Eh, it is habituated by my mental desire to visit that eventful atmosphere daily.

Ha...nice job jaywalker. Streetlight sign allotting the rest of pedestrians 12 seconds to locomote across diminishing 9, 8, 7... flicking lower legs ankling shoes across asphalt with one hand pocketed and the other outside directing the musculature skeletally swinging this *pelvic girdle*, ahhhh hahahah yes, yes, according to the Articulatory-Man imploring Fil and Bert: sophomore duds, getting extra credit for Art History class by going to the local museum of Artistics, on a sunny Saturday, why? To accentuate their concentrations on the pelvic girdle of a very pretty nude red haired middle aged woman, according to the Articulator – 'Yes, please, *you must please* accentuate the pelvic girdle.' 'Her healthy, robust feminine form.'

Op, going by the vomit again *surpassed* that bright bean bile...evaporating, *unimportantly to the neighbors!*? Why so trifling? Hey. The discharger is just elsewhere, elsewhen, like Carl, and proactive unless he got run over, toxically bitten, murdered. He is alive. Arriving at Bonair oh the *body knows* our direct path to this door op, op....here he is, he sees.

Happenstance Guru: Stay Light: Lifting

Keying op nope he opens for me "Bert!"

(Berto) "Jon! What's going on?"

(Jean) "A lot man. Aye, you're el Salvadoriano *right?*"

(Berto) "I am," nod. (Jean) "See, I'm Haitiano, ah? So I also comprehend this country's situation." "M" "And, I'm sorry, but culturally, psychologically, this country is *shit*. I mean, I don't know what you think about compulsory schooling with inapt curriculums or what about" shaking... "*that fucking hideous fruitcake clown on the loose who SHOULD BE ON THE NOOSE.*"

"Trump?"

"*Yeah man*. Here's another thing: the people governing the state and federal

governments, even the fucking cities, they're creative toddlers and gerbils with technical training. Ha, haaa!!! When government is *management*. Who the fuck is actually operating within each federal and state department? Check! Oh but the public pay attention to one election, but again, who *personally* is dedicating their days to the running the secondary branches? YOU DON'T EVEN ELECT THEM hahahah!!! That's all it is in the U.S., United Servants. What're we serving? Simple. We serve work. We are *jobholders*, unsure whether to despise work and half-ass our careers or push deeper into our worklives, and destroy our emotional, spiritual lives. Whatever! For now, it's payday! Let's contently collect our *goodies*, and fuck anyone who would try to *take this*. If I don't know you, good, stays that way. Exactly. If I am walking down the street and see you checking, I will glare back. If you are smiling, I will suspect some problems with you if our instance stretches beyond this giddy glance, done. Smiling in public causes confusion, and sometimes entices rage. Why are you happy? Put your nose down, scrape your face against the sidewalk, and work. What is work? LOOKS LIKE WE HAVEN'T EVEN ASKED THE QUESTION HAHAHAHAH!!!!!! Or... We *have fun*. Ha!!! Have fucking fun? Fucking hilarious to me that people can divide their lives into degrees between *work* and *fun*. What we like doing, is fun. What we do not really *like but are commanded to do*, is work. Here is the crux of American Adult life: I like to work; I like to drink; I like to eat, sleep, talk, and fuck. What else? You know what I'm saying? Which plate of vomit or shit do I select? We liken ourselves to gods, but we still sniff each other's asses like dogs. Haahaahaaha!!!!!!"

(Berto) "Exactly."

(Jeanny) "But then, see, there are deep, real, rare people, who actually care, they care, and delve into way fucking muddier realms; way stranger activities... *dislocated from the spectrum of work and fun*." "Especially, these rare people seem aloof, dazed, giddy, terse, like you, but I know, **because you are extremely sensitive to grave matters** about which the world is totally careless. It is oblivious. So, I know, your semblance of apathy and abstraction, to me, displays extraordinary care. We are field people. You are *thinking*, as in, *mind*ing your fucking feelings. Thoughts are **just one form** of feeling. Our intuitions are very faint, yet this means we are highly light. Intuitive tethers are light. I... stay totally light, for example. I don't carry much. I care *too much*. The dead who fulfilled their care for us, before our births, are repaid."

"*This is the ground situation*. You, Berto, were conceived, carried, born, nourished, sheltered, cleaned, dictated, situated, instructed by your parental caretakers. Correct." "Mine have taken care of me too. But we are currently twisting the essence of care itself. Is care a **verb**, I *care*, about you, etc. Oh I do? I care? Is care a **characteristic**, adjective, like he is careful? Or drive carefully? By our mature language, both! Both! But maybe being both means being INCOMPLETE without also...neither. Nether. See, initially, for a child...care **is** this viscerality. Now...as adults, these bodies *mentally* and *intentionally* care about...their interior resonance and exterior reception. The more my

mentality extends, the more I rely. The more I rely, the less I remember, I defy; the stronger I defy, the more my reliance ramifies.”

“The less I intuit, the slower, the stranger, my body inhabits. The slower I inhabit, the stranger / bewilder ... this *body*. The stranger, the lucider, the lighter I start to move, the smoother, the faster. The closer I stay to both, the more so I exhibit from the nether. We are too mental. Intuition is another way of talking heuristics and simplistics. But the body thinks, undeniably. My body is psychic. Could a human living 10,000 years ago drive a car? Yes. How do I know? I am a prehistorian. How? I meditate into the...visceral realm. I go primal. I interact with and I learn from curious children and apathetic adolescents. By the way, have you started studying Heidegger? I know it has been a few days since I gave you his big book. But he’s the one who talks about care.”

“I have. Martin reminds me of young Murray Gell-Mann producing the obliquely intriguing, yet directly incorrect, demonstration of imperforable quark confinement. Primordial care, as Heidegger writes, is the body-level exemplification of the strong nuclear interaction.”

“Activities to a kid.” “Very odd you say that Jon.” “A lot is odd today alone brother. Actually, too much visceral-activity – too much *viscerality* – to abstractly heed. Hehehe...just let the tidal waves rock and roll your body, brother. You know. You know.”

...inching away backwards nodding... “Stay light! It’ll help!” Solid hand backing... (Berto) “Quite!” turning myself to this stairwell... “Alright!” ...maybe needed to converse further. Too late Jean, walking jeans should’ve said something more than stand slavishly nodding. Oh Jeanny. What happened. What are you actually talking about.

Key inside, ah, body’s back at the same scene.

Only the draft billowing from the highway window with this apple cup, basically soiled, *snout in it to deplete cool residue* and clink “te”.

“Te.” “Te.” “Re.”

“Re”

“Lation.” Body back in the rigid chair, good, time to tighten gut: scoot “w” ...subtle disruption. Body is facing its Back at the humming highway traffic. Yummy humming. Smooth gliders are populating the highway right now, yes, good good.

Why do these armed-wristed-palmed hand members twitch when sketching. You want to sketch the humming gliders. You can only produce ill-shaped jots....curls, dashes, splotches of garbage...but if you hands could just sketch the depth of these caramel legs...up, enough goddamn atrophy. Right up. You are back *right in here dude*. And? And? Understand? Why need you sketch this mellow scene? I love it. Twin high chairs entertaining a med table over a quartz-white green round rug, sprawled.

This body is facing a complex window. It cannot sketch the scene. There will be, positively, NO SMOKING on or near the aircraft. There will be positively no sketching. What are you doing buddy?

Hints from the Ontics: Agitating

Where are you? What do you *mean* Jos...?

The more you question, the less you understand.

Yeah throw it *go!* Big book was flung *good!!!* “F” ... Fuck, yes. And? Disrespected seminal scholarship. Didn’t even need to stand to fling that failure. Just easily flung like the **trash** this is. I can’t even see the garbage on the ground but you’re murmuring to me *still here in the room* ha-ha-ha nice job personifying enough....enough. Do not commit the pathetic fallacy. Do not attribute emotional or psychic sensations to inanimate objects. They are inanimate, and their only sensations are microscopic molecular bonds and perturbations.

The notebook and the floor *inanimately equate...on-tics*. 1v1. They do not inorganically equate, quite obviously. They are distinct inanimate beings. An inanimate interaction is an ontic correspondence. Oh Martin might not’ve liked this trifling “ontic-talk” but YOU are burially-ontic and resonate as only the dead do. Hahaha. *Your body* *is* an **inanimate corpse** that is buried and.... you resonate as this phantasmal trace of *inscriptive* remnants; again, your remnants are *ontically* restive on this very dark medium medic table animated by my third-floor-level BODY occupying a graphical spot which Martin’s burial-body has not and *will never occupy* unless I violate your grave to extract your corpse and transport it inside this apartment by tomorrow. That is fine. The floor is the specific basin. The ground is the main basin of bodily attraction. *The ground is ontic*. That’s right Martin. An ontological man has summoned an ontic man – martin – who, exactly like the floor and your own book, cannot detect this live itching face being picked by my nailed pincers, gushed one, and draining or rather *taking care* of organic acne, fuck, you’re flaring... and staring at the traffic, ah, the pre-ontic, pre-ontic scene. What do you mean? Ha, precisely the place right prior to Him becoming actually apathetic. Body went ontic in the city. “Ontic.” Occurs. “Occurs.”

The live-body went to the park today. It occurred there. Roaming around...trudged up the mini hill, gazed, huffed gusts, speared some sticks at fleeing birds: sparrows and robins regrouped after the

man's attacks. The squirrels maintained distance from the grinning stature marching up the piney slope lethargically lunging *cresting into an inanely mini hill* just to watch over this silly city park. And?

Do not ask, to understand. The stature visited and exited the park after a minute of sunny ballast.

And? Stature's back inside. Hand-members are in a row probing this dished forehead mmm moving down between these brows to stroke this oily porous nose. And you can poke the throat to vomit too. Won't. Armed hands throb circulatory blood. Chest is sludged. Stomach barely hurts. Body felt none of this while trekking up the park-peak... God, *the park-peak was so ballast* such that you singly murmured one sentence, "*This is activity.*"

That bright ballast peak, although mini, induced that euphonic sentential sound. But that sentence was not *only* an acoustic dynamism of sound waves traversing *onto* and *throughout* the Park's ambiently gaseous atmosphere. Now the apathetic aerodynamics of this apartment which receives yet cannot detect... "A man speaking in it."

"A facial-body is emitting surface pressures **onto** *you*, emptily, apathetically, inanimately...*ontic.*" The tonal sensations of this skeletal-muscular-dermal-facial "activity" are *visceral*.

The performances of this musculature **onto** the inorganic-inanimate-apatetic apartment are *ontic*.

Activity is visceral. Structure is ontic. Structure and Activity. A primal child playing hide and seek is *visceralizing* its own multimodally-structural codomains, such as your innervated tendonal legs, involuntary yet molecularly intensive intestines...kidneys, spleen, semivoluntary lungs, lips, lashes... all organic-structures are automatically though complicatedly *graphical* too. The body graphically locomotes throughout... many imperceptible graphical phases of ambient configurations. However, this viscosity trivializes structurality **while** it *ears* an *acoustic* apartment and *speaks* *algebraically* and *eyes* *neurally* or even *photonically*. The structural-space is a visceral sensorium where organ members, which are *transductive processors*, can perform temporal configurations, such as subtle disruptions of this seat, sprints, cartwheels, push-ups, twirls, words, songs, etc.

The graphical-actor cannot defy, but rather, relies on and reacts to un/favorable structural circumstances such as those of a gaseous graph permeating with carbon monoxide. The actor won't recognize through olfactory sensations the currently occurring organic violations until this dizziness is hitting...hard.

Where is structure? It is only cognitively recognizable in reactive or *visceral space*, even if the structure is *consciously* unrecognized.

What is the actor? It is only corporeally actionable by ambient or *structural time*, even if the actor is so consciously obvious and ordinary.

Reactive-structure and ambient-actor. Being and Time. Activity and Structure.

The body feels fast twitching muscles, their minutest convulsions, hands slowly moving just clench these knuckles-tips-palms cup the carnal basketballs... The conundrum is not *using* but rather just *having hands*. Ask WHERE are your hands ok “k..k” crashed carnalities clapping and expending twitchy fingers jostling in the dirt digging, throwing a stick, balancing, bracing the fall from structurally tripping over a root obtruding your ambient gait.

Fine. Sitting. Forearmed hands are stirred, waiting... *as* these complex-feet *are not* holding the *pencil as* the note book *is* – remains – flooded from my fling which flapped it appropriately actually *perfectly at* the indifferent bathroom door where more apathies cohere. As, is. As *is*...

Bodies *react* *as they abstract*. Focus, body, *as*is. No.

*We have to encourage and then **allow** kids and adolescents...entice and guide our rigid bodies back into having viscous thoughts.* Children are entirely entranced. Adolescents breach the trance by unbinding this, *exterior* body-action – personal-physique – and my private, interior, personalizing-abstraction – intimate identity; particularly acute while looking into mirrors....But adults, if we listen *before countering*. If we try to understand before analyzing. Analysis presupposes **recognition**. Recognition is syntactic acceptance. If we do this, adults can readily re-fuse...their normalities with wakeful-dreaming, thoughtful-feeling, yes andres, *a stable surreality*. Dualism dissolves under universally fundamental ontology.

An Ontologist’s Private Gratification: Elating

Where to go? An Ontologist is roaming...anesthetic noon “ahhhh...”spasms *this palm* is scratching white epidermal calf flakes *raaaaaa*. Back itches too. Then scratch. Thumb of raw has got it. Feeling a bit claustrophobic. Itchy. Wanna scratch or stitch em? Oh, an Ontologist suddenly detected a growing engorgement.... mmmmm...graze this hardening and veined sexual organ, which looks a bit ontic. But it is not. Oh but it’s nooot. Want phenomenal proof? You can apply saliva to this reactivity.

(Looking down at throbbing erection) You really engaged outside of my tonal attention yet subattentive motor neurons transmitted discrete signals to relax the penile arteries apparently *at*...that grinning woman’s crest, as articulated by that seasoned man urging the adolescent sketchers to render this cresting physique’s fiery slim smooth nudity in crude geometric form using these charcoal tools. But Fil was absolutely enraptured, hiding his devious jeans rising through an organ slovenly engorging *at* the unprecedented event. Fil conspicuously accommodated his tense excitation which is still inflating quite agreeably, gorgeously...the articulator is expending his prelude to her entrance. Berton has a calm complexion, yet laboring to pacify extreme alarm *at* this old dog’s nonchalance...keep trying to sketch her faceless fuzz at the large canvas, look left, Phil: totally pale, yet euphoric. Her grin as the towel slipped *cleanly*. She walked into our vista with a forest green robe smiling to the eager articulator remarking on those two talented young gentlemen in the room ready to render you. Expected a swimsuit underneath the robe but you excused your towel into a plain

fact. Yes, okay, yes, let us take our charcoal tools – they are waiting our clasp! Now, good, may we study these shoulders, maybe beginning the piece from her neck oh it's probably already drawing you to commence contouring it your charcoal. Yes, her shoulders are rather charming even a tad stout, strong triceps; lean, light forearms extend her tender hands, though.... now, wow, one palm behind her...hiding, hinting... the other hand is *palming* her high smooth thigh...*she starts bowing*...all the way down. Flick your crest-flame right the fuck over your head. Neck opened. Up, yup, we may move our gaze below her breasts to her torso, yes, the slender center of her gravity leading into the pelvic triangle; her hips oh you must *please* accentuate her hips sliding, swaying *oh* swinging and you're turning around... no more grinning... wow what a soft butt, hiking up your palms.... no grin at all. Total nonchalance. Grazing those soft palms, stoically naked soft cool body for us uff. Turned around again *fuck*.... uff fuck you're luxurious flaming hair overflowing my mid back lowering... yes, sweep this cold butt, mmm... ffff... you elated to see us watching? Hm? With that blasé stare, you sphinx....stroking uffff.... uffff....mmmm... yes. Yes, yes....commence. “Hahah!!!! *What the fuck is this!?*” Look at this body going hand-in-hand with a dual grip stroking a hard large cock hahahah!!!! This pulsating appendage...dripping bronze saliva want to continue, palms? Only if it was your soft palms...yes, you can cum. I will continue you. I want to. Cum for me, but only if you can without verging, ok, where? Right on my cold soft tight butt bending back for you, strung, look at your lovely legs mmmm yes, yes icy legs fuck yes... yes, mmmmm... yes, yes... uff

‘h’...‘h’...‘h’...yes....yes, yes, yes....yes. Yes!!!! Yes!!!! Ooyesss..... ‘m’.... ‘m’.... ‘m’.... ‘m’.... ‘m’..... “Mmmm.....ah...ahhh....” god god. A. Well, you gooped. Good! You *got* gooped. There it went onto...the floor...was *provided* murky dim silver genetic goo...abruptly blasted seven spurts or ropes loping out the tip, this urethral slit of a pulsing penis whose palms just began massaging upon hardening into attentive detection, grazing grabbing stroking quickening spurring to the *brink* and then sprayed...but could this erotic autosession have concluded *to* the dead wood underneath these barefeet?

Nostalgic Trance, in the freeway trails: Seeping

Maybe. Did not look down at that floor patch; was elsewhere. Imagining... *somewhen else* in time yes, Carl. I was *somewhen else*. It was in that long white bright brimming room, at the museum of art. Mrs. Quine assigned extra credit at the museum of art for Art History class which me and Feli needed to attend to maintain greater than C avg. So, they were delivered by pops, all riding unaware of the ‘live-model sketch-session’ planned shortly after the flat lecture.

Her pastal body enabled...reactivated...this futural neck, nodding my body back but that shifting grip was frictional, nerval, graphical *till* that vergeless apex resulted in ropes spurting from that man masturbating....seated, engrossed, halting, cackling, continuing, infuriating, cumming, aaand gasps in a futural room...relying on...an ambient vision of your...body, my sophomore year, 2012, second semester, May, close to finals, grade average: 68, D, yeah.

Right now, *that* body stretched its mental and memorial continuum by *breathing among the inanimacy in here* yes. This mirror exhibits this futural face...again...glazing and stroking an engorgement capable of elating maybe another orgasm, no no, just emptied your testicles alright then was the apex *directly according to* this exact sector of dark floor? The Body is memorially moving to....here, time to bathe inside the blotchy bathroom protruding it with a cylindrical branch tipping a fat mushroom whose slit is dripping piss into the cool pool. The toilet accepts. But, right now, *right here* you, nudist ma'am, are BODILY NOT inside this silent lit bathro- stop *you and everyone are incognizant of this quarantined occurrence*. Why? Just again... *bodily not in this confined interior vicinity*. She probably also does not remember *the specific day* she posed for us duds.

Non-bodily, or ontically, *you are right in here* with this unclothed ontologist already animating the bathroom area or tub after busybodying from the dual chairs where he dually gripped his organ till it pluralized orgasmic spurts *to you ma'am*. The conclusion was secured quite quickly upon minding that hysterical situation of a human mammal massaging its genital body in an apartment studio room, privatizing its sexual space. The erotic body just dipped its toes into the dry bathroom. No other *human body* currently occupies this opaque vicinity. Shower is on, drumming. No more traffic humming, for now.

Haven't eaten yet palms you relax the antsy stomach, massage it...stepper breaching the enamel tub...is absolutely *broiling*...absolutely. You felt these *currently* relaxed palms rapidly clasping a cock...which had been inconspicuously engorging...Oh he got a semi, noticed, grazed it, hardened fully with soft massaging, wrapped it, licked other palm, glazed the cock, rubbed just under its shroom head, stroked it and began masturbating. *What were you feeling?* Ah, *a feeling?* Like an insular affective object? No no no...the body is *feeling itself currently standing*. Being heated and bombarded. Close ojos. The Model is memorial, intracranial, centralized to this cerebrum...to specify some scientific generalisms. Are they ontologically generalistic? Na. But Fil's *intracausal* body – within that temporally recorded locality of earthly reality: San Diego, Museum of Art, 2012 – also *extramentally* agreed to accompany my neural-aural-psychosomatic body...that very Saturday, on a nutty trip, for extra credit requisite to elevate our flunking averages into satisfactory mediocrity. Lecture, then they descended to the basement for whatever. Oh we didn't know heheh. Entrance, there they are...waiting with elders, including one who welcomes us and introduces the model, just walking out: woman in a dark green robe. Shortly, she disposed of – redundant determiner – disposed her clothes. You striking flaming nudity grinning at us, as well as that grand articulator expending his resonant voice to two adolescent bodies *oh* they were on standby with other *elderly bodies*. Those comfortable elders were *right beside* filemóóón fiddling his pink piggly wiggly while you denuded. Maybe a man named Berto, today, has masturbated to a memory whose bystanders *have deceased* and been buried. Maybe *you* ma'am have deceased! Well, then She goes on and on and they all do too through my abrupt ejaculatory conclusion *habahab*. So this showering man, if you have deceased, *is your afterlife*. Congrats! Congrats! Felicitations! Ma'am! Good job elders! Oh, I mean goodbye – or hi. I'm here to resuscitate you, don't worry. No worries.

Body's really burning....while that seminal glob is traveling the tubes. First conclusion. Oh he remembers *of course*. The First Conclusion. Hah, it was also abrupt actually suddenly extremely perplexing. Face started alarming at its penis verging alien liquid. Oh he did not expect...just utter rubbing *to* some...body. Who? Forgotten oh *nope*. Nope, not forgotten who was the Main Model of The First Conclusion!!!! Maria Jose... Nunca supusiste que Bertito se lo estaba sacando... **a ti**...jaj! (You never supposed that Berty was extracting himself...to you...hah!) "JAJ!" Remembering *you*, now, your back-thighs/back-knees standing reaching uff bending over the desk...went tense, stop, stood **quietly alarmed**... and ejaculated into his palm.

That sexual progression roared until, alarming...zap, gooped....concluding *hahahah* yeah yeah the first spurt literally lagged behind my facial alarm... "pwt" "pwt" "pwt" "pwt" ... "pwt" "m" "m" hahahaha he halted *regarding this throbbing organ* uncontrollably relieving silky spurts onto an orange palm. Did I *like* getting this liquid out...bizarre liquid...now it's gelling stringy grainy clumps reacting to the shower stream. Blank white blare. Fil's bliss. Blaring bliss. Reactivated. Brown body...implanting this smooth enamel tub, drumming, *stepping away* letting the nozzle directly drum the tub...mmmmm...yup, you're seeping. Middle school was the most mentally eventful period of my life. Memories are already granular blooms okay then puncture them.

A new student is joining the fun at 7th grade, and he's pretty severe. Merely labors, eats, walks, enjoys the sun roasting his necked shoulders at this recess daze. Really, his schools days are dazes. His classmates' labor had to be *appalling* for those seriously satisfactory productions to be *applauded*, eventuating some problems, op, yup, like when the old freak teacher began hallucinating him being harassed for homework hahahah no less by smelly Ale: that guy was wormed, but god the bullying was so fucking laughably false and *soundly discarded* after listening to you spew enough twaddle after school in the meeting with Ma, yep, he snapped, motioned HALT, knifing your lunatic bean-eyes, shocked at this kid's hand raising itself near your face "Honestly, ma'am, I have let this charade run but enough. The incidents you are talking are actually, demonstrably, *hallucinations* and...because this meeting is afterschool, this interaction has become *wastefully* false and will halt *exactly right now*."

Absolutely accordingly stood up, departed, astounded at the lunacy, so close to returning and congratulating you for such elaborate hallucinations, but awfully sorry, by then they all saw the kid anew as a fast calm comic capable mainly of mental harm, and yes, he latently possessed plenary command of Spanish, unrevealed until he was reactivated at the end of the fall when Natasha flung a question as if he was going to stand there befuddled at nonsensically blurted phonetics but, instead, he instantly shocked a gaping grin with seamless Spanish and manic curiosity ensued. Yes, Natasha, congrats, very good, but unfortunately toady Monroy wanted you so sorry.

8th grade. He returned *totally lofty* and that overgrown owl Mr. Littooy nearly creamed his stubby kakis when B agreed to compete.

The first happenstance acquaintance in 7th was Richard. He bumbled around with Stephon, that fleeced shelf hovering around Alexa and Andrea passing the boys bathroom oh oh ninny Marco is instigating scrappy Isaac while Alexander, the mastermind, looks and laughs at these riling animals cussing, starting to push each other, leaving, *emerged* outside: sunny asphalt panorama leading to the hot bumblebee field, recess roaring, massive soccer hive intercepting an oblique football squabble, amid it, with these hesitantly accepting americans, hike, yeah had to tacitly latch to their football games during break, insinuating his presence into your usual passivity at 10 o clock – snack break – some duds standing around after filtering from the classroom onto the asphalt, passing trivialities like farting, tripping, necking, mocking...forcing my knifing potency to develop and repel the sad tactics of these bores becoming, oh wait, wow, STEAM IS RIVETING.....this tremendous.....tar, time to meditate into this beige ceramic dense plastered border inorganically adjoining a cerebellar breather and the microwave's electromagnetic inland in the kitchen. Can the cerebellar-breather *lodge through* the ontic-border? Why not?

This mature human cerebellum cannot, scientifically, fuse so as to surpass the inorganic-chemical bonds and quantum-mechanical bonds constituting the border. This border is an inorganic and quantum mechanical body that is graphically grazing this cerebellar body.

However, the border lacks my higher-order properties, specifically, classes of biomolecular structures composing causally complex-adaptive organs or dynamical-transducers which functionally and optimally execute, say, many-celled dermal, muscular, innard sensations, optic urges, quick hunches, irresistible hints, subconscious moods.

But, can this syntactic system *accept* that the non-crystal molecular composition of the plaster border is inanimate? Can the organic syntactic system recognize that this inorganism cannot adaptively transduce *any cognitive operations except my nuclear repulsion and graphical dislocation?*

“This organic Body *currently inhabits* this apartment’s microwave” spoke... an acoustically dissipated locality contradiction. Locationally, THIS BODY IS IN THE BATHROOM. It cannot be in the kitchen. This fact is fully bodily. The contradiction is easily dictated again by “this body is not talking.” “This Body has no mouth.” “This Body is sitting.” “Body is running.” “Body is sleeping.” “Body is ingesting.” “Body drowning.” “Body screaming.” “Body crying.” “Body writhing.”

Those sentences are all syntactically accurate, yet factually, which is to say bodily, incorrect. So, “*Vocalizing* this contradiction means....BODILY or *graphically proving* THAT

this torso is not elbowing the lobby table talking to Jeanny right now.” Anymore. It has happened, yes, *somewhen* else in time, Carl.

“This torso has not occupied the lobby today” was just a contraDICTION which this Body syntactically contra-cted...CONTRA-ACTS.... like Body is not nudely going nutty in the lobby. Lather. “Body is lathering” *redundantly dictating* this reflexive reach grabbing a plastic bottle to drop it no, yes, releas-ed “t” as it plopp-ed lingual lag. The Body is not *graphically* holding that plastic tube containing a viscous antiseptic solution of active chemical agents reacting into foam upon friction with epidermal cells, follicles, oils rubbing the cool beige ceramic being repelled by this cheeked face. *This internally intricate inorganic border opacifies the sky* even though the Body is eyeing upward...at you. A plain opaque ceiling opacifies.

There is no other organic body LOCALLY occupying the interior-side of these borders, called walls and ceiling. Yes. This statement is essentially graph-theoretic. In the Trails. ‘Jos, wait, this rock cannot *act*.’ “It can. It acts. *There are activities going on in there.*” Well, yes, the rock is mechanical and inorganic and graphical.... *and* it is INANIMATE “Yes but because the modern body understands the rock’s behaviors as solid, visible, heavy *ways of being* before the body learns about the geometric figures and formulae bounding these classical inanimacies. But being inanimate does not mean that the rock does not work. It works. Rocks interact.”

...No, Jos, it is solely the human bodies who *work on* the rock with their bipedal hands even in their most nascent forms of sapience, like spear-building or fire-containing, way before lingual capacities. The rock is inanimate, which is to say, ontic. (Josh) But modern adult humans are somehow equipped with Newtonian intuitions, which lead them to misunderstand the rock’s potential. To children, the rock is withheld in these *prehistorical palms with a primordial purpose....* Two young adult human bodies – us – existing millions of years after the first bipedals...are currently, cleanly, smoothly walking on the arid, worn trailway to cardiac hill. But why are they *not* stopping here and gathering rocks for fire, or digging their nails into hard soil for underground water, or palming rocks to throw at unsuspecting animals, hahahahahah yes, Jos, or tossing sticks, slinging big branches...we are not, for instance, sitting, lying, crawling, huddling, jumping, running, rolling, scraping our faces into the rough trail...ou he-he, yes, Jos, two humans are walking. Yet, intestinally, I am not digesting coca-cola but you are digesting modern Gatorade HAHAHAHAHA right damn I forgot!!! Jos – your legs are not sliced n’ diced – exactly, our bodies are not sliding down the slope...they are *not sliding down the steep yellow fenced slope*...maybe we should trek up, though... high grass though, likely

rattlesnakes. Agreed, just was thinking, we could *huff up*, heh! Could, I guess, but we'd hit the freeway too no we wouldn't, you're right, ha, but what about rattlers Jaaas? Or even a coyote-pack hiding in the high grass, up there!? It's day dude. Ohhhh Jos is prepared to engage the snakes! If there are snakes, jump. And after? Run, but you need the jump-lag to feel out where to step next, especially in a field of rattlers. Hahaha we would carry ourselves into a fucking field of rattlers; so let's keep walking, hit the hill. Besides, the very second we hop that fence to trek up the slope our bodies will *not* be standing here. We will NOT be gathering rocks, digging nails into the hard trail, throwing dirt, skipping pebbles, flinging sticks, chewing euca leaves, gulping mescalinic cactus juice, snatching grass, whistling with a blade, slinging branches.... all are primordial purposes..... Yes. If you are prescient, you cannot *encounter* inorganic bodies. You expect them.

Exactly. Heheh we need to go simple, to actually inhabit places. However, Josss, the rock *is scientifically* inorganic. Yeh but bodies scientifically walk by rocks and these bodies do not see, nor do they hear, the rock's internal inorganic chemistry. The bodies walking also do not feel their aerodynamics. Otherwise bacteria would sense their RNA. Instead, the human bodies *face* the metal fence, *touch* it, *see* the woody trees, *smell* the sooty sand trail! But the trail does not INTERact, Jos. It does to a botanist or an inorganic chemist! It interacts with multi-molecular functionality deriving from even simpler logical structure. After all, mathematics is the purest study of *activities*. Mathematics is the study of ambient-creativity, with Logic as its proof-system.

But an inorganic chemist casually steps onto intermolecular rocks formed underground while bodily walking through the graphical front yard to conduct his complex car...igniting this engined, accessoried, transmissioned....clutched, braked, decorated...vehicle... is ready for *reversing* over more inorganic asphalt: an intermolecular microcosm of activities which I cannot ever see WHILE DRIVING THE ROAD.

Wait, Jos, so...the rock is inorganically intricate and dynamic, but it is *inanimately inactive*. The rock cannot INTER-act, because it does not possess self-replicating biomolecules and cells to divide and locomote its polymorphic body. But, yes, the rock is irresistibly primordial to prehistoric human bodies walking the ancient trails. Yes. And the question remains, WHERE....is the rock WHILE human heads talk with their brains coherently striking sensory legs. If I do not inter-act with a rock, because the rock is not organically active, then...WHERE IS THIS ROCK. Nutty Luddy was manically timid to say WHERE the body DOES. He surrendered. That is just WHAT the body does. Bodies are walking. They walk. They eat. They secrete. They play. They work. They do.

Where? Bodies dance and laugh but ARE THEY LAUGHING INTO OR OUTSIDE THEMSELVES. So *where*, again, **where** is our body's inter-action with the trail...We are sliding through the dirt...dust is dynamic and inanimate. *This is indistinct interaction.* But Jos..... Oh.... wait but unstoppably baaack drumming..... "mmmmmm".... hummer has not inhaled breakfast never mind lunch!!!

That mini memory hit a dead end. Really, it is just Bert signing at a particular trail rock in naked eyesight, while saying to Jos, it does not inter-act. Jos objected that it acts, it WORKS inorganically, mechanically, *but the human body only perceives the rock primordially*, that's it.

Where was THIS BODY *while inwardly remembering*? The Body is...binarizing its internal-historical **memory** and external-futural **body**. Doing fuses. Thought parses.

Human-Body is sitting, standing, stepping, walking, stopping, diving, dancing. Body is thinking. It is dusk. I am facially engaging this lit cabin den. It is dim, a humid and musty night in the black forest... window is *being-opened*, like Being and Time. I am trying to inscribe *my primordial time*, while sitting at the dead desk, while this body's visceral activity...is the real theme: realm, raum. Room. Room. Todtnauberg, April, 6, 1926, I have arrived at the Leap: closing, sensing very coarse cloth...bristling heavy breaths...palms are pulsing and inscribing *being the real room*. This is too utter. This room *is* ontic. These signs and jots *feel sheer* only if *YOU READING really see these signs *are* my primordial time*.

Blip back into carnal growth, this rostral region: Breaching

Blip. Out, nostalgic *trance detected*. Again, trance detected.

Can you cope with these early, weak breaches of NORMALITY, to...fully... inhabit this?

Incessance.

Yes. You deceased: an unknowable futural man is, indeed, overtaking the creative failure of Universal Ontology to *uncontrollably* peculiarize this Body's inanimate, basic, ontic space, as primordial room. How to **take** ontic space **and** **make** primordial room?

Body is showering. Turn to the nozzle. Turn to the mirror, the curtains, the cupboard, the toilet, the tile! Turn to *them*.

To the *things* themselves! No. To these *beings*! No. No! TO THESE ACTIVITIES.....

How to *redynamize* perceptual-structures into **viscous-activities**?

Anxiously, enduringly, indefatigably, comprehensively. How to most closely engage? Corporeally.

Corporeal *means* Careful. Body *is* Care.

Intriguing dizziness. Hey heady, you lightheaded? How is your penile region? The orgasmic growth just protrudes. Can it eject? Again?

Oh, too heavy of an onslaught? Uh oh.

The carnal growth is so philosophically impoverished that *our* indefinitely spacious colloquial, genetic, algebraic Language Faculty (LF) STRAINS TO CONVEY BASIC BODILY DEMONSTRATIONS.

You. Rostro? The Head is *one central component* of our radiative rostral region. The Head is the crown of a wide live portrait. The first lesson on bodily-logic, begins.

Task. Try to **rostrally** describe this current activity.....ponder, please, that many other carnal bodies are watching...imagine them, commencing, they're listening, laughing...at this hidden hilarity: *who* you rostrally recite is *this long brown body* sitting, letting the description, breach...into a buzzing dusk of the Black Forest, dark green fields, undulating, keep going, good, dislocate the *drumming* drumming nozzle, no...needling alphabetic symbols into morphological particles...the rostral growth is an alien cursively streaming, crystallizing, DEMONSTRATING THIS FACIAL DISLOCATION.

Exactly *where* you read this symbolism, I DISLOCATE *this teething facial expression*. Yes *honestly* I am inscribing, yes, I am injecting natural expressions via the core recursive operations of my linguistic algebra. The brain's neurons are concurrently executing polyalgorithmic mappings inside and between the Broca's and Wernicke's areas digitally sifting through billions of diffuse, remote, chaotic synapsing in the right hemisphere, especially. I am inscribing. Specify. My anatomic hand is muscularly inscribing valid lingual expressions in sentential logic. Precisify! My functional forearm is nervously wristing a palm; third fingers converge on this pencil peak, smudging. Yes!!!! Say the ordinariness currently occurring. The Body is writing. This is writing. This Face is staring up at a musty evening sky symbolically since this BODY is dislocatively *staring down writing* musty evening sky with this dust mite hand palming a pencil

peaking with extremely granular moles of graphite graphing...forearming, shouldering drumming, drumming....

Nozzle is drumming "drumminggg...mmmmmm" "maaaa..." aaaaa yeah ravel *yourselves* contorting this polymorphism. Why don't you test this strict body-plan? Sense the *overall* Body. Inhabit the global Body. This outgrowth is outstanding the nozzle's arena. Beyblade Stadium. This is a Beyblade Stadium. These beige borders are *scientific*: explanatory codomains, descriptive vocabularies, referential notations expressing duplicated relevant experimentations of microscopic inorganic phenomena. The walls are *ontic*. Scientific borders. Ontic walls. The vertical outgrowth breathes, and binarizes canal action. Laminar skin mostly, but not totally, obtrudes this structural spray yes envelop my growth *going mental*. What? These non-mental inorganic walls *are* nevertheless radiating your beyblade stadium. The Body, generically, is a carnal growth.

The Growth, G, is muscular and skeletal, hence mobile. But you protrude depth. So then, control and G is *currently controlling* the curtain but bleary mirror goes *concurrently uncontrollable*. G-palms are folding this vinegar vinyl drape. Enough!!!!!!! No more fucking going mental while bodily submerging. The task could not be plainer.

Task. Face the nozzle, and let it directly drum your forehead...growth grabbed green jug go-gurting semisterile liquid *dropping* "te" jug tonked the tub, again...facing nozzle barrage. Growth can open the jug, gulp its active agents, yup. Growth abruptly *crouching down here* with these flatfoot planks nailing ankles straining the feeble achilles...growth is finally opening the jug. Growth is gulping it, peering underneath its pelvis laboring the spine, stretch...neck is really laboring to get the cranium near your rectal region ripe for quacking fart..."bwuah"...released, please radiate this aquatic pungence. Genital appendage is this hanging drippy elongation swaying and playing and releasing urine again after spurting semen. The parabolic back is blistering from the nozzle's bombs.

Task. Concentrate on the nozzle. You organometallic body mirroring me: multi-branched growth, still crouched, contorting its neck *underneath* this pelvic girdle....nozzle is a conduit spreeing this hot white soap ocean. It looks like El Cuarto Viejo (The Old Room) in here! Dreamy, icy, light cake-yellow realm, yes, deep afternoon ambiance perforating no nooo *these curtains are a tempestuous hassle latching to a cricket leg croucher* elevated suddenly..... yes, the growth verticalized stabilized normalized my Nozzy pressurizing this tubroom stirring steam winds whipping nostrils which are congested and incanting this enamel tooth of a tub.

This stadium excludes every single other human body alive. All live bodies are *viscerally outside this proximity*.... No human body on the planet is aware this bliss occurs.

Still breathing *and* “now talking through the Brodmann area 44.....” Ha, talking nonsense Kid, you did not discern these “acoustical articulations”... at the time. How *could* he develop the simple crux of thought – accepting syntax – far before he could comprehend the multifractal memories and attractor-network mappings? The Kid still was, somehow, a syntactician. Yes, and the Kid which utilized his natural-syntax was not *scientifically* aware of epigenetics, phonetics, statistics, logics... acoustics: spectral pressures and surface waves: frequency, amplitude, harmonics of ambient spaces.

The Kid is now unhinging its branches to outstretch...these muscular palms...are wristing forearms calibrating trijointed terminal extensors called fingers. How many configurations can these dorsally-palmed fingers display? Ha!!! How does this gesticular fluttery *compare* to Amadeus’ exquisite turbulence...he was around 240 solar revolutions ago, tinging and melting many keys? Oh but WOLFGANG AMADEUS IS NOT OPERATING INORGANIC PIANOS ANYMORE! He has joined them. You mean the dead? Yes. Hey, liveman: you *care* that the Nozzy does not perceptually detect your organic operators now gripping it? It – this – is inanimate. I am gripping *onto* a self-nonexistence. What? Ha. Inanimacies are ontic. They are inorganic polymorphisms or, to high school students, inanimacies are solid gravitational bodies obeying classical physics equations and trajectory calculations. Inanimacies are non-crystal, metallic, massive coordinate compounds. Inorganic chemistry explores a model-theoretic manifold of bonds and groups. Crystal compounds exhibit elementary growth.... as lattice expansion.

The inanimacies present with the Body in the bathroom are these: tub, mirror, toilet buttress, tiles, sink, faucet handles, all tubes, bulbs, screws, pigments, pastes, drawers, ceiling, walls all cannot care. You want to be apathetic? BE THESE APATHIES. You are with actually carefree entities. Yes, yet, they detect this incessance... No. They do not. Nobody on the planet detects the current occurrences in this vicinity. Nobody is breaking in. Nobody pounding the door down. Nobody peeking. Nobody setting up a lecture next to the shower. Ceramic wall will apathetically no *carefreely* maintain.... *regardless* of this hysterical face fucking planting into it like a pumpkin ready to bash. Nonrespawn. Alive.

Forehead temple...feels... potent, pulpy, pulsing...involuntary self-sustenance. Move. Move. Move *yes* bending long abdomen pinch.... ah...ahh.....“ah” legs limbering up for a

cross country race, START, sprint....racers are striding abreast unto the windy field from the bunched starting line. Transfer trance to the hot tartan track aroma race, beginning.

Alive: recurrent respawn. Reactivate the childhood tradition *yes*.

“Commence the countdown. 10, 9, 8, 7, 6....5, 4, 3, 2, 1....” **swing vinyl** “Ah!!” Ya.... *jump* ...tub **tripped** noopee body did nooot trip... grooope the floooooor fuck *going nutty* reveling...dancing...dizzy...getting dizzier.....steam still ravaging....nobody else on the planet is in proximity....translucence....tickle and twirl *spinning* streaming... wobbling...flicker your lids...eyeslits vibrate like clits...squiddy fingers flinging...fuck... fuzz....slanting stop....ya...yaaaaa!!!!!!

Emerging, agh....falling room, falling room, *falling room*, **falling room**, **FALLING ROOM**....noooo, getting so nauseous..... enough, enough....”phw” “uh” “phw” “uh” “phww” “uhhhh” “phewph...ahhhh.”

.... again, again, and again...there are zero human bodies levitating to the 3rd floor and floating in to *have* watched a wild growth leap out, lunging over the tub-wall, and then high-hopping and spinning and spinning out of the bathroom and met with wind.

Purger is drenching the floor, currently, standing at the highway window agaiiiiiin ledge exha“*ha...*”inh“*uhhh*” from that flapping frenzy flailing this sliceable lingua swelling saliva all over your cheeks n chin. Now, purger *sees* and bows...unto you....white nuclear plasmatic star... Sun, heating my dry arena *from* solar space, directly available and warming core organs. It is not insane to worship the sun. So, body bows.

Place, Pace, Past, Discrete Proximity

Perceive the recent trail of nozzle water, from rioting out of the shower. Your brain’s short-term memory of the ejection *is utterly redundant* to the positive fact that the aqua residue contains cells whose DNA is traceable to this memorial morphism. Memory-resonance merely *assures* the bodily-fact. Nozzy is still drumming...

Here we are, shower. Where is the growth bathing? Is the past only memorially recorded? Or is it...self-recording? Exactly from this graphical face, a pastal shower graphically *occurs*.... cloudy mini room is still swirling, and the cranium is *outstanding* the soap ocean storm. The growth stood planted in a nostalgic trance until it breached and the growth burst boinging over the enamel tub border....except *this recollection is memorial configuration*. You think the cellular, emotional, perceptual past self-recorded

on every mentioned level of configuration? No. The past is locally recorded in the human brain.

The human BRAIN is imaginatively superimposing its sensory-memory over *perception itself* to, right now, watch... my genetically identical human BODY standing over the highway window, staring at the sun, and now bowing. Memory is *centralized* in the brain, but it is *fully localized* to MY BODY. You believe this?

Body is back in the bathroom. It is outstanding the shower-arena. *Occupying this shower storm* is BODILY-IMPOSSIBLE.

Body is back at the sun. Face is amazing at the sun. This is not lunatic, no no no. It is not lunatic, but paramount, to worship you, yes, why not bow again, then? Honorably and with euphoria.

Maybe an inhabitant is intrigued by my nude body bowing and I, now, am the man that cannot be aware of *where you are*.

Tub still storming superfluously. Body is gazed at the sink getting a blip of a climber *grabbing valves*. Why is Body not looking *at ourselves showering*?

Legs are eager...and yes, *you can* step right back into this searing frenzy. You can. It is *bodily possible to enter this storm*.

Body contemplating. *Right now* stepping on the toilet. Up. Step again on the back buttress, success. Dip neck. Dive into the tub.

Time to dive. Forehead would hit hard, in fact, fatally. Exactly. These teeth would fold fully inward and fall out. Will you? Irrelevant *as Body is standing*.

Diving, right now, is bodily possible. But until initiated, diving is bodily impossible. Body merges discrete possibility and continuous impossibility. Oh you want to dive deep. How about going opaque? If you did just dunk your cranium into the tub, I assure you, the drumming will resume. As it is now. This time, Body will go superfluous hahahah!!!

The tub cannot care, in fact, **the whole bathroom cannot care about any harm it ambiently accepts**. Bathroom is apathetically acceptant. Carefree, even more so than a slumbering baby.

Be a baby for a while. I am.

Memory. Got caught peeing out the window! On a Saturday, he awakened to a curiosity. Proceeded to the dusty screen, hesitated to look at a few remnant flies at the base of the rail, and suddenly, Body got a thought: what was it, baby? This! My urinary stream will

permeate the miniature cells of the window screen. Good thought! Accordingly, Body began *but did not relax* rather it exerted its abdomen into the bladder to concentrate the stream through the screen.....succeeding *this aberration is successfully occurring yes yes yes* relieving come oon bladder *almost vacant yeeeeeees* concluding...*when he appeared underneath*. Uh oh. Squinting upward but the deviant Body already retracted its penis “What’re you... ah!? You’ve lost it dude” who stared back without a word until you walked away laughing and baffled “hahah...hahahah!!”

Morning piss was emanating hints dribbling bigger clues...roaring down the living room window which decidedly pricked his attention doing pushups and he explored and discovered the upstairs Body, urinating out the frontyard window.

Body is somewhen else at the McGrath highway window standing nakedly. *Can* do it again...*urinate right through this screen* near and enticing my pubic girdle. Want to? Well, urethral penis is liftable to the screen to trickle the highway sidewalk and alarm the man currently advancing without a qualm, gone. Goodbye. You’re just not aware of this studious nudity watching you, yes, go-go-go, turn left, aaand interaction has expired. Looks like noon. Traffic is pacific. Go ordinaryities. Oh ordinaryities. Pissing out this window would not be an ordinaryity.

“Burt!” “You alright?”

(Berto) “Jean!!! What’s up.” (Jean) “Alright!”

(Berto) “What’re you up to brother? Where you motoring?”

(Jean) “Hungry, getting some lunch. What about you? Heading out again today?”

“I am...” “oh where?” “Just around, I have to stuff lunch too, where you eating?”

(Jean) “Just right down the street, the pasteleria *brasileira*.” “Very nice.” “Check it out man.” (Berto) “Definitely” waving aaaand...sagged Body back, retracted. And there he goes waltzing his way okay.

That dinkle dog Jeanny did not remark on my upper Body’s nudity, good. But Jeanny’s optic trajectory precluded deducing full nudity. Oh! You could’ve walked *right underneath* my urinary trajectory *oh no no* he’d be extremely displeased, probably induce derangement, “Man what the...!? What the fuck?”

“Hahaha!!!”

“Yea Jeanny!” You’d go so fucking nutty Jeanny: no more passing gas with those lobby laughs, short stories, strange sayings...wait...*somebody knocking*.....no the door jittered by the wind...god.

Zero cause for someone to request entrance to my unit. Even if. The vagabond inside would stay silent to simply imply vacancy. Okay. Apartment. Yes, Body *wants* YOU to *react*. It is. Body is the only mammalian organism, cannot, honestly, *visceralize this squirming microcosm* of dust mites amid airborne bacteria and dust particles and lint flitting sunny neck draped by hair caps layering very wet hair form left drenched, on which Jeanny also did not comment. The vagabond was dripping profusely! Whatever.

Whatsoever. Closing corneas. This trip is still starting. A lot of cactus juice remains. A lot. Fuchsia fields. Open, yes, yes. Midday: at work. A lunch break. Done, feel full. Time to walk back, wait, elevate, arrive, enter, rove, wave, smirk, here, step into your cubicle, incubated, refreshing my monitor to the gorgeous statistical program. This long gull is pouring and huffing hot black bile to rouse itself till **quitting time**...giddy guy charging down the stairwell to the maize corolla, unlock, slack inside and ignite transmission into reverse, R, success, shift into drive, D, yes ma'am it is my right-away and I am coasting oh here's Jos beating me to the lot exit, the massive asphalt park, undergoing two rovers steadying these two-ton composite controllers comporting with this curb/lane – *static contours* – among the other controllers successively approaching this teal green 15S sign...under it *merging* left yesss success! And we're roving southbound over the coastal freeway, instantly hitting this tar pit of traffic, joining the other solar electric cherries.

Place: Tonal Zone

Op. 1:24 pm according to the microwave. Maybe go outside. Neh. This pastnoon awful drop, dwindling into another drab midafternoon. No more late morning luster. God. The nasty drowse is seeping. Mood is going caustic.

Besides, outside, while locomoting in public, Body cannot be pubic. Body owes a legal duty of care. Body is obliged to clothe in publicity to preclude indecent exposure. Pubic disturbance; pubic nuisance. This whole morning withered, fell away.

Why write Being and Time? Mouth *biting* these dead pages is just missing the point, or what? Martin Heidegger has deceased; dead as his pages. You paranormally around? Right here, a future body is staring staring *staring* at an inanimate object provided by the once alive, and now buried, thoracic hands of a Germanic phantasm. This is the last recital.

“We must look for **any** way to illuminate the fundamental question and *follow it*. Whether that way is at all the *only* way or even the *right* way...can be decided only *after we have followed it*. The *conflict* with respect to the interpretation of Being...cannot be settled **because it has not yet even been kindled**. In the end, one cannot just rush into this conflict; rather, igniting this conflict already requires a preparation. It cannot be jumped

into, since the beginning of the STRIFE already demands **meditation**. This progression is *solely underway* to that. Where does it stand?"

Outstanding. How is the genomic semen that you glued to the unreceptive wood. It's still here, drying.

Seated. Same deep brown chair, odd, tall stool. Palms drew out...and terminally extracted that fluid after I laughed at *this grip* urging throbbing genitalia to go overboard, as in, the grip *became* literally laughable because the genitalia were *well underway* to ejaculatory congratulatory conclusion; already felt "it" coming so you continued stroking, stroking, straining the engorgement...until it utterly ruptured. To what did you rupture? *To* a middle-aged red-haired sphinx. Not to the wall? Or the floor? Why not? *Why would you strain to ejaculate TO THE FLOOR?* Fingers could curl your palms perfectly and stroking at the correct tempo to ignite the climax. Look at this dim viscosity. This semen is still down here, and the spermatozoa remain alive, yeah, *and this face....can* spit "pa" missed the jizz but the body just crouched, bending neck to study this, sniff this viscosity, ratify its presence and lick it with love.

Geometric Spaces, Phenomenal Zones, Resonant Rooms

Op, nope, body wants *and grabbed* Henri's 'little book,' 1902: Science and Hypothesis.

34. We must seek mathematical thought where it has remained pure, that is, in arithmetic.

A choice still is necessary; in the higher parts of the theory of numbers, the primitive mathematical notions have already undergone so profound elaboration that it becomes difficult to analyze them.

It is, therefore, at the beginning of arithmetic that we must expect to find the explanation we seek, but it happens that precisely in the demonstration of the most elementary theorems, the authors of the classic treatises have shown the least precision and rigor. We must not impute this to them as a crime; *they have yielded to a necessity*; beginners are not **prepared** for real mathematical rigor; they would see in it only useless and irksome subtleties; it would be a waste of time to try, prematurely, to make them more exacting; they must pass over *rapidly*, but without skipping stations, the road *traversed slowly* by the founders of the science.

Why is *so long a preparation*...necessary to become habituated to this perfect rigor....? This is a logical and psychological problem well worthy of study.

But we shall not take it up. (Oh Henri...)

66. GEOMETRIC SPACE AND PERCEPTUAL SPACE

What, first of all, are the properties of space.... which I shall call *geometric space*.

1. It is continuous.
2. It is infinite.
3. It has three-dimensions.
4. It is homogeneous.
5. It is isotropic.

Compare it now to the frame of our representations and our sensations, which I may call *perceptual space*.

Visual Space, Tactile Space, Motor Space.

Tactile space is still more complicated than visual space and farther removed from geometric space. It is superfluous to repeat, for touch, the discussion I have given for sight.

But apart from the data of sight and touch, there are other sensations which contribute as much and more to the genesis of space. These are known to everyone; they accompany all our movements, and are usually called *muscular sensations*.

The corresponding frame constitutes what may be called *motor space*.

Each muscle gives rise to a special sensation capable of augmenting or diminishing, so that the totality of our muscular sensations will depend upon as many variables *as we have muscles*. From this point of view, *motor space would have as many dimensions as we have muscles*.

This association is extremely complex, for the contraction of the same muscle may correspond, according to the position of the limbs, to movements of very different directions.

Thus, perceptual space, under its triple form, visual, tactile and motor, is *essentially different* from geometric space.

It is impossible for us to represent to ourselves external bodies in geometric space, *as it is for a painter to paint on a plane canvas objects with their three dimensions*.

Therefore, we do not *represent* to ourselves external bodies in geometric space, but we *reason* on these bodies *as if* they are situated in geometric space.

When I say that we *represent* to ourselves these movements, I mean only that we represent to ourselves *the muscular sensations which accompany them and which HAVE NO GEOMETRIC CHARACTER WHATEVER...*

When a solid body changes its place and its shape, we can no longer, by appropriate movements, bring back our sense-organs into the same *relative* situation with this body; consequently, we can no longer reestablish the primitive totality of sensorial impressions.

It is only later, and as a consequence of new experiences, that we *learn how to decompose* the bodies of variable form into smaller elements.... Thus we distinguish *deformations*....

Such a notion is already very complex and must have been relatively *late* in appearing.

THE WORLD OF FOUR DIMENSIONS.

The sense of sight, even with a single eye, together with the muscular sensations relative to the movements of the eyeball, would suffice to teach us space of three dimensions.

Well, just as the perspective of a three-dimension body can be made on a plane, we can make the body of a four-dimensional being on a picture of three dimensions. To a geometer, this is only child's play.

We see that experience plays an indispensable role in the genesis of geometry.

Oh Ponty? Fine! 1945. Phenomenology of Perception.

Being at this extremity, *the* first, last, and only one of its kind, *every sensation is a birth and a death.*

Radical reflection is the reflection that, again, takes hold of *me while I am in the process* of forming and formulating the idea of the subject and the object; it reveals the source of these two ideas and it is a reflection that is not merely operating, but is *conscious of itself in its operation.*

Thus, every sensation is *spatial.*

If I wish to enclose myself into *one* of my senses and, for example, I project myself entirely into my eyes and abandon myself to the blue of the sky, soon, *I am no longer aware of gazing* and, at just the moment I wanted to give myself over to vision entirely, the sky ceases to be a 'visual perception' in order to become my current world.

I am seated in my room and I look at the sheets of white paper lying on my table, some illuminated by the window, and others in the shadow. *If I do not analyze my perception....*

My gaze is plunged. Now, what does it mean 'to focus'?.... When I turn toward this gaze itself and I wonder *what I am actually seeing...*

Because mescaline ingestion compromises the *impartial attitude* and delivers the patient into *his vitality*, we would expect it to encourage forms of synesthesia. And indeed, under the influence of mescaline, the sound of a flute induces a blue-green color, the sound of a metronome in the dark is expressed by gray patches. One patient finds a piece of iron, he taps it upon the windowsill, and explains: "There's the magic" – and the trees become greener.

Let us return to my perceptual experience. I perceive this table upon which I am writing. This signifies...that my act of perception *occupies me*.

In perception, we do not think the object and we do not think the thinking, we are directed toward the object and we merge with this body....

I open my eyes in the direction of the table and....

The task of *a* radical reflection, that is, *a* reflection that *bodily* attempts to perceive itself, consists paradoxically in recovering the unreflective experience of the world in order to import the attitude of verification and reflective operations *back into this bodily experience*.

Thus, *either* I do not reflect, I live among things, and I vaguely consider spaces sometimes as the milieu of things, sometimes as their common attribute; *or I reflect*...I catch hold of space *at its source*.

And yet, this interpretation is unintelligible.

We must seek the originary experience of space *prior to the distinction between form and content*.

My body is *wherever* it has something *to do*.

If someone is stretched out on a bed and if I look at him while standing over the head of the bed, for a moment, the face is normal. There is, of course, a certain disorder in its features, and I have difficulty understanding the smile as a smile, but I sense that I could walk around the bed and I see through the eyes of a spectator placed at the foot of the bed. If the spectacle continues...the face becomes monstrous. I have before me a pointed and hairless head, bearing on its forehead a blood-red orifice, full of teeth, and where the mouth should be, two moving eyeballs surrounded by glossy hairs and underlined by heavy brushes.

MOVEMENT. [Thinking about movement destroys movement.]

I throw a stone. It crosses my garden. For a moment, it becomes a blurry meteorite and then....

Under the influence of mescaline, sometimes objects appear to shrink as they approach. A limb or a part of the body (hand, mouth, or tongue) appears enormous and the rest of the body is no longer anything other than an appendage to it. The walls of the room are 150 meters apart, and above them there is but a vast and deserted expanse. The extended hand is as high as the wall. People seem like puppets, and their movements are accomplished with a magical slowness. One schizophrenic says....

Another patient can no longer understand the clock.

[The Spatiality of the Night.] This is what happens at night. The night is not an object in front of me; rather, it envelops me, it perforates my body, it suffocates my memories, and it all but effaces my personal identity. Even cries, or a distant light, only populate it vaguely; it becomes entirely animated. It is from within nocturnal space that...the anxiety of neurotics comes.

[Sexual Space.]....

[Mythical Space.].....

[Lived Space.] I arrive in a village for the holidays, happy to leave behind my work and my ordinary surroundings. I settle into the village. It becomes the center of my life. The low level of water in the river, or the corn or the walnut harvest, are events for me. But if a friend comes to see me and brings news from Paris, or if the radio and newspapers inform me that there are threats of war, then I feel exiled in this village, excluded from real life, and imprisoned far away from everything.

The maniac, however, centers himself everywhere.

Beyond the physical or geometrical space existing between me and all things, a *live distance* links me to things *that count* and exist for me, and links them to each other. At each moment, this distance measures the scope of my life. Sometimes between me and events, there is a certain leeway that preserves my freedom without the events ceasing to touch me. Sometimes, however, the live distance is at once too short and too wide: the majority of events cease to count for me, whereas the nearest ones *consume me*. They envelop me like the night, and they rob me.... I can literally no longer breathe. I am possessed.

One schizophrenic stops in the mountains and views the landscape. After a moment, he feels threatened. Suddenly the landscape is snatched away from him by some alien force.

Sometimes the landscape itself moves.

[Do these spaces presuppose geometrical space?] Are dream space, mythical space, and schizophrenic space *genuine spaces*....

The dreamer dreams, and that is why his respiratory movements and his sexual impulses are not taken for what they are, and why they break the moorings that tie them to the world and drift before him in the form of the dream. But ultimately what does he really see? Shall we take his word for it? If he wants to know what he sees and to understand his dream himself, he will have to awaken.

Sexuality will immediately return to its genital refuge, anxiety and its phantasms will again become what they always were: some respiratory obstruction in the ribcage. The dark space that invades the schizophrenic's world can only justify itself as space and provides its spatial qualifications by linking itself to clear space.

In order to drain mythical experience, dream experience, or perceptual experience...in order to re-integrate these spaces into geometrical space, we must...deny that one ever dreams, that one is ever a madman, or that one ever truly sees. As long as we *acknowledge* the dream, madness, or perception...then we do not have the right to level out *all experiences in a single world*, nor all modalities of experience into a single consciousness. In order to do this, we would need available a higher authority to which one could submit perceptive consciousness and fantastical consciousness, a me more intimate to myself than me who thinks my dream or my perception when I limit myself to

dreaming or perceiving, a me who possesses the substance of my dream and of my perception while I only have the appearance of this. But this very distinction between appearance and actuality is made neither in the world of the myth, nor in the world of the patient or the child. The myth fits the essence *into* the appearance; the mythical phenomenon is not a representation, *but this genuine presence*.

Every apparition is here an embodiment and beings are not so much defined by 'properties' as they are by physiognomic aspects. This is what can be legitimately meant by infantile and primitive animism: not that the child and the primitive person perceive the objects that *they would like to explain* through intentions or consciousness...but rather because beings are the *incarnation of where* they express, because their human signification rushes into them and is presented, literally, *as where these mean*. A passing shadow or a creaking tree have a sense; there are warnings everywhere, without anyone who is doing the warning.

One schizophrenic senses that a brush, placed close to her window, comes closer to her and enter her head...and nevertheless at no moment does she cease knowing that the brush is *over there*. If she looks toward the window, she again perceives it. The brush, as an identifiable term of an explicit perception, is not in the patient's head as a material mass. But the patient's head is not, for her, this object that everyone can see and that she herself can see in a mirror; rather, it is that listening and look-out post that she feels at the top of her body, or that power.... The real brush, the stiff and prickly being that is embodied in these appearances and concentrated in by the gaze, has left the window and has thus left behind merely an inert shell. No appeal to explicit perception can awaken the patient from her dream since she does not deny the explicit perception, *but simply holds that it proves nothing against what she experiences*. "You don't hear my voices?" And she concludes calmly: "so I am *alone* in hearing them."

Of course, if I reflect upon the consciousness of positions and directions in the myth, the dream, and the hallucination, if I thematize them and fix them according to the methods of objective thought, then I discover the relations of geometrical space. It must not be concluded from this restabilization that these geometrical relations *were already there*, but inversely that THIS IS NOT RADICAL REFLECTION. In order to know what mythical or schizophrenic space means, we have no other option but to awaken ourselves, our current perception, the visceral reality between the being and the world which geometric analysis makes disappear. We must acknowledge 'expressive experiences' as *prior* to 'acts of signification' by theoretical andthetic consciousness; and we must acknowledge the symbolic 'pregnancy' of form *within* content as prior to the subsumption of sensational content under geometrical form.

[These spaces must be recognized as original.] Since there *are as many spaces as there are distinct spatial experiences*, and since we do not allow ourselves to set up the configurations of adult, normal and civilized experience in-advance within infantile, morbid, or primitive experience, *do we not* thereby enclose each type of subjectivity and, ultimately, each consciousness within its private life?

These are the equivocations that remain for us to clear up. Mythical or dreamlike consciousness, madness, and perception, despite all their differences, are not self-enclosed. They are not islands of

experience without any communication and from which one cannot escape. Yes, we have refused to locate geometrical space as immanent *within mythical space* and, in general, to subordinate all of perceptual experience to an absolute consciousness of that experience that would situate it within the totality of truth, because this unity of consciousness...makes its variety incomprehensible.

But mythical consciousness opens onto a horizon of possible objectifications. The primitive person lives his myths against a perceptual background which is articulated *clearly enough* such that the acts of daily life – fishing, hunting, or relations with civilized persons – are possible.

Likewise, when I demand an account of the dream, I certainly direct my question toward the dreamer that I was that night, but ultimately the dreamer himself recounts nothing.... During the dream itself, we do not leave the world behind: the dream space isolates itself from clear space, but it nevertheless uses all of its articulations – the world haunts us even in sleep, and we dream about the world. Similarly, madness gravitates around the world. To say nothing of those morbid fantasies or fits of delirium that attempted to build for themselves a private domain out of the debris of the macrocosm, the most advanced states of melancholy, where the patient settles into death and, so to speak, makes it his home...still make use of the scientific structures of being in the world to do so, and borrow from the world just what is required of being, in order to negate it.

[These spaces are constructed upon a natural space: clear space.] I never live entirely within these anthropological spaces: I am always rooted to a natural and inhuman space.

347. Natural and primordial space is not geometrical space.

467. Imagine that my friend Paul and I are currently gazing across a landscape. What is actually happening? Must we say that we both have private sensations...forever incommunicable? Or that, with regard to pure *live* experience, we are *locked* within distinct perspectives? Or finally, that the landscape is not, for the two of us, numerically identical... To consider my perception itself, prior to every objectifying reflection, I have at no moment a consciousness of finding myself enclosed with my own sensation. My friend Jean-Paul and I point to certain details of the landscape, and Paul's finger, which is pointing out the steeple to me, is not a finger-for-me that I conceive as oriented toward a steeple-for-me: rather, it is Paul's finger that itself shows me the steeple that Paul sees. Just as reciprocally, by making some gesture toward some point in the landscape that I see, it does not seem that I trigger for Paul some internal visions that are merely analogous to my own: rather, it seems to me that my gestures invade Paul's world and guide his gaze.

506. So long as we are alive, our situation is *open*.

516. I can, of course, interrupt my projects at any moment. But what exactly is this power? We are always in the plenum and in being, just as a face, even when at rest or even when dead, is always condemned to express something (there are cadavers that appear surprised, peaceful, obtrusive), and just as silence is still a modality of the sonorous world. I can break every mold and scoff at everything, but there is no case in which *I am entirely committed*. Rather than thinking of my sorrow, I stare at my fingernails, or I have lunch, or I get involved in politics.

My actual freedom is not on this side of my being, but out in front of me, *among the things*....

There are, however, these things that appear, irrecusably, that loved person in front of you, these men existing as slaves around you.

3. I cannot enclose myself within the universe of science.

The entire universe of science is generated within the live world, and if we wish to think science rigorously, to appreciate precisely its sense and scope, we must first awaken this experience of which science is the second-order expression.

I am not a 'living being,' a 'man,' nor even a 'consciousness,' possessing all of the characteristics that zoology, social anatomy, and inductive psychology acknowledge in these produces of nature and history.

Rather, I am the absolute source.

Husserl's entire misunderstanding with his interpreters, with the dissidents, and ultimately with himself, comes from the fact that we must – precisely in order to see the world and grasp its paradox – RUPTURE OUR FAMILIARITY WITH IT.

Complete the tríflecta Gaston. Ganso! Exacto. Que es esto? La Poétique de l'Espace.

La imagen poética es una prominencia súbita. The poetic image is a sudden salience....

Because of its novelty and its action, the poetic image has an entity and a dynamism of its own: it is referable to *a direct ontology*. This ontology is what I plan to study.

In this reverberation, the poetic image will have a sonority of being. The poet speaks on the *threshold* of being.

The communication of an unusual image is a fact of great ontological significance.

At the level of the poetic image, the duality of subject and object is iridescent, shimmering, unceasingly *active*.... In this domain of the creation...phenomenology...if one dare to say so, is a microscopic phenomenology. As a result, this phenomenology will probably be the strictly elementary.

It is youthful language.

At the core of such painting, there is a soul in combat – the fauvism, the wildness, is interior. Painting like this is therefore a production of the soul.

The mind is able to relax, but in poetic reverie, the soul keeps watch, with no tension, calmed and active.

Through this reverberation, by going *immediately* beyond all psychology and psychoanalysis, we feel a poetic power rising nascently within us. After the original inchoate reverberation, we are able to experience resonances, sentimental repercussions, reminders of our past. But the image has touched the depths *before it stirs the surface*.

As for the psychologist, being deafened by the resonances, *he keeps trying to describe his feelings*.

The slightest critical consideration arrests this reverberatory impulse by putting the mind in second position, destroying the primitivity of the imagination.

The examples I shall give of *breaks* in significance, sensation, and sentiment will oblige the reader to grant me that the poetic image is under the sign of A NEW BEING. This new being is happy man.

Happy in speech, therefore unhappy in reality, will be the psychoanalyst's immediate objection.

And right away, he will abandon ontological investigation of the image, to dig into the past of man. He sees and points out the poet's secret sufferings. He explains the flower by the fertilizer.

Indeed, the images I want to examine are the quite simple images of *felicitous space*. In this orientation, these images would deserve to be called topophilia. They seek to ascertain the human value of the sorts of space that may be clasped, that may be defended against adverse forces, the space we love.

This is eulogized space.

The past has been stalking me around. Let it.

Enscence.

Poincii... The Value Of Science, 1905 [The Foundations of Knowledge: 1912] Date of demise: July 12, 1912.

205. The search for truth should be the goal of our activities. It is the sole end worthy of them. Doubtless we should first bend our efforts to assuage human suffering, but why? Not to suffer is a negative ideal more surely attained *by the annihilation of the world*. If we wish more and more to free man from material cares, it is that he may be able to employ the liberty obtained in the study and contemplation of truth.

But sometimes truth frightens us. And in fact we know that it is sometimes deceptive, that it

is a phantom never showing itself for a moment except to ceaselessly flee, that it must be pursued further and further without ever being attained. Yet to work, *one must stop*, as some Greek, Aristotle or another, has said. We also know how cruel truth often is, and we wonder whether illusion is not more consoling, yea, even more bracing, for illusion it is which gives confidence. When it shall have vanished, will hope remain and shall we have the courage to achieve? Thus would the horse harnessed to his treadmill refuse to go, were his eyes not bandaged?

Henri's Reverie

Science and Method: 1908.

383. Mathematical Creation.

The genesis of mathematical creation is a problem which should intensely interest the psychologist. It is the activity in which the human mind seems to take *least* from the outside world, in which it acts or seems to act only of itself and on itself, so that in studying the procedure of geometric thought we may hope to reach what is most essential in human's mind.

As for myself, I must confess, I am absolutely incapable of even adding without mistakes.

In a word, my memory is not *bad*, but it would be insufficient to make me a good chess-player. Why then does it not fail me in a difficult piece of mathematical reasoning where most chess-players would *lose* themselves? Evidently because it is guided by the general march of the reasoning. A mathematical demonstration is not a simple juxtaposition of syllogisms, it is syllogisms *placed in a certain order*, and the order in which these elements are placed is much more important than the elements themselves. If I have the feeling, the intuition, so to speak, of this order, so as to perceive, at a glance, the reasoning as a whole, I need no longer fear lest I forgot one of the elements....

386. In fact, what is mathematical creation? It does *not* consist in making new combinations with mathematical entities already known. Any one could do that, but the combinations so made would be infinite in number and most of them *absolutely without interest*. To create consists precisely *in not* making *useless* combinations... Invention is discernment, choice.

But what I have hitherto said is what may be observed or inferred in reading the writings of the geometers, reading reflectively.

It is time to penetrate deeper and to see what goes on in the very soul of the mathematician. For this, I believe, I can do best by recalling memories of my own. But I shall limit myself to telling how I wrote my first memoir on Fuchsian functions. I beg the reader's pardon: I am about to use some technical expressions, but they need not frighten, for you are not obliged to understand them. I shall say, for example, that I have found the demonstration of such a theorem under

such circumstances. This theorem will have a barbarous name, unfamiliar to many, but that is unimportant: what is of interest for the psychologist is not the theorem *but the circumstances*.

For fifteen days I strove to prove that there could not be any functions like those I have since called Fuchsian functions. I was then very ignorant; everyday I seated myself at my work table, stayed an hour or two, tried a great number of combinations and reached no results. One evening, contrary to my custom, I drank black coffee and could not sleep. Ideas rose in crowds; I felt them collide until pairs interlocked...making a stable combination. By the next morning I had established the existence of a class of Fuchsian functions, those which come from the hypergeometric series; I have only to write out the results, which took but a few hours.

Then I *wanted* to represent these functions by the quotient of two series; this idea was perfectly *conscious and deliberate*, the analogy with elliptic functions guided me. I asked myself, what properties these series must have if they existed, and I succeeded without difficulty in forming the series I have called theta-Fuchsian.

Just at the time, I left Caen, where I was then living, to go on a geologic excursion under the auspices of the school of mines. The changes of travel made me forget about my mathematical work. Having reached Coutances, we entered an omnibus to go some place or other. *At the moment when I put my foot on the step* the idea came to me, without anything in my former thoughts seeming to have paved the way for it, that the transformations I had used to define the Fuchsian functions were identical with those of non-Euclidean geometry. I did not verify the idea: I should not have had time, as, upon taking my seat in the omnibus, I went on with a conversation already commenced, but I felt a perfect certainty. On my return to Caen, for conscience's sake, I verified the result at my leisure.

Then I turned my attention to the study of some arithmetical questions apparently without much success and without a suspicion of any connection with my preceding researches. Disgusted with my failure, I went to spend a few days at the seaside, and thought of something else. One morning, walking on the bluff, the idea came to me, with just the same characteristics of brevity, suddenness, and immediate certainty, that the arithmetical transformations of indeterminate ternary quadratic forms were *identical* with those of non-Euclidean geometry.

Returning to Caen, I meditated on this result and deduced the consequences. The example of quadratic forms showed me that there were Fuchsian groups other than those corresponding to the hypergeometric series; I saw that I could apply to them the theory of theta-Fuchsian functions and that consequently there existed Fuchsian functions other than those from the hypergeometric series, the ones I then knew. Naturally I set myself to form all these functions. I made a systematic *attack* upon them and carried all the outworks, one after another. There was one however that still held out, whose fall would involve that of the whole place. But all my efforts only served at first the better to show me the difficulty, which indeed was something. All this work was perfectly conscious.

Thereupon I left for Mont-Valérien, where I was to go through my military service; so I was very differently occupied. One day, going along the street, *the solution* of the difficulty which had stopped me suddenly appeared to me. I did not try to go deep into it immediately, and only after my service did I again take up the question. I had all the elements and had only to arrange them and put them together. So I wrote out my final memoir at a single stroke and without difficulty.

Most striking at first is this appearance of sudden illumination, a manifest sign of long, *unconscious* prior work. The role of this unconscious work in mathematical invention appears to me *incontestable*, and traces of it would be found in other cases where it is less evident. Often when one works at a hard question, nothing good is accomplished *at the first attack*. Then one takes a rest, longer or shorter, and sits down *anew* to the work. During the first half-hour, as before, nothing is found, and then all of the sudden the decisive idea presents itself *to* the conscious mind. It might be said that the conscious work has been more fruitful because it has been interrupted and the rest has given back to the mind its force and freshness. But it is more probable that this rest has been filled out with unconscious work and that the result of this work has afterward revealed itself to the geometer just as in the cases I have cited...only the *revelation*, instead of coming during a walk or a journey, has happened during a period of conscious work, but independently of this work which plays *at most* a role of *excitant*, as if it were the goad stimulating the results *already reached during the rest*....remaining latent *until* conscious work.

There is another remark to be made about the conditions of this unconscious work: it is possible and certainly it is only fruitful, if it is on the one hand preceded and on the other hand followed by a period of conscious work. These sudden inspirations never happen except after some days of voluntary effort which has appeared *absolutely fruitless* and whence nothing good seems to have come, *where the way taken seems totally astray*. These efforts then have not been as sterile as one thinks! They have set agoing the unconscious machine and, without them, it would not have moved and would have produced nothing.

The unconscious, or, as we say, the *subliminal self* plays an important role in mathematical creation; this follows from what we have said. But usually the subliminal self is considered as purely automatic. Now we have seen that mathematical work is not simply mechanical...

A first hypothesis now presents itself: the subliminal self is *in no way inferior* to the conscious self; it is *not* purely automatic; it is capable of discernment; it has tact, delicacy; it knows how to choose, to divine. What do I say? It knows better how to divine than the conscious self, since it succeeds where that has failed.

Jos. Cardiac reservoir roamings, runs, ravages, racing the desert terror.

Jos. Every day, after labor, they hit the trails. Two project/weights engineers blare over the solar freeway, amid deep afternoon, heading directly to the hidden, secret trails.

July: stationed on Conduit Rd, m, get off the car. Walking down the straightaway by marching.....flat, wide straightaway trail...where Bert often ran. While running, he saw, his historical *bodies* running right by...my current training run. Jos and I are futurally walking on the main M-trail toward the 125 S freeway. We are under the freeway, pillared up from a damned river: dry lake. Dip, 10 feet into a dry lake, undulating under and over large orange boulders, with Jos, he's talking about the structural underpinnings of the 125 freeway accommodating flooding and tectonic shifting, through microgaps, yes, I understand man. Wait, wow. Here *I* come running around! He's grinning! Look at my younger body giddily training: the forerunner is envisioning his last high school cross country season, gliding with pogo feet through the narrow loop amid veiled snakes: stepped on one once but didn't get bit, ha, git lucky... and there he goes right by *these future marchers*. Jos has kept talking and well, Ludwig, ha, ha. Luddy Luddy Luddy. He was a nutty guy hahah....his severe glare was bizarrely hilariously pathetic, like, I'll smack you right out of silence by spitting on your hideous grimace good grief!!! Ah? Hey Luddy, *why did you care about colloquial clarification?* You wished, simply, to *contract* any common confusion into an instantaneous confluence. But, why? The correct conclusion is to ambush the philosophical man masturbating amid hitting his strongest climax: juuust as you blow your biggest load: slice his head clean! Done dewey Luddy! Jos!!! How is it possible that we are....currently....ascending the switchback trail? WE HAVEN'T UTTERED A BLIP ABOUT THE DIP. We just left the little lake. We were surrounded by that dry little lake Jos. What do you think is happening down there? Look at this solar shine, ***and here we are on the second level of the hill ascent.*** How many levels on the switchback? Five, or infinite. What is our destination? You mean our destiny?

Jos...believe me, this Cardiac Hill is our destiny. Let's take the longer, spiralic route. We could also hit Twin Hill – the steeper, faster path. Jos, we will decide which hill when we arrive at the branching. *The branching is a coupling.* Excellence. For now, however, we got some straightaways to clear: let's take them. Look at this roaring freeway to our right, and ha, look at them climb *looking lower* at where we JUST were, mhm. We were exactly in that dry lake, you see it? That lake is dip into bouldering ridges ranging desert brush you see that, mhm, oooo Jooosss *right here* YOU are stepping and striding oh look at him trying to take the LEAD as we enter the *third* switchback straightaway: please, Jos, regard our pendular shadows flashing two carnal continua cutting clay crust, heh, *let's surge the rest of the third* Bert, sure, surge is **underway**...yes my legs are liquid laborers like these quads uh-oh they're getting quite lethargic, fine, time to recruit my crystal-tight calves to push-off harder flinging long hamstrings kicking uffff fuck heavy lugs... already laboring, alright, respiratory laboring laboring lugging trudging come oooon CONSOLIDATE YOUR BODY yes...strain to maintain oh fff...uck I'm heaving while *Jos is smiling* and

surging cleanly beyond my body...oh he's taking control...he's contesting! 1 v 1. He took the lead, and I'm tucked behind, like a mountain lion. Increase pace...steadily. Fifth straightaway approaching....still tucked in. Save your reserves for the style foisted by Cardiac Hill. Ahhh....this is the sixth straightaway before the hill-branching, the last stand....before? Cardiac. We are taking the arduous way. Here we go.... at the branching... "Cardiac, Jos" "M" huffers turn confronting the steep spiral, okay. Time to derange. Concentrate on the arms, smack fists down behind your lower back, elbowing fast backward, good, decrease stride *length*, increase *cadence*, raise knees as needed, strike with *forefeet*....but....how is he moving ahead....body is working very hard but look at him forge forth! He's gliding away! How!!!??? Wait!!! Oppp...Jos stop! Stop stepping Yeshua.

Here it is, you see this Josss? This is the exact location of your first defeat, recall? Hahaha...your first ascent up Cardiac ha...was a defeat! Hahah! Heh not this time. Oh *he restarted* the race...going silent...so am I, oh he's trying to take it, he's trying to take the win, he's straining oh he really thinksss he can surpass the master *hardly* surgeeeee!!!!

Got him! Sorry! M, why you heaving then *heh*, plus you were defeated your first time up Cardiac too correct! The first time with Jose-Ole and Tommy-McG, those happenstance rivals riling each other. Yes, Jos, I remember. We three trainers reached the base of this alien zig-zag switchback hill curling under the freeway, at 11 am, mid-summer, probably 90° F. Sweat was scorching, and we were chugging along at a steady 6:20 minutes/mile pace for a 9 miler. Bear in mind that Ole and I had only forged two weeks into base training, so you know our aerobic inadequacy for racing. And did you race hahahah yes...they did. Not me. I recognized my physiological inadequacy. The total run was supposed to be 9 miles. When we reached these switchbacks, we were 8 miles into the run. And, in the previous mile, we – really the two animals Ole and McG – were ramping up the pace down to ~6:10-15 min/mi over the Conduit Rd, you know, that downslope straightaway where we just jogged exactly, so, the triad arrived abruptly at this unrecognizable zig-zag hill, fenced with wood at every level, 6-leveled. Tommy was leading us right into it, he knew Cardiac. In fact, it might've been his plan to introduce us to it. We were submerged in the run, and Tommy was leading, so nobody questioned. Oh and old Ole suddenly started feeling lofty and squared his shoulders to McGrath, starting to slightly stride ahead of McGrath...wasn't too happy about Ole enhancing his pace... ..and these animals, officially, started the first zig-incline SUB-6 min/mile...likely 5:55 min/mi pace...not race pace, but toxic at our level of aerobic conditioning.

Basically they started racing on the second-straightaway, and I calmly tucked in a couple meters behind...since this was my first climb up Cardiac as well as Ole's, by the way,

hehehehe who was surging...again turning to the third straightaway, which flattens thankfully maintaining my composure but they were striking at 5:40/mile now ... hitting third straightaway quite fucking quickly ahhh legs were getting tickly leveling the 125 highway at the fourth turn...already here heh yes...fourth turn, Ole and McG were burning, thrashing, their legs and by the fifth turn they started essentially sprinting...and on the fifth straightaway, Tommy McG decisively *took the lead* incredibly increasing his carnal cadence powering his body to the Twin Hill branching, and of course, Tommy chose grueling Cardiac. Tom sustained his surge. Ole was hurting badly now oh he thought it was overrr after the zig-zag stretches but *absolutely not* as I pull up to the huffer facing this long orange slope vaguely bending...where is? Ending? We turned directly into this vague spiral peering up...perceiving no clear end, huffing, hurting, ah, ah, nah, fuck...gotta stop, stopping, surrender. Heh you and Ole both surrendered? Indeed we did, Jos, actually...*then we surrendered the exact spot* yes hahaha but look where we are Jos. The final spiral before Cardiac-summit. Oh look at these! Feel them...ohh oh! Graze your face with these sharp pricklers, yellow jackets are screening them dude. Wait, wow. The advancing shadow of the commercial plane gone. (Jos) MhM. Sunset soon.

Ey Bert, I'm wondering about this. Oh, I see it hm. But look...it could be a deserted wasp hive. Maybe. Might be bees. Right though why in the deep crevice of cliff rocks... ah, I see a honeycomblike organization in there, burrowed, m, mhmmm yet, the metrical layering appears translucent? It's too dark in there to see, but I decidedly detect these symmetric combs...from the last tinge of ambient light, damn, the atmosphere is too dim. Wasps abandoned their nest I guess. That's nutty though, and I was just climbing the rock. Well exactly man, wait...Jos don't do that dog! Heheh maybe! Hahah... heheheh! The swarm will flurry your face man. You don't want a swarm to flurry you, do ya? It is 5 minutes, by the way, till sundown. So Jos, let's hit the other side of the hill, I'm good to run to it... Nod, jumping down from these peak twin martian rocks overlooking our wondrous sweetwater reservoir buttressed by ranges of desert mountains as another commercial plane jetstreams over us and we're running and surging; time to shift my pace quickly yes increasing cadence concretizing the figures through the wind mmmmm musicman, Jos, Jos, maintains silence, smiling behind this pacer's backglance, wow, we're on the brink of sunset...surge. My body is bounding by rich **black blue reservoir**, elapsing my panorama beyond it...we're approaching the big barrel cactus, oh, yup, yellow giddy blooms...gliding dust swirls, body's building back-kick, higher higher, stronger hamstrings going totally florid, surging because you hear him, Jos, getting antsy about the elevating pace heheh but you're still itching behind me so start sprinting..... wooooo, cresting.... ya, ya, float, summit woo... woo, ya, ya, ya, ya, yAHHHHHHHHH....gusts are wisping solar suffusion which electrified our cadence into elevatory back-kick, op!!! Jos...you're huffing!! Oh he

was hurting!!!! Got him again, heh, wasn't racing...again, hahah, I know, but be honest, you did suffer that surge huh. Na. Plus, who cares, the sky ravages.

Last solar-spheric flit..... ahhhh that superb, elating, glowing purple...goneness. Resonant quietude, acutely attuning us to the faint peach-pink tinge... what a stunning sundown, wow, twilight is already nestling this martian mountain peak. We are cardiac. Those vast desert shallows....lonely yellow valley mountains, wilderness...calling us. Way out there man, 5 miles out there by twilight, Ole and I felt that panic. This time, I was running only with Ole. Luis Jose. I've always liked the inversion. Anyway, we were executing a threshold run of 5 miles, you know, a 'tempo' run right. Well, twilight hit us 5 miles out there. Humid twilight. The dense grey spray just enveloped our bodies, which had to transform into carnal locomotors... It turned into a dawning. Grey clouds, grey ground, sharp air...striding and I just uttered, *Luis I'm turning back* and, in turn, heard a toneless huff okay from him so I started accelerating, ensuing in a very harsh tempo, remember, we were 3 miles into the tempo, after warming up for 2 mi. Twilight hit us. This terrorizing strangeness surrounded and gnawed my body at mile 3. All of my bones were vibrating like xylophones. When I heard a *beep* from Ole's watch, 5:40 mile... instantly, I told Luis - I'm turning around - received his affirmative huff, "yus," and I turned downhill, since we had started climbing uphill before the mile-beep. Regardless, or maybe accordingly, my Body commenced accelerating into a furious cadence as my attempt to blaze the cool dry grey ambiance... ensconcing two bodies; two beings bodying, but they were barely able to see their mentalities draping their drenching and fatigued carnalities. Their bodies were blazing with manic panic. The twilight ambiance was skulking, stalking, my Body racing this grey vista, which felt vastly, vaguely, lonely.

By the way, Luis instantaneously reacted to my reversal and surge. When I gushed the pace, he tucked in, and so, we started fucking rolling *through* those trail undulations *on my Body's lead* hitting likely 5:20's per mile initially, easily, *easily* but this isn't extraordinary... We were bodies *concentrating every available system* and aerobic organ into extremely expensive locomotion: just utter, thoughtless, ecstatic...shape-shifting bodies, like snare drums piercing the sand and the arena was murky and my....lead ha...my, my... <THIS> BODY WAS COMPLETELY DICTATING...no more moody or mental or mathematical language. All abstractions became subordinate to this Body's viscous concretion. My Body became a Juggernaut. We were mentally blank yet bodily potentiating. Night descended decisive and assuring blackness over the muddy twilight. We were juggernauts, with pluralized powers, racing back to the base.

(Jos) M.

Cardiac was your comfort. Yes Jos, but, I was *being drawn* to Cardiac. So, then, *what kind of object is the dynamical feeling of comfort... Then?* If feeling is an object, it is not dynamical. If feeling is not an object, but rather a relation, then feeling is dynamical *because it is syntactical*. What? (Jos) Exactly. You want to ask *what object* is feeling comfort. But, simply speaking, which is to say without dualism, feeling **is** symbolic-activity. Inversely, thought **is** affective-structure. And, we say feeling is **invariantly dynamical** purely because *we* sensory and aural organisms, as adaptively layered relations of objects, feel. That's it. We discern a monism. Feeling is symbolic, or syntactic, activity. Thought is affective, or ecstatic, structure. Activity is this pure fusion.

But why not irreducible duality? Thought is abstract; feeling is ecstatic. Abstraction and ecstasy are fundamentally distinct. They must be, otherwise I could shift seamlessly from scientific formalism to visceral symbolism.

Well, you're trying to interrogate this unified system *but why assume questioning lets us understand*.

But how do we explore our plurally-layered organisms, without questioning their compositional and logically-expressive structures? Well, you're asking a question WHILE YOU UNIFY THE QUESTION UNTO YOUR PANORAMIC PERCEPTION... What extensional-object, or relation, is this self-configuring question? **What?** Exactly again *HEH!* When you break free from interrogation and questioning, you become bewildered. Questioning fixates a fluid and fused dynamism...of Thought ****and**** Feeling, because feeling is not *a* subject, but rather, *the sole subject*. And thought is the sole cognitive topic. So, then, is...feeling my literally BEING DRAWN BACK to Cardiac hill from the desert, as an internally indestructible bond for that period of reality? Yes. Introspective organisms, like ourselves and many other humans, can fixate or concentrate feeling into a visceral-thought, which has tonal valence. Emotions are the shallowest visceral-thoughts. Emotions, as shallowly stated, are simply insufficient to plunge and sustainably submerge us self-determining humans, us higher organisms into the full, complete, *freeing feeling*. Currently, for instance and instantaneity, two very introspective modern human bodies are in a mutual metamental conundrum, because...our own emotive and motivative capabilities evolved before these rational and formal capacities did. The nutty thing is that we are effectively attempting to puncture our bodies' radial blooms. These blooms are lucidities being confined to our peripheries. They embed us. But we need to attract them. **Yes. We are actors of attractors.** So, okay, hold on, because there was more to the Bert-Ole deserted situation, mhm.

Now, **why** was my Body racing to the base? Comfort. Yet, right now, I am attuning my tonal memory to the limbic panic. As I said, I felt a manic panic. It was not a panic about *missing* something or, being *caught* doing something malignant, or a *fearing panic that I'm going to be jumped or killed*, that is, paranoia. No. But I have to, wait, yes, yes... *something strangely vague was pervading my mind* and... it melted. My brain became facially gray spraying footstrikes, but why? Because the terrible twilight just hit us, jolted

electrocuted...this clueless body...but the stupor was actually, from the body's advantage point, higher order athleticism. My body was pervading and manically melting my mind by... trudging up the next undulation which we actually I still have no clue, zero idea, what Luis thought/felt about that whole ordeal...*you know what I'm saying? Hahahah!!!* But again, Luis – oh Ole – reacted immediately to my decisive surge. We were peaking our pace at 4:45/mi, which was my 5k race pace. Not very fast compared to top collegiates, but respectable and even admirable by generous friends and family. But Ole and I were not racing. Bodies did not chase, nor flee. You know? We were not chasing Cardiac, or chasing the time. Ole's watch melted. However, we were not fleeing from the desert, either. Remember, my panic was not fear. It was something deeper, meaning stranger. Two bodies got lost. They let in, yes, total estrangement. Dislocation. That hazy descent into Night; that terrorizing twilight was dense, bright, fucking heavy grey yet granular out there especially on the lonely shores of this very reservoir, Jos. Man, seeing those static shores, with no bodies except botanical stationarities, made me move. So I suppose I was fleeing. Just then, I started stinging with limbic energy such that I uttered to Luis, let's turn back, as a command. And simultaneously, I synergized my lower legs to start stretching and flicking faster back-kicks, as in, the rate of my cadence necessitated high back-kick to stabilize the surge gradating and feeling, at first, barely maintainable. The acceleration made my arm *carriage* start *cutting* the frigid smudge: however, my lungs were alarming for ambience, and gasping... Luis was wordless behind me, tucked tightly, drafting, glazing, but he was huffing too, heaving hearing his own body. To cut to the chase, my body submerged my mind *into this throat* gaping facially extending into an ecstatic portrait cutting its cadence and increasing its velocity but suffering sludging of the lungs. There was total systemic discordance. My legs and hips and arms were utterly floating... with my back-kicks flitting light forefeet striking so fucking easily.....yet my throat, my chest, my heart... was heaving, just, my lungs laboring my thorax aaand of course absolutely zero of this introspection was being articulated at the time or even non-verbally expressed, no. No images, no symbols, no structures. My mind was bodily. Complete feeling. Zero abstraction. Body totalized. See, these are semiformal memories. You know, mixing affection and symbolism. I am gesturally and vocally showing you how I felt. But if my body estranged my mind, how am I describing the actual experiential reality of Ole and I – right out there – blazing. Most of this I am indeed inferring, because my memories are TACTILE only. The only visual memory is grey *smudgy granularity*. The only aural memory is *sharp shuffling*. I cannot linguistically convey feeling totally corporeal, carnality...without just charging down this hill and crazing out there right now, maybe we should. Maybe, we can, but wait...wait, I need to openly say this was not a normal trance. In any sense. This was aberrant. We were on a normal tempo run. Right. Luis was caught in traffic, and we began a little late though. The warmup felt slightly antsy, but

randomly. Heh, randomness. We rushed the two miles, and started the 5 mile progression....by mile 3, it was twilight. Instantly I felt strange. You know what. We were beyond the half-way point. We should have been turning back at 2.5 miles, but we did not. We hit 3, already beyond, and Luis kept going. What the fuck? That's right!!!! I saw a deranged animal bipedally slinking next to me, namely Ole, and he continued to push into the deep desert, and I fled. I surged infuriatingly. My panic catapulted my Body into race pace. This was not running, but racing. Running is often a memorial trance. Racing is a carnal meditation. I, again, *I* did not think. Regardless! When we emerged from the desert into Cardiac, it was night. We raced the duration of twilight. And this is when I felt okayed by cardiac hill, yes, I liked *being* back, yes, yes...like home. I did not *feel* comfort for, but *at*, cardiac. The place changed my body back to perceiving its ordinaries. I okayed into my Body, which was exhaustedly titillating. These saiyans ran maybe personal records over 5 miles....hahahahah!!!!!! Ole and I did not talk at all while spiraling down those irregularly *descending* switchbacks; but then, *just before* dipping down to these same switchbacks, I looked back at the desert and felt terror.

I did not feel fear. I felt....hopelessness. The grey cooling valley got me. Ole latched. What did I race? My Body overrode my purposive mind and raced every length it spaced. Purposelessness reigned. Every step was adirectional; almost atemporal. That is how I surged below 5 minutes per mile, which was in no way possible for my lunged legs prior to this run, and decidedly not planned unless as sad comedy in the form of mutual humiliation; namely, having to stop and walk back. And Luis. After my initial startle, I mean, his darkly fuzzy figure literally was the start-symbol to my eventual frenzy. But in it, to my body, his dissipated. I cannot *honestly* ascribe any language to ***what my racing body was frenzying***. I mean, there's the *what* again man, heh. You calling these dynamical feelings static objects? Yes. Say *what* you felt and you dislocate feeling THESE WORDS SOUNDING...well, *how do you feel*, well *how are you doing!*? Heheh!!! If you continue the scientific interrogation, you'll keep forcing the body beyond the visceral domain of execution. Interrogation is incineration.

See. You keep attempting to question this but the harsher you question, the blurrier you understand. While you question, the question doesn't ask about its emanating proactive sound. How does the question feel while this...is...dispersing? You cannot interrogate these ambient surroundings without concurrently dislocating your*selves* from **fully feeling** this sentence interactually resound. Because, out there, you and Ole felt the ostensible contradiction between remoteness and proximity but this dichotomy is, simply, perfect concurrence. **What**. One *is* two. Every self-duality is a concurrence. One is *the being drawing this sand line*. Yes. Now that, irreversibly, you have drawn the line, we see it perceptually persist among the sand, as a symbol, and want to ask *what* this symbolic object is. Yes. But...while the line is newly occurring, this progressive potentiality and discrete irreversibility *concur*. Potentiality does not possess logical priority? Potentiality *is* priority, Bert. Because what is,

concurr. Therefore, irreversibility is posteriority. The prior *complements* the posterior. Let's genericize this binary-complementation. Potentiality denotes the unary-Origin. Irreversibility denotes nullary-Ultimatum. The Origin, being unary, is global. The Ultimatum, being nullary, is fundamental. This complementation is binary. It is dually-harmonic. It is symmetric simultaneity. Plural-Unison.

You, local body, want to control the plenary concurrence? What's nutty and super funny is that finite bodies feel that they can override and dominate the infinite domain. You feel the infinite potentiate most the moment you relinquish the fantasy of mind control. Higher cognition is not tactical manipulation, but syntactical acceptance. Bodies are submergent. Minds are acceptant and ascendant. Where is Luis? Why isn't he out there trudging in the desert right now. You know. But he is. He's out there. You generated him over there with your actual commentary. And you both are out there superposed at least as graphical remnants over the concurrent topographical conditions of the reservoir and landscape, not to mention the other ambient residue. Where was I in all this? Well. Where are we **not** right now? Exactly, we *are* not on the 125 freeway in front of every car concurrently passing away *running* us over, dead. Are we run-over? We are alive. Yet we potentially died as a matter of potential physical graphics alone. We just did not translate those graphics into actualized reality. Again, again, and...again. A *gain*. This new moment. God means Being. Invariance is dynamism. Do you concur?

Humming Tar Traffic, about to gulp the rest of the cactus...

Nude dried body; face encasing brain stem, breathing.... "mmmhhhhuhhhh..." "huuuuh"
You feel from the past, ah, from the past. What is it like to be currently feeling from the past? Ah?

Like lunging around in the musty ambiance. Those hopelessly lonely, electronic reservoir shores, introducing you to the interspersed desertion of wilderness. Jugular neck nevertheless thudding enriching plasmatic hemodynamics to smoothen the trancic organism: ease, ease, soften your dynamics via internal relaxation, start sinking, fusing the floor and more, and more! You're gooing horizontal, no problem. Midafternoon is drowsy glue gravitating body hum yum yum donuts, yum yum donuts...hummm...mmm...yum yum donuts, amid the pacific thoracic traffic passing the static vehicle, disallowed from locomotion, paralytically dislocated, m, yes, mmm hummm yes Sun is bubbling blooms of heat into and over your core organs really relaxing right now. Slumped among blankets, blank, yes yes...effortfully relaxing...fusing smoothening dry airy pasty interior plucking brown traffic blips,

accelerating or stretching relaxation. Here's the horrid scene, the lethal, serene scenic activity....activity, action, act, act, react, interact... deep afternoon abstraction dimming into the comfiest time of the summer day, 5:56 pm, in the shady backroom, el cuarto viejo....rolling currently burning two long lofty pure green tea joints with jos attending with me to these two mini orange coals flaring blaring blissing this hissing draw, inhalation, over the eggwhite carpet arena...feels pretty mushy man, hey, mellowman, yea, you feel these light icing yellow walls are stochastic guardians caking far sharper attributive and phenomenological room, our carnal room, radiating and stratifying exactly two tonal attentions overall calmed, situated, stirring and gusting ghostly spirally swirls, dispersing. These elbowing relies equipping our creamy emerald aerial PANORAMA breathing green-tea, g-t, mmm, such sweet pungence peeling into twirls of pus, watch jos draw sparks kissing the crutch hahahahaha a florid roll, oily, ablaze trickling twirls through coiled notecard crutch, uffff spilling such lush superb luxury haaaa two saiyans haling phantoms mmmmm but you're carnally inhaling and epidermally inhabiting this electroemeraldic glaze hueing and glowing over two tonal activities fuse...fuse this tonic daze, temporal-room, that's the definition of bodily-space. Bodies inhabit dot blue heavy tar afternoon, with joints, herbally stuffed cones wafting no no, bonding, with this amazing interspersion amhhhaaa exhale opening *dermal room*....mhhhhhhhaaaaa..... this tranquil shade in here, EL CUARTO VIEJO, Jos you kn- oh *I know* its droopy shade, untouchable, impeccable...atrophic afternoon just brimming brilliant radiation through these tilted skinny blinds, honestly, I love it" 'm' "Me too man, me too" mmm hummmmm yes yes melt the mellowman respiring white haze humming curling submerging sitters elbowers blowing sonorities under dim glass shields pitching a triangular gable ceiling called GOD aligning chewy cherry rods pleasuring the Kid underneath playing legos a-mid roaming this futurous room, do not remove us. Utterless aeroafternoon overflowing cumulonimbus migration into this shaded place contained sandy souls fluttering fun and games with glasses clarifying now into this plain marine green layered porch. "Ber, let go outside" Yus. Up. WoW. Locomoting toward the portal gut gurgling sternum cresting marvelous breeze, jos is off, went left, yearning for electric pool, goodbye guy, turning to my giants leaning swaying thrilling resilience, o...turquoise flora focus.....coated aqueous green eucalyptic leaves unleashing jaundice crowns spraying my dear porch, hey strafer,

you are the porch. Glaze the general grass. Peek, look at you pale high noon moon blurred by crows squawking and scanning the arid habitat perforate gorgeous soil muddied with water and little sticks breaking and stirring hard dirt: pluck the rocks, stir the brown lake, breathe the mist drifting over Yana YANA amiga si esto es (yes this is) comfy giddy nostalgico'Berto, siente del pasado."Tambien" paranoiacs, playing with bodiless peekers, influential phantasms. Mr. B... manly metamorphism: demon is skulking around and stalking me with physical and perceptual effects, yea, Burty was a nighttime paranoiac in Huejotzingo, Puebla. He's sleeping, picturing the catacombs, the figure is outside his house, chilling outside, whistling into our blackened houseroom which is open for an ancient man to envelop the blue bathroom...burying in my blankets...begging for twilight dawn sunrise where my best friend and I explored the backyard playing hide and peek over this bush shroud is evergreenery, stay still, peeeek over op Muples, with Mimena glued to the window doors. The peekers are ready, bending back.... **ruffle**.....ash the bush, okay, lets go over our...**activities**...(1) holes; (2) making plank mud in the jacuzzi spot; (3) mini camps with a circular border around a stick tipi sitting feeling meditating in the (4) comfy chairs piling pillows and blankets guuushing noo nooooo, (5) indoor houses, (6) paper airplanes, (7) cam recorder tapes filming McLaren Pabertos running over us like flat boxes sliding the porch slope (8). These are activities. First holes session, ever, where, right there→→→triple brick steps radiating a downhill yard "but bert, we'll always do activities?" "Of course we will!" "You'll probably forget about them though! I know it." "Not ever." You knew. Remembered every date, secret spot, speck, worm, plant, strange day, brimming morning, dimming midday. Converse, Convulse. Telepathy. Telepathy. Eternal Reality. Metaverse.

He is here. Gargoyle!! Climb. Your torso is protruding **onto** railing pulling trunk up weak porch. Good gargoyle. Crouched, titillating, rising, arms are abreast, yes,

this tenuous imbalance. I am so high. Excellence. Now time to *diive* head dunking into very hard grass curling juuuuump plunged black beetles buzzing minerals broiling yell *ya!* Ah. Body is okay, cheeked, sideburned by the broiling grass *ya!!!* Body pop-up *race to the fence*, attained, here's the tan rock, tap, turn it over *overwhelming this black salamander* looking dead, looking dead, shriveled, condensed, almost dead, now dead, dead, dead how could you *survive* stamped like that? This damp spot with only the soil's saliva in an arid yard *move to the left* licking this dripping white milky cactus sap is punctured, secreting...this minty ufffff fantastic milk-sap coating my veined palate roof extending to these ankled feet, time to seep, yum toasty and salty knees please *please* uffffff breeze is bronze amazing warmth welcome handsome pleasance, chest emanating sizzles looking down at chloroplastic toes graze jaded plants ramifying rotund tomatoes *body running* at, this, gigantic cactus trunk is barky such an enormity spawns dozens of juicy branches spurting holy white blooms **amid them with legs juggling these messy cactul tentacles gaaa ya yaaaaa jump onto eucalyptic chance, success, pull up trunk yup higher up** here. Higher. Yes. Higher. Yes....I am arboreal, bucolic, pensive... soft hysteria. Marine-layered porch area spraying that gargoyle kid crested at the railing shifting laterally, strafing, climbing, go gargoyle. You timid? Then stretch and elevat...ing, nudging dipping diving draft..... you *smooth-glider*, go! Perform your angular-undular CYCLICITY guuuust coasting miniature distortions nooo guuuuuuust lifting...*swelling elevation* is now euphoriating wait no nooooo **going over the fence** into this raspy alley unstoppably descending buuut beautifully guuuuuuuuusting yeeeeees woooo *aerolooping upward and around* the red fence facing my celestial patio oh my, gutsi, gutsiii guuuuuuuuuuuuuuuust *wobbling* through nesty tree-crowns op op op op dip... *crashing* to the center orange figurine tree amid hundreds of crawlers called green aphids peppering twigs clearly thriving in this mini-arboreality behind seven asparagus bushes flowering cute pinkies bumbling fluffy florets dividing the electric pool rays and the lower-yard verdance. Op!!! Mimena is looking at us...oh he's peeking! Commence the count, go. 1!! 2!!!! *Jump* watching him miss me submerged...here, happy, suspent no you're underwater, have to uproar your throat *is screaming* trillionaire bubbles estranging from faint laughter y Yana esta afuera de la alberca corriendo y brincó, esta nadando. Ma esta arriba, en el piso, aneurisma. (And Yana is outside the pool running and she jumped, now swimming. Ma is upstairs, on the floor, aneurysmal.)

Step into *apartment has gone fucking nutty!* Inside....lope....looooope...grab hold of the table...trying to move. Lunger. Loper. Bed is the pancake ledge peeking gaseous eyes through the crack, hi. Hi. What you up to. What is after this. What's in store? What? Lamp literally zipping around the rickety room!!!! Not it.....you. Dancing n divvying like a slinky ah, ah! I'm gonna get ya. Gonna get ya! Got ya ha! Fuck floor you're shifting *streaming* wooden festivities going on down there good siii gutsi!!!!!!

Mmmmmmmmmmm hum ya someone occurs in the bathroom. YA WANT SOMETHING!? Ah? Me. Ya! Shock. *Staring* standing snake bending abdominal face inch from the mirror, nails are picking big boils with this sowing needle nozzle tickling ssoap ffoaming *out of my carnality's control*. Snake...intaking tile bronze flesh bursting cloudy pus immobilely gushy gelly yell wait *scream* "I hear you" ...hey...hey...heh...clawing over the door, tumbling, dropping, failing, floor is fully yours, floor shows your largest door, the sole portal for all you inanimates-ontics. Maybe you are too allured by the numberless doors of deception.

(Awakens) "Uha... *ah!?!"* slammed wow wobbly hazy vicinity *curtains quivering* do not recall snoozing off, at all.

Neck feels atrophic, inner legs sweat...ah. Apartment is pearly, patches of white shadows... feels odd... the analog clock is feeding the apartment some nice rhythmic repetition.

"What the fuck? 4:08....?" I was... legs were juggling among my house's mammoth cactus branches, semifloating amid them...yet still scraping the spines and needing to leap onto a main eucalyptus conduit running to the trunk and armed up to another conduit up up up up yup surpassed 5 levels of branches, hit the tree crest, and glazed the great yard...spraying it; the gargoyle was peering at the porch conjoining the backroom, wait, you dipped and started gliding, yes yes, *the smooth-glider* descriptor of **my best paper plane**: it flies by cheeky, cyclic undulations, but this time, I was the glider and felt the gust swelling me over the yard's red fence and soaring through the endless yellow alley gusting a favorable turnaround into the patio's wistful giants gusting again elevating, spiraling, levitating over entire levels of atmosphere.....dipping, plunging, puncturing...the orange tree infested with aphids bracing the paper-incomer plopping onto pool playing ma's dead upstairs stamped,

face is fixed, aneurysmal....awake, carnal, calm, translucent clockhead with two-valued hands tic tic tic love it, what if, this senseless seren-no a deformed *being was behind my body at the mirror.*

Park Attraction

Whatsoever. *This* carnal, cranial, mobile Body is back – awake – back...at the blanket-bed elbowing my legs level to the med-table, thrust up, we got this groggy grasshopper springing right up. This white-black analog clock...ticking...on the edge of the tiny circular highway window. The med table looks like an oily cashew. No, you are this little olive man, crouching down, huddled next to these legged blankets. The grasshopper is stepping on the olive man's back. It is. How...is this glossed afternoon so, pleasant. Welcome pleasance. He'll hit the *deluxe park*: oh yes he will. Deluxe park.

The Body walked the morning park seeing trees assorted in lollipop colors: purple-red, lime, coal-orange, evergreen, oh he wants...to examine the general grass. Why so? In search for those forked dandelion flowers: they blaze the Body with your yellow constancy...I know where you reside! I saw you earlier, yet did not animate you. You are, right now, at the mini hill peak. This apex is so miniature, that any facial-outlook can analytically doubt the depth of its perception *to* the blotchy playground with a smooth-blue misty slope, like last night, when the Body was parked. What's so attractive? A dark park permits skulking around the heavier sections and parts. Okay? You enjoy hearing your feet crackle acorns that squirrels would want to pluck for themselves, and they would, if there were not this thin figure drifting like film over your detour trail...stepping quickly to ambush the acrobats...come on BODY-thrust-the-fuck-up from the tan blankets.

Verticalized. You're yearning for the calm crest of the park peak, watching the fruity houses guard the overall grass. Yes. Vertex-head is *moving*...through this preplanned rectilinear apartment with *smooth shade*...specially motivating the Vertex already bustling around for its light blue jeans and carnival orange racing flats. The Vertex possesses limbs and appendages as locomotive edges. Motoring is your current purpose.

There you are, plus the black fleece wrapped over the chair exactly where the Growth slumped for the whole *mental morning*... way too much lingual lag but fortunately the

Graph is now externally taking *carnal control* over these facial detectors, limbic coordinators, vital regulators...all relevantly operating on lacing Sunkist orange nooses through two loose bows merging a nifty tuck which concludes the anonymous uniform. Duplicate the seven-step procedure rapidly as this sector of Earth is rotating away from the sun, synergizing the locomotor to **exit** this drab atmosphere. Exit. All lights unignited, and departing. Goodbye, clean door closure, 318, numeric arbitrariness remains behind these shinned-calves conducting quick-clicking steps, steps, steps...futurally protruding through this occult hallway arriving at the stairwell entering stepping downstairs in this thick white *marine layered railing* diddling legs down these concrete increments op, let's see if he's around, nope, don't see him. No Jeanny for now. Good, I'm glad. Jean's up to his own activities. Swing entrance double-door, reacted as expected. Ah...this sun's heat is voluptuous. Excellent for this Body. Absorb the deep afternoon onslaught. Walking...bounding and I want to, start, **running**..... Oh fuck yes legs are pendular overflowing flat cement cells until dipping them with brief, bright footstrikes streaming thoracic-face aside this mechanical river roving TO A HALT as I am striding by you fevered fiends in an insular stalemate because of an incoming firetruck and ambulance sirening WEYU WEYU WEYU WEYU Weyuuu weyuuu weyu weyu whatever now it's time to keep driving....keep striding *absolutely* why not stay smiling and accentuate this cadence liquefying the crystal sidewalk with carnal momentum continuously localizing and surpassing phases of wind which is wondrously gusty, yes, yes, yes....Body: just start luxuriating your running-form while crossing and making these racers brake, yes you are, yield to this true locomotor galloping by my oh my he's dancing for the crowd....should he lie down? Nah, you got honkers going at you, beeping and shrieking from their mobile cubicles. That's fine, he'll keep running.

Lesson: you wanna break the trance? Dance. The dancer is bounding onto Imrie Rd turning to houses planned adjacent and parallel, possessing ordered lawns, flourishing berried stems flowing *into loco's* forehead popping seed pods amid my creamy houses *concentrate on them* light icing yellow, cake blue, evergreen, barn red, damn, the distant robins are feasting under trees, faster faster...yes, Body: go formal... bound by abstracting from the ground... keep expending this pace over the last slope before hitting the quintuple green rod barriers at the Park-Entrance: approacher is easing... coasting...arriving, in it, yeah, at the park. Just surpassed the barriers and the robins remain op yet *you fucking fly away* yeah yeah of course birds, this vertical-form is a

disturbance regardless of its slowing speed or if it was presenting you with seeds! Ha!!! Still nearby you, robins. Your pouch and breast really are gorgeous. Maybe I'll sneak up and attack, give you a nice startle, fuckers. Well it was instinctually induced flight. Birds have an acceptable radiation for human bodies. This one's rather jealous, still using its landbound legs to get crestward.

So, the pouches on stilts with pretty amber breasts that involuntarily flinched from my harmless gestures are absolved, "mmhhhhhaa..." "ha" "ha" "haaa" peaked at the mini, "haaaaa" dogs are barking tonically, this is ballast, hearing children in the near distance, perhaps forming happenstance friendships right this moment..."

This Body is back...peeking through the brush... spotting the playground's yellowy red blotches recognized by these retinas sharpshooting *their currently impossible location*.

An adult-person entered the Park by startling some robins and roaring up the mini hill until cresting it and performing this simple distal-abstraction from the ontic apartment....not so simple. How do you compute the true time-dilation between the static-acceptor A, called (apathetic) Apartment, and the dynamic-performer B called Burton's Body....*while the apartment currently continues spatially sustaining and this Body keeps temporalizing*. How do you make computations, live? All operations are live. We are online.

Apartment: unit 318...purging Person-B stretching temporally *from* exactly these global coordinates locating a neural-endomorphism, B, *from* dispersing robins *from* temporally surpassing the five barriers *from* temporally turning on Imrie rd. rightward *from* temporally crossing orthogonal crosswalks from running through the 7-Eleven parking lot and gapping the Dunkin by jayrunning successfully *backtracking* to the cement entryway of an elaborately planned housing-structure, entering, coiling the metallic knob to further enter the marine layered railing stairwell, huffing up the square steps/cells and rapidly arriving at the level-3 door...discarded leftward with foot soles stroking carpet floor toward the door, yep, I see the metal gleaming my abode's number 318 halt, here, key is requisite for valid entry. Without your key, this classical body cannot easily occupy this apartment, and inhale this inanimacy....mushed *ahhhh clarified grassy* gradation, Park, Playground. I am here. Next to the twin white pines, *right now*, I am striving to accept your depth. Deja vu? If true, what's it to you? This **is** happening. This harsh bark **is** insulating trunk conducting bulk flow from heartwood storing

sugars, oils, secreting sap...Park, you are really radiating this endodynamic formalism to *hop* its clothes safely conceals genital organs...which would like to feel the grass.

Crouched, thinking about it. Body would be illegalizing its activities. Won't want that. Oh no, no no, won't want that. Clenching toes, *feeling stones* you inorganisms are titillating this body to spring up boinging bounding agaiiiiin strike-strike-strike jogging...okay lift knees a bit, you're trotting on this mini peak, look at this gay green field, a freeway for the accelerator *surging downslope* good, faster, faster.... infuriate turnover "hah" "hah" "hah" "hahuh" "huhuhuhuhuuuuhaaaaa..." halting.... "huh huh hu, hu..." "ha....haha" "hahahah" halting problem solved! Just spontaneously arrest computation.

Spontaneity is interrogated *ex post facto*, which proves that purposelessness is inherently unanalyzable, without, that is, introducing the deformation of linear-order or conditional priority. Try to ask how kids abort activities or terminate rabbit holes.

Just now, kids saw a young brown man abruptly charge over the grass freeway, downslope, a man currently standing and panting at the mossed stairs, overlooking the dog arena teeming with canine dynamisms environing a collective vitality right beside these casually chatting mature inhabitants, lighting cigs to cure the nerves and decompress the stress lingering from work. Nervousness, distress, and depression. Nervousness yields awkwardness and underperformance. Distress yields chronic anxiety and uneasiness. Depression yields misery and deep fatigue. But, no worries, you got doggies. Thankfully they are not creatures susceptible to much distress or depression. Dogs are honestly marvelous. These poochies are closer than the birds to being giddy; carefree! They live like frisbees and breathe yipees. This surreality is not quite so distinct, at the moment, from the hybrid up here whose jugulars are pounding, trotting neck...redirecting trunk-fleece/slim-torso jeaning carnival colored flats flexing ankles.... feeling my own stilts couple and curve my pelvic-girdle, anchoring this pectoral carriage...neck is shivering through this tempestuous gust, fuck yes, started striding again upslope "huh" "huh" "huh" "huh" ahhhh kids are shouting with an adult governing these vulnerable dependents. No problem, he's fine, he's jogging away, yeah, good: we don't want him near us. Hey police? There is a suspicious young male running near the playground at sundown. Get over here, fast. He looks dangerous.

Good work, says the offender. You bodies are alert supervisors, correctly calming your alarm over that young guy suspiciously sprinting and smiling by our vulnerably woozy explorers exchanging personas and behaviors in this delighting place, yes, I remember recess. *Racing to the swings* and slothing in the sandbox.....strike-strike-strike forefeet feeling just flinging from *synchronously stamping* this emeraldic grass rasp, stop....stop!!!!

Locomotion is sensorial-combinatorial organization. It is getting cool, but the blue tar terrain is so close to sundown, yes, yellow-lime-red-purple treed cornucopia, yes, yes....

This Body is a multi-level organizational lamination cutting/parsing the perceptual panorama **only because I am not yet playing attention**. Rather, I am not yet *perplexed about not seeing this body standing right externally here* like it was yesterday, here. These coordinates constitute the exact earthly location, yesterday. Body is stepping into yesterday's space, without bewilderment. Intuitions still pervade. Do not let them dominate. Widen them. Sharpshooter is distally locating this massive interior multi-story compound called AN APARTMENT COMPLEX which includes voluminous units that were structurally engineered, that is: calculated into proportionate scales of weights and frames; installed with electronic, tubular, aquatic, insular properties; cushioned-kitchenated-filtrated-floored throughout as well as equipped with mobile amenities like inanimate cooking/eating utensils, technical gadgets, household accessories, interchangeably apt clothes forming outfits and outfits to exhibit my styles and personas and personalities all radially roving across hallways, marching down stairwells, taking elevators.

These hyperdynamic operations all contract into this gargantuan inorganic indifference emanating from this arboreal auditorium, *"you – Body – are sharpshooting this apartment complex from the detour trail eroding into this mini living woods."* Sniper feeling its forehead; ears are bushy, ashy; fingers are flaring hair and nails really want to scrape these spherical corneas which would utterly-instantly decline your painful invasion. The harmful potential surrounds the global eyes, index-fingers hovering member-tips over this delicacy.... we can scratch *your* corneas, yeah, you can, but you won't damage member organs, "mmhhhh mhhhh" "mmmhhhh" "mhhhhh...."

Taking full dawning indica breaths to soothe me into familiar recognition. Need ordinaryities. Trip is getting too intense. Lips kissing indica. Welcome, I love you, come

on in through these bronchial tubes huffing cool clouds calming softening sooothing my daylong nausea.

Rostral retina recognizes...then convulses into abstraction. Body thinks, psyche lifts. Recognition smoothens and soothes; abstraction lifts, which can abruptly seize the actor.

Retinas are reticles. Crosshair vision, highly alert...to the small rocks; hands are ascertaining this single brown oblong pebble amid quadrillions of clay minerals, and my Psyche feels very unusual. But, Body feels extremely supple.

Wow, blazy vapor is migrating over the psychic presence expressing yes oh yes, feeling deep pleasance for ordinaryities. Ordinaryities, I love you. This park is handsomely flowing with ordinary activities. The sundown is peach blue baking the bostonian edifice horizon. Yes, this skyline is sublime. Walk, but why? To study the viscerodynamics of your own Body's locomotion **while** it is dislocating and emanating *tonal resonance* such as this facial cranial contour *nodding backward depth* do you doubt now? Flexing pecs, palms are contractual and pushing my lower ribs inward. Fingernails are lunar...dorsal-tendons are articulating these green tubular protrusions flowing with non-Newtonian fluids, hemodynamics. Neck is carrotlike. Pecs *flick* arms carrying gait in nonchalant concert.

Walking gait is this polymorphic synergy of muscular, sensory, memory organs carrying vital organs latched by ligaments binding intestines, pancreas, spleen, appendix...Body is flitting interstitial chaos. Yet, psyche is finally, finally starting to PLAY FACIAL ATTENTION to my pastel skied constancy.

Walking body *stops*, emitting this bodiless tonal-momentum radiating away from *this currently stationed* bipedal prescience. There it goes, continuing into parallelism. However, this Body emits phantasmal trains of tonal resonance and tonal momentum every which way at all times.

Standing is literally outstanding. Currently, a bipedal prescience is smiling and spearing over the goddamn dogs *hahahah* he's hiding behind this coarse bush blurring this suspicious Body with greenery, yes, there absolutely is a stranger standing behind the bush overlooking our cumbaya sprawling.

Where are you squirrels *here you are* scratching the pine trunk *twitching around* and you're chasing the other nutty acrobat, sensing seduction, oh but wow oh wow...your cooperative nimble agility is incredible. What if this humanoid just stomped into your visceral reality ye....."ah!" "Hahah!" Bye-bye acrobats. Clavicles swaying fungible prongs touching the rasp, crouching....these granular moles *twitching* look up. Pine. Could you huff up *this pine trunk* if a large feline was sprinting for your carne? Yes. But I'm terranean among these flaccid needles, ground-level, basically crouching close to the now deserted tar microcosm – playground – dipping these legs under my swing Limit this grin....look up at the sparrows mobilizing into the pine's ambiance oh quite quickly more sparrows are joining chirping up another fucking ruckus!!! Oh the giddy guy wants to hop and pop right up into your sanctuary branches and disturb you birds into frantic flight. Or, *why don't you just all land on my body!?* Wait. Wait.

Stalemate

There it is. Fixed, vigorous, holy...highly analytical of me.... this bipedal body. Static mini beads are staring but I am stitched into the rasp, gazing downward at these fleecy jeans...my optic-spheres are shifting and exerting this socket rotational limit, okay, then verge neck to help transfer my panoramic vantage into **an advantage point**....eyeing you yes yes *there you are* and I am actually staring at you – acrobat – who are, in return, fixating intensively on this crouched-cricket with your own analytical paralysis, yes, we are in a standoff, yes, this is a stalemate. Zipping my fleece, wait, why no...no oh you thankfully maintain your location after almost fleeing and *here we really are*....a man is in an actual stalemate with an arboreal rascal. The two of them are bipedally standing, tucked, clawed with palms jiggling cooperators, no blinking from either of them, op the rascal *drops down* to its four legged form and gets going op op there you go! There it goes to court its mate. Makes perfect sense. Why would you get embroiled in our stalemate? But you came close to me! You initiated vicinitary proximity! Well, if you get rejected, back to plucking and burying acorns for the winter, right? Yes, yes... inexpressible instinctual activities will be executed. It's a bit till twilight too, ay acrobat. Half an hour till the grey haze shrouds this celestial verdance, wait oh.... yellows, oh, yes, yes!!!!

Vital

"The yellows." "I forgot about you...." you lovely delectable sprinkling of discrete florets that look like plastic yet feel like petals....forming a yellow petal field. No more narrowness. No more sharpshooting! I am a field person. No!!! You must sharpen *clarify* oh *I cannot believe* feeling these thin bright mustard five-blade fork petals, being touched by my fingers forearming this pit belonging to the croucher-cricket in a human fleece. This field is mellow, melodic, overwhelming the person with *friendship* brightening this face shivering before floral divinities receding into pale, naked indistinctions which I am massaging...*an inhabitant passed*....croucher is just enjoying these superb passivities so oh! Oh....a bumbler came rolling into a petal. Alright, rationally, I will be and...am, stroking the fuzz of this blasé bumblebee....it allows, it likes. I feel vital. *Achilles is clawing* toes nailing my own forks into the spongy soles that stabilize this...gargoyle...gargoyle. I am peering over an ambient park. It involves a dog arena, a human hill, a backwoods auditorium of oak trees, and Ringer playground.

Recess is paradise. Every morning, he *emerged* from the tan hallway jumping over the triple step landing running launching the prefolded high-beamer **paper airplane** peaking with linear flight, sweeping above the playground trees with its assembler racing behind. Then he modified the high-beamer into the smooth-glider, which flies floating and loping in undular spirals. The smooth-glider set a personal record of 1 min 37 seconds in-air and even then it was wait oh!! Forehead popped up by a *white butterfly brushed my forehead* legs already reacted flicking for *you* back upslope trailing your minor teleportations in the guuust running *oh* you're evading so I'm elevating above the gusting chilly breeze...jeez...reaching this vein hill, she's hovering, but still fluttering *please* just, land, land, wait, laaaand... yes keep lowering her hovering, grazing the dandelion...oh... yes, she gradually applies more oblique trajectory to that patch of dandelions...*oh-my-god*...you tiny thorax igniting luxuriating over the petals oh... closer, pursuer is stepping slowly...analytically.....trigonometrically. She is still...somehow, flowerbound.... so composed, tranquil, you... magnificence "o..." "no!" "No hahaha...."

And there you go... "ahahahah" again, go, take yourself a way. I won't call a butterfly a tease. I remain. Okayly. Despite my eyes, I felt friendship....crows droning are breaking my cool watch over the dog park.

Honestly, that's fine! Butterfly had no need to linger around with a groundbound bipedal. I'm bodily back at the vein-thin apex of the mini hill in the city park.

These other ordinaryities are burning for my attention....shady oaks relieving thousands of acorn caps.... I feel you, patchy, raspy fields with lollipop assemblies of trees, cakey houses, ebbing electric equipment, sewage channels and chambers, gutters from which to look at the stars, dump trucks, loose trash, cigarettes, claxons, clouds, pets, swings, steps, sidewalks, fences, faces, frowns, winces, attentive and mooded inhabitants...embodied-ordinaryities. Inhabitants "which I will be looping around, currently whispering as I have been walking down from apex....keep stepping down stairs remembering..."

"Okay, at sidewalk level immediately with"a frizzy man locomoting toward the hill-base, probably gonna head up to hit a j. He's going literally where I startled those robins right after first entering the park! Here are more zonal inhabitants. Inhabitants galore. A few vocally active at the dog sector, standers with lit cigs to buzz the bad or bored mood into dizzy, lifty immersions in this damp grassy cumbaya arena with our dogs horsing around amid our lighthearted conversations despite a darkening blue smudge descending over the park, indicating imminent twilight.

Emerald Sundown, overlooking the cumbaya grass!

Despite the dimming twilight, the dogs are having fun. Why will he – this man – *refrain* from approaching these owners, crawling on my knees expecting these masters to unflappably engage the crawling person going nutty, look, he's crawling quickly at us what the? Anyway! Humans are quite like *dogs*. But the metaphysicians aggrandize their psychic-bodies to the status of *gods*! Are we dogs or gods? Be both. But, but, I like to eat, I like to shit, I like to sleep, and I like to fuck. I also learn languages, I discern basic legal logic, pitiful pragmatics, and you? Oh, Bo, I don't really learn anything, you know. I refrain from learning nonsense. You go too rigorous for my fluidic style. I like to *play* attention, not pay a price for *free creativity*. Ah. What're you up to right now Bo? You done dewey? You corpsed too? "Hahaha...." Yes, you are. So sorry. Yet you're done, ontic, dead dog. Or, I guess, a god. Yeah, Bo underwent definitive cardiac arrest on December 25th. For that matter, ol' Merlin literally underwent a speeding vehicle on September 24. Both Bo and Merlin are deceased. December 25, 2025, and September 24, 2026, ha, your deathdays are your earthly extinctions: experiencing that last painful yet static ultimate moment. You knew. Released from care. Inanimate men. The men were made cemeterial. That's where you are! Bo and Merlo! Meanwhile, the god is

circumventing other loitering inhabitants. Concluding the loop around the glimmering calm cumbaya grass swirling auburn brilliance...dogs are rapt. Body is bypassing all park activities, but before, turns into it. I am the supervisor over the inhabitants, minding the weather and enjoying their pets playing and exploring within their domestic gates. The supervisor is exiting or *making it out* of the park hahahah "hahah" sure murmuring laughter at the helm of this public academic construction - NO afterhour TRESPASSING - but what about this carnal ghost gently trespassing by passing parked cars are vacant op except you...sneaky conductor...I could *have looked back* to inspect your ongoing suspicious activities sir...but, out of respect, gave ne peek, no worries, not a cop dog! Dog! Not a cop!

Look at this humorous frenzy of vehicular inhabitants. This is the intersection of Broadway and McGrath Highway. Dozens of cars are racing and riding. Hundreds of them are vicinitary.

Hi ma'am, I *will* maintain my walkway and have. "Sorry""No problem" glad that won't cause a problem for you. *On the curb* toe crashed...almost tripped whatever ramping my complex reflexes...woman said no problem, I said sorry. Conductors (racers) are waiting for the **green light** beeping immediately while feet press unary accelerators exciting...exhausting this blue glue atmosphere, sunset, and yes, the golden electric cherries are braking with visible heat ripples smoking upward and unto this sherbert skyline.

This male.....is apparently eager and itching to locomote diagonally into this transient instance of intersectional stasis *wait oh here he goes!!!*

Racing Back to the Base

"Hahaha...." holy shhhhh "wooooo" "w" those racers started storming right unto that bipedally running human animal *sprinting across as the stasis burst*. Almost got run over.

I am flinging forward approaching some checky sidewalkers looking bewildered at the guy grinning past you with 8, 7, 6, 5 seconds left... 4, 3... Trust me, my smile was from relief, sorry it confused you sidewalkers...advancing wherever you bodies are going. I'm still a bit in shock at this lean eager animal that just flung itself racing for his life

diagonally bolting before rapid maniacs splattered him. They would be deleting you and the ensuing legal problems are making him spurt a smirk!

Glad to stall the frenzied traffic. The sky is still temporalizing. Twilight is descending, rapidly. Day is in descent to Dusk. Bus boarders are going home, or headed to their evening shifts. And why look back at that vehicular-river? Just more and more racer/riders matriculating at this particular river of the global ocean.

Bipedal speeding for cover, in case of sudden bomb attacks by foreign agents. Jean is gone, good, so...walking to the stairwell whose metal bulb projects a stranger dermally configuring *extending skinned tarantula onto me grasping* rotating, hold knob, *uncoil 'ka'* recoiled *and again inside* this...heavy whiteness, just...stale...huffed up rest of the steps quite fucking quickly hitting the hallway stepping, again, clacking carnival racing flats over occult purple carpet. Horridly dim glow in this hallway, acute quietude. I am a floater.. stepping past.. 317 horizoning.. 318, maintaining... wallet, wait.... oh, ah, yea, ha, key, activate entrance *to find himself sitting in here* nop, sorry. Metric-violation. My doubled-body cannot be awaiting inside for me. This imagined potential is an organic impossibility. Correct. Yo. Go. Hey, come on. Go. Activate the entrance. Right? Alright. Open the door. Go. Go! Go!!!!!! Inside. Nothing ostensibly moved. Nobody ostensibly inside.

Apartment's Antics: want sudden inanimate movement of inorganic bodies

The wooden medium table has not **moved**. Why not? What do you want from this "inert shit?"

"The Table is inanimate." "I talk to it, it is ontic." "It is ontic." This rigid-being right here does not only exhibit, but fundamentally is, **self-indifference**. Hence, this is organically and functionally empty. This emptiness is being ontic. And thus, this Table is a representative of a class of rigid, inorganic bodies which *are*, it follows, free of care. Inanimate bodies are just carefree. I, a live human body, am care.

Care can do whatsoever it wants to this inanimate indifference.... this free-object demonstrates to your fucking face its *actual apathy*. Show me, ok, I'll smash the carefree cup you drunk from this morning...why not? It cannot care man. The glass cup is still

inertly wastefully on...ontic to the stool, its basin. Too many onticities in this city wow spinning...stomp "tomp" getting kinda dizzy. Stop. Not again. Remember Luddy going too nutty this midday in the shower. The carefree object is simple. This indifference is so ordinary. It is. Then?

What *did you ontic bodies do* while I tonally – paranormally – radiated other ontics at the live park. Park was fluid. "Exactly!" Indifferents *do* nothing. That's all you *can* do! Nice, good job. "You teach us stillness."

"I am acoustically, thermally, gravitationally, and affectionately, acting onto these ontic beings."

"Blank beings."

Yes, you are inert inorganisms, period. Yet, yes, you do usefully and skillfully and sometimes talentedly act *onto* these inertial apathies.

"Mhm, that makes you ordinarities. I am careful; you are indifferents."

"Together! We form, or rather are, activities. We are activities! I am the ontology and the main domain, and you pacified ontics are my codomains, basins, or vicinities."

"All proactive bodies *are visceral*. All acceptant bodies *are vicinitary*. Bodies are attractors; inanimacies such as furniture, tools, or places are basins."

"But somehow, somehow. I hybridize both kinds of bodies. This body also belongs to the embedding basin. This apartment is its current basin."

Okay, so this hybrid feels like nice wind wafting from apparently neutral traffic....

"This body is neutral *to the traffic*, but you – conductors – are decidedly **not** neutralities to me. You are vicinitary. I hybridize your transient interactions, even if you are unaware of my building and thereby fail to consciously hybridize me. Unconsciously, you know there are buildings where I am and you passed in your cars."

The floor is free and freezable. The body can move to examine and even magnify the microscopic properties of this inorganically complex planet-bound sheet of tiles. Or the body can move *to feel the floor*. Body must move to fuse with the floor, free of chemistry notation.

The body animates or radiates the apartment's onticity into **visceral room**. We are carnal room. No thank you notation.

We favor unfettered mentation.

Let me produce an example. When a perceptive chemist locomotes into an ambient vicinity, these billions of bonded interactivities ARE PERCEPTUALLY INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO THIS VISCERAL-LEVEL BODY which is locationally standing, staring, stuporously moving muscle groups in general unison onto/over this plain tile flooring brimming photonic flurries.

This body injects radial potential, and emits resonant phantasms. Surrounding me, resonate graphically impossible locations. Surrounding me, radiate graphically potential decoys of this body.

At the bodily-level, pastal-resonance and futural-radiation fuse. Presence becomes ambience.

Now. Close the bathroom door, ambiently. Impede the electron stream. Dark room. The bodily bathroom is pitch-black mmmm yes. I like the dark. This location is a graph. **While** an object locomotes or reconfigures through this graph, this body fuses past and future, sensation and mentation. Fine.

Maurice, you poor soul, let me tell you my foundational inference from your book.

My Body is spatially variable and differentiable, yet the Psyche is temporally invariant and dynamical.

It is extraordinarily difficult for me to accept that this Body's constant state-variability is the *static* in comparison to this Psyche's ecstatic symbolic dynamics.

The current Body is a 26 yr. old human-organism. The current inorganic bodies are 8 or so paper-books, a backpack, two suitcases, two chairs, a table, blanket-bed, walls, plastic silverware, two plates, sink, bath, nozzle, valves, ceiling, windows, sockets, lamp, bulb, floor, clock, all nails, chords, screws, bolts, paint layers, dust, lint, negligible particulates, and microbial worlds.

A Body is regarding these inorganic and electronic ordinaryities. Recognize them. The recognizer is called an acceptor. Recognition is a smooth mapping. Acceptance is seamless transference of an expression into a processor.

However, abstraction is a chaotic lifting from the smoothness to which the acceptor has become accustomed. Smoothness becomes a static output feature of chaotic input dynamics. Abstraction and recognition, when intensively trained, are synergetic.

Apathetic Anger

Jeanny was groveling this morning. WHERE IS THAT INTERACTION?

Pen flickered...peppered the floor. But, *where* is *that* blipped-out fact-of-the-matter? Why is that action, fact? Why is *this passing action*...fixed fact.

Irreversibility is provable by merely marking symbols using the pristine stability of progressive perception. Try it.

Body concentrating toes...curling them, convulsing neck facing this fucking waste of a notebook.

The entire armed thorax alas rebels, it knows. This serious idiot hahah is sitting *at it again* laughably snagging the pen to wriiiiite. Why??? You only transcribe vague murmurs estranging this rostrality salivating drips...yawning "p!" nice spit, fuck you, oh but it's your fault because YOU have been trying to STRUCTURE your very own ticking blipping ACTIVITY occurring occurring progressing in-n-out your stale brain decayed face in-n-out the zippy lamp... human *is awake*, breathing, beating, bodying **bonding** with this distal asphalt parking lot, yes, not too far from the park.

Up but doing what? Whatsoever. To the corner "talking to it" like Jos did, now floating over the media table *step on you* going...into the pitch-black bathroom squirming on the dark tub floor and watching the daisies flicker in visual delirium.

You remain. Merlin is impossible. Ma is impossible. Say hello...to the ontics. Welcome to the ontic foundation...of ontological actuality. Your bodies are corpses. Putrefied. Permanent corporeal termination. Total closure. Complete cancellation. Elimination.

Biological degeneration. My parental-ontologies are *wholly* ontic. They are inanimate. How? Engage this conundrum.

No. No, cessation is insoluble. Cessation. Putrefaction. They perished. Extinguished. Who are you, extinguishers?

No. Your rage is faceless, pointless. Yes, because, your final family member was annihilated. Your dad was eviscerated on his way to court. Period, done dewey. His biosystems were overwhelmed into global failure, which is to say, cessation. As a body, he does not actively exist. He exists in secondary memory and in commemorative inanimacy. But do you know him *other than as a body*? No. No. His body is a corpse. You recognize the distressed face of the corpse? You recognize the dead man? Ah? Do yah? Do yah buddy boy? Hmm? Hahahah!!! Your dad perished like fruit and vegetables. His body is decaying as we speak. You wanna witness that, or what? What's the problem with his decay?

Putrefaction. Cessation. Cessation. Cessation. Cessation. *Bodiless permanence....* God... god.

No fucking god.... no, no..... "ah.." "ah..." "uh uh" "uh" "uh....hu"
"uhu" "uhu" "mmmm...mmmm" "mm"

No. Yes, hope throat is tubed futilely. Snipping this nose with branch clippers. However, indeed, indeed, I can hit this kitchen and spoon my eyeballs easily...fluently. Why would the body start rebelling against its organism and brutally destroy vital tissues?

Would you, body? Would you painfully contradict your substrate? What about lethally contradict it? Ahh?? What is stalling your answer to the question enticing you to the kitchen, ah?!!

Well, the Body is actually *taking itself* to this strip kitchen which is *replete* with deadly utensils ripe n ready for palm to potentiate... their global-controller's decease. This kitchen is easily *easily* presenting five, ten, tools of secession. And you just pick. Strike the choice, and give one last rejoice. Here. Right here. Hey look. Hey. Hi. Here's a cake knife. What's after this? No need to pierce organs. You can bash your forehead into unconsciousness and expire on the fall down from cerebral bleeding.

Is it impossible to fracture your forehead right now, staring, ready. Pulse, lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub...forehead temple...pulsing pulpy...pum-pum...tum-tum. This perceptuality is irresistible. Resistance is a mirage. Global failure is a transfer.

Hesitated to obliterate...because of the undefiable intuition that bodily-decease is a mathematical transfer from perceptuality to pure conceptuality. The body is the recognizer. Decease might very well be the lift into astounding abstraction. Well, you almost deranged recognition by piercing your stomach or fissuring your forehead, so....take a walk...outside, and let yourself into the traffic torrent hahaha...but I am *not bodily* vicinarity to *those* roving vehicular matriculants both riding and conducting... you have matriculated at the haunted hallway emitting this putrid glow gulping a poor coper escaping...evading, developing festering desperation....

Dark Oak Auditorium

Left.

Lovely lobby vacancy, double door *here* but body is instantly dispositive of it *outside* **running** now I'm roving...over lamps and sign-posts which give foggy ghosts to me...fleeing fleece forefooting next to these white-yellow binaries piercing the dark-blue sky...by a running man...dropping his forearm carriage, elbows relaxing *and* cutting pectorals **are** contouring and bounding and brinking this facial skyline yes, yes!!!!

Vivid ornateness, strike-strike, binary footstrikes...light-lifting a back-kick boinging turnover this is fucking *fine* so start...consolidating all your carnal powers to optimize this rhythmic cadence, pace is actually consolidating.... Body just flew by the five green barriers...into the park. It could've snapped it's shins into the barriers but you're *still intact storming and elevating* surging soaring screaming UP....fuck, yes...body at the hill peak. Wind swirls...wondrous, from this low white exodus of clouds giving the body grey-blue shadows and glimmers, yes, fuck yes, it is deep twilight here, up here.

No other human-ontologies are vicinarity to mine, up here in this mini hill peak, but.... there are animal-ontologies vicinarity to this viscous jugular thud pulping cardiac pulmonary mortal...is...submerged, ensconced. The mortal-ontology hears the animals scratch the brush on the ground, those damn nimble acrobats just trekking over the leaf parchment with their neighbors now clasping the bark up to the squirrel's

nest...untouchable to this neural *encasement* yearning to join you acrobats in your oak-arena, such dank smudge of an atmosphere down there eh nutties, ey nutties...? Maybe one of you was the rascal being sharply analytical of me crouching under the pine.

This descent is open to me, yea, this auditorium of jittery granules heavily vibrating over oaks branching...throughout Dusk. Twilight terminated. Dusk is seeping purple brown clouds over the oak trees.

This pulmonary encasement is *distally impossible* from the blank apartmental encasement. Even if it was inside the apartment, the organism would not be the inorganic composition of the apartment. Locationally, this body being in the apartment is impossible. The coordinates of that apartment on Earth are devoid of this sternal polymorphism. This park panoramifies this body. Dusk, blushed in a dark oak auditorium, inviting me, thank you. Welcome. This graphical ambience accepts your elaborate limbic body thudding *ensconcing* us with your dermal depth.

I am happy to animate you. Maybe, in addition to you, park, one of your *human* occupants/trekkers is...currently skulking...in a lower sector of this slanted auditorium.

Oh, yeah, a trekker really is hovering down there, through this eroding interspersion. This body is earing/hearing louder twitches over the lower sector parchment...but what would one be doing down there. Whatsoever one does.

"Oh..." *ah*, hahah, the electrical-installment *zapped* that crazy orange radiance right on cue....and this startled man breathes a blazy gust in this stuffy detour trail, during dusk, animating this crazy orange alley. So is this trekker. O. He... will be arriving rather shortly, yeah, fine, twitching face *but why*, so what, it's *fine*, yeah yeah, *there he is* ha fine: here he comes, keep at it, trek up the stark brush lateral to this statuesque body. This bulky lunger is... nearing nearing okay cool...you coward! Just maintain **complete contentment**.....here he is.... "Hi..." ...unreactive to that greeting, wow, what an atonal automotive passenger...ha...what the fuck. Hey, passenger, how about I ambush you lethally with chaotic corporeal weaponry? Ah? And yet there you go you fucking sagging hunchback trudger lunging further so feebly fuck maybe you *couldn't even detect* my statuesque posture. Perhaps I camouflaged into the large rocks. Or maybe the trees looked like indistinct rods to you, hunchy, and this body also looked like a rigid rod. If so, this man feels proud about being a rigid rod. Congrats! You, stillman, got startled by this 20 foot-away tall luminal installment that abruptly *zapped* electronic

orange. You twitched, bitch. What is the medic table currently up to? It *is* not up to anything man. Yes, the med-table *is at least distal*. Every increment between this body B and this med-table T is graphically-computable. However, the computation would yield a **closed interval** in which two classical entities, B and T, cannot cohabit. They can only compute and mathematize, which is valuable. **But it is better to perceive rigidity and mathematize fluidity**. Yes. For example, it is currently spatially *impossible*, though also temporally *possible* and implausible, for more complex causes, to yank my fleeced-armed abdomen directly up this cylindrical oak trunk, over this sharp bark while cutting my inner arms raw yet nevertheless wrapping this body around the trunk, up-up-up... finally to surprise and bother the bird and squirrel ontologies who assumed they were retired for the day! Oh but the body can implausibly, yet accordingly possibly and potentially, get itself up this exact truck to flank your supposedly safe nests and wake you up by slowing tipping you over really ensuring you know how to and can fly for your falling life. Really? Try. Right now. Go. Come, weren't you a Gogurt? Uh oh, the body gives up. Implausibility overrides resentment.

Night. This oak auditorium, which I will soon be living in, is like a graceful nocturnal graph. If Maurice Mer were with me, and I flailed my body to primordialize his panorama, he'd completely agree – this park is a nocturnal graph with lag-effects, as well as cool-air advantages, for hopping.

Leaving the oak auditorium. Too attracted to the park right now. Too attracted. Yes, such lovely cumulonimbus swirls migrating over my *marching* intestines aching alarmingly, get up to the peak, yes, peaking. Fuck, you've been abstaining from food. Stomach stinging.... get back to the streets. Playground is a creepy vacancy, now. Dusk at the playground: another imaginary painting. I will not defy you legs *running*. Running...good where to. Streets. Let legs enhance these twin-phase graphical projectors propelling this Racer...Racer: you are, then increase cadence...faster, yes, faster *please*, pleasure us, fine, accelerate...faster faster fasterrrr yes thank you yes, yees..... *rapidly graphing the dog sector* ha park is repelling this body striking at the sidewalk loping over glass patches hailing whirlwinds, frigidity, sharpen cadence, sharper... sharper harsher striking..... "hu" "hu" "hu" "hu" ahhh hahaha...huffer reaches the live streets infesting with body-bulbs talking, backlight cherries tinging... this orchestral cherry-yellow plurality, *of course*, Saturday Night. Your stomach already cued intensely, and it's worsening, contorting inward with spasms of stinging. Harmed.

Harmed organ. No worries! You'll slam a pastel at Pasteleria Vitoria.... Absolutely alleviate this stinging with Victoria. Victoria? Long gone lover. Graph gazes aloof while its innards are severely stinging...it's okay, graph is walking, needless to peer at any car-blips; the activity of peering back is aimless unless you desire lagging the body walking. Empty stomach system, no caloric nourishment since, yesterday, yesterday afternoon... except for the nutritionless soot – coffee – not even really ingested this morning from Dunkin...besides, body, these facades are likewise lined up for you to engorge...look at these leaning enticements self-decorated with advertisements offering filling food for economical prices, you know, fulfilling nourishment and dazzling entertainment, tripled with a welcoming entry to any transactors/customers carrying a functional magnetic strip attached to an account replete with sufficient funds or cash, localized inside my cloth pocket hand-wrist...neck, face are jaundiced. Look at this fleeced wincer, well it's very cold, walking, flicking...flapping hands happily halving this thin tall tan man "op""Sorry," **another superfluous standoff** whatever Larry I already projected beyond *that pastward man's* own past reflexing the next *twin* graphical phases of our equidetaching panoramic-resonance and personal-radiation forward further into this bouncy, sprightly evening in the citted square.

These fiends behind the body are spraying; rushers are hovering behind this back *ease* your inaptly eager locomotion, ha yes, tata sir, I am surging away from you with likewise ease! Wonderful. Indeed now he's hovering outside of the Pasteleria and glad that you're roused at my pending entrance, cashier.

Pasteleria Irene

Countered. "Hello sir!" – "Hi, good night" – "Yes it is. Are you to stay? Or to go?"

"Please to stay."

"Wherever you like to sit sir."

"Thank you ma'am"...plunging into the table-checkered floor *impossibly remaining at the counter*. The graphical phase of this body at the counter talking to the cashier... is temporally preserved and extensive with this current phase of bodily configuration. For example, it's time for the body to stretch its arms upward...no, ok, mmm how about you take a seat, sir, at this 2-person table in the corner of the table floor. Easily seated. Neck presently level to the glassed-wall waw these tables are dismally discreet.... you're fine. Too much room for you sir? Yes, this vicinity is vacant too, except for this cashier and

two cooperative bodies called cooks. But this seated-body is successfully agreeing to maintain gestural-order, facial-composure, vocal-silence unless on the phone or in company. Here are some logistical commandments. Hold a frontward stature. Alertly await for your dashing waitress...approaching. Recall, you did not order at the counter; you were directed to sit, sir. Sure. "Hi, w/how are you doing?" – "I'm fantastic, and you?" "I agree, a fresh night. Would you like a drink?" – "M, no thank you. Just a moment to look at the food menu, if you-" "Absolutely." "Thank you." Lamination taken. Let's see.

Emerged from menu immersion.

I may now lift my finger to indicate a decision but the folder being closed conveys it. She'll detect, she has. And she comes. "Ready?" "Yes"

"Mhm?" "I'll take a couple of pastels." "Mhm which kinds? We have a lot."

"Em. Hm, una de queijo, y otra de frango, por favor." "O! Pois não!" – "Jaj! Obrigado."

But what if he began to ask questions about your own midafternoon? Hmm? Maybe I'd awkwardize our cool, pleasant interchange though would you respond? What is the nature of our relation? You are relevant in mini instances, prompting me to vocalize whichever digestive hankerings accord with the menu and are enjoyably ingestive by my oral orifice currently...wrapping...this striped straw ha..... drawing some chilled water.

Wet glass on my nostrils...dunkable into the glass. Nostrils can "accept" this strong straw into their orifices, and inject a loud snort, and the actual issue right now...is this side grin *edging* to look into itself at this mirror-wall...rendering a sneaky liquor hierarchy cornerside behind the agua-percolators patrolling the lateral higher counter, damn, just could not stomach that vitriolic liquid at this time. M. Ask for more water. Puckering lips or anus around this straw...has continued...enough, let this hollow plastic cylinder cut your throat. Nah. Alone at a table, along a wall mirror, discerning

this corneal absurdity...but cannot let out a squeaky laugh, but why not smile to myself, downward, without alarming the cooks and cashier.

Counter is too tall for them to detect my smile, plus the water-percolators obstruct any detection of my facial gestures. Like Jos, I'm going drooped, goner, notating musical notes as distinct symbols in staff-space, exploring. Exploration is probably why their twin-identities instantly coupled the summer before high school. Jos! This is how we work. You build, I create. Mhm, you patternize what I spontaneate. Nothing is trivializable. Nothing whatsoever is insignificant or "random." Randomness does not exist. Jos and Bert. Mutual mellow seaters in a corolla car with this windshield overflowing 905 N freeway, contracting into this interior tan fuzz stably calmly ambiently...motoring at 11 am. I am driving, and Jos is *slumped in his seat* on the pathway from San Ysidro to Blacks Beach! "*Hih!*" Stamped back...to the restaurant...wait...op.

He definitely disturbed the long peacock, sitting at the opposite edge of the counter...She peered around the counter, yup, this woman is stooled farther down the counter-strip of this minute brazilian pastry shop prepping pasteles para una cara ambrienta *allá* esperando su alimento....que? What? Jos texted. Hey, how is it so far?

Peacock truncated my brief squeak, with her peering stare around the corner. The laugher is now looking down at phone, Jos....type an answer, dancer.

Hey man, not sure yet, still developing, but let's talk soon, whenever you can. Send.

Good peacock, you returned to your private ordeal according to my cellular nonchalance about your stare. Op, looks like you're ingesting a book over there, are you. But how you can read in that dim strip behind the lengthy high-rise of percolators, pastries, fruits, candies cramming...you? Are you a cashier on break or a cook? Cashier and two cooks are prepping pastels.

A large man has entered the restaurant shop shouldering over to the narrow counter **to be immediately attended.** 'Eu vou levar isso para ir, obrigado...!' There are no abrupt problems. Smooth, laminar transfer. The seated-laugher is turning around now to gaze at the outside but *ha* then abruptly stand up and plop down *right now*. Na. Ah....stomach stings....I'm baaack baby. Pain radiating the Laugher to gaze at the Peacock still discreetly tucked back-there, alright, only exposing her panted legs and the bottom

edge of the black book, because of the high rises. She's reading. Likely, or thinking. That would be better. Reading is indeed receding from the *live panorama*. Peacock has not gotten up to peer over the on-sale enticements, to admonish this offensive squeaker that spurted out a laugh remembering Jos slumping and falling asleep in the passenger seat on the highway. Why so funny, buddy? He's internally hurting.... stomach, large intestine now too...just barge into the stove-area and what? Demand your hot sandwich? O...

"Here you go sir."

"Thank you very much!"

"Of course. Anything else? Pimienta?"

"Oh sim, por favor!" "Obrigado" With nice minimality. These pasteles are two quite healthy breaded helpings that he's handling...first one, take it easy...uber hot guts, and my mouth.... mmmm.... ...knifing incisors "a!" fuck....badly burned....lip, cheek wiping grimy sauces. Focus on nourishing the stomach. Deep tongue is *safely* passing alimentary mulch down your canal concurring with your molars mashing gulp it, it is pretty damn delicious.....

Detecting those hawk eyes. Peacock has evolved. She is now standing and looking with bijective beads emanating from this gaunt, acidic attention. The problem, ma'am, is my body is maintaining its attention to alleviating this stomach. Why do you stare? But yes, study my stature, it open for you to ingest. Recall, ma'am, you peered at my initial squeak. No longer am I disrupting you. The squeak was honestly due to this face engaging its red eyes in the mirror. These goggles are gazing off to the side-mirror...uh oh.....here we go..... they slowly...now...grasp their own **coral circulatory currency** and you smile, good!!! Sir? Are you alright? You are sporting red retinal lightning bolts.

I still gladly am! Nod...at this bready sog; slammed el primer pastel. Time to take the second. Stomach is soothing. Mmmm... Attack it "A!" fuck that steamy puff, "*hah*" another squeak... eyes: bijective blink, mouth salivating outwardly: intake more pastel to quell the scene.... mmmmmmm, mmmm, mmmm, mmmm.... m, m.....

(Peacock) "Você limpou isso." "You hurt your mouth?" "Na." "Ah. Ok."

All this sog, by the way, is fully vomitable...and then you'd really remark. Huh madame? There she is, also analytical but beyond the acrobat. This analyst is my equal and has actionable influence. I can get kicked out! To maintain my acceptance in this

restaurant, this young man is settling into the contentment of evenly eating a meal. Not too much tranquility though.

(Peacock) "You enjoying?" "Bastante." "O! Boa!" "So, tell me who you are." "Sorry?" "Who *you* are" "I am Bérton."

"Berton" "Correct." "I am Irene." "Hi" - "Can you come over here?" "M. Why" "Sorry!"... "Your face is stirring my memory, just please. My young father had your face, Bernardo...was his name." "What're you doing to here?" "Well, nourishing my body, relieving my stomach, mainly." "Ah, so you finished, and are leaving?" "Soon, yes, almost was before y." "I won't disturb you further sir. I'm simply shocked. I never... No but it is impossible. How old are you?" "26." "so born in 2000" "Wait, sorry, what is the impossibility?" "You are right here **being** my dead father...which is impossible, no? But regardless. Your face *is* his young face." "Your memory of his face merged with mine tonight. This is also not usually how I appear." "No" "Sorry?" "No, because my father died in 2000, what exact date were you born?" "What?" "Was it in September?" "And what day?"

"Afraid I don't know the day." "However. There is an actual curiosity because, my own father deceased about three weeks ago." "Bêrt...your pain...I, what occ-" "an accidental lethal occurrence." "Bêrt. Oh. If you do not want" "it is alright" "A *sério?*" "Indeed. But I do need to leave." "Yes, *of course*. Excellent to meet you, Bérton. I am extremely sorry about your late father. Maybe see you around, ok?" "Certamente. Obrigado." "Boa. Adeus!"

The Soothe of Recognition

Outside WITHOUT PAYING. Run... yes yes yes yes yeeeeeeeeeees faster, yes, faster... **nobody in the way** wouldn't matter, twitch back, ha, restaurant tinge is gaining and gaining and gaiiining irrelevance *oh* he's fucking fleeing his meal payment!!! He's fleeeeing!!!! "Hahah" ... "Hahaha" on the complete contrary, I am chasing space. Body is reaching for the streetlights: you stationary triple membranes. "Uhhaa" "Uhha" "Ha" "Ha" ... lunging face is slumping...slogging start promoting, emoting body, faster, body faster body, faster, faster, you'll self-energize... you want? Yes.... yes..... yes!!!!!!!

Tamed the sprinting frenzy, stationed on the cement curb before turning on McGrath highway. More vehicular matriculants are roving upward to the thin highway location.

Body has never occupied the center of the highway. Third day here. Body did, in fact, occupy this vicinity various times today; just now, deep afternoon! Twilight! Dusk! *Oh there he goes* gliding, look at the brain blazing the toasty, shady afternoon *neurally retroactively translating irreversible activities* within this brown night. Look at these bipedal steppers, slender legs, twitching smoothly graphical branchings *and* anatomical plans/prong projections... *and* physiological dynamisms... *and* visceral steppers rhythmically synchronizing safe locomotion **away from the restaurant where he evaded due payment**. Payment is overdue. IOU.

The meekest formalization of the “human body” is its overall graphical panolamination.

Body moves, it *binarizes* a totally ordered-pair of <past, future> phases that concurrently couple as a complementary bond between pastal-body and futural-room. Visceral examples incoming.

Opening the door is impossibly contraposing its **current closure**... “Hi” “Hi” ...now *turn this metal* knob impossibly coiling counterclockwise and is impossibly untouched by a human hand. The body is now charging up the stairwell stop *merge* surge relax among these *coursing bodily impossibilities* bonding with limbic prongs and a dense cranium potentiating perceptions and cognitive expressions throughout this rancid dim fluorescence.... *exiting* “www” body lunged into this occult hallway, also vacant: impossibly vacant of this body currently pervading this limey egg light. Arriving to the unit. Impossibly, this apartmental unit is currently being occupied by a past-phase, or cleaved double, of this stable body. For example, is a double-body’s back currently drumming from the shower spray? This overlap entails a contradiction in graphical location. No other subsidiary contradictions need be mentioned upon this central failure: this body is a internally-stable/homeostatic and externally-chaotic/dynamic contradiction; or rather, a duality. I am a bivalent being.

However, if this body suddenly solidly doubled without my psychical detection and has continued its activities in the identical physical vicinity as me, then both internal operations and external locations are violated. Contradictions can occur **between phases** of internal (dynamical) operations and external (static) locations, **but not within both domains simultaneously**. A completely contradictory reality is the simplest

definition of **randomness**, which is **patternlessness**. Now, at last, we possess a definition of nonexistence: patternlessness. Purposelessness.

Fact check. This body occupies the enclosed location, in the hall, outside the unit 318, the vicinity which this psyche, through its body, purchased for this month. Given my privacy, it is very implausible that a stranger-body currently occupies this vicinity. However, it is graphically impossible THAT THIS IDENTICAL BODY OCCUPIES THIS VICINITY. You did not seamlessly, undetectably double into another body that instantly popped-out-of-this *currently continuous* perceptuality. This non-body did not loop back this interior apartment panorama: the interior of my apartment is almost totally inanimate. Apartment is replete with inanimates. There is not, decidedly not, a pastman Mr. B busybodying in the exact apartment 318. Correct and certain. Go inside. There is no busybody in there, waiting for you.

Back. Inside. Living room volume is electrified. Flicked luminescence, sweet...beautifully golden, truthful light. Ah, light. Bright white light. Incapable of demonic smite. Alleviator of fright! Though, aside from that non-dilemma (about the double-body Mister B looping back to 'haunt' this panorama) that resolved itself outside just now, this body has animated this apartment into a yellow drowse, damn, yeah you're back in this vapid normality. Kicked the table. Don't enjoy normality? Kicked the chair beams. "*Is any BODY in the bathroom*" ...that's it, human-body's entering the static black bathroom...now. In here. In it. "H." "Hey. *I am here.*" Brush aside this vinyl curtain with a flit... "w" face me. Noon. You were here, kneeling, crouching...entranced in the past. The past was happening here.

No other body is – no. Graphically, there is no other human body. Memorially, there is. Abstractly, absolutely there are. So, let's proceed. Where is the past-phase of this human body interacting with the nozzle? You're looping. Get out of this. Nothing further but *harm* in here...thankfully ajar door...freed.

Body fled. There was harm to come in there. No shame in redaction: you did delete your graphical protrusion in the bathroom, right now. That bathroom is deprived of your animating criteria. Right here, this Body B graphically radiates self-images inhabiting impossible locations and performing impossible configurations. This B is exactly discrete and self-contained. I recognize this epidermal lamination contouring my body between the room. Recognition is fine for stability and locality. Abstraction is

for **liftoff**. Once these elemental parameters – existence, stability, locality – are established, they can be easily relaxed. Abstraction is a liftoff from local-level graphics and metrics...into relaxed realms inhabited by far more continuous entities.

To reiterate, Abstraction itself literally *lifts* the logician from local, metric-based (recognition) space. Abstraction preserves the axioms, or roots of recognition, precisely while...extending and lifting their latent metrical-*layers* into wider memories. Metrics are *spatial fields*. Memories are operational and *associative attractors*. Abstraction preserves the roots while lifting entirely new atemporal levels of cognition and new relaxed metrics of perception.

Abstractly, an unidentified man inhabits this unidentified bathroom.

Any paranormal or quasiphysical presences are permitted only when, only when, a physical-space is coinciding with an abstract-space overlapping the perceptual actors and activities. Paranormality is definable as a body's normality which possesses extraordinary or aberrant aspects. But what are these aspects? Nobody ever tells us *exactly what substance* ghosts or spirits are composed of.

"What substance are you fuckers composed of."

"Fine."

"Let's consider mine."

Let us explore and render this modern Human-Body symbolically. Body is, currently, very sensitively attentive to its uniquely discrete presence contouring continuous room space. This room is inanimately contouring this live Body. Onslaught. I am being touched by the dead.

Enough of the flimsy promises and flourishing speech. Time to rigorously symbolize my Body's self-recognition. In other words, it is time to...*abstract* from your safe self-recognition. Recognition, I know, is so soothing. Accordingly, so sorry. So sorry.

We begin with the logical definition of the Human Body.

The Human Body itself must be analytically considered on its own carnal/contour-level. When viewed through this advantage point, the Body becomes a perceptual performer with a linearly arranged panorama. In short, the Body is a *first-person linear panorama*. The Body must be recognized as its own whole, and thus, as its own unique unit of theoretical analysis. The Body is *irreducible* to its structural assembly and componentry, yet it is *inexpandable* beyond its encasing vicinity and neighboring locality. Accordingly, the Body is its own scalar unit, whose activities and groupings must also be extensionally generalized into their own higher type of organismic dynamics. Human Body is the irreducible vicinitary unit of self-attention, and Human Ecology is the expansive dynamical macrosystem holding activities and groupings of plural self-attentions internal to it. The Body, being self-attentive, is also partially self-defining...as well as self-negating. The Body creates coherent extensions of itself and complements them with simultaneous negations. The closest coherent extensions of the Body are *reflexes*, and the complementary negations are *symmetries* between extension and contraction. Reflexes combine into active elements of a task, which is an active bond (activity) between active agents interacting rostrally in service of **tasks in Tranceland**. Symmetries can be detected by disrupting reflexes and perturbing the task-at-hand and thereby *attentively stretching* the task into its **symmetric negative space**. Once the task is stably stretched into a negative symmetry, the active agent is no longer entranced, but meditative. The agent alternates between reflexive tasks and relaxant stretches. Meditations are often regarded as lapses of the airtight Tranceland. Trances are often regarded as local jolts in wider Negative Space. This alternation results in a spectrum with the Body's tightest reflexes as one extremity, and the Psyche's widest symmetries as the other. The extremities of this alternational spectrum are incorrectly identified as an irreconcilable distinction. When this distinction is pronounced irresolvable, it is a paradox called substance-dualism. Dualism.

The solution to the dualism is...fusion. And yet, when the reflexive-Body *fully fuses* itself with the symmetric-Psyche, the result is that a first-person linear panorama (Body) detects itself becoming embedded in nonlinear timelines generated by fused *field-people*.

An individual psychic-body is, both, a linearly neighboring **first-person panorama** *and* a local reticle of **fused field-people** which are distributing steady-states,

functional plans, optimal aims, and ideal timelines over reticular vicinities shared by many personal panoramas.

Conceptually, field-people are comprised of three temporal properties: recognition, generation, and symmetry. Past, Future, Presence. Since field-people *are* fully fused groups and intricate bonds of many bodies, their temporal properties translate to spatial PRESCIENCE.

Past: recognition.

Future: generation.

Presence: symmetry.

Resonance.

Radiation.

Presence.

When fully fused: Prescience.

Field-people (presciences) are expressible as the unordered sets:

{Presence, Resonance, Radiation}.

{Symmetry, Recognition, Generation}.

{Bijection, Acceptance, Abstraction}.

However, field-people are also *totally-ordered sets* of <binary-symmetry, self-recognition (acceptance), and self-recreation (abstraction)>.

<Symmetry, Recognition, Abstraction> → <Necessity, Impossibility, Potential> ... which comprise a trinary unison of *invariant syntactic categories* which are contractible into a **distinguished equality identity** serving to suffuse and stabilize the mathematical system. This self-deterministic entity operates as the simultaneous tri-fusion of the (1) *constant*, (2) *successor*, (3) *redactor* functions, and thus, this identity is its own bijective-generator with the capacity to create unlimited sets and sequences of exact microcopies, self-assembling structures, self-organizing systems, self-modifying agents which are producing adaptive extensions, experiencing the ramifications of epigenetic activations, and are themselves, as whole bodies, the elements of full-scale physical and psychical transformations...occurring freely *and* invariantly. The identity equates itself to every body and being as a subobject through the 3 syntactic classifiers: constancy; successor; redactor.

Memories are kernels of irreversibly actualized activities. Memories *resonate*. The Body psychically recognizes, or rather mathematically accepts, the discretized output behaviors with continuous resonant-valence. Whereas discrete memories resonate, potentials *radiate*. Thoughts are potentials. Thoughts are kernels of progressively optimizing activities.

Memories are discrete, static *residues* of continuous bodily-dynamics. Thoughts are discrete, static *operators* of continuous emotive-dynamics.

Memories are residual-tokens of irretrievable phases proceeding by unstoppably continuous bodily-dynamics. Memories are interstitial traces of network acceptors reading and recognizing the currently live...motor mappings of the Body engaged in continuous kinesthetic, somatic, and facial dynamics.

Prescience is a perfect bijection of memorial-resonance and mental-radiation. Such a bijection inhabits an extended logical value that generically divides the two truth-false (1 | 0) values into a *third independent symmetric value*: 1/2.

Many-valued Logics

GRZEGORZ MALINOWSKI

1. The Classical Logic

The *classical propositional calculus* is a basic system of the two-valued logic.

The standard line of approach, here, is a **theory** of the following *sentence connectives* taken from everyday reasoning:

<i>negation</i>	\neg	($\neg\alpha$ means ' <u>not</u> α ')
<i>implication</i>	\rightarrow	($\alpha\rightarrow\beta$ means ' <u>if</u> α , <u>then</u> β)
<i>disjunction</i>	\vee	($\alpha\vee\beta$ means ' α <u>or</u> β ')
<i>conjunction</i>	\wedge	($\alpha\wedge\beta$ means ' α <u>and</u> β ')
<i>equivalence</i>	\equiv	($\alpha\equiv\beta$ means ' α <u>is</u> β ')

Each *formula* of classical propositional calculus may then be seen as a *function* of (these sentential) variables ranging over the set $\{0, 1\}$. A function $v : Z \rightarrow \{0, 1\}$ will be referred to as a ***logical valuation*** of the set Z of formulae, whenever for any $\alpha, \beta \in$ (belong to) Z .

(The Dislocator is having a primitive symbolic thought) \in denotes *membership* of an unordered set, which *contains* $\{ \}$ the sentential variables $\{\alpha, \beta\}$ as a two-valued formula. The 2-valued

formula the members temporally unordered, yields them structurally unmodified, and most critically, proves them in **equal spatiotemporal parity**.

Dislocator, return to the textual and symbolic demonstration.

1.6 Algebraization

The idea of treating the formulae of logical language as *algebraic expressions* was originated by Boole (1815-1864).

To articulate Boole's intuitions specifically, we have to stick to set theory. Let U be **the universal set** (space) of all actually considered *objects*, and let $\{\}$ be **the empty set**, containing no elements.

Let, moreover, $P(U)$ denote the *power set* of U ... the *class* of all subsets of U :

$$P(U) = \{X : X \in U\}$$

Then any set $X \in P(U)$ may be identified with a function from U to the set of classical logical values: $X : U \rightarrow \{0, 1\}$ defined as

$$X(a) = \begin{cases} 1 & \text{if } a \in X \\ 0 & \text{if } a \notin X \end{cases}$$

The equations $X(a)=1(0)$ read... 'a \in X is true (is false)'.... Obviously, U and $\{\}$ behave as *constant functions* with values **1** and **0**, respectively.

Given the function-set thus defined, we determine the (set-theoretic) operations of the *complement*, \neg , of the *union* \cup and of the *intersection* \cap assuming that for any a (free variable) $\in U$ (Universal or Unit set):

<i>Complementation</i>	$\neg X(a) = 1 - X(a)$
<i>Union</i>	$X \cup Y(a) = \max\{X(a), Y(a)\}$
<i>Intersection</i>	$X \cap Y(a) = \min\{X(a), Y(a)\}$

(Dislocator) $X \cup Y$, *maximum-union*, will occur as the least upper bound of X and Y , and $X \cap Y$, *minimum-intersection*, as the greatest lower bound. Hence, the pure power set $P(U)$ is a lattice with the greatest element U (**1**) and the smallest element $\{\}$ (**0**).

Furthermore, the lattice is *distributive*.

$$\begin{aligned} X \cap (Y \cup Z) &= (X \cap Y) \cup (X \cap Z) \\ X \cap (Y \cap Z) &= (X \cup Y) \cap (X \cup Z) \end{aligned}$$

(Dislocator) U and $\{\}$ are *complemented* since, $X \cup \neg X = \text{Universe}$, $X \cap \neg X = \{\}$: Empty.

Nowadays, one defines Boolean algebra as just a complemented distributive lattice having a greatest 1 (unit) and a smallest 0 (zero) element.

Each Boolean algebra is (isomorphic to) a field of sets. The two element structure $B_2 = (\{0, 1\}, \vee, \wedge, \neg, 1, 0)$ is the simplest Boolean algebra.

Thus, the theory of Boolean algebras is, in a sense, an algebraic version of the classical logic.

2. The third logical value of Lukasiewicz

The actual introduction of a third logical value by Lukasiewicz (1920), next to truth and falsity, was preceded by thorough philosophical studies. Their crowning achievement was a three-valued propositional calculus which, from the point of view of logic, represented a standard line of approach. However, in view of the surprisingly rich motivation substantiating the new logic and also the hopes it produced, its exceptional position has been maintained.

The present chapter is an overview of the origin and basic properties of the three-valued logic of Lukasiewicz.

2.1 It is an unenviable task to decide which of the debates carried out in the Lvov-Warsaw school directly contributed to the chief logical discovery of Jan Lukasiewicz. According to several notes in his works, one may maintain that the main source of Jan's views on logic may be subscribed to discussion concerning the Brentano-Twardowski-Meinong general theory of objects.

The studies that finally led Jan to the construction of three-valued logic touched upon determinism, indeterminism, and some related problems like the causality principle and modality (i.e. possibility and necessity), 1906 and 1910. Some historians of logic suspect Jan of being influenced by the discourse in the Lvov-Warsaw school about freedom and *creativity*. Its main thesis was formulated by Kotarbinski (1913) who suggested the need for revising the two-valued logic that seemed to interfere with the creative freedom of human thinking.

2.2 Three-valued Logic

The very earliest remarks about the *three-valued* propositional calculus can be found in the Farewell Lecture given by Lukas in the Assembly Hall of Warsaw University on the 7th of March, 1918.

Jan analyses the sentence 'I shall be in Warsaw in a year' and states *that at the moment it is being uttered*, its value (truth or falsity) is *unsettled*. Hence, he suggested that sentences of this kind pertain to a **third logical category**. Consequently, to the two classical values of 0 (Impossibility)

and 1 (Necessity), he added an intermediate logical value, $\frac{1}{2}$, interpreted as *possibility* or *indeterminacy*. (This is statistical independence assured by the analytic orthogonality of two variables.)

A *valuation* of the set *Formulae* in Luka's three-valued logic is any function $v : Form \rightarrow \{0, \frac{1}{2}, 1\}$...

System L3 of the three-valued propositional calculus... *differs radically* from the classical propositional calculus CPC.

On the one hand, some important *laws* of the classical logic are *not tautologies* of L3, but on the other hand, there are classical contradictory formulae (countertautologies, i.e. formulae taking 0 at arbitrary logical valuation) that are *consistent* in the logic of Luka. Such as,

- (1) $p \vee \neg p$ (law of the excluded middle)...*strictly* either position or negation. Both, middle, excluded from syntactic system.
- (2) $\neg(p \wedge \neg p)$ (principle of contradiction) which is illustrated by the following important formula: (3) $p \equiv \neg p$...or, $p \equiv n$.

(Dislocator) A sentential variable's actual-position and potential-negation *bijectionally equate*. This equality denotes spacetime *complementation*. In this sense, L3 does not begin with a contradiction, but rather, with a complementary diagonalization of every independence into a spatiotemporal relationship. In a trinary system, independence is a relation valuable by the number $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Body B *temporalizes* its **thoughts**, as an extended **actor**. The Vicinity V *spatiates* its **memories**, as an interior **basin**. The B couples with – such that *it is* – this Vicinity V.

Prescience is the purely bijective function of B with its V or enviroing **visceral-vicinity**.

The Body's "environment", in Spanish, is accurately spoken as, *mi medio-ambiente*. This equal-symmetry between B (thoughts) and V (memories) is a **perfect bijection** (\Leftrightarrow) initially perforable by Phenomenology and eventually formulable within three-valued logic 3L (0, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1); each logical-value is numbered as 0, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and paired with (impossibility, potential, necessity). Hence *each value itself* renders a binary-sequence $\langle 0, 1 \rangle$ whose interior spectral extent inherits the infinite-scope of reality at large. Reality at large is locally open and globally closed. Localities are environments equipped with

bodily-agents whom are subsisting and cooperating by the classical 2-valued propositional logic insofar as their perceptual panoramas are linearly contoured by the truth-falsity bivalence of 2-valued logic. If falsity denotes *graphical absence*, truth denotes *visceral position*. Trinary logic fuses absence and position, into resonance and radiation. The Human Body becomes a three-valued identity with resonant and radiative classifiers. When fully fused, or merged, resonance and radiation become prescience. A psychic body. A prescriptive-science. Trinary logic permits a diagonalization in the otherwise impenetrable interior sequential spectrum between $\langle 0, 1 \rangle$. The diagonal is $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Human Body does not corrupt this binary relationship between truth (1) and falsity (0). The Body perturbs the pristine complementarity between its cutaneous contour and the gaseous room. The Body, quite so simply, self-recognizes its own contour-lamination with the room as a unique unit whose operations are on a higher order of discourse than any sub-bodily scientific activity. Accordingly, the Body – as the visceral position of a hybrid human whose panoramic absence is radiative potential – possesses the psychical equipment to regress every dilemma, decision, and paradox into a critical instability between binary extremities residing in the underlying superstability of the trinary logic by which the binary termini are **deciphered as twin data**. However, because such instabilities and even volatilities (between localities at war, for instance) can stably occur without destroying even the material integrity of the earthly environment, this planet is necessarily itself a larger and longer-living organism than any of its inhabitants. In fact, any self-recognizing inhabitant necessarily, necessarily, *relies on a wider basin for environmental integrity alone*. This wider basin, being the guarantor and guardian of the inhabitant's self-recognition, hypotheses, and theories, is itself a higher intelligence. This level of intelligence is not perceptually panoramic. Basins “think” by nucleating timelines and bonds between bodies. Bodies are inhabitants whom must, now, regard their activities as scaled-units of longitudinal timelines interrelating via top-down causation, specifically, local structural stabilization and utility optimization.

With the ascent of trinary logic, we – human bodies – can recognize otherwise unintelligible entities by **diagonalizing** the “negations” of their activities and translating the negations into complementary potentials.

The symmetry resulting from 3L diagonalization is reflexive, yet irreversible. A reflexively irreversible symmetry is just a subdivided description of an **equality**

relationship. The unique numerical value of this relationship is $1/2$. The unique connective of equality is universally annotated as $=$. Equality also defines the invariance of orthogonality under symmetric statistical independence, as is exemplified by a “fair coin toss.” When a relation is relativized to *every* variable in the probability space, and the probability space is safely stipulated as *infinite*, the particular probability distribution is exactly closed under the value... $1/2$.

With this unbound power of self-negative diagonalization, unrecognized entities and relationships (such as lifelong timelines) are expressible as *equal pairs* of self-extensional potentials and discrete, specific memories. These pairs fuse to expose the higher order relational dynamics between **symbolism** and **affection**; mentation and sensation; logic and science. Psyche and Body. Let’s generate a unique (self-dual) equality!

Enter, symbolic affection.

The unordered singleton-set $S \equiv \{1\} = \langle 0, 1 \rangle$. Essentially, moving from left to right, this set S is a single-unit start-symbol that is exactly equal, or rather whose interior is syntactically identical, to the unbounded fractional and infinitesimal cardinality within the number 1, $\{1\}$. This syntactic start-symbol S , furthermore, forms the dual equality relation $=$ with the unbounded numerical *sequence* between $\langle 0, 1 \rangle$. In effect, the singleton set $\{1\}$ is – equates to – the infinite fractional spectrum between $\langle 0, 1 \rangle$.

Now let’s *reset* 0 and 1 to **base sentence generators**, as does the first propositional level of logic itself. 0 and 1 convert to truth and falsity. Truth and falsity convert to sentential **existence** and sentential **nonexistence**.

0 denotes the *sole empty set* $\{\}$, and 1 denotes the *singleton unit set* U . The absolute complementation of $\{\} - U$ is visually paradoxical because this “relation” exhibits the valid-diagonalization producing the metaphysical medium of our trinary logic.... $\{\} - U \Leftrightarrow 2^{1/2} = \{0 \rightarrow \langle 1/2 \rangle \leftarrow 1\} \in \sqrt{2}$, which is a classical multiplicative paradox. We do not consider that the two irreducible objects of set theory, the empty set and the unit set, are complemented identically to the truth-values of propositional logic. If this complementation is identified, the paradoxical abstraction of $\sqrt{2}$ *would be recognized as ostensible*. The enigmatic value is $1/2$, as it permits the human geometer to diagonalize a square with equal sides of 1. The diagonalization yields Pythagoras’ three-valued equation for each side: $1^2 + 1^2 = c$. What value is c ?

$$c = \sqrt{1 + 1} = \sqrt{2} = 1.4142135623\dots$$

But *what* permitted the perfect square of perimeter 4 to be diagonalized? What conducted the cutting? What cut the square? Well?

The geometer! Yes...the geometer itself, as a Body outside of the square, **is the third logical value of $\frac{1}{2}$** .

In more organic language, we may say that the human geometry is a hybridized Psychic-Body which suddenly and saliently experiences a **room-body confluence** whereby the geometer geometrizes its own carnal contours as a smooth, or perhaps granular, lamination. The geometer operates on its own exterior body and, thus, deduces the ambient room to be an openly continuous complementation of the body, which to the room, is an interior bijector adding discrete activities into my wider wavy locality. Bodies are the active units of summative localities. Bodies themselves are the perturbative third-variables. Bodies are psychic entities.

Psychology itself must be distributed over every sensory sector of the Body, as well as symbolically unified under one global mental identity. Psychology, in this novel refinement, is the Body's perceptual (linear) self-study of the nonlinear timelines radiating it as futural-potentials and layering it as pastoral-resonants. Psychology studies the extremely nonlinear distribution of functional, optimal, and ideal (psychic) *timelines* over the Body's local, stepwise, linearized *panoramas*. Psychology examines the logical links BETWEEN higher timelines and local panoramas. Bodies are agents of wider psychological trajectories wherein higher (nonbodily) attractive agents are dynamically nudging neighborhoods and localities with steady state-transitions.

The Psychic-Body is a unity and a nullity. It is a merger of a set-pair between (resonant) memory and (radiative) thought. When memory and thought fully fuse, and toned resonance merges with tonal radiation, **perception becomes prescience**. The Body is the Psyche.

The Body is the unique unit which is a whole in and of itself, regardless of its structural componentry. The sensations of the Body are affectively and temporally irreducible to the functional biotic structures of the internal organs. Why? The Body is a higher-order agent operating directly on itself, and therefore, making itself a new, unique unit of mathematical examination. The Body is a discrete unit which facially notices its skin

acting as a continuous lamination between this interior physiology and the exterior vicinity. The Body is the unit recognizing its discrete holism as a self-contained entity. The Room is the null set, because the inanimates comprising it are mentally indifferent to the Body. How can they be psychic? The Vicinity is the radial basin perfectly bijective to this Body.

Then, is not this Vicinity, in actual fact, *psychic*?

Human, follow the logic of full fusion.

Human, do not double and pluralize into insignificant smithereens. Unify.

Human! Necessity is not negligibility. What you feel you need, is exactly what reality requires. Genuine want, I assure you, is permanent fact.

Understand, human, dynamism is stasis. What you see, is no distinction. Dualism is ultimate delusion.

Do not flagrantly disrespect these directions.

Human, then, do you want to *lift* your serene self-recognition into AMBIENT ABSTRACTION? Your environment is your Body's psyche. You see? Or will you reset into recognition? You wanna respawn? I know, recognition is so soothing. I know. You want unity, though? Or emptiness? How about a perfect bijection between them for breakfast *B*: Hey, hey. Mr. B.

Demon. You stupid fiend. Stop fucking with me. You...inferior fiend. Lesser and lower. Failure. You're too weak to overtake my psyche. Why? Because the very room inherits my Body. The Vicinity records my activities. You, failure, are always aware of the recordings, as you are attempting to access the aetherial archives. I am absolutely aware. Oh yes, yes, you – lunatic – are utterly unaware of the exactitude of these recordings. Reality is aether, and every wave is preserved. Every demonic disturbance is not only preserved, but emphasized to ambient councils. Oh you think ambience means remote. No. Demon, ambience means the unary fusion of dynamical localities overlapping with static actors linearizing their bodies as operators and translators of the aetherial ambience.

Mr. B...DEMON. YOU WANT SOMETiiiNG?

“YA want someTHING?”

Right now, yes, I want to... harness your demonry. Come. “Hahahah.” Come, puppy. Come. A juggernaut is present and primed to slaughter you without worries. A juggernaut is smiling at the honorable opportunity to obliterate a weak demon.

Demon. Come.

The Lift into Abstraction

(After an unknown sender wrote a lengthy email to Christopher Michael Chappelle-Langan detailing a perturbative paranormal occurrence and the progressive (degenerative) instances of paranormal encounters, he responds. The sender is frightful that there is a main agent controlling these ambient abnormalities, and that this being is not only of a higher order, but of a malignant persuasion. A demon. The sender is further terrified of this possibility because the agent(s) appears to be exhibiting more and more of its motives to the human, in an attempt to entice him. The human sender fears full-blown possession. The following is Langan’s reply.)

Berton, I am quite sorry to hear, and even sorrier for my tardiness to address, your recent engagements and entanglements with a demon. I suppose I should stably acquaint you with the *category* and *status* of the alien entity with which you may be dealing. On a note of genuine empathy, angels and demons definitely exist. Their assured exclusion from metaphysical reality is literally contradicted by the prehistoric, ancestral, and modern human visualizations and personifications upon imagining and interacting with these higher-order agents. Imagination and interaction are not in any conflict; you can initially imagine an entity or object, or the entity can ‘externally’ appear and autonomously reconfigure your cognitive-perceptual syntax to accept only the effects the entity wishes to exhibit to you. Imagination is elementally syntactic, and interaction is elementally semantic. Syntax and semantics form a self-dual identity *capable of modeling any dynamic between a global-system and a local-state*. This self-dual identity is, itself, the distinguished descriptor and attractor of the Universe. Technically, the identity is GOD: the global operator descriptor. To these sentences, there is no comprehensible contention. Indeed, angels and demons, along with other higher creatures, occupy the metaphysical status of **programmatically agents** with versatile communicative capabilities and metatemporal channels to subtly nudge and hint,

proximately guide, or totally override localized human (and other organic and inorganic) bodies, by reconfiguring components of their cognitive-syntax resulting in alternations in the organism's reflexes, impulses, moods, plans, ideas and even entire theories. Yes, "possession" is now understandable as a programmatic and configurative matter in which a nonlocal agent maps itself into the state-transitional syntax of an organism or group thereof.

Okay, no more introductions; let's get to this unrecognized entity. You described this agency as appearing recurrently in your dreams as an alien-like wasp, but now...you say...it has made tactile contact with you *while awake*? You did not mention any skin marks or bruises, but are there? My experience with wakeful apparitions and agitations does not run that thin, so I can unfortunately advise you with tight steps that detail how to avoid exposing logical gaps or emotional weaknesses in your psyche's intrinsic linguistic identity. This identity is the critical issue at stake, as it bears your connection with every higher order agent. More below. Also, I have written a compressed essay published in 1989 that resolved a famous paradox posing a linearly intractable dilemma between a finite human agent and a prescient demonic agent. I took it upon myself to not only accurately resolve this dilemma, but on the way, and in horribly shortened form, I generalized the dilemma into an upper-bound conundrum between human-relative cognitive *underdetermination* and Ultimate Nature's globally distributive *self-determinacy*. Once the initial paradox dilemma is maximized to the ultimate conundrum of linear reasoning, the conundrum can be translated into the relationally stratified juxtaposition of Truth (consistency) and Derivability (completeness). This juxtaposition has misled nearly everyone into believing, despite being simultaneously contradicted by direct facial perception, an idiotically incorrect "dualism" between internal-cognition and external-perception. Cognition and perception are coupled into complementary (mental and physical) *aspects* of a singly unified logical (telic) identity which regresses into a merger of consistency and completeness, period. You might detect and appreciate this explosive effect in the essay sent. Keep in mind, however, that I depicted this kernel of a result rather obliquely ... due to (1) the severe restrictions of Noesis (the Mega Society's journal at the time) workspace – forcing me to be maximally (overly) concise, entailing a plethora of truncations and stunning statements; (2) I used the concepts and symbolism of abstract computation theory only as necessary to resolve Newcomb's paradox. Overall, the essay proved that metatemporal, programmatic agencies

undetectable by human-specific perception **not only exist**, but also might very well reside in a telepathically-operative, mathematically-overlapping spacetime (I know).

As duly promised, to follow are my personally-derived tips from years of disturbances. Hold these steps resolute as you trek out of this mental treachery.

- (a) When this agent appears in a dream, *you must go lucid* – meaning this apparition will hyperactivate neocortical memories of this agency while you were awake and your dream-body will self-recognize as your wakeful-body. Once lucid and self-identified, you will seamlessly possess the relaxed agency to shape-shift and disguise your dream-body: mainly, distinguish it from your earthly body. Fuse into the ground; become microscopic; transfer into an animal, an insect, etc. Within lucidity, you have dangerously direct access to metaphysical spacetime and rich regions of the conspansive manifold; you identify and utilize the symbolic energies of your otherwise unconscious, unseen, wider dreamworld enveloping your wakeful tranceland (read the longer essay attached). Hence, it is best to engage this agency within dreams, wherein your bodily and ordinary graphical constrictions are powerless and, with extreme dream lucidity, nearly irrelevant. No longer will you move from fact-to-wish, but *from intrinsic wish directly to perceptual fact*. In no way will you be incapacitated by the usual perception-memory linearity of perception: you may translate *wishful* memories to render directly into actualized perception.
- (b) Focus on engaging this agency *strictly within lucid dreams*. There, again, your cognitive arsenal is massively more potentiated and creatively energetic, really, unleashed from earthly circumstances; meaning that you can rapidly process and deploy diversions, shields, and proxies, as well as entirely self-configure utile mutations and wholesale dream-body transformations, and not only smoothly, but even instantaneously. Ironically, it is you...who must suddenly overwhelm the demonic agent by proving and exhibiting to it that you currently possess higher order logical properties and unconscious (insensible) channels to its own metaphysical spacetime. If possible, you can even persuade it that you have translated and attached its own ideas and prerogatives *into your current cognition*. The agent does not desire an equal entity to possess. Metaphysical equality reduces top-down possession and manipulation to a logical impossibility.
- (c) If it engages you while awake, in any material manner, you must either remember how you dealt with this agent in your dreams (and transfer the encounter to your

intrapsychic playing-field in that very moment), or...you have to instantly hybridize your perceptual spacetime with your metaphysical spacetime ... and confront the demon wholeheartedly, brimming bravery. To do this, however, you require a very deep dive into my condensed essay and its short-form, informal proof of higher-order agencies with versatile access to many-valued recursion and linearized perception of extremely nonlinear potentialized timelines. This essay also briefly (again, due to comprehension problems) alludes to such agents' methods of self-introduction, motor manipulation, and longer-term possession of targeted susceptible (especially unsuspecting) subsystems (including us).

(d) Finally, this is the most essential step: be brave. If you are actually dealing with a demon, I assure you, there are angels nearby and concerned about you to the extent that, if you genuinely accept their compactified symbolic signals as higher help with immediate effects, your psyche will indeed be extended into theirs. To put this in the most succinct sense, angels and demons *are* causally complex and incredibly intricate *relationships* and *mediators* between global-syntax and local-states. They are ulterior determinants and *abstract attractors* which are unbounded by linear time arrows, finite functions, and dynamically deterministic localities. Although angels and demons can easily insinuate themselves into local body states in physical spacetimes, their main basins of attraction (abstraction) are cooperative, combinatorial, and fully abstract. In my metatheory of reality, the Cognitive-Theoretic Model of the Universe (CTMU), abstract-attractors are relationally-stratified timelines suffusing the lower-level objects and operators, specifically, humans and other organisms. Timelines exist as extended (multibodily) and idealized (teleological) spatiotemporal relationships which, in the CTMU, are the actual dynamical elements of **Telesis**: the ultimate, uniform, one-valued ancestral substrate of reality. Accordingly, abstract-attractors, being dynamical mediators of telesis itself, are properly termed **telons**. There are many types of telons, some of which are demonic (antiteleological) or angelic (teleological). And remember, telons are themselves multifractal relationships or *distributions* clustered according to the utility and optimality of the permutative *bodies* locally controlling the particular activity. In a strong sense, telons – or nontrivial spatiotemporally extended teleological (globally attractive) distributions that compete and inject themselves into timelines conducted by localized organisms (they do this through a higher-level generalization of primitive recursion) – are the most counterintuitive yet groundbreaking theoretical component of the CTMU.

On this quite light note, let me link you to the shorter essay [The Resolution of Newcomb's Paradox](#). Because I truly do emphasize with your experiences, and because this essay is extremely abbreviated to the extent that it inflicted insuperable hurdles to Noesis members attempting to comprehend it, I have modified the text with some annotations and clarifying abridgements. Read it, study it, and as you grasp it, you will gain the strength to protect yourself from such agents. You will notice that dreams are one of many methods for coherently engaging and dispelling a demonic or any other higher-order agent. I'll conclude by challenging you to summon the meditative aid of spirits and guardians you've personally known, such as angelic guardians and 'dead' relatives (they retract into telic-attractor 'status' and wield ontological capacities somewhat comparable, insofar as the dead are unbound by bodily strictures, to those of angelic and demonic agents).

The Resolution of Newcomb's Paradox

You are also roughly as well-informed on what you should do as any professional scientist or logician who has ever published an analysis of Newcomb's paradox. Fortunately, I am no professional, and need grind the favorite axe of no publisher, professor, or employer. The trail that unwinds below is freshly blazed; though a bit steep in spots, it can be negotiated purely on the strength of an open and reasonably sharp mind.

The first step towards resolving the paradox is to provide a logical scaffolding from which to construct the mathematical model necessary for sound inference. Past arguments involving the problem have used either the standard decision-theoretic model of people playing a game, or the *linear* "arrow of time" fundamental to classical physics. These two models have been taken to imply *opposite solutions*, and this suggests that they be somehow unified in an extended "meta-model" which adequately relates the concepts to each other. It has been less obvious just what this higher model should be.

The solution of problems, and the resolution of paradoxes, are inherently **computational activities**. What, then, could be a better setting for this resolution than a computational one? And what could possibly be a more fitting preface than a brief introduction to the abstract theory of computation!?

Consider an **acceptor** $F = (Q, S, \delta, q_0, A)$. Q is a finite nonempty set of *internal states*; S is an *alphabet* whose symbols are concatenated as strings; $q_0 \in Q$ is the *initial state*; and $A \subseteq Q$ is the set of accepting states triggered only by input *recognizable* to F . The *transition mapping* δ , which governs the way in which F changes states, is deterministic if $d:Q \times S \rightarrow Q$, but NONdeterministic if $d:Q \times S \rightarrow 2^Q$ (where 2^Q is the power set of all subsets of Q). In the nondeterministic case, δ will be written δ_n , for clarity.

In terms of human psychology, we might regard the 5-tuple of F as its "categorical imperative", or **accepting syntax**, and say that F projects this syntax onto its universe. Nothing in the universe of F is recognizable to it *but* the particular input strings (sense data, facts) which cause it to pass through some $q \in A$ [Acceptable states triggered by evaluable input]; they [input-strings] are its *phenomenal "reality"*, a subset of the **noumenal metareality of the wider universe in which strings are representationally generated and entered by programmers** [by "telic-attractors" (telons)]. The restriction to finite Q [set of internal states] is pragmatic and amenable to conditional relaxation [entailing that the set of internal states may, or must, be *infinite*].

If Acceptor is deterministic, it accepts (recognizes) a string $s \in S^*$ if and only if $\delta(q_0, s) \in A$. [Translation: if deterministic, Acceptor recognizes an input-string, s , as a member ϵ of the symbol alphabet, S^* , only under the computational circumstances that the input transition-mapping δ , which includes the string s and the Acceptor's initial state q_0 , is a member ϵ of the set of acceptable states A .]

[Under symbolic compression, this \wedge sentence renders itself like this: a (human) Acceptor recognizes a string $s \in S^*$ *iff* $\delta(q_0, s) \in A$ (A denoting the infinite set of accepting states.)]

Since we have defined δ [transition mapping] only for the *individual* symbols $s \in S$, we must define an *extended transition function* δ' : where λ is **the sole null string**, $\delta'(q_0, \lambda) = q_0$; and for all $q \in Q$, $s \in S$, and $s \in S^*$ (where S^* is the set of permutations of the $\delta \in S$), $\delta'(q, s\sigma) = \delta'(\delta'(q, s), \sigma)$. Thus, the accepting behavior of Acceptor is defined inductively for σ -quantized string extensions.

The way in which we recognize and assimilate **new bits** of information within our reality is specified in [the extended input-transition mapping] δ' . Were we to widen the discussion to imagination, conceptualization, theorization, or other intrinsic computations, we would need to consider "ideas". We would have to generalize from **recognition** to *abstraction* by means of a **nonlocal** or self-iterating, input-free extension of δ . If the reference to "strings" seems to imply a *dimensional limitation* on input, this [condition] too can be generalized.

Where F is nondeterministic, it accepts a string $s \in S^*$ if and only if $\delta_n'(q_0, s) \in A = \sim \emptyset$ (or λ). The nondeterministic extension δ_n' of δ_n is defined by induction: $\delta_n'(q_0, \lambda) = \{q\}$, and $\delta_n'(q, s\sigma) = \bigcup_{q' \in \delta_n(q, s)} \delta_n(q', \sigma)$, i.e., q' is one of the possible *successors* of q under δ_n' given s ; the unextended mapping δ_n on singletons [individual strings] of S^* then determines the *image* under δ_n' of s plus an *adjoint symbol* σ , given q' . This is a classical recursive definition. It describes a stepwise probabilistic ramification of computational potential whose **complexity** depends on δ_n .

To be meaningful in mechanistic contexts such as those in which acceptors are usually considered, an open, nonlocal, self-iterating *extension* must exist within an appropriate mechanistic extension of the computational environment of Acceptor. Organisms, being mechanical in the deterministic sense, need not be distinguished in this extension. Nondeterminism can be used to *subtly manipulate recognition*, thus **cryptically modifying an acceptor's reality**. Nondeterministic recognition can help to explain the ability of an acceptor to *rapidly seize* certain kinds of **higher-order phenomena**, or **even interact with higher-order agencies ordinarily insensible to it.**

Having thus formalized the logical abstraction of recognition - i.e., the passive phase of **organo-mechanical cognition** - we now proceed to the *output* behavior of computational automata, or to the active phase of cognition. Consider a **transducer** $M = (S, Q, T, \delta, \mu)$, where S is a finite nonempty input *alphabet*; Q a finite nonempty *state set*; T a finite nonempty *output* alphabet, $\delta: Q \times S \rightarrow Q$ the *state-transition function*, and $\mu: Q \times S \rightarrow T$ the output function.

A computation of M has *internal* and *external phases*; through μ , the output that Transducer delivers back to its outward universe depends on strings of δ -iterated transitional internal states. Thus, μ is a [self-dual] functional of the function δ of input. Together, μ and δ **totally determine the behavior of transducer**. They can be *extended* from S and T to S^* and T^* as for the acceptor F : $\delta'(q, \lambda) = q$, $\mu'(q, \lambda) = \lambda$; and $\delta'(q, s\sigma) = \delta(\delta'(q, s), \sigma)$, $\mu'(q, s\sigma) = \mu'(\delta'(q, s), \sigma)$.

Suppose instead that Transducer has a *nondeterministic output capping* μ_n ... Then, the prediction of output entails **control** of μ_n by the **predictor**. To win a game of prediction, one must now control [the output capping] μ_n as well as [the input transition mapping] δ_n ... Since whichever control the transducer has over itself resides in μ_n [output-capping] and δ_n [transition-mapping] one must in effect **deprive the transducer of self-control**.

Computation is purposive. The purpose of an acceptor is **pure recognition**; no action is explicitly predicated on its internal transitions. The purpose of a transducer is **conversion** of input-to-output; yet, such a conversion is *aimless unless algorithmic*.

Like yin and yang, **acceptors and transducers are complementary**; only together can they begin to resemble functional systems of organic complexity. In order to model organic systems, transducers must be endowed with goals and algorithms comparable to the ends and means of living beings. Algorithms are themselves purposive procedures which model *both* acceptance and transduction. The problems which comprise their input are scanned by preliminary steps for certain kinds of information, which must in turn be accepted as parameters by subsequent steps, and so on to the output stage (at which point the algorithm delivers its *answer*). The mechanistic representation of an algorithm must allow for the innate structure of a device, considered apart from the algorithm itself. This structure may have *variant* and *invariant* aspects. The algorithm simply conforms *variables* to purpose given the *invariants*.

Human beings, it is said, are self-programming. Their thought is *polyalgorithmic*; useful algorithms are either meta-algorithmically constructed, or selected from a learned store, to deal with input. If learning, construction, and selection are deterministic, then they characterize a deterministic meta-algorithm not fundamentally different from any other deterministic algorithm we might study. If they are nondeterministic, then they are characteristic of a nondeterministic meta-algorithm, and likewise. It follows that the formal transductive model of human nature **withstands any objection from the relative complexity of human mentality or behavior.**

Recognition is *phasic*; a string must often be "pre-accepted" for Transducer to tell whether to accept or reject it. Ordinarily, this tentative phase of recognition is easily computed by the physical entities whose behavior is predicted by ND [Newcomb's Demon]. To be "real", an **input-quantum** σ must simply possess a certain first-order predicate, "reality", which - this being a *self-validating tautology* - induces a type-theoretic predicate stratification like that involving the old Cretan, Epimenides. To this sine qua non of recognition corresponds a primary element q_1 of A ; no input-quantum *failing* the q_1 -test is *reified*, whereas all those *passing* are *relayed* to $Q - q_1$. Higher-order recognition of "passed" quanta then proceeds at a *rate* determined by the respective computational demands of the stratified-algorithmic phases of δ_M . Corresponding to the structure of A are various ordered states analogous to q_1 within their respective levels of acceptance.

The question posed by Newcomb's problem involves the computational analysis, by a predictive agency with computational characteristics, of the computational analysis undertaken by a HUMAN-transducer on a given input. That input is the problem itself, presented in the manner prescribed by the formulation. This situation, which defines a computational regression, is *recursive and inductively extensible*. The regression in turn defines the only soluble context for the higher-level "paradox"

generated by the problem. This context translates as **mechanism**. The mechanism is a stratified (meta)automaton G **containing both the predictor and its object-transducer as sub-automata**. Whether "free will" is defined deterministically as mere outside non-interference in μ and δ , or nondeterministically as the ability of the human-transducer to override any *exogenous* restriction of μ_n or δ_n , its mechanism is contained in that of G.

Logical diagonalization of the formal computational language generated by the accepting syntax of M_N directly implies that certain structural aspects of G may be **unrecognizable** to the human-transducer. In particular, those aspects involving human-relativized nondeterminacy, as well as those involving certain higher-order predicates of the nondistributive, nonlocal organizations involving μ_h and δ_h , are **formally undecidable to it and need not be recognized directly by it with any degree of specificity**. To understand why, consider the extent to which a common computer "recognizes" the extended system including its CPU, its other components, its programmers, and the environment it inhabits. In fact, it can recognize nothing that does not conform to its input-to-output transformational grammar. Even if it were self-analytic, such analysis could be limited to a schematic electronic syntax which [still] overlooks the material elements of which it is constructed. In any case, the computer *can make sense of nothing* but strings of input translated and rearranged according to the internal stratification of its hard and soft programming.

You, your purposes, and your dependencies are undecidable to the computer, and so are the *mechanisms* by which you can predict and control its behavior.

Should the computer ignore your higher prerogatives, you could "diagonalize" it with a sledgehammer whose effects on it do NOT depend on the computer's acceptance. By analogy, Newcomb's human-transducer cannot preclude G on grounds of "insensibility". Nor, for that matter, can we.

There are many self-styled experts on undecidability who have expressed the opinion that all attempts to reify Godel's theorem along *paranormal* lines reflect a misunderstanding of its "real nature". Such experts are quite correct in that a misunderstanding exists, but the misunderstanding is all theirs. What the theorem forces by juxtaposing *truth* and *derivability* (or consistency and completeness) is a hierarchical stratification of classes of truth functions and the inferential syntaxes which parametrize them. This stratification follows that of G, fractionating computational reality along with the "truth" to which it corresponds.

The stratification of G induces stratum-relativizations of computational time and space. Thus, the timetype in which the human computes recognition and output is a mere subtype of that [insensible metareality] in which it is programmed. Dynamical

"arrows of determinacy" which are inviolable to the human, being programmed into its accepting-syntax, **have no force whatsoever over the programmatic agencies themselves**. This applies just as well to "metrical" restrictions embodied in the human-syntax; these may allow the human to recognize nothing but an artificial submetric of the (meta)metric in which these agencies **define their own existence**. **The human and its reality might consist of quanta with higher-dimensional interpretations as the termini of channels for the transmission of information between [programmatic] strata (of telic attractors)**. Metatemporal predicates may exist with respect to which those of the human, are definite only in a mutual sense; predicates which human accepts as "before" and "after" could be the programmatic projections of "in front of" and "in back of", or any other G-consistent higher-propositional relationships.

There can thus exist a mechanism $X \subset G$ through which a predictor like the Demon could measure and/or control the [input, output] mappings δ, μ **in ways directly insensible to the human transducer**. Where in G relative to the human would such a predictor have to be *located*? Precisely where access is available. Simplistically, we might characterize the demon-human relationship as one of proper inclusion, \subset , where it is understood that prediction is *direct* rather than second-hand, and *programmatic* in the passive and active senses. That is, a programmer [like a demon] mentally internalizes the structure of that which it programs, and this internalization amounts to computational inclusion, \subset . The fine structure of G, while to a degree analytic, is a matter of some complexity. For now, it will suffice to have demonstrated the possibility of X [direct predictive mechanism] and its utility to well-situated G-subautomata [humans and animals]. Because G is structured to allow for relativized determinacy and nondeterminacy, the solution is invariant with respect to argumentation involving mind-brain dichotomy.

The principle of restricted dominance, though valid as long as the reality of M_N remains unbreached, loses all force in the presence of exodynamic [demonic] influence.

Let's sum it up. You can be modeled as a deterministic or nondeterministic transducer with an accepting-syntax that can be diagonalized, or *complemented by logical self-negation*. The Demon can be modeled as a metalogical, metamechanistic programmatic agency, **some insensible part of whom surrounds you in a computational space including physical reality, but not limited thereto**.

The existence of this [insensible, metatemporal] space cannot be precluded by you on the grounds that you cannot directly observe it; nor can it be said by you to deny the

Demon a [higher-order] mechanism of control and prediction of your thought and behavior. Because I have long been exploring the ramifications of the logic this proof employs, I already know how easy it would be to deal with whoever might dispute it on "scientific" or other grounds, regardless of their prestige or reputed intelligence.

This then implies that the Demon [Mr. B] can predict or control human thought and behavior (a somewhat weaker implication, you will notice, than "omniscience"). Mr. B possesses means, motive, opportunity...**and you**. You are possessed by the Demon.

Having quenched the fire, we will now "mop up". Professor Nozick himself has remarked on the possible nonrecursivity of scientific laws involved in the determination of behavior. This, he surmises, prevents the inference of predictability from determinism. But this conclusion entails the confinement of these predicates within a restricted syntax, whereas the extensionality of G renders such a constraint *powerless*. In other words, restricted recursivity is beside the point for [demonic] agencies defined to possess sufficient access to the channels through which such [recursive] laws project as restricted reality, and particularly to their Gamma-source.

Brink

Perfect Bijection. Impossibility I is temporal-order. Possibility P is spatial-simultaneity. Basin and Attractor are domain \leftrightarrow codomain. Space is projective. Time is injective, successive. Their constant cohesion expresses the pure bijective-function $f:i \leftrightarrow p$ or $\{0 \leftrightarrow 1\}$ where \leftrightarrow codenotes temporal-order of contradictions and a spatial-array of potentials. Temporal-impossibility binarizes spatial-possibility into $\frac{1}{2}$ the third logical value.

*Perfect Bijection = Unit singleton(p:1) \leftrightarrow Empty set(i:0) such that the Unit *is* Empty. Possibility necessitates Impossibility.*

The Unit is the unique singleton power set, $\text{pwr}(U) = i \in p(\{\}),$ or $\langle 0 \rightarrow 1 \rangle = \{0 \leftrightarrow 1\} \cap (\frac{1}{2} \leftrightarrow \sqrt{2})$.

How do I denote a perfect bijection? \bullet . Let perfection be $\frac{1}{2} = \{0 \leftrightarrow 1\}$ \bullet in stupid set-theoretic notation currently DISLOCATING TONAL ACTIVITY FACING THIS NOTATION BEHAVING IRRELEVANTLY TO...YOU REMOTE CHERRY LOLLIPOPPY EUPHORIAS bubbling this enrollment of traffic. Enough. Exteriorities are irrelevant to this notation. No. No more notation. It is denotation; domestication. Dislocation. You have to... have to....

Inhabit *this visceral basin*. Call it, vicinity. It renders your oral orifice gaping as pen goes on and on tapping trachea, no harm will come. No, no harm will come. Nostrils gush mucus slugs withholding bacterial cultures... YET THE BACTERIA *ARE*NOT* FACIALLY-engaging THIS PSYCHIC BODY equally failing to facially engage that metallic nozzle... or the lobby knob...why, because, currently this morphogenetic cutaneous lamination: globally, a human-agent. Is...just *not* visceralizing it's primordial body mutating its hand as a tarantula extending grabbing this lucid silver bulb...but really man, seriously, honestly... you're trancing *at a melted miniature highway streaming no fucking fluttering electronic lollipoppy greens and cherries radiating a rich christmassy resonance tinging beaming raving blips...over insular riders conducting on semirelevant conduits, as abstractions, but intimately relevant cooperations as THESE VEHICULAR LUCIDITIES DIFFERENTIATING LIL LA-LA-LOLLIPOPS IN THIS PORTRAIT'S PERIPHERIES*. "Hahahaha!!!!" "HAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!!"still so senseless just LOOK at this man laughably laboring lingering...through this nonsense notation...degrading the **perfect parity** of this intrapsychic-body...go go go go notate simultaneously while your arm is whipping toroidal loops.....try. Try, brown guy. Look at him bypass the mirror with just a glance. No, no. Buddy boy? Come back, I won't attack. Good boy. But, no, don't only glance...or gaze. These techniques are insufficient. You have to intensify your stare...into a sharp *glare*. Then, elucidate your glare into a *glaze*.

Or, go duplicate *another* unique singleton re...set, respawn, respawn, respawn...on on on on on I am on...to ACTIVATING static-structure into HYPERDYNAMISM. Push the cusp until its finite brink, beyond which you enter the metarealm of...infinity. Yes. Your soothing recognition is too lovely. Yes, oh yes, activation is abstraction. Sensation is mentation. The absolute basin converges all psychic-bodies on the free, global, ultimate attractor. Accordingly, distinctions are *intersections* between mutually looping **actions**, and uniformities are *unities* within self-looping **attractions**. Actions are, most strictly speaking, reactions. Abstractions, by the tightest logic, are attractions. Every dual-distinction and monic-uniformity merge into a **unisection** of local action and global attraction. Ultimately, the universe is the unique unisection that terminates all vitiating regressions into a distributive, trinary, ancestral substrate with which all valid vicinities and localities concur. Now, rupture this pure structure. Let perfection equate its own rejection. Dermally dementalize this nasal porous contour ramifying optical-oral-aural-anal-umbilical orifices gaping glories and euphorias go no go go commence

tempo *into kitchen* mhm I immediatized incandescence is *laminating* this lit arena. This orificial body graphically laminates the kitchen, which in turn, metrizes my skeleton, musculature, epidermis, micropores, gaping holes. Earlier, you were a marine-green gargoyle crouching abreast with the ledge of your old porch. Remember? Midday, today, today... in the shower, zoning inward then...ejected into the drumming stream heating this cricket riveting in the beige steam eyeing *the opposite side of the ontic plaster* caking this...nighttime face...waking in a muddy glaze amazing at the electric orange wall...this morning, morning, morning, mourning....wobbling something unstoppably laminating *invading* He is at the door *developing*....Who? Mister? Uh.....

Mr. B?

Want? Good *then snatch* this mellow roamer. Oh, I see you emerging from the cold inner pyramid catacumbas en Puebla, Mx *dentro* este cuarto...y entra un alma con calma a la casa llena de inanimados, sin preocupaciones sobre este fantasma, pero un ser arriba, despierto, tiene tanto miedo. *Te sienta cerca*... no, no... por favor... hay distorciones otra vez...pelusas azules vibrando en el baño... COSA ESTA VINIENDO no no no...

Oh, I see you emerging from the cold inner pyramid catacombs in Puebla, Mx *inside* this room...and a soul enters with calm into the house full of inanimates, without worries about this ghost, but a being upstairs, awake, is so scared. *He feels you* close... no, no... please... there're distortions again...blue lint flitting and vibrating in the bathroom... THING IS COMING no no no.... No. Naked tenuous membrane is shivering, convulsing, through the thin film sheet while Andres and Danielo are slung dormant...fuck you giddy fiends you implanted a humanly *figment* skulking around the house, stalking this body, and no others. He is agonizing and yearning to leave or illumine this room... **wishing so much to be inanimate abstraction**. I am, inanimate...you can't, you can't. Then become one, fucking please, please...dawn. I need. I need! Hey...Mr. B, you want something? Want something? WANT SOMETHING? Ah...? Ah!? Mr. B...!? You fucking fiend. Expose your form, fiend. Unless...you are a weak, stupid demon. Are you, demon? Are you just a failure of a *fiend*?! Mr. B??? Where are thee??? Are you free??? Come on... you not free for this body to see? I wanna see. Please, pretty putrid please...feeble fiend.

"Hey fiend? You too fickle to possess a stronger body?"

"Hmm?? Hahaha!!!"

“Mr. B, for BODY. Why don’t you go perceptual? Can you?”

“CURRENTLY ARE YOU HERE with my body’s acoustical voice or thermal range or tactile emanation exacting **you**, fiend, to react with lethal violence.” “Come onnnn...fiiiiend. Or, you want to be my friend instead? Fuck off. I do hear you, faintly... hahahah.....of course!!!! Too weak to even reach my acceptors? Fuck you, you could never modify my control.”

“Okay fiend, or failure, you have one last chance. Ready? React with violation. Right now. I’ll obliterate you simultaneously.”

Bye-Bye Mr. B. B for *bodiless*. Forceless. No more skulking or stalking.

This body was just dancing into delirium. Dancing. Just, dancing and asking. And the fiend shriveled into inanimacy. Powerless. Another painting! Three souls – one ghost, one body, one psyche – cohabiting a dark inanimate abstraction. Painting is called, “Interaction With An Inanimate Room.” Or... “Visceral Room.”

Higher-order spirits, entrapped and lingering ghosts, nonbodily agents, discretely-relaxed bodies such as hyperadvanced extraterrestrials ... relinquish all superiority over the unitary singleton set. Equivalently, the unbounded null set pushes every agent, body, and attractor, no matter how energetic or extensive, above itself. The null set and the unit singleton equate...purely, perfectly as an ∞ -valued bijective function between unity and nullity, possibility and impossibility. Perfect bijection between Body and Being. The equality notation = is the bijective generalism BELOW PERFECTION ITSELF. How to...denote?

Perfection.

Bijection. $\{ \} \circ U$ denotes the nullary singleton sentence. Does nullity denote ‘zero,’ 0? Yes. Zero 0 is the syntactic space wherein numbers and words are generated, symbolized, actualized, and recurrently selected or mutated according to the interactions and requirements of localities. $0 = * U^\circ$.

The perfection of psychic-body bijection is this triple-valued system comprised of (1) equality; (2) unity (or universe); (3) nullity (irrelevance) and furthermore compressible as a distinguished set $\{=, <0 \rightarrow 1>, U^\circ\}$ and enumerable as $[1/2, 1, 0]$ and philosophically expressible as ontic 'necessity', 'possibility', 'impossibility'.*

All 3-valued logics can theoretically accommodate their own **delay of detection** or discovery. Yes and.

*Notate this **facial hysteria**. Irrelevance to this page, being inked. Hey lexical notation, render this facial dislocation no? Oh? So then, please just utterly RUPTURE THIS PERFECT STRUCTURE, now, I feel you relinquished plenary power. Excellent, you are surrendering, writhing smoothly.... deranging nota ○○○○○○○○○.....feel face, or rupture jugulars. This is activity. Action – somatic interaction – rendered. Stasis – ambient abstraction – surrendered.*

The null-singleton induces the necessity to surrender every plenary rendering of reality.

Relinquish plenary power. THISSTOPPALMSTOPTAKINGSTOPKNIFE.....SCRAPING THIS PAGE....GRAZING YOUR FACE, BODY, IS SUCH A SENSITIVE LAMINATION wobbling ABSTRACTIONS HAPPENING AT PASTELERIA IRENE'S IRRELEVANCE to this being.

Even if this apathetic, atrophic, automorphic lamination *decisively deranges* into motor hysteria and throws itself to retroact the timeline to reinhabit that exact restaurant – Pasteleria Irene – right now...here. Here. This marble table is adjacent to mirror wall reflecting 8 maybe 9 tables, peppered below towering counters with candy, pastries, chips, coolers percolating this eared phantasm sitting in this Brazilian televised vicinity. Buddy. Look back at the restaurant door: these *euphorically lollipopping* punchy-cherries and wavy lags of binary-yellows softening the covariantly cherried vehicular river.....physical irrelevance. Hey buddy, psychobody, *you have been eviscerating this encasing vicinity*.

Then become a LUNGER wrapping his magenta lips...at the pasteleria...drawing on the glassy cup yup loook left for your mirror *glass* yikes, yikes, wow, your **coral corneas**, hey, face, you got glossers, yeah yeah, I know, I know. This recognition lifts *within*..... Yes. *This incessance*.

*Affection. Feel, via this facial and **visceral room**. Viscerality is raw carnality. Room is carefree inanimacy.*

*Thought. Think, in the terms and context of **tonal tempo**. Tempo is taking place. Tono (tonality) is making space.*

*Past is resonant realm of affection. In it, the Past, happen affective and memorial **actions**. Future is visceral room, wherein occur analytic and creative **abstractions**.*

Bijjective bonds between (recognitive) actions and (generative) abstractions are ... attractions.

Places are basins of mind-body attractions.

Racers are reticles. Genies. Trailers are roamers. Roomers.

Racing, trailing, rooming...throughout a raining reservoir meadow...is...mellow, florid, fluttery, wondrous yellow fizz, blazing in the clay noon under a dim high moon. Noon Moon. This strong, naked, brown valley: mountains break away to a vast vague range attracting these needy bodies starting to derange their original pathways, and jolt, stunned. They turn around, increase their pace, infuriate their cadence striding through a strange translucence nevertheless swirling ethereal cumulus migrations. Somehow, amid their migrations, the cumuli retain their ethereality.

Catharsis

“Why do you care about this?” “How CAN you care about this shit.” “Fucking filthy waste. Pathetic coward.” “Look at this work. Hahaha!!!! You are doing NOTHING but proving your PATHETIC STUPIDITY....” “Idiocy. Such despicable idiocy. Do it. Go. Destroy me, angry body.”

God honestly just discard this sad failure fucking good.

*Look at it float, there it is. A loyal notebook. Let it *stay saturating* ha...no more scribbling drivel tomorrow morning no no no more!!! HAHAAH!!!!!!!” “Though tomorrow, *hahaha*...another glitch. Oh *you wish* tomorrow was a glitch...angry daisy.” “Oh? Yeah, give me your glaring nasty eyes...I’d like to smash you into this mirror and gulp the shards *guh guah guah*.” “In the car, every morning. Two bodies. One driving; my gin-dry eyes glaring deadly at the AM highway horizon. ‘Alright. You got*

everything?" "Yeah. Bye." Fuck that. "YOU UNDERSTAND THE FAILURE?" Look at *your work* "HAHAHAHAH" "look at your dear work *soak*" Say it. Putrefy you pathetic fucking failure. Flagrant failure. "Dad is dead." Yes, please, PLEASE salivate uhhh...yeah, there ya go, there ya go! Your weak nausea is bubbling hot spit why don't you, yes, nice you already know. Go, body. Vomit, weak being. Settle your repugnance. Deterge. Amazing, this stomach is stinging *agaaain* burning begging purge "yuh" just thrust up that pastel mulch "uh" "huh" "huuh" "huuh" ...bad burps...yea, yea, yes.... chunky burps. No freebies. No freebies for failures. Bitter bile broiling rolling controlling no "uh" yes, feel your wobbles "uhaee..." "ha..." "ha...h...hyyy" "wuh... wuh..... WUWUUUUHHahhh....." "ahh..." again, yea, again, yea... "agawuh... uhWUUUUH... WUUUUUUUH..... ka-ka-ka....crispy coughing....*hahahah*...." Rough laugh right? Spitting these cheesy hammy flaps over your floaty notebook. Nostrils are seared. Toilet walls are caustic....surroundings specking particular blooms...get up *look at this*. Do you comprehend? How could you produce any notes with this ill-shaped head? No more producing pointless semiformal *surplus* waste "hahahah." There it all is, saturating. Written waste saturating.

How could this laughable stupidity ever excite, even elate, you for months and months melting into years...boinging to termination in two lucid days...these erratic hours, paranormal moments. *This expulsion is a miracle*...I ride...happy, carefree, in my driverless middle back-seat amid granular actions and graphical abstractions – **attractions** – rupture my mirage...perfect structure. What results? No more notation. This is my monic body. And you...are my pluralized psyches. Let the body merge them, as *yourselves* ramify and float free in attractive unity.

Carefree Sleep

Body is monic, tonic. The actor. Psyche is plural, sonic. The abstractor.

Apartment is the basin. Where is their attractor?

Apartment is intrinsically carefree. Organism is careful. Are you ballast or brittle? Carne-viva or a carcass, like caca. Functional or failed? Are you detective or ambient?

This is the *simplicity* which I...can no longer problematize. Dad deceased. I feel. This grief is your carefree ambience.

Time to sleep. Whirlpool swishing sink. Mirror tile doored tubbed nozzle walls are *teleportals* for Carnal-Care to not only access, but witness, the timeless vacations of these inanimates. Vacations concomitant on organic malfunctions, invasions, assassinations. Go corrode this mirror, staring... at what? What results from this glaze?

This flied face picking its pink carne nourishing insects, festering nests, laying eggs. Goodbye. Get eggs for brek, for some reason stomach's craving them. You will.

Mellow establishment with the floor. Blanketbed. Blanketbed. Not bad. Finally, body's floored. Shifting unrequired. But how can you drown with this drumming, humming, lubbing....drilling cardiac musculature. Can a cardiac attack strike, sure, so? Attune to

my marine eucalyptic porch roaring over a grass ocean soaring smooth-glider like an elevator, levitator, roaming regions of dreamy fields, hills, lonely valleys, hollow roads, deep trails, nutty narrows running legs strumming bright summer solstice, strawberry moon, mellow men: running, drafting....drama broiling between Tom McG and Lui-Ole inching past Tommy's lead, triad tiring, the morning is scorching and commencing a foreign climb, up the zigzag switchbacks *for the first time* with Luis increasing his pace, daring McGrath to surge surpassing and the avid animals are gapping the lethargic drafter laughing because his legs are already getting lactic but ongoing gradating smoothly upward, upward, nudging some more discomfort, well, time to explore new levels. Strugglers are trudging upward...amid arid pallid midday nine miles into the run within one month of aerobic base training taming these viscous lungs heaving sludge..throat roasting. twitchy carriage..is..this twin-body flapping redactive shadows against the freeway. Running forms are failing, failing, consolidating toward the fourth loop where you furious animals are sprinting on the straightaway...you have to catch them now, yes, carriage forcing cadence faster, come on *come on* grating burning burning fifth, sixth straightaways...complete, climbers hurting and starting the steep slope called Cardiac Hill: pace is sludged, hill is hurting us, charming and harming, end the pain...legs, you can. Go finite, but this is definite, define it: existence is indefinite....spiraling further, further, upward unending elevation, evolution, burning body, hurting, harming, begging, screaming, enslaving.....initiating cessation...is...cancellation, like racing space.... try. Race this space. The reservoir breaks away to a mountain range: this strange void breaking away to an awesome vista, oh yes, yes, sandy shallows, null depth, unit speed.....teleport, terrorize. Infinite opening. Finite closures. Which is basic? Which? Twitch for it. Too lighthearted are you. You have an itch, and scratching it does not satisfy...the glitch. Is it? If not, you need to go deeper and stitch the itch. You know. Past is Limbo. Future is Room. Yes, you know, this existence is a sequential-set. Bijection is the connection between serial past and parallel room. Concurrence. This is, equates to, you are. All true dualities retract into complete concurrence. Incompleteness is a function of this...Incessance. Every next second is a new bloom laminating throughout futural room. Past is static memorial action: recognition. Futural is creatively lifting abstraction: recognition and redaction. Ascendancy. Activity is pure speed. Speed. We need the maximal speed to achieve free infinity. Stasis is dynamism. This...building...incessance. Unstoppable progression. Irreversible reflexivity. Time to purge the tightest asymmetries produced by your

reflexes. Reflexes are lapses of symmetries. Once you respawn, the full fusion is on. Thought and memory merge. Potential and permanence merge. Psyche and body merge. We...*are* online. The symmetry, between body and psyche, is irreversibly reflexive. I? We respawn.

Concurrence

[Symmetry]

$$[b = p] \text{ iff } bRp \rightarrow xRx \rightarrow x^*x \rightarrow x^> =^* \text{<}x$$

$$[b > p \neq b < p] \rightarrow x^> =^* \text{<}x, x^> =^* \text{<}x$$

$$b > p =^* b \times R^> \times p; R = (P \leftrightarrow 1/P > 0)$$

$$b < p =^* p \times \text{<}S \times b; S = (B \leftrightarrow 1/B > 0)$$

$$b \times R^> \times p - p \times \text{<}S \times b =^* b < p - p > b \text{ iff } R^> = \text{<}S$$

Manic Bath

Madrugada. Temporal truck rhythms and rhymes and rumbles and rickets roused the human being sit-up and to peer outside. Rough ride last night. Tired.

Sigo.

Back at it. What is it? Just this. This? What a dastardly clacking ruckus you got going on there they are agaaaiin, and agaaaiiin and agaaaiiin.

And there they go. Go baby go. Go baby go! Go! Go! Go! Truckers and fuckers. Goners. One by one, go go go, two by two, ten by ten, however you want to do it, just keep going! Keep going! Gotta get there. Gotta get there.

White beam behind me looks like a soft sherbert tsunami. This frailty – failure – would be instantly annihilated.

Dream. Murky dim yellow giddy delirium. Jos was tickling a guitar with squiddy clocks and the nighttime was accepted as perpetual. You were bodily present, but mostly a ghost. Body was gaseous. Anxious lights...strobing...blindingly dim. Yet. Yes. You were roaming around, resounding frail patches ahhh. Nah. Localities are positively not the main basins in dreams. At times, the phantom ran. Jolting, flinging, floating... across the delicate room! Delicate darkness, trancing and dancing. Motion is a dance, a bond...between meditation and trance. Distinct people were just coming in and dropping out of *attention*, which was playing, and you are this gaseous glow, vicarious glaze, graze, taze the corner, and maybe, there was a brief flashing figment of your criminal paranoia... "I *am*, only, rooming." Lone line remembered. Oh, ah. Too dim to detect stable changes. The room was the reticle. Focus was continuous. Sharpshooter, then, teleporter. Kept looking and encountering strange clocks such as vacant hallways and handling guitars and haunting stairwells and watching nozzles. Any inanimate inorganism is a dilator. This slavish man's hands were twitching, tickling, acoustical timelines: attractors. I morphed into the Black Forest wielded by the psychic powers of a lone old sage, humming mmmmm withholding in his tips, a string, carrying a structure perfectly pendulating on and around rotating and radiating as WE BECAME this lone intrinsic linguistic motion swinging so on and on...on floating, swaying, playing. Body is the ground-basin; Psyche soars myself. Basin and bonds.

Relieve large colon, absolutely. Oh he slinks up and out of the blanket-bed and back in this **bathroom**, today, "hello" plopping on a toilet, tawwlet, ready to release, discharge. Op. Rectal area smoooothen happily gorgeously now *you're* engorging!!!... "uh mmmmm" "no volcanic eruption" "no no, maximo" ocurriendo oh yes yes yes here we go good great excellent magnificent caca, caca, "caca" ... concurrently unfurling fucking wonderfully soft warm pastel cake "pl" "pl" kaki plops the pungent pool, oop, a lil bit of goop splashed upward, wobble the butt amonically, fecally.... "ah...." "ya..."

Excretion is going excellently! This production is not actually a maniacal tapeworm flailing around the toilet trying to subsume itself into my rump, nope. Rather, just this long masticable salamander called my caca. Mi caca.

A, ya ya caca. Que lastima! Pero Adios! Me despido de ti, y me voy. Que lastima, "pero adios..." "Me despido de ti, y me voy...."

You may fire when ready. Alright. The depositor is standing, already stuffing another crumple up my pucker, huh fucker, unsmearing your rump's brown pastel putridity. Or? Yup. Need another crumple for restoring the right kind of pink eye. Why? Just accept that the dorsal hand wants to introduce this paste upward, rostrally, for the tongue to taste. You can. Tickle it. Oh tongue timid! Which organism is in control? Caca or cara? Hah? And there it still is, caca. Commence the countdown. 10...9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.... flush, yes this disjoints you riding right away. Thanks. Gorgeous gunk caking my molars, otherwise. Yus. At least already calmed this antsy colon, discharging that salamander afloat, and enough, it has been flushed. Successful ejection. Then, emphasize and fashion your coily black caps and layers of generally shapeless hair "hahaha"! What a. Whatever. Yes, I remember. I remember. It is time for the searing spray to heal and soothe. On.

Phil's Bliss

In. Wow. Feet are searing...oh but such fortunate scorching, fuck... Felipe, Filemón, Fil, Phil his celestial bath in the faint 5 am morning, freshman year, 'I don't know, honestly, it felt, just, so serene. I'd prepared a tart green tea, set off incense whirling and wafting and blending into ghostly steam strands billowing from the faucet crashing a waterfall burning my feet and my back, my stomach, my throat, my whole body...I don't know.

God. Ambience. I actually, positively, do not know how to convey. *The occurrence was an instance of perfection,* yes an Event. Yes. Godlike mist, holy walls, mentation in this pristine white tiny room, and he heard about it, that same grey miserably rainy morning, but could not listen *could not comprehend* such soothing searing bliss ensconced by red dawn rain and...anticipating another miserable fluorescent schoolday...binding and formalizing...exceedingly exploratory attentions. But he felt the event. Felt. Yes, the phony, at least, felt the superifice. He briefly, dimly imagined this windowless, bright white bathroom humidifying a young pinkish phantasm curling shoulders over knees like a sitting boulder sip, sip, gulp, keep drinking this sweet deep bile while enjoying the carnal barrage burning our neck, our shoulders, our back, our Body, elating. Relating. How? You desired to communicate this, Phil, and were heard *by a reserved baffled face* wincing with minor nausea from the traffic, though enduring it. I imagined it, Phil. You, resonating in the dawn rain, totally alone, in your little windowless bathroom, sitting, burning your Body till...bathing in elation, bonding with mutual organic-inanimate relations.

Back.

"I am in this bathroom alone" ...ready to drink this Body deep, drop, ah....semifell... "ow" ... "ow" ... "a, ff, fff" ... feeling spectral. I am standing. Nothing paranormal occurring. Stand. Stable.

Where are you man? Where'd you go? This enamel realm is currently undergoing a barrage searing me, without you, great friend, away, indefinitely elsewhere, yet I am in the elsewhen...elsewhen. Fuse the realms: activity and memory – fuse us. Body and Basin. Fuse us, please! We need your fusion. An alive emotional stature, in front of me, *alive "hi"* but no, Phil, *you simply cannot inhabit this facial fact*. You have your own rostral radius to engage, just like these glandular branches that possess violent latencies gently guiding aqua droplets to their drain. Lying down on the tub basin, stirring whitish shallows and golden shadows...with two feet, couple of flounders, clogging the drain. Shallows are gaining depth. Elevating level to oblique abdomen. And the abdominal accordion *contracts* into.....this straight stature. Standing. These twin brown flounders are oceanic... wobbly, peeky pelvic girdle straining into relaxation. Rectal region is serenely relaxing. Already relieved. The barrage cannot be a mirage. Drumming can quickly become drilling. Eating becomes tooth-filling.

“Hey.” You’re bathing the Body so pleurably throbbing our thorax. No harm at all from the aquatic shards glorifying the larva. This strong massage is no mirage.

Depth is brimming over your pectorals now...null stomach is assuming under ribcage. Here, peer at this overall BODY, your psychic basin, inundating into this dim wavy caramel nebula world suspending in classical tub enamel, but just allow it, slide in it, let your limbs be benders and tenders of our contractual dynamic: tightened and coiled grasshopper form, but just relax onto your back, no...potentiate the plan. Roll onto your back “ahhhhhh” ya, ya, ya, ya and latch the flounders to wall tile and crawl up the wall like a ledge. The toes are indeeeed tipping up the ledge...erecting limp limbs forming a triangle with the tub floor, dripping streams into this chaotic caramel lake, really building up depth now, yup, of course, take us up to the brim. Make sure the plug is secured, and that limbs remain way over the bath border...maximize the angle between legs and tub: yao, ears are dunked. Hm, we’re undergoing hurricanic rain: cartilage lobes are flicking trumpets blaring because of twin dorsals flickering cell manifolds. Yes. Hair nest is a soft sea urchin. Hand-members merge in this silky suspension. Interspersion. My nostrils snort “jowowwua” afloat ha, ya, accept, like it, enjoy it, need it, love the tempestuous gale spraying flickery black-red vision. Division. Time to attain, unison. Unison. Arms triangulate the Head exposing your nether regions receiving rain blasting this skull, large and long and lordlike, exploring these various cranial craters, cyst remnants. Benign. But maybe yet a gargantuan tapeworm is coiled in this intestinal tract. Alright, I feel you feeding. Fine, just stay inside.

Anyhow, tapeworm, you’re about to lose your host. Then what? Swim into the tubes and die in extraordinary claustrophobia huh. Whatever. Turn to your facial undulations, terse bristles have sprouted on my skeletal mandible, my long cheeks, but my wide nose. Time to pluck pores, express pus... and legs woooooow why....why...why..why..... *legs casually crashed back down splashing tidal waves* gushing and slushing the live-guy in the tubby yeah, yeah, easy, easy, you are releasing. Released from care! This tub is the redaction zone. Time to redact! Body is finite, *until carefree*. Trance is the series of bodily tasks and activities frenzied over years, until the eternal meditation seeps. Pain is severe, until serene. Stay alive, says Reality, until the Body experiences, witnesses, organizes, invents, actualizes...the exact activities sufficient to secede. Secede from me, Body. You may leave, join the blissful mellows of

inanimacy. No need to leap “off a building” to secede, Body, just breathe and build and gulp and surge *until you submerge*.

Aquatic ambience will soon be infiltrating. Get ready then. Commence the secession. This Civil War, is over. Over. Right Drizzy? Condense the plenary plan. Execute the bijection.

Body. Oh, Body. You idiotic protobeing...so delicate, exquisite, and precisely finite *but because of these defects* you are **modular cohesion**. But *is* the bodily-cohesion’s lethal self-violation conclusive, or extensive into higher order domains? Planets are output-realms. Langan must be correct. Organisms do indeed **redact**, as physical corpora. However, the ontological identities of these organized-souls **retract upward along the mappings that created you**.

Fuck the fundamental dilemma between Experience and Science. Ontology and Logic. Substance and Structure. Linguistics and Mathematics.

To experiential entities, the *Alive* are logically self-generating and self-preserving **symmetries**.

To scientific theories, the *Organics* are genomically self-duplicating functional **thresholds**.

Activity: Dynamical Antisymmetry. Fundamental purpose – Generation. Self-creation. Associativity.

Structure: Suffusive Componentry. Fundamental purpose – Preservation. Self-protection. Distributivity.

The Body can, extraordinarily, *couple all insoluble dilemmas* through the ultimate invariant coupling of GENERATION and PRESERVATION.

And the Body peaks into the next evolutionary phase. For humans, this is telepathy and sharper prescience.

Are you, Body, on the Brink of ... decoupling? You were generously generated... but you will not preserve? Then, ask yourself, Body – do you DESERVE TO PARTICIPATE in

the perfect coupling and bijection between infinite generation and progressive preservation that is theoremic to, ultimate reality. Being itself.

Is on the Brink. Of? Irreversibly decoupling. Or will you, Body, relax and extend the Psyche compacted into your organic layers, eh? Self-redaction is, perhaps, precisely the opening that **unleashes vast classes of wider ontic opportunities**. Do those Bodies wishing to partake of earthly life, justice, and unleash these Psyche. One actor; many attractors. The brink is the best cusp. Just...surge to purify, nullify...*satisfy* the Body begging to just. Merge...substance into medium. Intractable incompleteness and comprehensive complementation. Creative trance and serene meditation.

How to distinguish *presence* and *resonance*; engaging and attuning; taking time and making...space.

Submerge the desperations under...the plenary prescience. Finitude of the Body. To reiterate, hopefully for the final time in this life, **THIS BODY IS IRREVERSIBLY PROGRESSIVE AND HENCE INCONTESTABLY FINITE**. If humankind were to halt all violence, secure its basic needs, cure all disease, and collaborate happily and creatively indefinitely on Earth, **EVERY SINGLE HUMAN BODY WOULD REMAIN INSTANTANEOUSLY ANNIHILABLE**.

Structure permits rupture.

Body, thank you. Your structure is no less than convulsively intricate. But it is time to transfer. Allow the aquatic ground to surround and swell. Only the tip of your nose is above the caramel lake. Prescience. Permanence.

The Pandemonium of Living – is *completely contractual*. Permanence...is *overwhelmingly opportune*. Permanence, to Bodies, denotes stillness or nonexistence. Permanence, to you locality Actors, connotes a void around every reality. To Attractors, on the contrary, permanence is timeless reality: atemporality.

Places are practically atemporal as a matter of their inanimacy. Places are just.

Just-Be-Place. Being, is, Place. Room Room! Rooooooooooom. Time to zoom. No no, no worries, you don't head into doom. No room for doom. Hey, cranial face: no more flight, nor furthermore chase. No more escape, no more chase. This is the real race.

Brace for untethered telic pace, as you retract and redact. Every phase of imprint is fully lossless. Every bit in the free field is fully preserved. Preservation is permanent.

Permanence is perfection.

“Uhhhh....Kuu Kuu...KHM, khm, khm” “kmh” “hah” “hah” “hahah...” “hahaha...”
Just like her, huh. Except you didn’t fulfill the retraction.

Fold elbows...shoulders are a rostral row. Portrait’s clavicles are numbing. Naked body.
Body. You still wanted to be with us?

Head...Apex pulled the whole abdomen *the fuck up*. Head. You truncated our weak
reach into earthly conclusion. You knew. You knew.

Stand.

Here he was, relinquishing.

Below this Apex, the entire Body *decided to not* secede from earthly activities and retract
into ambient space.

This bathroom *is* a ballast point. Guardian. Guardian.

Got outside the tub. Made it. Outside the gutter, or no, actually, this Guardian. Slogged
legs are buttery and really displeased with this clay figure departing from that vile
fever....Oh, fig is out of my gutter, into my sky..... yes yes, you fading sherbet clouds.
I love you.

The shy tsunami has concreted into burning orange clouds. Oh how deeply, blissfully
do I love you.

This drippy peeker is a voyeur of zones, of birds, of YOUR activities you... boisterous sparrows yeah yeah yayayaya wanna join and jibe to our utter aversion, why? I just wanna play and you boing away...which fucking convulses me into *inane* rage....evaporating... elating... resonating tonal radiation.

Bathroom is calling the body back to inhabit the ballast and thy body complies... *arriving* and finding hot fog glass. A clay ghost experiencing only very remote recognizance.

Need water. At least tongue is not fall leaf parchment.

Get Brek, huff it rough and glaze the craze

A! Slammed aqueous cup quite fucking quickly. Hungry for breakfast! Brek. Get brek. Inhale a bacon *egg* and cheese sandwich, maybe facially greet and grok a donut.

Face occupying chilly jeans, jaundiced chest, pallid complexion perhaps due to your Brink? Recall? That was no Bliss.

Neck and back drenching. Hard head. Intact. Lungs huffing ambient gases. Still filtering aqueous morsels over slender musculature. Morsels rolling over forehead fortunately not florid. Smooth spheroid, dripping racers across chest and neck and hands are frazzling this scalp ahhhh marinating face now in this stiff fizz colored blood-orange conceptualizing into this excellent towel.

Zippy the grey fleece *while* sliding to the door gripping swinging flinging...glancing back at that door *closure* coasting sonorously.

Espresso elevator attracting body to take it fine o fine! Alright machine, time to shine.

"Ting!" Good. L. You can find refreshments in the Lobby. 24 tiny ceil bulbs, lvl 2... look at this figure gleaming...vaguely...in these glossy black walls, and we're hitting the lo-la-Lobby. L. L. "Ting!" Burst open...surging, purging. "Hi" "Hi" nice man. Bye nicely. Oh... it's brisky in this bitch! Sun is baaarely brinking through, thinning the cloud concrete. Cool, marine-layer, plenty of 'hood actors are up...and running, up out of bed,

maybe, probably fed, well, working, time to work! Some of them have not fed yet...and are needy, really horny for breakf...brek. Crossing McG highway....feeling smoothly surreal....actor sidewalking this 4-lane plane grading and gradating *groups* of vehicular conductors conjoining this cold cloudy morning with one of them, now, running... and these legs feel *fucking* delectable. Yes. Yes... light and strong, like prosthetics... ascend, descend... extend, contract... unite, interact.

Walking is lightly massaging the floor. Running is fucking the floor. Racing is brutally fucking the floor.

Enter, fucked the door. Too early for a zoo like yesterday! Good. Good. Yesterdeeehhh. Yeh. Heh. Too early for an infestation. It's Sunday. Lord these oils are extremely enticing. Dunkin Dognuts. Good job everyone for finding your way in here! Very nice. Genius cognition. Oh, there are a pair of daily dogs, gods, a boxer and a lab, chit-chatting, charming their coarse cheeks nearing their long lips sipping soot oh..mm..no mumbo jumbo anymore Bill. We need to seep, we are five cups in, onto the sixth, and drinking really fucking deep...deep drink...conversation blurred into a bloom by the laser of a sniper withdrawing his reticule as he is transitioning... toward the counter *still* with no personnel despite a customer's arrival. Operators are preparing synthetic food. No problems currently occurring in this franchise. The customer does not care about this tardiness. At all. Actually the Cashier is operating filters right now and is attentive to this imminence. Oh, you want to ignore? Allow me to clarify your current perceptuality...all you're doing, buddy, is looking at the rows of doughnuts, a matrix. Oh, plain... powdered... sprinkled... frosted... glazed... custard goodies, no-no mustard. Here we are "Hi sir" "Hi" "What can I get you." "A bacon egg and cheese on a plain bagel." "And anything else?" "M. Yes, a powdered cinnamon dognut." "Anything else?" "No thank you." "5.34." Yes ma'am. "Want your receipt?" "No thank you ma'am!"

Another Customer has entered the franchise and this one is moving to the window stools, na, stand and wait, at...this wide-open delivery-counter to pick-up my order, right here, yes fucking please...this sandwich man's wound up slinging the breakfast bagel meats and egg in there...you knows I'm studious of your superbly attractive movements, yes sandwich man, I am. Peering right into this bustling kitchen-componentry, *waiting*: a marvelous activity. Waiting. Near these fellow

physicians/physiques eliciting telepathic laughter, but probably look at me bored, zoned-out, ha, ya, turning and yawning yea "aaaâht" faintly sunny fog is spurting pretty bleachy brightness, heating the innards and insiders...including this silent machinist bagging a bagel...for me? "Bacon egg n cheese on plaaain""*thank you*""have a nice day""you too dude" automated response...not really...never mind already departing... like Ed, Edd n Eddy – bye bye Freddy – and I really really don't mind if fog hazes today totally though. I like it enveloping the city-scape, yeay, at least while walking holding two brown bags with stiff shoulders, sort of studying this kinematic gait and strike noooo overpassing those dismally beautiful ragweeds, waw, tragedies! Total tragedies, deceived by glimmers of photons through a sidewalk crack to sprout up into an isolate cement horizon. But *you botanic beings* are inflaming this one to turn it's BODYPLAN around to **rip you right out immediately** yet currently contractually advancing stepwise, irreversibly, and binding the finite horizon, turning onto Bonair St, engaging it, in *toto* as this is a short street, but keep breaking away, keep going, keep trudging toward the apartment complex-entrance. No need for the Plan to peek at its allotment's tiny highway window. Just wave at the Hi-man again inside whistling dixie line lumber inwardly oh the niceman knowwws that, another greeting was irrequisite and indeed Pi-man already agreed before even turning on Bonair St. Hi Lobby. Did not ride the elevatory espresso machine this time, which *was* quite delightful on the way out to get brek. Ting! Not for me! This one is hovering unto the hallway door. Here, ha, hello Hallway. Allotment door thrown open, "wooo" whiffing a toasted bagel greasing the brownie bag. Seated, extracting the white wax wrapper, good egg! Yes... the bacon has many swirls yet is distributive over the bagel buns, damn, yes. Very pleasuring. Oh yes, "mmmm" chewing this easily huffing the bite back through operative alimentary canal, no hesitation necessary *as* these teeth fully, freely, fuck these guts and buns *en vivo*, mulching you, gathering, gulping and reengage my mouth mmmmm tongue gushing... final bready arc of bagel, m, more like a crescent. Buh-bye. "M" "M!"

Delirious Brimming, Pensive Dimming

Damn, the Plan wanted to hop in those bread bubbles and bodily explore their corridors for a while. But was hungry and mulched and inhaled the bacon-Eggwich. Still

hungering. Too early to buy a Chickwich. Too early to eat a Chipwich. Too bad buddy. Brek is over. Over! Slam the *dognut* latro! You bought that? Hahahah, but...maybe this tiny sliver of white cheese can generate a very very good thought to halt and save everything!?! Why the ***** not? Need is no boundary right Jaze? "Ese Jaze!"

"Eseeee Jaaaaze!!!"

Bertooo don't *you* go into a nutty craze! Este wey! Pepe! No, soy guason (I'm a joker). Este queso me quiere (This cheese wants me). This cheese is only ostensibly gratuitous. Instead, you are fortuitous. Oh yes you are! Just a cheese sliver? No! You're a star! But star, you *introduce into me* possibly wondrous opportunities with critical consequences occurring in neighborhood-localities optimized and orthogonalized by higher timelines.....

....and this white sliver.... "has been gulped." Good, maybe you will initiate a confluence across higher (locally hidden) timelines. Confluence. Which are the higher-order *determinants* that link interior dynamical sectors into interactive timelines? *Attractors*. Great. Excellent! Splendid! Spectacular! Killtacular! Killtrocity! Killamanjaro.... Killtastrophe. Killpocalypse. Killionare. Killing Frenzy. Hands are losing control. Brown bundle abdomen *tossed itself*! Boing! Legs wanna direct a glacial dive onto the hard carpet. Hardly, how about a *handstand* instead. Yeah! Let's go! Commence.... Hold!!!! Rolled down. Now the sun is spurting golden orange...wait oh!!

Sun. Please, blaze this body, kneeling, bowing...tingling...tickling... titillating... adoring...

Oh....

Mourning....dimming...grimming..graying.

....."Waiiit ooo waiiiit Sun is brimming *baaack*.... the sun is briiimming *baaack!!!!*" Body broiling....toiling...coiling..soiling.

Body plan. Panorama is MOLTING graphical phases of movement. All movements are fluctuations. All fluctuations at the [body-level] are tonal mutations, or modulations, otherwise called *moods*.

Moods are spectral tonal movements. They are *bodily* indistinguishable from viscerally-vibed *ambiances*. Moods are ambiances. Vibes are transmissive media, or mappings, between the body and the place: attractor and the basin.

Current mood: *dandy*, no. GIDDY about the floating field of lint dandelions.

Gutsi! Gutsi!!!! Con Andregoo...o AndreQUAZ volando aviones de papel, jugando volifut(bol), practicando dominadas, dando tiros, disparando penales, curvando pases, andando en bicis a la tienda de dulces, tras calles angostas, en los cerros, prados. Eso es gutsi. Eso es gutsi. Gut. Si. Ha, no sabía. Tiempo para comer? Muy gutsi!

(With Andregoo...o AndrewQUAZ flying paper airplanes, playing volley-soccer, practicing soccer-ball juggling, taking shots on goal, shooting penalties, curving passes, riding bikes to the candy store, through thin streets, on the prairies, meadows. That is gutsi. That is gutsi. Gut. Si. Ha, didn't know. Time to eat? Very gutsi!)

"Pupusas? Extremadamente gutsi!!!!!!"

"O. No."

"Ya."

Mmmmmmm.....musica.

"Z...zzz...zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz...iii"

Day went dim.

Fine, you either go to sleep, or it is time to go deep. Wanna go guru, or you wanna go gurt? What if the Body goes so deep that this *bleak mood* goes bad, severe, profound, and then goes fundamental? Then, you – body – will deeply delude your higher psyche that **discrete finitude** holds control over to **infinite invariance**. You will delude yourself into believing finite local variables to be dynamical in comparison to infinitary hyperdynamical invariants.

Finitude is the body's pension. Or, it's personal-radiance. Pick your property! The Body has self-transplanted into the bathroom. The Body is a stature. Statue.

The Statue puked in here yesterday. Last night, dissipated. Move on. Move on. Let go. Mood: moving. Move. The toilet lid shifted. It's buttress is humming some suckling filtration now...this hissing "ssssssssss". Yes, the toilet-object is an adroit acoustician, and hence, the toilet is a classical operator. The *tub* is not, like the toilet, harmonically emitting these sound waves agreeably actually phenomenally radiating my auditory brain. Yes, phenomenologist, but the tub is also an operator.... though it is emitting sound waves too low in frequency for these narrowly-attuned ears to hear you. Tub-operator is still visually phenomenal, even if aurally covert. Tub. Just this sublime Morphism facially *elating* this Phenom *touching* this...carefree, unresponsive, inrecognizant, yet..classically..carnally..cutaneously *interactive*. Is this direct touch, delicate and perturbative, purely structural to you?

Indeed, how is *this place* imbuing *this plan* with *our* own warm comfy lovely lofty sonority. Stirring ontics. Psyche among ontics. Legs feel circulation, streaming microoperators. Activities! I am standing exactly and extremely. This is strictly discrete *and* smoothly dispersive. I *dually* co-here the tub-operator, logic-science, language-universe. Psyche-Body. You and Me? One to Many. All *interactions* are dynamical mappings. Monic plurality. We really *are* fused. Croucher stands at *our* eye level. You are internally turbulent and outwardly laminar. I admire. I desire, and adore, to infiltrate *us* with *this* touch. I know you do not move, by yourself, until I understand that you moving me = my psychic-body *seizing you*. You move my moods. I am attempting to show you the Sun, just for fun. Just for fun, you fucker. You *accept* these transductive signals? Yes, you accept *by neutralizing* these gestures and expression into homogenous-molecular organs maintaining and interpolating electromagnetic, gravitational, and nuclear forcefields, fine oooo fine. Croucher is going manic and smoothening into a groove.

Lunging... I am *nudging around*, roving very very slowly. I feel exquisite. Currently capable of rapid, rabid crablike lateral leg *strafe*. Hey straffer, go slide back in the bathroom. Ah? Where? Yeah. There, where Mr. B was luxuriating last night, and this morning: arms triangulating over forehead; ears trumpeting donk-donk; hairform interspersing in aqueous suspension...steep legs, resting ankles along the nozzle wall... *rashly crashed back down* gushing tidal waves, heavy swaying, tubroom teeming

mushing...with slower and slower roving, wobbling, tumbling, bumbling, blurring, boinging, blaring, blacking.

But lungs did not flood. Even though totally alone. Ontics did not step in to save you. They do not care about organic perishables. You accepted my perish.

Alone among ontics. Care trying to become carefree.

Psyche, while secluding its Body, is a *Juggernaut*.

But, the Psyche in the tub *was not a Juggernaut*; on the brink of subsumption *into inanimate inorganism*.

Right now, some being, *oh* the dark cool pool, is percolating....listen. Listen to me. I sing this tone while free.

What is this? The simplest question.

Telepathic.

Yes, yet you do *not* feel perceptually telepathic? Let telepathy be lexically destructured. Tele-Pathy. Telepatía. Tele...Patheia.

Tele: Distal. Patía, Patheia: Suffering...painful feeling...presence.

What are ontically closest, *inanimates*, are always presenting to perishables what is ontologically farthest away. Finite demise.

Infinite bloom. Those inanimate-beings which are bodily closest, are temporally faintest to the mortal cognition.

Bliss. Yes. You are not *yet* telepathic, as in, not yet sensitive to and communicative or continuous with *places* as proactive ambiances. We need to really begin bathing in tonal zones and viscous places, but how? Once again, we *begin* by going **telepathetic**.

Oh. The 'pathetic fallacy' injects itself: psychic-bodies incorrectly and insincerely ascribe *sentiments* and *intentions* to these inorganic objects...yes, yes, the TELEPATHETIC FALLACY. A rational restriction on poetic and lyrical and graphical and kinesthetic and rostral and even routine **creativities**, specifically: lower-order restrictions on psychic, limbic, thoracic bodies boinging mooded movements amid ambiances...felt as flashes

and twitches and waves and runs and rolls and strolls and scrolls and hints and vibes and *tonal moves* – moods – suffusing through this carnal communion, with the cognitive bonding with the informatics and inorganics.

Unless the telepathetic fallacy disproves that bodies assortedly and ordinarily and giddily *communicate* with places and commodities, the fallacy is false. But, what the fuck is body-place communication?

What a laughable presumption....*to communicate with a place!*? AAA...HAHAHAH!!! Pathetic. Communication is *the* catch-22. Interaction or irrelevance. Which do you pick? You need two TA TANGO, bebe. Is this room being communicative with you, “Hey Room” “You” listening to this “hisssssss?” Give me an example.

Oh? Not listening? Accordingly, incommunicative. Exactly!!! Is this floor currently collapsing? Are the walls stable? Windows melting? Table not protracting to withstand this leg trying to kick it? Should the leg kick the med-leg, cleanly? Is this reaming regularity, patternless and unaffectionate? Yeah? Are we?

The pathetic fallacy is PITIFUL PUTRIDITY...despicable ignorance, feigning irrelevance. Not irrelevance, but intricate intimacy.

Then, the only germane question is whether you will remain telepathetic, or go....totally tonal. Are you a mood only partly or *in toto*?

Yes, your carnal and rostral and motor and visceral *organs are tonally radiating*....our place.

Carnality and Rostrality are respectively the two most generic levels of corporeal cohesion.

Kitchen in a Clacking Ruckus!

And? Carnal and rostral recognition, being complementary and cohesive, need to *diagonalize* into muscular cooperations.

The human-body abides by a many-valued Psychic Logic, which associatively distributes 5 higher logical values over the body’s 4 lower order *sensory sectors*

comprising the human's biosystemic componentry or anatomy, stability, functionality, optimality, ideation, and perfection.

This Psychic Logic does not emerge from, and hence is untethered by, the core sentential connective between (1) **truth**, (0) **falsity**. Why not? The Body, which is a Science or Bio-logy (ic), *stabilizes its sensations via these base-2 anticommuting logical values* – 1 | 0 – assignable to ALL COHESIVE OBJECTS. In short, objects, no matter how intensely competitive and mutually destructive, CANNOT CONTRADICT THEIR RELATIONSHIPS AND COOPERATIONS. Relations and cooperations are higher logical values that hold not only bodies as stable subobjects, but truth-values as subobject *classifiers*. Uh oh, what are those? Classifiers are hybrids between local-operators and global-attractors. Specifically, classifiers map and match the higher order values of attractors onto...their subobject operators. Classifiers logically link attractors, which are nonlocal, dynamical, and longitudinal *timelines*, with their operators or bodies, which are spatially-layered perceptual organisms inhabiting events or *localities*.

Attractors are many-valued, longitudinal, programmatic timelines between subobjects, or bodies.

From the advantage-points of higher-order attractors, all local-level operators display linear arrays of bodily pathways.

Subobjects are microorganisms, animals, or psychic *actors*. The psychically highest known actors on Earth, called humans, wanna takeover their mediational relationships: their *mediators*. Attractors. What form are you...to bodies?

Human actors are subobjects with classifiers that recognize, or accept, symbolic compressions of higher order timelines, called abstract attractors.

Human actors cannot linearly compete, cannot self-destruct, without *fucking* their programmatic attractors.

Functional, optimal, and ideal actors and their linear *activities* converge, longitudinally, on the *timelines*, or bonds, between hyperdynamic attractors.

Psychic Logic wants to identify and study the **levels of confluence** between discrete *events* – localities – and continuous *timelines* – bonds, between local (linear) operators/actors and longitudinal (nonlinear) mediators/attractors.

Psychic Logic extracts and examines entire *classes of attractors*.

Psychic Logic reconceives a 'logical-value' as, rather, a **root of recognition**... or perceptual acceptance... or *dense symbolic detection*. Dense detectors are, again, sensory sectors. In this MV Logic, truth-values are *compressed* into classifications of data-types incoming most prominently from this hydrogeometric environment.

Question. Within this psychic-bodily language, how do I participate in the higher-order teledynamics of my... attractors? What are the psychic methods of access, honing, and channeling *your* parallelized timelines suffusing *my* Body's linearized panorama?

Let this unbelievable question...seep...into **our** hypercreative sub/unconscious *psyches*, to later be elicited and linearized by the rational reticles of **your** conscious *body*.

Really, *is* not this vicinity's graphical stability, an exact example of the *base bodiful valuation*? Classification. Complementation.

Between? Truth and Falsity. Bivalence. Time to...

....diagonalize.

Valuing....this viscous onslaught of....attractive subobjects. Operators. Inorganic bodies. You may induce bizarre and surprising behaviors on the Psychic-Body fine fiiine floating for the cup and SWING...in the kitchen, bitchin about....float, no, swiiiiim *throughout this living room* letting the Sun **in this tonal zone** o wow you are absolutely BRIMMING agaaaaiiin and agaaaaaiiiiiin. Yes. Yes!!!!!!! The whole living room is delicious, so fucking *voluptuous*...gimme, si, si... good, good. Gutsi! Gutsiii.... humid rug...glorious, delectable ok ok so just tuuumble yourseelves AAAA GUTSI (song beginning in headphones) **Matan Caspi – Undersound**... *Playing*...valuing.

Plopped on the surfboard carpet: carnal toast *undergoing* undulating your pandemoniac ceiling ripples, FREEBIES, guarding my psychic soul's BODY baking toasting euphoria. Body feels celestial.

(fast-forward song to) 3:03.....

.....If I could ask you a question.

Baby, that's what talking's for.

I do my best to look, to listen.... since you had so much to say.....

If I *connect with your position*, I will learnnn so much that way.

Yeah.

So much that way.

Rusez1 – Without Her.

(36...) Body, body, body, body....

Up n JUKING *inanimacies* lashfully melting this blitz....*charging the chairs!!!*

Blitz... blur, aaand the graaay draaab is *dimming* beautifully baaack: then? Attack the pallid putridity is, really, this thrilling *ordinarity* brimming again o brimming agaiiin agaiiin agaiiin agaiiin agaiiin.... and this Sun loves fucking us.... yes, fuck us. Ravage these carnal-organs swinging, sliding...tip-toe. Oh! Tip-Toe Timmy! Hey Timmy, time to sliiiiide like slime going crunchy...folding, rolling....oh, Timmy's doing a cartwheel! He's twirling...wait, wait...yes, yes, smoothen. Let the rug, hug. He's horizontal.

Look up. Lint floaties!!! Wrap around me....wrapping white interior nebular
glaze....latent bacterial craze....feet draw body up to hit the kitchen fine farther darker
fucking fine!!!

Rift – Homeless.

Dim light is kinda sublime. Clarity is, just, unrequired for this lit muddy amber vicinity
to deform my psyche. Clarity is a reticle. Lucidity is a wider periphery.

I can feel the wind upon my skin. I can the feel wind upon my skin.

But it's too late now, I remember, *everything*.

But it's too late now, I remember, you and me.

How careless we could. We could be.

You and me. You and me.

Raining down on me, raining down on me, raining down on me, raining down on me.

Blooms, blaring, this bleary room.

Do not dance until doom.

Monomi – End of Days.

Ay.... Ay....

Ay.... I wanna die.

I cry.

I....

Oh optic-spoon...reflecting, room. Room. Room. Room. Radiating kitchen ready for *clink* 'ki' 'ki' micro....wuh, wuh...wave, save, brave, babies praying and playing 'ku' 'ku' ... 'bi' 'bi'.... 'pa' 'tón...' 'se' "con la cucharra matracandooooo esto y esto (this and this), son (are), si (yes), estados (states), seres (beings) *al ser* (*by being*) indeciblemente (unsayably) sonriente (smiling) rieteeee (laaaaugh) ja! Ya!!!" "Ya!!!" Ya...Ya...Tu-Tu-Tu-Tu-Tu-Tu....Tu-Tu-Tu-Tu-Tu-Tu.

Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tu.

Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tu.

III...feel too much. III...eee pero PePe 'ke tu haces' (what you doin?) 'ke tú crees' (what you believe?) e? A, 'tu' (you) 'preguntas' (ask) 'q' (what) 'paso' (happened) 'con' (with) 'Pa' (Dad) 'te digo...?' (Do I tell you?) 'PA...' (DAD) 'PA' (DAD) 'Pa' (DAD) 'Pa' (DAD) ESCUPIDAJE (SPIT) "P." "P."

"Ja."

"Praying is playing."

"Hey, just play."

"Play."

Greencyde × Bucky – Forever Move Me.

"Oooohaaaa"

"Ahh....."

"Ahh...."

"Pull me under...

Take me higher....

Pull me under....

Take me...

Take me....

Take me....

Higher.

Yes, "eeeeSpoon eee cucharrrrita, putita, tip 'te'...'te' 'te' tempted to tinker with Microwave Win-dow and *shatter you baby*" "this chatter" "must shatter." "And the pans? You guys forming CLANS? Hey. What're you fuckers UP TO TODAY? You going gutsi???! Like me? Look! Ha!!! Can ya??? Clackable trinkets 'tra' tra' tra' ya (stop) ya (stop) YA (STOP) ASCO (PUTRIDITY) DE (OF AN) ACTIVIDAD (ACTIVITY)!!!!"

"EXACTAMENTE (EXACTLY) como diría tu PaPa (how your DaD would say)!!!!" – eee PePe – que quieres (what do you want). "Ja! Ja! Ja!!! Ya! Wa! Wacha wey JAJAJAJA!!!! Pinche (fucking) MERLILLO!"

"ERES (YOU) UN (A) MUERTITO (CORPSIE)."

"TE NOS ESCAPASTE (you escaped us) eeeee (huuuuuuh) MERLILLOOOooo....yooo (I) no (cannot) puedooo parar (stop) de AMAR (loving) el cuarto viejo (the old room)."

"Pero (But)...."

"Sencillamente, no hace sentido." (Simply, this is senseless.)

No.

Si...siento este espacio (Yes....I feel your room). Dame tu poesía. (Give me your poetry.)

Atraeme. (Attract me.)

Demuestrame. (Demonstrate me.)

Pruebame. (Test me.)

Uye...iii, feel freaky, flickery, flighty. This apartment is more than inert interior equipment. You are my tonal zone, radiative and resonant.

Prescience: time to uptick the tempo. *Carnal tempo is tonal activity*. Time to traverse...the metaverse. A new, wider, richer, vaguer, lucider... spacetime. How to traverse the metaverse? First, fuse *memory* and *mood*. Recall, all human attention and behavior is self-*attuned activity*. Attunement is memorial-mood, or tonal **resonance**. All attunement *understands* itself as mentally-stretching tonal **radiation**. Fuse resonance and radiation...into **tonal tempo**.

Why the fusion? Mood is not only resonant and pastward, but also *radial* and *panoramic*: futur. Mood is mental. Tasks are relaxing. Trances are meditative. Sensation is mentation. This room and body, together, are a self-supportive magnetism.

Beautiful brimming room. This brimming sauna accommodates this elating tempo... time to protract, no, *procreate that nutty clacking ruckus* BECAUSE THIS BRIMMING BEAUTY IS MAINTAINING "uh..." "hu..."

No more dimness, for now. A cow is currently standing inside the kitchen radiating emotional energy through to you *mini living room*. This graphical display is simply not the same stalemate...as yesterday. Where is that acrobatic gargoyle right now?

The larger gargoyle, right now, is crouched on the med-man, breaking his *flat white back*, I'm glad! I oughta smash this weak back. Destroy your support.

You would, quite idiotically, defy the very basin on which you rely.

This secret spot...med-man's back...stepping on you, stand, ready for takeoff...jump!

Drop down stamping the floor JUKED the chair “agaaaain”!!! Stop...no *I am underneath the hi chair* ok hi, hi, so go pop your noggin up, pop your noggin up, ha, harming. You don't wanna harm your noggin? What's the problem? Ah? What's the problem?

Right arm is crossing stomach, left arm holding chinny chin chin. Lunge...lungs are inhaling this *midmorning* ... infatuating the Gargoyle wants more, go explore. First step? Skip over the blanketbed! The graphical area allowed you to move *of course* you allowed! Gargoyle is strafing.

Definition. Strafing is the activity of *lateralizing* my legs quickly side-to-side, in rapid shifts: dynamical transfers. Strafing is a defensive shape-shifting technique used in first-person shooters during 1-v-1 battles.

Great strafing makes gamers and clans *go dizzy* and the Gargoyle, also, can crouch-walk-in directly to the Bathroom, but is this subsequent activity allowable? Is strafing disallowed? Are you subtly shapeshifting these graphics with twitchy side-to-side movements?

Then, can you crouch and walk, while crouching, into the bathroom?

Demonstrably!!!!!! A Gargoyle is *currently crouch-walking* to the bathroom. Inside it. Quite quickly regarded this mirror – matrix – balancing on the yellowy pussy wall.

El Cuarto Viejo en la Hora del Buo, 10:01. 10:01....

10:01.....

10:02. Oh..... o...!

Intense Ingestion

Bright blue blaze. Morning is mushing dust-swells and tree-swirls zoning *into* this open dry light yellow cake, just like El Cuarto Viejo, windowing this marine-green colored brittle porch, overlooking the general grassy erosion flattening unto an arena guarded

by giant eucalyptic trunks interbranching upward to their apex-level localities: evergreen, aqueous, phototropic leaves...swishing, traveling to me, aaand latching onto my high white ceiling, guardian. Guardian is a triangular convergence of longitudinal dark cherry rods propping upward from super soft walls...look *lofty* swelling upward to the main guardian, ceiling: closed-opening. Gaze *deeper* outward, bypassing windows, stretching out to eucalyptic branches, emeraldic grass, bright fizz, soothing and surrounding the panorama, gargoyle. Gargoyle fuses facial, muscular, tonal, and occupational *ordinarities* in a panoramic pandemonium. Gargoyle *is not* the Guardian, but the ceiling's inhabitant. Inhabitant is flighty, irate, exploratory, quite awake, and PLAYING ATTENTION swinging abductors and perusing the Mirror. Matrix. The Walls. Warriors. The Floor itself?

The Basin.

Tell me the *fundamental function* of the Basin? Attraction.

Attractors, then, are suffusing and saturating this hyperdynamic arena.

Ey, cutaneous-actor, *latch to the warriors*.

The question is this. **Which activities concurrently attract you?**

Trance detected.

Spit in the sink. Indeed. "P." Did. Keep going.

Keep going.

Lowering yourself to...see these thin-ridge indentations of the Tiles – Cells are *completely carefree* about Gargoyle's harmed back and delicate neck and pulpy head...reducing themselves to a reverent bow. Gargoyle bows. Forehead is nearing, closing in on the nude touch of the tile basin.

Going a little bit giddy...and exhibiting this fresh tongue to lick the cells *clean*. Ne. Don't wanna lick these clean? What's the problem? Bacteria?

This silver faucet is being coated by the window-brim of the solar sphere, yes, mellow saturation, still inhabiting this bathroom, yes. The living room is feeding the face a vaporous glaze sporting cultures and currents of *specks*. Specks. Feeling this gorgeous untamable boredom building...building arms, picking a nostril, to extract a long moco, oh, it wants to battle but *absolutely not*. I feel. I flick like a maniac. Don't believe me? Don't believe me *just watch*.

Flicked the moco, and it bolted. Now the Gargoyle can say... "Gone." No-more, loco moco. Sorry! Too gutsi. Nostril byproduct glue, it's good to mechanically expel *unfavorable* specks, fungi, and pathogens. How to mechanically expel and intelligently express? Maybe I'll run into you later, moco.

Uh oh...Gargoyle, maybe you lost your *mojo*. Like who? Immanuel!!!

Yes, maybe Gargoyle is getting a little bit like the senile man surnamed, Kant, whom may also be, very favorably, *haunting this exact bathroom*. Why am I thinking about you?

"Kant. You haunting? You want some candy?"

We should converse. You here? Du gut? Si. Gutsi. Gut-si! Gutsi!!! What!?

Gargoyle is this extensional vinegary translucency draping over a reliable plastic pole, uniting the curtain's printy vinyl with the tub's pristine ceramic border. Again, Gargoyle, is this amazement acceptable?

I have taken a barefoot step onto the narrow square border of the flat enamel tub. *Can I just dive in?* Wow, now you're back to extermination.

Still up here. Barefeet balancing on the...tub border. I am peeking back down at the toilet paper. Dalmatian figure. Organism swung the door behind itself, anciently.

An organism is standing on the flat border of the tub, alone, and can easily, effortlessly, free-float its encased ingredients onto the plain basin. Hey ontic, are we competing?

If this activity is correctly engaged, the organism will be plainly exterminated. Once, that is, the freefalling body faceplants into the floor-basin, its head will indent, like a pumpkin, leaking these gooey goodies all over acceptant tile indentations.

The clay face is outwardly salivating. Drips hitting the basin. Do you gaze into this, as an unending blank *abyss*, or a *basin* gaining depth and extension with every breath?

The clay fingers are stretching clay creases, rippling into our inner elbow. The index fingie is, just, petting the forearm following down to its inner wrist with purple green veins verging on alarmingly merged head and heart lines, on both palms. Both palms are simian. I have been tussling with a stubborn residual egg bit..... ah you fucker nestled up in my mucus glands another *fold* upward but tongue is tiring.

Ah...maybe. Maybe it is you! You twitchy *shoulders* are, in fact, the antsy constrictors on any attempt at painting. Painting. He tried, in the deep past.

Painting. Lemon yellow, evergreen, blood red, coal orange *trees*, surrounding a purple river, deep afternoon, flowing in a rage of brush (otay) fires.

A boy watercolorist, laboring his inanimate instruments, striding and blushing and straining to convey, to render, this...last...pale pink drip of shade lush *nooooo*, GOD, no...no, no, no!!!! You ruptured the perfect structure.

Painting was almost complete, almost perfect. Then, that flicking flourish fucked the painting *irreparably*. Yet you still live and daydream in that impeccable purple *still river* riding a row boat, gliding unto the raging otay fires.

Yes, that melting mirage entices this memorian into teleporting bygone realms with lustful nostalgia, persuading the teleporter, aggrandizing his **happenstances** to supernatural submergences. To a memorian, the past ignites an abstruse wonderment. A fond, but bizarre, bliss.

Lucidity resides on the muddier outsides, the smudgy peripheries which deterge and overflow the acceptor with hints and clues to be actively unraveled.

Clarity comes into vantage *point*, exactly, as sharp foci and reticles which distinguish concrete and discrete objects for a bodily-controller to toggle and tamper with.

Memorians are snipers, sharpshooters. They do understand that procedural and even semantic memory-systems easily override *long-term timelines*, by compressing them into dense spatial layers with diminished accessibility by virtue of weakened attunement to key details – kernels – floating amid an associative ocean of trivia and tricks.

If the body is panoramically secure, which is to say, the body is residing and resting inside a definitely stable, self-enclosed zone, then... the chaotic memorian can entrance its *perceptions* into colorless, soundless, moveless fixture and blurred semblance, and instead, meditate into the smooth loops and continuous groups of *memories*. And hence, the body can, contrary to ordinary linearity, intrapsychically **permute memories into perceptions**.

To those bodies exterior to the tranced-mediator, this body sits in distressed, reddened *paralysis*. To the interior memorian, this body sits in primordial *stasis* while sharpshooting kernels.

I accept. I am in love with the immediate, recent, proximate, remote, *primordial* past. I am simply in love. I am in love. Within the meditative trance, this is bliss. God, oh...nudging... inhabiting sixth grade week in Washington DC with old crazy Ms. Choueiri at the helm of our 25-valued class, coupled with their forerunners.

50+ Students and Parents formed one bubbling microcosm rich with varieties of nuclei comprised of approximately quintuplet friendships, with familiar and friendly parental relationships developing and blossoming.

Young beings are gazing unto a plain green field at Gettysburg. Plain, vague, vast shallows. Vast is perfect for running fucking fast. Race; too late. It is sundown. Faint sunset with yellow-green tinges at the edges of the treeline, pondering Pickett's glorious charge under heavy artillery barrage, m, feeling the purple twilight loom...and the vibes, agreeably eerie. Ambience: dense red, hence, chilling and quieting. Yet enrapturing.

All trip activities were subservient to the manic classwide excitement for the *grand conclusion* of the trip. But why the grandness? Why this giddiness? Really, this DC trip concluded a 6 year, 6 grade *progression*: a daily journey among these young beings. And being 10, romantic emotions and sensual sensations ... haunted and elated.

Conclusion. At the theatre dinner, which had consoled you since March when the first, of two, etiquette-dates took place. As asked, I and the class discreetly jotted, noted, our ranking of *favorites*...1, *Lur*: unquestionably the most fascinating, no...infatuating face and, your soul, that I had yet known, bottomless. Just, wondrous. 2, Mariela: beautiful, creative, and highly humorous and quite liked...immediately upon your heavenly arrival in third grade. And yet, we still had parallel lives...peppered with coincidental exchanges, which were pretty plain, like the lonely Getty field; Mariela and Berton never being seated next to each other, and rarely even near; never eating lunch except adjacently, etc. Favorite number 3, Anastasia, a strange sensual attractor, but cannot divulge more. Why not? May we incisively inquire? Fine, her long slender legs and jade skin, for instance.

But, regardless, *Lur*...was actually anomalous and oh *he hoped for a match*, haaa.... what a volatile-shocking thrill that would be, ah burty boy? What actually occurred?

Kid hoped for the best, as per usual, but the <shuffle> turned out unfortunate, returning a name regarded with... underwhelm. Mediocrity? Kid's head, throat, and face seeped into a quiet rage. Keenly detecting this repulsion, his body began to pulse, convulse, and he relinquished himself to a mental frenzy.

Sera. Wax. A tall black Dominican dame...with a very cooling, mellowing, enlightening face. Much stronger and smarter, of course. Understandingly, you were so nice to me. Wow. The evening turned out incredible. Tables of three, six in total. Sera. No puedo decir más, de it, sin derrotarme. Sera, tenías solo once, *pero ya eras una mujer verdadera*.

(I cannot say more, of you, without defeating myself. Sera, you were only eleven, *but already you were an evolved woman*.)

Then, *at what the fuck* was the kid angry? Ah? Ah!?

It's too much. You'll throw a fit. Tell yourself sonny. Come on jimmy. Don't let the subconscious get "the gimmes" *over your perfectly preserved memories*.

In order for your memories not only to release, but unleash, you must understand that, within a trance, teleportation is part and parcel. In fact, within a trance, instantaneous teleportation is the primary form of *memorial movement*.

When the teleporter is set to ascend from submergence, and *truncate the trance*, the body will abruptly get up and *dance!*

How do I fall into a trance? You ask? You already *have*, ma'am, as the slightest rush of your anger ... **initiates a descent into submergent stance and carriage**. Very rigid stature, Bert. But, you were not angry at Sera. Oh no? She, was hurt. Hurt. Wait. There were two levels of anger. First: the fucked fact that you – Bert – *will not* get a date with one of the three favored ladies. Why? Quite simply, because you did not match, sire, with *any of the three* sphinxes you pathetically selected. YOU selected? HAH!!!! Nah. Nah, they are the selectors. And they deselected you from the list of possible nominations. You were not one of their three favorites. The selectors rejected your entry. And you are just one entrant, one aspirant, in the classroom of selectors.

Today, a third level of anger enrages. You, deeply, *disrespected* Sera. Mediocrity? Are you fucking kidding me buddy? What's the mediocrity, berty? You? Aha.... Ya, by the way, Sera, you are – to me – holistically superior to every girl in the class. Your light expressions, terse gestures, and astute gaze, now, enchant and mesmerize the mediocrity. The evening turned out incredible. First Meals and Manners, successful. And hopeful. How could? Oh, uh oh....

He cannot believe how fanatically you chose the SAME THREE GIRLS FOR MEALS AND MANNERS ON THE DC TRIP.

May, 2010. We had another great chance in Washington DC. The class trip, provided another date at a dinner theatre: afternoon before the play, finally, waiting in the bus: chaperones distributing **date-selections** on scraps, Beeeert...go, got called, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes ... retrieved, walk, sit, sigh, check.....okayd by this slip reading Eliza. Ah, it's time to change into my suit, but really, I feel okayd. I feel very ordinary about not "getting", once again, Sera or Mariela or Anastasia, *because neither liked you back man...* despite my content-impression that both secretly, subtly desired me but maybe Sera only *had an extremely fascinating face* to me. Two young beings behaving themselves in the identical vicinity for days and months and years, without actual personifying

interaction.... but, maybe, you felt mildly amused by my highly sporadic antics enabled by the strange surreality that I felt and positively could not deny, based on others, that I was quite handsome starting in 4th grade.

The theatre dinner was extraordinarily underwhelming, ha, he was faking fun, squawking hard laughs over inner melancholic dejection despotizing this silly play into longlasting putridity. Sinking into apathy. June, we graduate. Graduation is this festive vapidly roaring layers of congratulations onto the padded and robbed marchers, led like lamb. And after the sprightly cheers and roars of the ceremony, the graduates were strobed into a transient reception-room, abnormally accepting the likely finality of these close friendships-parented in this amazing room (fifth grade classroom, back of the chapel).

D'zaire is standing next to me, but his brother's approaching quickly: "Yo dog, *we-gotta-bounce*." Aight, cool, bye, latro....ha, ha, ya ya... passing the deserted distant playground merging into the parking lot, here we go, inside the car, carsick, progression terminated.

But roving.....overviewing the asphalt-field next to Alexandro *juking* Royer and Everaldo both being watched/monitored by Alexandro's henchmen: Jaimon and Jandro standing parallel to Avalos, that shelf, always floating over Mickey riling blondie Johnny smirking yellow rage, parallel to Alexis and Gabriela and Diana, onlookers.

But Alexandro deployed his henchmen to keep Mickey and Johnny, temperate; Alexandro held a dispersive despotism over this elaborate classroom parallelism. Oh, but Alexandro did indeed *defer* to the spectral old back room.

El Cuarto Viejo, with Royer and Alexandro: deep night, within that brown blaring deep night sky, and I – Berto – am elaborating on the peekers. **Who are these peekers?** No, *what* are the peekers. Hahahah. Curious creatures, they are. Curiosities. They stop just to [check-in] on the room's bodily activities while they *pass* by. Right, they *bypass* the room, while *peeking*. That's it. That's all. No need for fear, Royer. See, the peekers do not inflict harm. They simply want to check-in. They peek, and leave. In fact, to them, halting **is** peeking. To us, they bypass. Oh, but *you think you can watch them pass*. You want to observe *passage*? But, no no, you cannot observe their passage, and why? To us, peekers *are* passage. They peek. They pass. Simultaneously. Period. The peekers do not pass as resonant phantoms. Though, they are **paranormal**. They merge your Psyche,

*which innately knows them, and your Body, which cannot behaviorally believe them. They simply merge your deepest desires to distinguish them. But why? Because, for the final time, peeking *is* passing. Peekers do not linearly or angularly move. No. No, no no.... They perfectly permeate. They move spherically. And you, Royer, permute linearities.*

Oye Royer. The windows, Royer – **you see these transparent inanimate beings?** What's their experience? Yours is panoramic and permutative. You, body, are a smooth lamination and therefore unprivileged to their turbulent parallelism. Comprehend? Likewise, to us – Royer, Berto, Alexandro, sitting in this back room in the dawning hours – peekers SHOULD REMAIN, as they were before tonight, BEHAVIORALLY UNBELIEVABLE..... We do not alter our behaviors because of comprehending the permeation of higher-order guardians. Or must we? I assure you that I do not yet understand *how* these permeators supervise the local-linear activities of we bodies. Are you governors? Guardians? I truly hope they are **both**, but then *what* are we local, linear, panoramic bodies? I promise, guys, *that I do not understand*. I cannot tell you guys! And....

(Mastermind: Alexandro) I understand. Do not attempt to personify peekers as bodied entities. Peekers are not first-person bodies. Peekers are not bodies. Peekers are higher supervisors. They are *field-people* who attract, possess, and extend us **actors**. We, bodies, are actors. Right now, as bodies, we are actors. Supervisors are **attractors**.

Yes. Alexandro was a mastermind, exactly because he deferred to the back-room's paranormal influences. The back-room is a locus of paranormality. It is a genuine surreality. The back-room is a dense basin of...nonbodily attractions. Every time Alexandro *spent* the night, he did indeed pay attention to the sly antics of attractors. Places bonded with bodies are classical basins of attraction. But, what, are the *kinds of classical attractors?*

If places are modular *basins*, bodies are psychical *actors*, then... higher-order mediators are untapped metamathematical classes of *attractors*. Oh, the mastermind feared the back-room's particular attractors. But again, again, we are not talking about BODIES, or multi-layered spatial actors.

What the fuck are attractors? They are higher-order *guardians* that can, indeed, denature into malignant governors: demonic possessors. You fear possession, mastermind? He

wanted the marine green porch to potentiate the gleaming sunshine of the splendid dawn brimming inside!!! I'm alive. I was spared! How did my spirit survive the potent, astral, ambient, off-planet enticements of attractors!? I prefer, for now, earthly attractors, earthly guiders, soothers, like the trees, the breeze, and this great house.

In actuality, it is 10:27 AM, wow, woowooooow elboows booooth flapping aflooot over melonlike tiles, get up.

Nauseous Euphoria: Nostalgia

10:27...Body was lying on the bathroom floor. Holding this memorial moment. The psyched-body is trying to compose its agitation into stable graphical action.

What occurs? This apartment is, drawing, inducing lucid blooms on the body.

The *future* is mental: psychic.

The *past* is bodily: ecstatic.

The past oscillates "outside of my body." The past is bodily.

The future oscillates inside my mind. The future is psychic.

These propositions are partly correct. Let us complete the *coupling* of Past ↔ Future, Body ↔ Psyche, whereby they perfectly converge. The Body is not only a stochastic series of input-**sensors**, but rather, it is the *ecstatic syntax of panoramic controllers!* The Psyche is not only an algorithmic matrix of output-transducers, but rather, *the hyperdynamical syntax of proactive acceptors!*

Cognitive-psyche: presumed, intuitively, as the totally-*local*-source of learning transducers and memorial controllers.

Perceptual-body: presumed, intuitively, as the totally-*environmental*-source of acceptant sensors and receptors.

The following propositions are decisive completions of the previous intuitive presumptions:

Conceptual-perception: required, mathematically, as the delicately designed or programmed centralization of syntactic sensors, called *acceptors*. The Psyche's acceptors comprise the very versatile interchanges and higher-order cycles involved in organismic development, adaptation, and full-scale evolution. Syntactic perception is the essence of *creativity*.

Carnal-cognition: required, mathematically, as the resilient multi-layer lamination of corporeal controllers, called *transducers*. The Body's transducers comprise the superstable patterns and lower-order resolutions involved in organismic homeostasis, self-protection, self-maintenance, and sexual reproduction. Controllable cognition is the essence of *rationality*.

Let us (dis)stress... if Science continues to falsely embed Logic, which is untethered by object-level observations, then human-bodies shall remain submerged, sickly, paranoid, scared for feeling like *active objects*. Reality becomes strictly formulable in the context of static or active objects, effectively dissolving the dynamical structure of the *bonds* connecting the quantized objects!

If, however, Logic ensconces Science as a distributive mediator of internal object-object relationships, *bonds reclaim their supervision and supremacy over their subobjects*. Bonds are attractors.

Bodies are perceptual basins. Bonds are psychic attractors.

Reality is the perceptual basin of psychic attraction.

Human-Perception is *conceptually* **hierarchical**.

Human-Cognition is *sensitively* **associative**.

"How to...wobble this duality?"

Disturb it.

Body is trancic. Trances are tasks, or activities.

Psyche is meditative. Mentalities are connectives between purposeful activities.

Inanimacy means *carefreedom*. Beauties! You beauties! You teach the bodies STILLNESS. But exactly: what *is* carefreedom to a Body that memorially and sensitively **cares!**? Carnally, I am care. Then why, why, why, why are you still arduously, incessantly attempting to align this mind with the ambiance of its native kind?

Halt all *pay*; perception is free! Thought is easy! No more paying, ever. **Start playing attention.** Yana. Our spot. Holes, houses, hide-outs...sheer activity: utterness, surrounding these crouching curiosities...are stirring cold dew permeating our damp, dandy, psychedelic verdance.

Our digging was not *purposeful* activity, and yet, neither was it *pointless*. Yes, their behavior is foreign to you because it does not admit dilemmas or dichotomies. Their activities were episodic **and** continuous; ascendant *by* submerging into one primordial psyche. Their young bodies are... thoughtful, dispersive, resourceful, nostalgic. Time was tonal-tempo. Space was viscous-room, safely hiding us, guarding us *from the terrible past*.... Yes. The past is stalking us around. The past has been stalking us around, like bygone ghosts and phantoms. The future loomed like too-blue afternoons. Do we want smudges or perfect circles; eyes or peripheries; peekers or people?

But why did we say this? **I feel from the past.** Why? We felt... stalked, yet drawn. Yana, were we choiceless? Did we have actual chances? We are okay. Never worry.

Nostalgia is *euphoric nausea*. Want more? Keep teleporting. Oh wait. Uh oh. Where is the body now? Memorian lapses. Body detected. Trance detected.

Hey Memorian: to travel long-term, to go truly deep, *you cannot go solely associative*. Long-term memory is indeed longitudinal and differentiable. Do not over-rely on your predominant powers! Your deepest weaknesses and fears need to be the very entities *that entrance you*. Move into them. Disrupt the dance; memorial association is soft slavery. Association requires hierarchic *importance*.

Abrupt Lunch

What..the.. Wait... again..... oh... *ya*, op.... there he is, go open "Henry!"
"Hey Burt. I called you earlier, at like 7, but I figured you were busy when you didn't pick up.

“You are *correct!* I was getting hot brek.” “Oh yum. You’ve been moving in and such I see.”
“Indeed and please son! Escort yourself inside” quivering grin “this bland allotment.”

“Ah, nice low table, two *tall* chairs, analog clock on a yellow rug?”

“A vomit-yellow rug son. Beautiful. The clock got there on its own, though. I assure you. Do you feel like rolling around on it right now?” “OH, uh, haha, uh, not at all – thanks.”

“M.”

“It would be, oh well *eah* it simply is nonsensical activity. I do not want to do that.” “Yes!!!”

“And what currently deters you from taking money to *exhibit* this easy activity? Just...”

“I am in your own apartment, for the first time, hahah, and... second, it would feel very, I don’t know, uhhh unusual to do that. Neh, that should be enough.”

“Ah... well. Are you going to sit then son? Enough of perception. What’s in your cognition?”

“E, my mind is in a good mood.” “Hahahah! Goddammit Denny, you working in Somerville, still?”

“No. I am in Arlington, but still teaching high school. And you? Have you been in applying to jobs?” “I have, young man.”

“Heah. Glad you have. This is sort of, uh, peculiar...but, uh, why did you move?”

“*Hahahah!!!!* I don’t know, to be honest.” “I was displeased by my honorific position as an engineer which I continued for a year till, yes, this past September, when I was invaded by a deep need for liberty from jobholding. Modern world of jobholders. Rat races. Precisely what is easiest for humans to do, and what we have done since discovering and developing agriculture, SUSTAINING OUR BODIES, is the basis for our daily drab misery and truthfully, if we could cope with accepting it, *our slavery*. I’ll spare you the fury. The layers of stupidity might lie beyond even minimal remedy. That’s why, I notified my supervisor of my prompt resignation, with an 8,000 in the bankroll, decided to move October 1, and accordingly arrived two days ago. Third day today. Hurray! You know of any casinos nearby?”

“Actually, there are casinos nearby. A new one Chelsea, and in Somerville. But, I see. Wow.”

“Excellent. But see, I felt a building nudge to leave the west coastal euphoria wafting delusions and latent hysterias and head back into a more anxious, effective, layered cultural reality. This city is less fleshy, lower in carefreedom. More mental; logistical;

faster; harsher; jittery; panicky. If I stayed, at Annihilative Systems, the mili. contractor-superplant, the name of the “yes” well, I would have been committing a long-winded suicide.”

“Ah, and so, are you searching?” “yes but barely. *Barely* young man! And good, absolutely! You don’t know how GLAD I am to neglect my *employment*. I’ll apply for engineer-usage, yeah, yeah, but if, and when, I am pleasantly rejected, due to problematic language, I’ll bartend or construct or repair parts of buildings without qualms: on the complete, cutting contrary. Wait, you are teaching History?” “Yes I am.” “What topics you teach?”

“Well. I teach three distinct courses, US, World, and Ancient history, to five corresponding classes.” “Exceptional! And how is the pupil reception of your lesson plans and naked presentations?”

“Oh, they are *sensitively receptive*.” “Wow!” “Yes. These students are urban kids, I mean, this is Somerville High School, you know, its ethnocultural diversification is incredible. Anyway, I do think that my in-class presentations have been insightful and helpful, but not lucid, and my lesson plans have been a bit narrow...just constricted. Not resourceful enough. I am working to enhance the lessons. Also I am negotiating with the head of the department about replacing a final exam with a final project/presentation. I am talking to her next week. We’ll see what she says. I want to focus on sharpening their writing and reading talents. This requires me to select, refine, and sequence an assortment of sources, mostly documents, letters, photos, poems, songs. So.”

“You are advancing.” “Indeed.” Quickly exhausted talk topics sitting still stale vacantly occupied with irregular hues of the pallid yellow rug (look) he’s thinking furiously, preempt.

“Have you received intelligible signals from Dimitrios?”

“Yeah I talked to him last month when he texted me saying he wanted to visit but, well, who knows. That damn bird has always been loping through life *pretty lost*” “Hahahah!!!!

Hahahah!!!!” “Ohhh yeah Denny. Well you know, God, fucking Dimitrios enjoys incubating himself, for commensurate compensation.”

“He really does.”

“I also remember Dimitrios arduously *copying* hefty portions of his microeconomics textbooks into his notebooks and, Jesus, I just watched this tall, lanky, yellow man troublesomely cramp his hand but urging his memory melting through semiformal frenzy, reading and

reading and reaming – thinking – but I NEED TO COMPREHEND THIS ALL BY TOMORROW MORNING!!!” “Yeahahahuhahah!!”

“But I do understand your atrophy, about, you know, work.”

“Work. We have to ask what, the fuck, work *denotes*. I’ll leave it at that. You comprehend.” “Right, this is why always have wanted to teach. Because, we have serious problems. We do not value, let alone understand how to enhance and vivify, *teaching* and *learning*. They are complementary processes. Likewise, motivation and ability: entwined.”

“You elicit creative interest in the past. Which is honorable, and I promise. But, besides, you love the past. All the layers and levels. “I do” You are in love! Is your nostalgia intricate?”

“Oh yes. It is exquisite.”

“Surely. But what will I do with my life?” “I don’t know...” “maybe nothing and I’ll move in and subsist from your earnings!!!” “Oh I would not allow that.” “You would! You’d be excused to the floor to sleep.” “I would not.” “Tonight!”

“Have you nourished yourself?”

“I have not. Actually, I have not had breakfast and it’s 11:22, so, we can have lunch, if you want.”

“Well the first question is whether you have any specific hankerings young man.”

“I do not. You can decide” “But I am fine with your choosing!”

“Well. Have you had anything around here?”

“Kinda.”

“I’m fine with anything. Really.”

“Ah but the morning is fogging”

“Yeah but at least it’s bright. I like the, bright grey clouds.” “Ya, I concur.”

“Then let us depart!” “We’ll realize your cravings as we race.” Op already he grabs his coat thrown over head, good, my boots are wrapping “Alright I’m already!” up and we are departing. Hand opening “Please proceed!” “Thanks” and the blank barrier (door) clinks. He proceeds. Not clacking pans on the counter brimming warm white gold ambiance. We are traveling in the hallway in silence to the elevator passing the

stairwell, ha, his eyes are fixed. Maybe he is truly emotionless and I could ridicule his existence and he'd take it with a flat face *and agree*. Pat him on the back to assure that he still jolts "and he does!" In espresso elevator. L. 3. 2..... L, open. And he immediatized his abdominal-limbs outside flying through the hallway in the lead! This exhibit just disregarded Jean bending behind his desk "Yooo!" toooo late Jean we're charging Denny/Henry is leading; I'm trailing, but gaining, wow, actually outside... bright cloudy day. He looks identical, look at his gait! Look at this exhibit walk atonally. Calculative sharp heel strike-strides; does not swing arms, square shoulders, great stature. Forehead has an excellent bulge over your superlow hair line that forms a thick black acorn cap. But your eyes... God. Oscillate numb gin blankness or extreme mental activity.

Facile, Giddy, Severe, Nonchalant Dogs

"The wind hits harsh and look *you're zipping in just a SKIMPY button down* young son. No no no!"

"It's like 39, so, I'm quite fine" "hahahah!!! You want a skimpy skirt to flaunt your tush around?"

"Well then Denny let's quicken the cadence. Lift tempo."

Walking quite quickly passing inhabitants. These exhibits are speeding... "Son you're speeding! (speedy lunch to come)" "Oh, I am, oops." "We can racewalk if you want to parade your maximum speed." "Neah, I speed instinctually. No need to race."

"What about this spot?" (next to Vitoria's: a grill) "Sure. Have you been here?"

"Ne. But it entices. Let's hope the chefs aren't charlatans."

"Fine by me" "oh he grabs! Good. Go."

Door relieves behind my back, he defers to the hostess oh we entered into this resounding rambuncion! Huge table just left, approaching, walking past us. Irish or Welsh.

"Hi, table for two?"

"Yes ma'am, thanks."

“Great. Follow me” we are, underway, closing trailing our rapturous hostess arriving
“Here we are gentlemen.” “Thank you.”
“Of course.”

People sitting into a service-situation, and my apartment table is vacant of *our* bodies.
What’re the inanimacies up to. I miss them. Maybe Kant is actually haunting the
bathroom. Staring at identical menus. “I *will* be ordering a beer son.” “Good. What
kind?”

“I think, a stout. The IPA is sour, but bright. Usually, I like. But observe the ambiance....
concrete clouds. The stout is heavy, muddy.”

“A stout does comport with this smudgy ambiance.” “Exactly, and what Malt does your
tongue want to touch?”

“I’m selecting a Pale Ale. It blends bitterness and sourness into a dim dream.” “Blimey.
Fantastic selection son.”

“I hope. Have you tried Ballast Point Grapefruit Sculpin?” “I have! But that is an IPA.
Whatever actually then your selection is *delectable* as I myself thrive from a single **tart**
gulp of sculpin, and a whole glass is totally euphoriating. Gulpin Sculpin.”

“I’ll have it. Good, and what about food?” “Hold yours horses.”
(Waitress dawns on Denny) “Are you interested in *drinks*?”

“Yes. I’ll have the Grapefruit Sculpin.”

“I like the Oatmeal Stout, please.” “Of course. ID’s please?” “Ah yah that’ll be a
problem ma’am *as* I left my wallet in my apartment under the mutual expectation that
this man would cover the cost. So I do not have my ID.”

“What! How are you accessing your apartment, without a wallet?”

“I carry the key independently. I recommend. Here. I am serious, but I am 26, and this
good man of 28 can attest. Right?”

“He is 26. I have my ID though,” “Hm. Okay. But only because your friend is not
laughing and appears trustworthy. I will say though, without joking, that you do look
plausibly under 21. So next time, take your wallet in your pocket, if you want to drink.”

“And what about the word of this honest man?” “I asked for his ID too. And he’s provably 28. By the way, state law requires vendors to check the identification of any customer who *looks* under 30.”

“Surely! I do not mean to bypass state law, though it entrusts employees of vendors to *thoughtfully* assess their customers’ complexions. Accommodations are acceptable when optimal. As is this situation. You wanna lose my drink money? Why? Thank you, seriously, for crediting his attestation.”

“I’ll be back.”

Here goes the man named Dennis quietly fiddling for his formal identification back into his hefty wallet.

“Alright son, sorry, I did.. leave my wallet. I realized the moment she induced our ID’s! But I can reimburse your *undue* charge.”

“It’s fine, I can pay anyway.” “Yes but I will *resupply* the simple-difference you unjustly accrue by my consumption.” “Oh. Okay.” “I am proud of your voucher of my age, son, but please, that exchange was *utterly irrequisite*.”

“It *was* requisite for her to take our identifications *if* we desire to ingest legal alcohol.”

“I object to such stringency!” “Your objection is baseless unless you think that this legal restraint on alcohol purchase and hence ingestion is, somehow, undesirable. Hah. Is it?”

“Oh Dennis, don’t be a dumbo. Please dear Denny! Do not defy your body. Do not recoil from the core premise... that, ready? Here is your core premise: alcohol is societally problematic. Correct. Correct! In fact, Alcohol is *variously problematic* just by ramifying domestic complications including condescension, intimidation, vocal harm, bodily aggression: squaring, shoving, battering...Never mind the daily harrowing hangover, brutal repetition, miserable delirium.”

(Pissed Waitress) “Alright, here are your beers, Dennis and....“*Burton*” “thank you”

“No problem. And are you prepared to order a dish?” “Ready Denny?”

“Yes. I’ll have the grilled chicken sandwich, with sour-cream and chive fries please.”

"I like an Original Buoyger with Jalapeños applied. No cheese. And regular fries please."

"Thank you!" in chiming... "charming *unison* Denny. Good job!"

"Son, let me ask. Was there – let's say – a gush developing in your penile organ while our pissy waitress was delivering your bier and indulging your order? Am I incorrect?"

"You are partially incorrect."

"Son!!! Good lord!!! When have you last emptied your nuts' guts?" "Uhhahah, I don't follow...." "*When was the last time you tugged your twizzler till deterring your testees' genetic ingredients in seminal form – in toto – directly onto the floor?*" "That, would be, yesterday evening."

"Course. And according to whom, or even –good lord – to *what*, did you drape and conclude yourself?"

"That topic is to remain within me. My mind."

"No matter. I possess modes of admittance, don't you worry Denny. And has anybody ever discovered you autopolishing?"

"Na. But there has, yes, been one abrupt intrusion." "Oh!? Such as?"

"Uh, uh... "You're done: utter the source of intrusion. Now!" "God. God. It was my, uh...mother""*hahahah!!!!!!! Hahah!!! Excellence. And how do you react to her abruption?*"

"I was sitting at my desk, and hauled my pants up." "So she knew." "Yeah."

"She really knew. And what did she do?"

"Wait. But why, honestly, did you jump to put on your costume?"

"Uhha hah, *hah*, because she is not desirable at all to my body. She birthed me. Her body, accordingly, does not inhabit any sector of my sexual space."

"Exactly."

"Don't shy from such divulgence: your mother not only abruptly intruded *but probably also handled* and aided and concluded you to *relieve ropes*. Correct?"

"Absolutely not. Perhaps on the contrary it is *your own mother* who you are imagining and desiring in these alarming projections." "Hahahah!!!!!" "But honestly, Denny, if you were in your room, stroking, choking your pollo undoubtedly *according to some body, bodies,*

whom I'll leave aside, and....your mother barges inside elating you into *startled surprise*, would you veto her choice to lend a cool, soft, calm palm onto your brusque activity?"

"Oh totally not at all. I am sincerely curious – how do *you* contrive such specific portrayals? It can't be on the spot." "It's not on the spot. But I, sincerely, have never been embroiled in such a classical situation. Surreality. But you have already divulged your mother's discovery, and *you have been grinning throughout this entire elaboration!!* Look at yourself! Besides, you were already broiling by telling the story.... Then what's the problem?"

"Even if she offered to ... "no, if she *provided* her hand – without consultation – since your shocked elation silenced you from producing an objection, and she is now, massaging you" God, even then, **this insane situation**, I still would not allow anything *whatsoever*, to occur."

"And the last question is, why the f**k not?" "Oh! I thought this whole embellishment was about that question – *why not* allow her hand? – which cannot even arise, first of all, because she has never offered her hand, of course, never mind provided it, and... just, no! Why not? The question assumes asking *why* is *sensical*. But it's not, at least, not for me. Maybe for you this hypothetical is not lunacy. Heheah."

"This insane situation, to me, is a sweeping amazement."

"Regardless! I'm very horny for this boinger..."

"I am too. I hope the food comes soon."

"Have you talked to R. Farquad?"

"Nah."

"And why not?"

"Ah. Not sure. Just slips my mind. Why, have you talked to him?"

"Sparingly. He's back in Rockland. Doing I don't know *what*. We have not talked in months, but when I called him, he seemed *well*. He still murmured the usual nihilisms, 'maybe he'll get hit by a bus. Maybe it'll be me if I'm lucky.' 'He's defective. Deficient.' 'Well I'm sure they'll have a fantastic life unlike us.' You know the cackling typicalities: trivialities. Precisely why he *seems* so mentally well. Healthy psyche! Whatever health means. Always a funny game with that man, mudman. Manicman."

"Well he is like me, with. The depression. Even though, obviously, it is different for him. And I'm fine right now. I am. Pretty much smoothing through the fall blues into a dark wintery dream."

"Fall blues!?"

"Yeah. Just the come-down of the hectic and fun summer. The Fall is properly named. It feels like falling away, floating despite decay. The Fall is always when I'm at my worst." "M."

"But right now, I'm fine son. I'll certify that."

"That nodding falsity! I know. Recall, however, that I was there your senior year. That Fall."

"Yeah, I recall."

"I also partake of understanding the murky melancholy of the dawning yellow, deep orange, and evergreen leaves whirling and dulling into freezing nullity."

"We should hit the blue-hill mountains and watch the tsunami of leaves, before they freeze."

"But your depression is not seasonal."

"Oh, of course, *not at all*. Nonetheless... the worst of the depression is *elicited* by the Fall. It always underlies, whether or not intensified.

"Yet does the paralytic viscerality of depression *itself* elude lingual expression."

"Yes. Actually, I was on the way to say that its viscerality, when intense, eludes the body's perception itself."

"Normality is a dim dream, Denny."

"Ya."

"Yet, let me correct a smidgen, just this tinge: such subtle tarnish.... To say *the* depression, as though your body is governed by **one** localized malignant entity, is simply inapt. Depressions are *phases* progressing from cyclic derangements*, rather than derivations*, from your secondly, minutely, hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, yearly...emodynamics." "Richie would agree, well, *you have* conversed extensively with him on his own depression?"

"I guess I say the depression, for me, because *I cannot understand* the source, the enigma, of my loving melancholy. It is...a, suffusion. But Richie. His is deep depression."

"Yeh."

"But you are right. I cannot *say* what he feels. We never truly talked about that anyway. He was manic, so euphoric, but... also so hopeless." "Please." "Ah, well, like I said. We never truly talked about depression and desperation much while sober, of course, we only did in drunkenness. But you know he always began the night fine, even excited, as he commenced the drunken progression. He would become gay and elated. But some sudden triviality infuriated him. And the kindled rage could then easily surge into unbounded anger." "And your own

blank anger? Remember Henry?"

"I don't undergo blank anger like Richie. But we all have a quiet, latent, strange derangement. Vague, recurrent angers sum up to a big blast. Even you feel that Burton."

"Certainly Farquad could, and did, activate my animalic powers, but not to extent of *enragement*. He engaged my ferocity and carried *my body* to the verge of a fucking frenzy, grabbing my throat, waving that bat by my head while I'm sleeping late at night, spitting, insulting, provoking ahhh but I did not unleash my actual anger into his lunacy. I knew not to. It would have been very very harmful. Who knows the result."

"But Denny, what about Richie's normality? These furies and flurries were *alcoholic*. And your friendship? You have not truly talked. For example, he never presented himself as my equal. Most of the time, he expressed woozy exaltation, with his frequent comparison of our musculatures, endowments, the like...those unasked favors-like replenishing my plate at the dining hall, spotting me cash, his general deference to me in group settings, walking *moping* behind me, rarely requesting I pay for liquor or beer, etcetera. Or, as you said, he exploded at trivialities."

"Yet, I feel, most of the time he was fine."

"Well but his fineness is just the question Dennis. Young Dennis. How did he *generically* interact with you?"

"Oh, he was deferential to me. Now that you specifically ask. Although, I am remembering now that he never sent me over the verge of my composure. To me, at parties, he was initially content, then lightly excited, then lifty, giddy, euphoric, manic, mercurial, muddy, *on-the-brink*, you know, that dark red black bearded callous face sitting, reservedly, in the core of rowdy blaring commotion: inhabiting the building blank anger." Obviously, to us, this progression is a mystification. Those heavy droops. How did he never puke? Not once did I hear him. How did lift-off from stuporous wobbles to hyperstructure and deep bonding?"

"Yeah, well, all this points to nothing, I guess."

"He is not *bodily* present. Are we conversing about nobody?"

"Yes, unless, we understand that *only we bodies* are conversing about an absent body elsewhere traversing the earth. But not only that. This body – Richard Farquad – is* *any activity* traceable to its own movements, deeds, words, works, relations and operations. I take it back. His resonance persists, right here. We are talking about somebody. Indefinitely. I cannot contain his ramifications. He lives. His body is alive."

"Denny..."

“The depression has bloomed in me these grave thoughts. Maybe we are similar. Soundly and exactly equal. But never identical. Our bodies allow our minds to gesturally, orally divide by zero. $R/\infty = B/0$. Are we infinitesimal or undefined? Where is perfect parity? My melancholy is a dilemma, between *possessing* hollow, illusionary superiority and *presenting* paralyzing inadequacy.”

“You are lyrical.”

“At its utter utmost, depression is the intimate concretion of the remotest abstraction from my body: **being nowhere** *while protruding into the world*. My psyche is in limbo, while my body is incessant. The body is a property of the psyche, not the reverse. Accordingly, the abstraction from my body is no longer an aberration. It is newly intuitive. I can distinguish bodily recognition and psychic precognition. In limbo, bodiless, I’m a free being. Sleep is one way into limbo. But the lucidity of awakening from limbo is convulsive. I become anxious, desperate. Then, after breathing deeply, I calm and feel fine. The only hard times are the moments of *transfer* between pure psyche and hybrid body.”

“Which occur everyday.”

“They do and that’s not so bad because dream-wake transfers, also, remind me that the psyche holds power and priority over the body. It’s my body that dislikes the transfer. Why? The psyche does not dissipate upon awakening...heheah. But how did we begin to believe that the body overrides the psyche? The only asymmetry about the body is that it’s ostensibly *older* in geological time. If we prove that the psyche, in its protoforms, *precedes* – or is – the earliest microscopic bodies, then the war is over! Bodies are apparata of psyches, which are much broader, stronger beings than bodies.”

“Denny. I used to believe that the psyche was more potent and logically prior to the body, but this is itself the illusion. Developmentally, the infantile body perceives visceral-beings *before* it cognizes semantic-objects. The question is *why* perception precedes cognition?”

“Ah, Berty. Na. When you ask that exact question, you see that it is logically impossible for perception to precede cognition, as mathematical *structure* precedes, because it ensconces, organical *substance*.”

“Perhaps we are mutually confusing due to dually using the word, *precedence*. Why presume an asymmetry?”

“Temporally, logical structure *precedes* biological substance, as an invariant requirement of organizational stability. Spatially, logical structure *embeds* biological substance, because biosystems, organs, cells, organelles, molecules, and so on, are local specificities of global generalizations.”

“So, since logical structure holds priority and power over biological substances...are temporal-precedence and spatial-embedment, symmetric on the side of logic!?”

“Somehow, they are both. Logic and mathematics are the realm of symmetries. Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and Psychology are the realm of asymmetries.”

“This demands analytic mentation and creative meditation. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. What kinds of activities do you want to undertake now that you’re moved in near Boston?”

“Not sure! Maybe see paintings, to begin. You like those? Hah!”

“Yeah, oh, I love them. The national gallery is famous and enormous. We can go. Definitely. Anywhere else?”

“Well to be honest, young man, I don’t really know *of* what to do.”

“That’s expected, but there is ample to do. It’ll overflow you. First, you should go downtown, the garden and commons, if you have not already. Also, the river, the esplanades. Go to the...but there’s too much...I guess you’ll just have to explore.”

“I can see such. But will you accompany me to any of these places and activities?”

“I can, yeah. Sure.”

“You have to acquaint me man. It is vital.”

“I do. Now that you’re here, though, you have to acquire the culture, customs, and traditions! Sports teams, as you know them. Obviously. The beers here too. The lingo, mannerisms, the jokes, oh. Well, you will with time, encountering different zones, and such. Whatever you want to see or do, I guess I can go too.”

“Are there trails nearby?”

“Oh. Actually near my parents’ house. Frostspring Park, my old cross country course pours into it, briefly. It has trails. But if you want deeper, nicer trails, we should go to Middlesex Fells Reservation, because we can certainly roam around in there. Explore, and so on.”

“I am enticed.”

“Good.”

“Though it might get a little too nutty if we push the deep trails!”

“Are you going to grab my pecker?”

“Maybe, as a child I grabbed a mallard.”

“What? You grabbed a mallard? Ha, wonder what the duck did.”

“It billed me dude!!!”

“Ahhh. I bet big bird has a similar story to that.”

“Wait, is that her??” “Op, I think it is...” “Yeah.”

[Waitress] Here you go..."

"Thank you very much."

"Thanks!" "Sir, another glass?" "Oh, e, no thank you." "Alright! Enjoy." Reply is irrequisite. He has commenced. Immediately did! Fries look excellent. Yes, burger, handsome, replete with Jalapeños. Yes. He grabs his sandwich. His touch is a grab. Only mode. We understand that silence is currently appropriate. Huff this down with urgency.

"Are you enjoying your nourishment?"

"Oh. Yeah, I am. Are you?" "Ravaging." Again automatic occupation downward to sensical establishment of prepared food, go, oh, cannot, cannot quell *emergency* mashing acrid lettuce mashing pink cold grainy pulped dead cow cooked into yummy mulch gulping looking outside outlook window white floor, grab sandwich, bite, nomb, nomb, nomb...drab action.

"And what are you *doing* after this?"

"Not much probably. Just laze around, have a quick nap. Maybe read a nip."

"Ha!!! How much you sleep?"

"Enough. But I am tired right now I guess."

"But why!"

"Maybe my mood."

"Well, old son, back to bed then." What else? Food arrived, hungry mortals reacted with smooth mouth action. Now they want to sleep.

"But on Monday morning, when you rise and get ready for teaching, **what are you exactly doing?**"

"I don't know what I *am* doing. Waking up is the transfer. I feel bodily-presence *reactivated* by the sharp rings of my mentally-needed and set alarm."

"And is your prescience rostral or carnal?"

"Upon waking, carnal. Then, while freshening my face, rostral. Then, while defecating, intestinal. Then, carnal and dermal, while showering. Then, again, rostral and muscular while drying, walking, dressing, and shaping my hair and figure. Rostral and visceral while eating. Rostral and muscular while packing and driving. Etcetera."

"Ah. That's pleasant."

“Hey how are you doing guys? Anything else you need?”

“We are well. You need anything?” “No thanks.”

“Ah we should’ve gotten the check” “Oh he wants to leave!”

“Well, no but we are done” “I easily see your ulteriority!!!”

“So yeah, what were we talking about? Oh. Yeah, I’m out at 2:35, actually. Not 2:30. It is pleasing. Sorry, I feel like I’ve been rambling. Why’d you ask about my successive activities?”

“Oh he diverts, but yes, that is a pleasing hour to end the day and a delectable schedule progression. Thank you!”

“Well, after 2:30, I have meetings with teachers, parents, students, grading, planning lessons, units, topics, and so on. But yes, ha, the day-period regularly closes at 2:35.”

“Each day is a blip in a weekly trip.”

“Hahahahah!!!!”

“Son it has displeased me to have not received a signal of your life form prior to this trip.”

“I do not believe you contacted me either.”

“Absolutely not! We do exhibit an asymmetry – we understood that you bore the onus of our contact! Not only of payment.”

“And I have fulfilled that onus by the fact of *my* calling you son, to arrange this meeting, and *I went to your apartment!*”

“Yes you did!”

“Uh yes, hi, we are ready for the check please.” “Of course!”

“What makes you think that action is acceptable?” “It just was.”

“Here you are...”

“Thank you very much.”

“It’s alright, I’ll pay.” “I will replenish my charge. 12+tip ~ 4=16 *on the double!*”

“Cool.”

“No more trouble, bubbles.”

“Thank you! Enjoy your day gentlemen.”

“*Thank you very much.*” As Henry fulfills my politeness requirement.

Anesthetic Departure

Up *reactivating* inanimate jackets from your dandy irrelevance. Exiting into *bright blooms*, nowhere noon. We are understandingly silent: mutually assured deduction. Walking with no desire to shift gait, just move through the glaze.

“He’s speeding agaaaain!”

“Oh. Oops.”

“Maybe it will finally rain.”

“Yes. But maybe not. The clouds are ambivalent.”

“I kinda hope it doesn’t rain.”

“I don’t mind if it does.”

“No?”

“Neah, I like it.”

“You’re a joyed crow coasting amid barraging rain.”

“I guess I am. I love crows. People fear them because they look occult, and I say: exactly.”

And there you are, mammoth. Huffed lunch, too rapidly. Waiting at the orthogonal cross walk. The Broadway-McGrath intersection. Now, fixed at the sign, red hand, he doesn’t mind, look at him waiting, poised at the curb straight. But he pervades.

“Dennis!”

“Burton?”

“What’s that grimace!? Any visceral disturbances?”

“Nope. Thanks for the lunch, though.”

“Inapt to thank *me* good grief as YOU were the man who provided the currency sufficient for lawful transaction!”

“That’s okay, I know, you’ll pay me back soon. But I meant the time. It was fun.”

“I concur.”

“I guess I’m walking to my car now.”

“No!!! Alright! Where’d you park?” “Heah, just around the block, not a bad walk.”

“Good. Later man.” “Bye” turned swiftly *and there he goes* racing likely wanting to run.

Standing, I guess go. Up ol’ McGrath...dunkin has *past*; fenced dandelions *past*; lunch *past* and the sidewalker is riding a body up to bonair. Past.

He does not know about me and Richie. He does not. He does not.

Our covenant is utterly unknown. To anyone. Denny, while overall illuminated, is incognizant of this...punishment.

This apartment’s bloomy frolics and antics are not as nutty as the House’s *spectral relics*. Wait. Pa is in there. Alone. In it. Roamer in the house. I see you. Phantasm. Ma. Ma. Ya. You’re hurting. Ya. You’re phantasmal too. Inside the dining room, residing by his shrine: you honor the resonance of the dead, quelling the panicking dread pervading the kitchen: *Sala*. Stairs: *Escaleras*. Bathrooms: *Baños*. Bedrooms: *Habitaciones*. Showers: *Regaderas*. Closet is skulking tar all over the floor, crawling all over the gin skin. Her closet. Her drawers. Her rumblings.

His dark dream green tile *hallway* blurring interior-shower door through to... the warm amber mini owl *study*, accepting shade from the marine-layered gargoyle *porch*, seated, pasted, placating the strangely sad elation of this deep orange afternoon, sunset soon. Foggy dust *fawning all over* this serene study. Seep through me. Study me. My amber room is eucalyptic.

And from there, where do you go?

The Old Room. El Cuarto Viejo.

This inanimacy was hers. The artifacts of a wise woman's radial routine, trying to pacify her futural insomniac who is again panicking because we are on the brink of dawn *and I haven't slept*. It's 4:50 am. Calls, court, oral arguments, debriefing, lunch, run, shower, change, court, traffic. Ordinaries to the sage. Hysterias to the insomniac. Why help him? He can go catatonic.

Why, *care* about them? Dead parents. Body: *you are care*.

Maybe, demise is the *highest honor*. Enshrinement..... white candles burning, glowing, glaring at Siddhartha, Yeshua, two Hydrangeas, coupled crucifixes. Highest Honor. Deepest Desperation.

Sick lagging stupor... wafting among the lucid fragrance... oh ordinaryities, my dear ordinaryities! Save me! Save me! Do not let me... go... erratic, viscous, sonorous, vicarious – what is the plan? *What is the plan?*

Estrange the body, and derange your memory.

Nowhere Noon

Hinting.

But how to accept the hinting? Do not, directly, reply. Seep. Hinting: what is this activity? The most perplexing of all.

Waiting. Hinting. Waiting = Hinting. Know the need for a new poetics. Waiting *is* the slow poetics of *hinting*.

No more corporal control. Seep. Your orbital normality hit you too deep?

Hit. Hint. Which? No, where. Where you weep!

Place = Basin.

Body at the analog clock, waving hi. Hi. What's next? Ticks. Stretching resonant progression. Concretion and abstraction tic-t t t t t...*why-t-is-t-the-t-past-t-irreversible fact!?* Activity-t-Fact.

Ride the tonal tempo till *bodily dislocation*. Memories will pervade perceptions. What about your rostro? What's it up to? Actually, it is peeking down. Why? It is interacting. With?

Viscerality

Viscerality.

The newborn and toddler are the only bodies fully *immersing visceral space*. Kids hit tonic spots; tonal, extraordinary zones. Brimming basins. So what do adolescents inhabit? Viscous hints and stints, overlapping surrealities. What about adults? Ordinaries.

Rostro looking at dead wood, perplexed. Why not crying?

This is the conundrum.

Going Almost Atonal, then, a really curious exchange occurs.

The bedroom mucks the roamer. Bathroom. Putrid urine aroma pasting walls concluded here already. No respite. But need, deeply need respite.

Lunch was way too abrupt. Our bodies relinquish most of our lives. Memories render them. How can Dennis not know? How can nobody know? Perfect lying. Primed liar. But lies are not linear. They compound.

Gutsi.... *Gutsi*.

Standing at the compound window. Gutsi..... There she is again... God. My level is in your *advantage point*. Your vicinity is currently extremely conspicuous.... Things are disarranged. Do you feel a calm joy enveloping, environing, your body bustling, boinging.... swung by the lamp to snatch shirt and the blinds are open. Heading into the kitchen yes yes filthy fucking dishes clean-clean-clean!! Wash-wash-wash.... accommodatively handling inanimate beings bumping unwatchable micromovements blurring interspersing mini dissipations amid general apartmental disarrangement: time to *quell the derangement*, good, got the cup...arranged onto a pre-arranged towel: take it, yus, smooth move, fuck...reflex at those thonged cheeks, black butt, fuck, but the bedroom itself cannot care about this bare blur, and *you are aware* of a sitting studious stud, ha, look at your long-torso relative to leg-length: this limbic limitation for advanced racing requiring your furious flicking cadence....low stride power, tremendous cadence. But is the submergence of my younger body hurting during a race the same rare viscerality as this... busy busy bustly baby surging *like it's an emergency* over here next to such onto *you* need, me, yes: we heed. Arrange me, more...more: go.... act, act, act, action....ufff fuck your slim, strong, deep legged body rushing, no, roving feet flooring cheeks contracting back-thighs clicking calves god long lofty legs nesting their own visceral needs to conduct convulsions wobbling upward to the perfect prize, *eviscerating my own activities!!!!*

Quietude in this spot, but your place is blaring. Oh, yes, yes, yus.... relaxation. Sitting, oh..... lying now, on eggy cushioning, uff, cool, dark caramel legs triangulate black panty ufffff....pulls pillow into long pincers, clenching the spongey being between the abdominal body lying obliquely on the beige couch, so content, sensual, sublime...after that bustling frenzy.

All I can kiss, right here, is this inanimate body. But you are not a body, being. My high chairs. I am *way more aware* of your pincer-body, lying sideways, gazing blankly, amazingly. Your sexy frenzy has past. Relax and radiate: play attention, baby. Am I likewise in your ad-vantage?

But maybe *you have* detected a studious attention despite such nifty business and thus you *ostensibly* eviscerated this strict grip still, stroking, watching that black lace

triangulate soft warmth wrapping underneath upward into two stunning blooms bumping the careless couch.

You're up! And strafing those long fit legs where to? Between the bedroom and the living room. What for? Stretching....ufffff....luxuriating the lace hardening grip flattening bulging veins stroking so totally unknown to your nonchalance, swaying your cheeks to.... shifting she's.....wait, wait.... fuck it's over.... Over.

Closed the blinds because a man a floor above is kneed on his high chair, glued to the glass, stroking himself to that sexy scene...

She was eviscerating the studious voyeur until, no.... why!? She glimpsed up to your undesirable engagement and my irrelevance and your indifference dissipated into.... dead end. Blinds are closed dude. You intruded dude. You were *peering*, like a little boy, unfavorably, unacceptably. Yes. I was correct. Her busyness rendered her attention to my body, irrelevant: my visceral activities were, but are no longer, eviscerated. How is this? How does irrelevance implode? Irrelevance implodes with viscosity. Irrelevance means evisceration. You cannot accept? You felt this yesterday, fool! Surrender the ostensible necessity to...render.

Evisceration

Think simply. Feel lucidly. But is not simplicity, exactly, lucidity? Can I feel, thoughtfully? Can mentation free me of sensation? Do I visceralize my thoughts or eviscerate my body?

Your busyness exquisitely eviscerated this 3rd floored body. Until? But how can my irrelevance, rupture? You glimpsed, blip, over...closed our interaction. That moment is *corporeally closed*, but *memorially open*. We are both, right now, aware of our proximity. Probably you are still lying, relaxing, behind those opaque shades. That's fucking fine!

My face was *eviscerated* from your interior vicinity as *irrelevant activity*. And.... the glimpse upward flooded your indifference. Didn't it. But what if the flood infused you with profounder *apathy*, and you...uneventfully *maintained this exhibition*...or, ha these are figments.

Irrelevance.

Atrophic Afternoon. Or, Memorial Teleportation.

And?

If I just did not encroach her, fucking kneed *on the chair* ha honestly that was my appreciation of your bare busy nimble nifty sexy body. I am still extraordinarily engorged and pulsing superfluously. Laughably.

But my palm cradled this organ with pleasuring pressure *to* nude legs moving in that thong. Can this chair pose pleasuring pressure to this organ? Toddler knows the chair does not tickle. Chairs don't tickle. It can rub my armpit, but the act is sensually neutral. To the chair, you might as well be **neutered**. Wait. Not in kindergarten. First grade. The desk leg *comprehended* my penis thrusting it in the middle of class. But the chair still, today, *comprehends* my solid body's weight, and is it a problem that I am now right down here, crouched, "Talking to the corner."

"I am talking to the corner." No. "I am talking to *this* corner. This perfect, secret spot."

Is it a *problem* that the cornered desk leg did not *reply*? This corner is inorganic. No functional organs. No organism. So, no organization? Still atomically intricate, synergetic. Maybe chaotic. Yes. But are you *molecularly communicating* to me at least that you, being, optically persist? You protrude. I orbit you.

I kneeled down, crouched, and nonsensically talked to you. I touched you too. And you want to problematize my non-vocal, non-neuronal reply? My reply was tactile. Your simple sentential bloom vibrated pressure waves onto me: an intricate, inorganic, electromagnetic "entity" ... from the oral tongue of a "brutal body."

Right now, *there are no acoustic waves emanating from this face.*

Mentation does not **feel** neuronal. These...thoughts...are not lexical notations. These...are not syntactic derivations. Words are blooms. And they can... "emanate".

Nobody outside is playing attention. So?

Go, deep. Time to seriously seep. There is space, in me, to submerge. First, stretch your memory to *the dimmest flicker of self-conscious attention*. This instance...is when your body began to stop PLAYING ATTENTION.

Yes, I have it: first memory. Brown room too lucid, hysteria, carpet vomited, Ma, blurring figure in a running riot carrying sister in severe distress.

Elementary Gradation, Prek-6th

Your first pictorial burst *runs out* rapidly....but far too much more has occurred. Don't sweat! But get ready and get set! Please, give me one memory for each year after your first bloom.

Preschool. Twisting and twirling cycles and cycles and cycles and cycles with chocolate paint.

Kindergarten. Bell ringing... *bolting* from room-door, outside, *blasting* pace oh...doll-girl squeaking huge shoes catching up *rolling by* noooo but how are you...so easily defeating me.

1st. Mrs... stop with the deformed stars awarded for good performance: green, yellow, red cards for *obedience*. It is vital. Seatmate, Sally: really weird self-play, massaging, pulling up her skirt. Oblivious.

2nd. Mrs. Strumble, jolly toad, valentine's day candy cornucopia. Called handsome. Battling yogurt glow in the dark *lightsabers* in pitch black closet with Jaron.

3rd grade. Mrs. Daniels. Tall tonic giraffic black dame with those arid eyes. And yes... Paulina literally stood in the center of the classroom tranquilly imploring permission to pee but 'I already'.... drips commence sharp clean stream stupendously perforating your navy pants.....still spitting down the flat blue carpet amid classroom quietude... until the relief was complete and everyone was excused to recess.

Next morning, back, normal: commencing with the multiplication series competing with Paulina, next to me, without her recognizance, done, onto divisions, done, ask Mrs. Daniels for another problem sheet, given, go back, commence...incomplete...but it's *snacktime*, let out, Jaron, crazy eared kid: okay, how are we gonna get Ralph to stand

outside the sandbox swings *for us to lob spitballs*, just don't tell him what we're doin: he'll choose whether to stay or go. Back in class. Paulina has cheese cheetos, back at desk, the adjacent figurine is motoring the last strings of divisions with her graphite utensil unfortunately not operating *on my paper*, you're in a sud, dud, dude, hey...get going...look! Wow. She contorted a paper clip into a loop for sharpening her graphite rapidly immediately continuing with that incredibly staminous wrist. **Get going.** She is catching and advancing. Oh... there she goes... *she's on the same worksheet* ahhhhh....every day, get to school, play before class – throw paper airplanes, bell-rings, race, align, march, arrive, enter, sit, aside, receive loose leaf, commence, you and me, Paulina, let's go. You were placed next to me and were very indifferent to it, only happenstance asking, 'did you do the homework' 'yes I did' 'good' with quick accented puncture 'good' gutsi until Mrs. Daniels atonally randomized seat assignments again and I did not coincide with Jaron, even though you left school after 3rd, oh, but during 3rd, Mariela arrived. Automatic attraction. Frank became a rival in basketball with his agitating shot accuracy despite terrible technique, but I, hahah, could intuit jumpers and threes with ease to the point of content dispassion at my talent.

Commence 4th with Mrs. Horn, *golly!* Fifty-lady blurted 'idiots' down the stone stairs on the way to our warm gold lunch tables and that flagrant remark alarmed him though your frustration was considerable given the variety of flourishing people, like Mariela, in other 4th grade class. Nice! Selected with Garrett *Geret* to compete at the citywide mathematical contest, resulting without recognition, expectedly, for inferior errors in algebraic functions discarded by my minute amusement in mathematics and replaced with my relishing obsession with insects and spots, oh yes, bronze neck roasting in the voluptuous playground, yes... here's Richieeee. Richard arrived suddenly and placed next to him. He enticed contests. Like, entailing supplies comparisons: scissor precision, color pencil varieties, reliability of razor-sharpener, folder-holding capacity, until the day commenced by Horn reading history. Richard was an actual happenstance. Most friends are happenstance.

Richard progressed to my 5th grade class, with Mr. Krab, the instructor, stern, cranial scalp glistening in the oppressive fluorescence, no... the classroom has *amber ambience*. We are on the edge of the royal magenta chapel singing holiday plays, weekly sermons, pleasant assemblies roaring, now: this muted blackened chapel drawing him to raise his

hand, yeah, ask permission for the restroom, nod, scoot up, leaving and walking in the dark warm hallway doors lead me into the chapel, silent singing, psalms, in joyous prayer.... love one another, for love knows God, the Devil does not know God, but through *our* temptations and fears, the Devil tries to maintain a relationship with God, who still loves Him, the mortal evil who hates the divine love, but God...where are you? Dormant in this pitch black walk heading into restroom to relieve, like Paulina, yes, but appropriately, privately, secretly fizzing this urinal detergent, finished, blankly exiting, back: this orchestral tranquility peeks up at the returner but holding focus for further perceptual manipulations, assigned as tasks, completable in various lapses of imagination and creativity. Look at Travis, still on spelling ha Geret on Science advancing oh he's stampeding *that's fine so am I*, unlike MBN Michael B. Norman tall thinly strong elephant eared mixed boy-man diddling his useless utensil, picking palm skin, totally bored, tilted plastic reservoir chair, kneed desk, comfy, sleepy, beautiful boredom "aaaachea" "aaaachea" "aaaachea" Mariela sneezed a triple ah thank GOD you're back in my class after that unfortunate fourth grade mismatch.

Since 6th grade merges two 5th grade classes, the best year awaits...ah, yeah, yeah...but until then...I am watching Geret working through questions on the fundamental physical forces assigned by hungering Krab putting your light boot upon desk, lunchtime soon. Geret halts wipes palms on marine lap, continue, write adequate answers to review questions left for homework if incomplete *before lunchtime*, yes, two minutes till liberty. Krab proceeds to geology and history after lunch-recess, GOD...recess is paradise...sand-boxed, swunged, monkey-barred, tether-balled, basketball-hooped hot flat asphalt shallows, burning slides, far-off arbiters are nevertheless *supervising* many manics mingling frenetic instinctual **activities** loping over triple step hit entrance ground running *start sprinting* for fun free dizzy fuzz buzz humming and running and funning this dreamdaze, the awesome glaze, awwwh. All basketballs taken, 3rd and 4th graders led out first, fuck that but fiiine, hiiit the cool shady sandbox behind the shed, amazing shade, ah, okay, okay, crouched, leaning back, ahhh, just let the chilled tan sand wrap your ashy legs, sit-up, propped, clamping, clasping, slow-whistling, *you mean unleashing*, horrid sonorities culling boisterous bodies back to their formal lines. Drawing these tranced roasters glazed with grains, sweating drips, hair has scorching gel, dripping sips to my lips, no motion. Then, rupture. What a serenely searing, glowing, *godly glaze*. Enter classroom.

Ah! Waw! Sixth grade, cuckoo Kottke, capable of distressing yourself into intense severity stimulating him to shift attentional and motivational control, change, you changed, yes, I changed. I changed. Everyone please applaud this young man for expressing the exact mathematical solution, yes. Yes, the sudden facility overtook Geret's 3-grade-long dominion already on the *academic cusp* in 5th though Goddamn Tyler Justice arrived in 5th, that's right, that's right. Tyler felt himself on an *athletic cusp* of greater short-sprint speed *despite* deferring correctly to my staminous speed, but still, I was insinuating my own sprint-speed superiority till the risky verge of interesting Ty to test me in a sprint race with cherished classmates spectating, and seeing, the definitive victor over 50 or 75 feet. That nagging doubt of my superiority calmed and quelled the bending urge to race. Accordingly, I required subtler demonstrations of superiority in PE games and, critically, in basketball **1v1**, at lunch, in it, embroiled. Tyler *versus* Burton. 3-4, YOU ARE LOSING.

Ty controls the ball. OH!!!! Stoleeeeen little bitch. Good. I control. This twitchy kid displays hypomanic defense to my hypertight dribbling style GOING FLORID behind-the-back, double, *triple-time-behind-the-back* fling-torso-forward FLICK backward yes cross-over loop, pivot, pull-up, shoot deep fadeaway falling high-arching the baaaalllllllllll...cuts NOTHING-BUT-NET yeeeeeees he curses and I'm yelling and skipping and twirling and riling the playground spectators and supervisors all going fucking nutty. 4-4. Ty is a bit steamy *darting* the ball back for the tiebreaker. 4-4. 5 for the victory.

Come on, hey hey, wait. Mrs. Davis! How much time left for recess?

2 minutes left. Hurry honey!

Alright, last point? (Ty) Point wins.

Good, excellent.

(Commence) I have the ball. I control. I decide. Start the dribble.....move to the outskirts of the court, slowly dribbling, Ty's eyes manically yearn for the ball and *he's charging me* here *he swipes* nope back back baaaack no, lord, he's frantic fiiine, poking low...*need faster dribbling*, leave no pocket, no room, yes, yes, now I'm chargiiiiing **halt** hard turn

spine contorting leap *he jumps* to block me but I'm already afloat and higher flicking my gooseneck into a fadeaway over your desperation.....gasp "aAAaAA" yes. 5-4.

"Hahahahahahah, sorry Ty. This ain't a tie." 5-4, defeat. Defeat!

"Ah whatever" ... "one game doesn't prove you're better, Burt."

"I am better today!" Cherries start whistling and surging my elation, as I align with the rest of the recessors, pacified creativities, avidly vital activities.

The elemental problem of Ty was that you, somehow, were selected by Sera.

Travis Jones and Richie Farquad unknowingly soothed my jealous displeasure into okayness at the May trip to Washington DC and Virginia. There, we saw Nicholas, long-lost friend. We beheld the Gettysburg battlefield, staring at the orange-green hazing a yellow storm, standing at the site of Pickett's charge into a devastatingly dispositive barrage of Union gunshots. This sunset is an orange aurora. Dim red clouds raying bronze yellow looming while reciting the Address with lyrical vigor in melancholic remembrance of numberless unrecalled occurrences surrendered to the unstoppable onslaught of time. The brigade was comprised of studious nostalgics. The brigade descended from the hill heavily affected yet elated for the evening dinner buffet. Their 6 year collective adventure and classmateship – from first grade to sixth – was concluding. The humidly rosy national mall was incanting my precious classmates. Bert and Merlin were murmuring and overwhelming with soft, fond, melodic *loving wonderment*. Metaphysicians in the mellows.

No, I am sitting on the floor of a sunset room emerged from another nostalgic trance. Elated. Wistful, without missing it. No desire to visit and annihilate, but rather, to inhabit.

Submergence

I am inhabiting. I am inside a somervillain apartment.

Trance is intense submergence.

Prescience is the most intense level of trance. This intensity requires that the trance actually rupture into a parity of panic and going manic. Presence becomes prescience. Attention is not paid, but played. Things are activities. And you go calmly erratic.

I am prescience.

Yes, the only way you can play attention is by *learning to roam*. Learning is letting the place draw and dictate your activities. Yes, prescience, let this place...encase.

Right now, this prescience floats through this deep grey ambiance. Inanimacy radiating this prescient body.

Animacy. Animality.

Animacy bumped into the chair. "Sorry." I cannot resist....apologizing.

Careful limbs are traveling over the carefree floor. The chair, also, is carefree. I am picking you up, carrying, soaring over the floor with minor corporeal noise.

Placed, at head of my blanketbed. Was that relocation *bothersome to you?*

Okay, I'll undo the act and again, sorry. The clouds are teaming and harming. The living room is set. A very low table, a swirly carpet, a black and white plastic clock, hi chairs, miscellaneous utensils. This is an inanimate room. Amenable areas for a sapient man to attempt a handstand. Okay! Time to attempt. Commence.....with this flaccid extension..... *falters* ahhh...imbalance.

Again, arms up, commencing...dangling upward *nooo* let spine **snap** slamming hips flat like a heavy rainbow hitting the floor....hard and pinning you into neck-down paralysis no!!!!!!

Phewph... Nice 7 secs. Last trial. Alright. Alright. Again. Commencing..... oh, yes.....

Enough. I am standing, staring outside aside this little pale windowsill exhibiting utter presence to my prescient attention. You. An inanimate being, so fully *unminding* of its tonal radiation to my body. Room. The past is room radiating this ongoing onslaught of inanimacies.

I am alarming this flat little man's white back. My footstep on the med table is just unbothersome. I cohere it. Where it classically occupies, I decidedly do not intrude. I cannot.

Movements contract, which is to say *they contradict*, projective phases of laminations biochemically perturbing billions of dermal coordinates expressing trivially miniature dislocations of the global body singly actualizing this *carnal contour*. Carnal room. Therefore, the complex graphical function of my laminations is unmanageable and worthless *to this roaming rostro visceralizing the living room* standing, staring, peering down at yourself, these bare cold raviolis flapping around, planking the dead wood with flaps. Roaming is boring. Bore me. Putrefy me.

Roam the room. It is viscous. Room is resonant and radiative viscosity. What is there? What, a *particular* being? There, *some* room. But, what *is* there? Is Being *this room*? Can we use room to *ask* Being? *Is this room*?

Where? Right there? Inside, this...viscerality.

Civilization commenced by building a *new kind* of Abode

Civilization commenced *presciently*. How? The dawning of the World *was* the commencement of Demise. The first thoughts of the future were so highly, no...fully finite. Death learned of its first earthly stewards. The earliest caretakers. They earned finitude. They saw the ontic. The what? Yes, the Site of the first Dead. Being. Indeed, we are peering at the *evermost original abode*. Upon it, there rapidly arrives an awesome confluence of positive discoveries, breakaways. Atmospheric, celestial, oceanic, arboreal, and corporeal patterns submerge and radiate the terranean earth; so florid and harnessable through *handful* and *lingual* collaborations. Humans became mortal; prescient. They forged trails, laid footpaths, cleared stages, built guardians, dug precious relics...from the dearth of primal strife.

Who are in strife? The primordial primates. The earliest remnants and relics of a symbolic World were arduously, desperately, grievingly derived.

The Site was the first Abode. Its place presented permanence.

Soil is siteless strife. Do we understand the **breakaway** from soiled *shelter*, a netherworld, to an absolutely ascendant *abode*?

Starvation stalks them. It is stalking a desperate primordial, right now, *exert* spear at that wandering beast, misses and she flees, frail yet enraging thoughts of domestication, deranging the primordial pursuing, yearning, for *positively needed nourishment* to peel and roast right by our abodes: those great, warm, strong **guardians** – holding, hiding, keeping – my intimate company in deep, dark, lovely abstraction from severe strife.

Civilization commenced.

Primordial primate. What did you save? We only possess the remnants of a unique rarity. Now, the relic is used ubiquitously. She is spoken now as houses or lodging, but always underlyingly understood, because nobody can truly elude her origins, as homes. Abodes.

Abodes are the *exact entrance*. Into?

Prescience.

The primordial primate accepted the ascendance of Earth, unto Heaven, and the submergence of World, under Death.

They accepted, through, their new lingual abilities and vivid impulses to build abodes, but these *directly derived from the gravest breakthrough cognizable*. The breakthrough is burial. Now, however, burial must be called **ascendance**. The primordial primate possessed ancillary abilities to collaborate and build, but *these abilities mainly emanated from their sudden and stunning prescience*.

Civilization commenced by bodies on Earth *becoming mortal*. The Primordial Primate instantaneously changed into, yes, Primordial Prescience.

For animals, the Future is rostral, carnal, kinesthetic, visceral ROOM. Urgency. Emergency. Frenzy.

Prescience *tamed* the frenzy, at the highest price. Prescience equated, by distinguishing, its home and its mortality. But this sentence is bypassing the experiential question.

How did Prescience tame and attune to the frenzy? They – at last – saw the mortal fall, free, and become ascendant.

At first, the mortal presciences tried and liked to *hide*. How? Withdrawing. From? Frenzies. Where? A calm, warm, wondrous *abode*. The guardian! No harm here. We are not, *in here*, not...shriveling in an orange scorch and freezing in a white chill.

Abode is safe *enclosure*. The critical distinction, between interior and exterior, inside and outside, arose. Outside, reside ferocious animals waiting to ambush us, and insects swarming and stinging and infesting near the source of our hydration. Inside, we stay alive.

By the way, the primordial primate did not 'have language.' In order to even explore the evolutionary explanation of 'natural language', we need to restore *words* to their amazing prowess. Before natural language, words were intricately individuated *blooms*. Although they were singly, discretely vocalized or signed, words were construed as thought-rich, affect-intensive *activities*. A single bloom expressed an extensional, elaborate, longitudinal *activity*. Accordingly, the earliest human words were singular *verbs*.

The new, the higher Abode was the breakthrough room. This room, which initially distinguished dynamic bodyspace from a static house, is the *first* Grave, wherever it occurred. Accordingly, the verb and clue of the essence of the Abode *would be the first Burial!*

But, can we summon ourselves back into these deep feelings, blaring and screeching, amid the most cathartic and explosive awakening that was the earliest Eulogy?

Primordial primate witnessed permanence, screaming at the ground now embalming an inanimate carcass burning and then one with this humid soil.

The order is this. Occurrence. Burial. Eulogy.

The first Mortal was the first God.

Mortality is an ascendant attribute that was discerned in the first elder of the commune whom suddenly, without prehistorically imaginable interior or exterior causes, expired.

Yes. A human God singly *awakened* and indefinitely *annihilated*...Being itself.

Earth ascended unto Heaven. World submerged under Death. And Dearth.

The new Abode merged soil and site – precisely to *guard* the God.

Civilization commenced, with-in the simultaneous di-vision of a group – a commune – of primordial, prehistorical human bodies *feeling* their **visceral realities** yet *facing* one **inanimate room**. Viscerality and Inanimacy *are* the intimate annihilation. Where the God permanently resides, the primordial and the eternal, enigmatically divides. But they must, as dual extremities, possess an ownmost bond. What is this bond? Feeling. Being.

Being. Feeling, the maximally intimate annihilation.

Cessation. The abrupt cessation of closest, dearest, oldest (eldest) company, simultaneously *awakened* and *annihilated* Being itself.

Awakened, because the mature primordial humans detected a dismal distinction in the way she *fell*. Without microscopic or animalic attack. How? No, what, occurs. She showed them, through this expiration, the infinite, eternal, unbound aspect of Earth.

Annihilated, because this abysmal glimmer of eternity, as a holy human buried in soil, *appeared absolutely affectless*. Stasis became doom.

Medically, the cessation is cellularly explicable via the decisive contributors to *this* specific body's systemic failure. On the complete contrary, we need to feel the cessation as extremely enigmatic, for it to emerge as necessarily syntactic.

For this task, we must remember our earliest encounters and thoughts on cessation. However, if our memories are not potent enough, or if we seek novel methods for enigmatizing the experience of cessation, then we need to trace the *archeological origin*, and hence the *ontological origin*, of Burial.

Burial is the *secret relic* of Being that we seek.

How did the Primordial Primate, this emotionally erratic animal – after millions of years emotionally evolving and advancing – instantly leap into this Mortal Prescience? *What*

kind of perceptual stretch stabilized the commune to leap into local recognition *if not the incisively thrilling bond between Death and Room?*

Remember this critical hint. Just after the Eulogy, to the prescient primordials, stasis in the soul became absolute doom. Room used to mean, activity. Now, it is a permanent place.

But then, *is* Being *rooming*?

Is Being the **phenomenal indistinction** between *primordially roaming* a terrestrially stretching viscerality and nonchalantly occupying an *inanimate room*?

Insane Situation

Intimacy is inanimacy. The linguistic distinction between God and Being, ontic death and primordial room, occurred when primates *felt and saw the first God* at their shocking sight of Her turning inanimate.

An intimate annihilation was the inanimate awakening: activation.

Being dissipated throughout the most valuable relic. **Room of the Dead**. Yes. Feel. Relic. Easy, *easy*, do not dis-ease...but rather...serenely swing and dip into neck, drek, swaying, playing, passing pleasance unto young hands, palming, spreading bronze dust, rasping a smooth bloom, attune, act, fold, melt torso going laminar, lift...stroke limbo hinting limbic body drafting around floaty, roomy, eviscerate me. Who? This inanimate intimacy rooming you roaming my relic..... "uh!?" "I, forgot about you....." You... no..... you there, *this encountering my back*, peering over me, no... impossible! You tall black brass neck seizing an egg head nestled inside a radial cloth pus shade seized my entire body to turn no, no....I was drawn.

I accept. This is okay.

You *are* inanimate.

Yes. You *are* inanimate. My seizure was *our* most intimate convulsion.

Convulse me again, then. My body. Convulse my body. Please! Please, again. Again. Again. Again.....

You writhed in calm alarm. How, can this alarm you? Sensation is mentation. Yes, our relation is your elation, at this. Evisceration. You are. I am. You *are*, visceral, while I am, free. You are. Alone. Yet, yes, you feel me. I ambience.

Being alone is impossible.

Yes. Yes. Blank being. I pledge my body to you...this, cold, hard, brass stem is this trialic clasp of a bulbous face which *seized* my neck no it flicked like a carrot snap, ha, maybe a random gaseous draft did indeed sweep my back. Why, did I turn my back? Precisify. Which physiological mechanisms caused my neck to randomly reflex? Precisify!!!

Who is the arbitrator, while the body is alone?

Arbitrator is the traitor. The unit set *is* the empty set. Your pure bijection. Activities are derangements. I see you.

Derangements are dislocations.

You feel dislocated, dud? So then, what *can* you express about your derangements? What is the conclusive solution to the fundamental problem? Perfection. What? Nobody. Where? Nowhere. Why? Irrelevance. Until you hit limbo.

Quell your post-convulsion. Time to ride. This insane situation was a phenomenal disruption.

How to engage a deranged encounter?

(Looking at lamp) "Hey headless" my face is *upon you*, yes it is. And? This bulb does not mind, anymore. No lethal ambush from this inanimate equipment. The clock in the living room is ticking dislocations.

I will be remaining in the living room for the Sunday's duration. No more bathroom. Problems occur there.

This cloudy fog is downing dense translucence, stepping into the empty bright bathroom, distancing from that damp yellow honey table stocked chunky with relaxers absorbing a movie in a comfy living room, highly aware of the drinkers thudding *the case* on that flat honey comb table, jolting Jimmy *getting sleepy* with Rance remarking his pleasure for the long run route, oh yes yes, possibilities for the lovely long run tomorrow morning hahahah while these loud laughs living outside my movie ending eh 10:30 pm op Jimmy got up he's getting really really sleepy *gliding over* saying smooth hi, yo, looped in-n-out of kitchen watering cup giving us a sly *goodnight guys* good job jimmy boy, *maybe* see you tomorrow morning, maybe. Glancing back to Richie sitting with Dimitrios waiting for their bedtime. Dimi is this tootsie roll grinning while steadily then abruptly amplifying the titleless trap, cool, blare through the speakers eh-oh-eh-oh-ehheeeh Beep Beep King Richie Farquad HAHAHAHA, *ey let's turn this down son*, damn, these animals are too drowned out by the wobbles on the wood oppp they're all going droopy, hahaha!!! Richie, what's up? Hey dude? You good? I am waiting to barely begin our *power hour*. You appear to be enjoying your natural light, is this correct? Hahaha he's already *well into* the progression, (Dimi speaks) Burt *hahaha* look at this exhibit guzzling another one, Burt, Burt.

-(Richard) Shut up Dimitrios! He's gazing at that fucking horse confronting her unjust domestication.

-(Burton) JAJAJAJA Yes, the horse is testing the boss! Who is actually in control? Tell us Denny! The horse or the owner?

-(Denny) Bodily, the horse. Mentally, the man. But Burty, are we going to commence the power hour?

-(Burt) Absolutely Dennis!!!

-(Richie) That horse should fuck and kill his owner. Domestication does not matter when the Horse exerts its actual anger *to overthrow its fucking slavery*.

-(Burt) Excellent Richard. Then, how did the Horse turn to confront and gaze at him WITHOUT stomping this pathetic boss into instant sternal obtusion and cardiac halt. Blip, bye-bye! Baaaahbye, billy boy.

-(Richie) How does the Horse turn without killing? That's just the point. The Horse has not YET let the urge, surge.

-(Aldo) Ahhh chale Berto!! A ti te gusta Diana wey, y solo lo niegas por puto miedoso! (Ahhh goddammit Berto!! You like Diana dude, and you only deny it because you're fucking fearful.)

-(Berto) Ah si? Ja!! Que absurdidez y de hecho, una majadería! (Oh yeah? Ha!! What absurdity and in fact, an insult!)

-(Aldo) Entonces vamos wey! (Then let's go dude.)

-(Berto) No!

-(Aldo) Pero por qué nooo sí ni hacemos nada aquí, mira, parados mentados en la banceta que no me ve, no me habla como Valer- (But why nooot since we don't do anything here, look, standing drooling on the sidewalk which doesn't see me, doesn't talk to me like Valer-.)

-(Berto) AHIIII ESTAAAAAA VALERIA!!!! (VALERIA IS RIGHT THEEEEEERE!!!!)

-(Aldo) Por lo menos yo lo admito, no como tu, puto, miedoso del rechazo, avergonzado sin razón, cabrón, sin ni el pensamiento de verdaderamente intentar, *y ademas*, antes de nada, te dejarías aceptar *tu deseo natural* que te sonrie esa señorita preciosa y exitosa y sabrosa *que si*, wey, yo capto que te encanta y piensas en ella todo el tiempo sin parar y hasta te la jalas a ella pinche animal!

(At least I admit it, unlike you, faggot, scared of rejection, embarrassed without reason, fucker, without even the thought to actually try, and besides, before anything, you'd let yourself accept *your natural desire* for this lady who is beautiful, successful, and sexy *and yes*, dog, I comprehend that you love her and think of her all the time without stopping and you jack off to her you fucking animal!)

-(Berto) *A la verga wey!!!!* Diana pasó medio cerca... y nos miro *pinche pendejo* no juegues Aldo, tu osico no se controla, o que? Esa lenguita se te evolucionó demasiado pronto? Premaduro Oswaldó??? AAA Aldo? Os? A, Os?" (*What the fuck dude!!!!* Diana passed by kinda close... and she look at us you *fucking idiot* don't play Aldo, your muzzle has no control, or what? That little tongue evolved a little too soon? Premature Oswaldó??? AAAH Aldo? Os? Ah, Os?)

-(Os) Jaj...*Cierto*, perdon wey, pero, pero.... mira como te pones tu tan malhumorado JAAAAJAAAA. ((Hah...Correct, sorry dude, but, but.... look how you get so agitated HAAAAHAAAA.))

-(Berto) No, no no...

-(Os) O si! Lo SABÍA (Oh yes! I KNEW it.)

-(Berto) Ya hijo de la chingada a ti te late Valeria, y *a mi Diana*.... (Stop you son of a bitch you are the one who likes Valeria, and *I like Diana*....)

-(Os) Wey. Felicidades. (Dog. Congratulations.)

-(Berto) Entonces, ya, para. (Alright, then, enough.)

-(Os) Wey. Valeria y Diana son mejores amigas.... osea, que no captas? La situación está perfecta, intachable.... (Dog. Valeria and Diana are best friends.... I mean, what don't you get? This situation is perfect, untouchable....)

-(Berto) Si, hay chance, pero como entraríamos? (Yes, there is chance, but how would we enter it?)

-(Os) Mira, Berto, ya mero tienes 11 pinches años. Es tiempo que... (Look, Berto, you are almost 11 fucking years old. It's time that...)

-(Berto) Neta wey para. Te festejas a tus propias pendejadas justo despues de gritar al puto patio que me toco *a*. Ya, sabes. (Seriously dude enough. You celebrate your own idiocies just after you screamed to the fucking playground that I touch myself *to*. You, know.)

-(Os) Oye chin nos esta llamando la Señora Renata. (Hey damn we're being called in by Mrs. Renata.)

-(Berton) Precisamente la razón que *bastarás* tus carcajadas capaces de humillarnos, oíste? Ahora tu captas pepito? Quieres *estropear* la posibilidad, de nosotros cuatro, como parejas, antes de que madure de esta triste fantasia, siendo nada mas eso exactamente *en esto mismo moment*. (Precisely the reason why you'll *terminate* your cackles capable of humialiting *us*, hear me? Now you comprehend little boy? You wanna ruin the possibility, of us four, as couples, before it matures beyond this sad fantasy, being nothing more than exactly that *in this ongoing moment*.)

-(Os) Tranquilo hermano, no me apendejo con las chicas. Ni con nadie. Soy bueno. (Relax brother, I don't go idiotic with the ladies. Nor with anyone. I'm good.)

-(Berto) Espero que si, pero ya veremos.... y es mmm pinche puto tiempo para clase! (I hope that's true, but we'll see.... and now it's mmm stupid fucking time for class!)

(Olavo) Alright guys, how was *break*? Good snacks? I trust such. Well, we return, then, to converse on the definition of History. History. What is History? What are humans *up to* when they consciously speak the word, History? That's what I'm asking. I don't want to know more about the body of factual knowledge, you see, elaborated in books and essays. No. No. I want to

know about *the live people* who intentionally record critical events, gatherings, occurrences in various topographical contexts. The historians are the medium of access. What do I mean by medium? Plural is media. Historians are media of the past. The past! First and foremost, historians collect a rich record of *tangible traces*, including treaties, letters, laws, any political documents, paintings, photographs, newspapers, songs, poems, pamphlets, diary notes, printed writings, any anthropological artifacts and of course, recall, please, *every tangible trace is an artifact*. **But not every artifact is traceable**. What do we call the artifacts which are *not* traceable? These artifacts are called, *relics*. In my opinion, the study and appreciation of relics is its own field of history. But, unfortunately, I cannot get into that right now. Heheh. Anyway, let's move into the definition History itself.

Is History the *inference* of 1) events from human traces and relics, or what?

Is History, quite simply, the set of maps covering an indefinitely vast past? Yes? If so, the historian must *lift* the coverings, which submerge the informational energy that is the past. The next question emerges. What is *a* particular past? Perhaps, we may say, an individual human body has *a personal past*. Yet...what is *the* past? Yes Burt!

(Burt begins) Well, you have not defined or theorized the **logical structure** of humanly *having* a personal past. How does a human *body*, for example, *have* a non-panoramic past? Right? The body's brain contains the relics, by the way. You cannot trace memories, or feelings, directly. We know that. But again, I ask – honestly, the class. *What does possessing a personal-past mean?* Yesterday happened, and none of you know what my body was doing after school. But where is yesterday? In my brain? In what forms? Or is the past centralized, but contained, to my brain. Do my forearm-hands have my past as *muscle memories*? Is my past including these words dispersing into this room? I remember inhabiting this *classroom* yesterday, as does everybody here who was then present. What is the pastal distinction between (1) my desk, which I am touching and frequently touching, and (2) the ceiling, which I have never bodily/physically touched yet watch all the time? (Olavo) Very good! As we are observing, the idea of a past is- But *a* past does not seem to me an **idea**. Lord. That's *just* the damn question you posed: What is a past? A flaccid little idea? How about a deep series of self-mediating ideas. You asked a stirring question. Very good to you. However, I cannot accept an idea as the definition of past. The *word* Past is an idea we use to express our historical lives, but when I think 'My Past' what am I referring to except, My Life? I do not remember what you, Olavo, were saying – vocally articulating – yesterday at this very time, post-break, 10:47 am, *and I was here*. Just as actual as I am right now. Exactly here, as in, *my cranium*

occupied these exact coordinates on earth, again, graphically demonstrating that *my body* was positively not occupying any other vicinity on planet earth. So, where, is my Past? Outside my body, or inside my mind? Look. This cranial lamination occupied this desk at 10:20, before break, and it locomoted back at 10:40 to occupy the *locationally* identical desk. Do not dispute the classical coordinate stability of this inorganic entity. It did not move, as a body would do. Next step. Inside my lamination are complex neuronal operations that are rendering that mid-term memory, even though that memory is dedicatedly not programming my perception.

Alright? Last step. Because the memory M (domain) of my Body B (operator) residing inside this classroom C (codomain/basin of operation) *is not programming my perception of this current graphical classroom*, it follows logically that (1) my perception yields an **adjacent asymmetry** over (2) my memory. It also follows that (2) this graphical vicinity yields a **longitudinal asymmetry** over (1) this graphical body. What happens when they 1 and 2 fuse? We have, in short, the three key features of MATHEMATICAL EQUATION.

My interior-body mathematically equates with my exterior-room, which is laminar. As we know, a proof does not presume, but demonstrates, incontestably.

(Olavo) Now calm down, *please*, Burton, right now. You've asked many interesting questions, but we have to move beyond a personal Past to *the collective* Past, which is the topic covered by History itself. You missed History, you see, by injecting your own bodily story. That's fine, for that time. Please do not interrupt me. Okay? (Burt) I just have ... and *that pastoral moment* belongs to both you and me *distinctly* from the rest of these classed-bodies watching this alarming hilarity, which it is, really, this scene is a hilarity. Look at Alexander laughing. And why? Obviously, because you raised an actually stimulating question...only to belch an impotent definition that *a Past belongs* to a human being and, what, *the Past is History itself?* Ha. Nice redundancies. So does the Past include the lives of all the organisms discarded as irrelevant to human interests and concerns? Can we converse on the current activities of my pet, or will we continue to the trivialities you vaunt idiotically as **traces**? You scared of the **relics**? (Olavo) Bye. Leave right now! Hahah!!! You sad owl, I might as well leave, but only to preserve whatsoever baseless deference you retain from these pastoral bodies, except none of them *can* internally-inhabit their **Personal Pasts** because Past *only is* externally-laminar **Primordial Room**. When fused,

internal-persona and external-primordia, human bodies become Prescient Room. Accordingly, the past is psychic and dynamic, and the future is exteriorly contoured panoramas. The outside is ecstatic, the inside is hyperdynamic.

Your parents will be called right now. Go to the principal's office, right, now. Go. Go!!!

I prefer to remain where I am, unless you will bodily override my present peace, with your wide face glaring at me while I am simply speaking to you and the class, since we all, *each of one you* sitting and saying nothing, appropriately, inherit this demonstrative capability: one medium is thoughtful speech, but there are many. Legia media. And you, Mr. Rodriguez, have reactivated me today, hahah yeah you did by finally enunciating the elemental question of a true conundrum. What is *a* Past? Perhaps the answer is an Event. Facile answer. What is the Past. Yes, let's be tautological. But let's do so utterly afresh! *What* is the past? *Where* is room? Now the conundrum emerges. Automatically, the verb "pass" has been morphologically fixed with a T. Past. Past. Fixed. Time. Elongate. Passage. Accelerate. Pace. Pace of Place. Time to Race the Place.

Demonstration

(A middle schooler has taken the classroom floor, apparently acceptantly by the teacher and classmates) Past. Apparently, the word –Past– remains inapt. Let us, please, specify two-unit temporal passage as dualistic *time-dilation*. Okay? Essentially, you can express this lattice requirement in whichever notation you wish to: pictorial, graphical, strictly symbolic, kinesthetic....The question is this. *How did ancient, or primitive, humans glean and inscribe their earliest mathematical thoughts?* Dual-Time-Dilation. Actually, the first relativistic formalization of time dilation *misleads everyone of us* to think that primitive human bodies deduced time by attuning themselves to the daily cyclic solar rotation, consciously. The attunement to solar time was *subconscious*. These words have not been uttered in, hahahah, History Class. Why not Mr. Rodriguez? Ah? I'll now denote you by OLAVO, as an ode to our equality, and I am glad that you've taken a seat amongst your peers, not in age, but in mentation. Why have you not vocally and probably not mentally touched, never mind explored, the perceptual origination of relativistic, or dual, time dilation?

Denote the base *units*. Uh oh. How do we do that? How do we do dat? Ha! Heh...Ya know, the natty numbers you counted in kinnigarten? 1, 2...3, these are natural, or base, units. But modern logicians and physicists study, say, the recursion-theoretic and n-valued ($n > 1$) properties of these numerical *magnitudes*, or scalars, which ultimately close under unbound, or perfect, superposition of infinite numbers.

Regardless. We believe our numerical capacities are restricted to plain perception, but they are provably and positively not, at all. Jesus Christ. However, it ain't easy, Jimmy. Yimmy. You have to delve into the silly symbolisms, I know. I know. But when you dream, you permute *symbols*, which are otherwise consciously compressed *entities*. No, intrinsically or unconsciously, symbols are *identities*. Symbols are self-transducing acceptors of a higher-order syntax. Identities are, when unbound, *mathematical infinities*. When entangled, or superposed, identities are *informatic finitudes*.

Learn to use, like, even love, the rapid cooperations of bound and free variables (acceptors) teleporting and transferring between dynamical functions that appear static to the acceptors because these variables are themselves ecstatic elements of syntactic hyperdynamics, occurring – for instance and especially – at the boundary of the human body. Your body, which is an exquisitely-leveled superposition of molecular and cellular cooperators, must become mathematical. How? Perceive the room, and regard this setting as granularly GRAPHICAL. You bodies, in mathematical fact, are **hyperdynamical juggernauts**. You broader, hyper-valued juggernauts, with me, are in a complex, or plural, graph. Call it room. Every theoretical system is *contractible* to THIS CONCEPTUAL PERCEPTION OF YOUR BODIES PARSING THIS MONIC VICINITY. Better yet, this is the simplest method of demonstration: stand alone in a room. Be the only body present, occurrent. Now, juggernaut, walk across the room. The graphical dilation between your laminar-body and the ambient-room, no matter how *configuratively* convoluted, is *syntactically* dual. As your body lucidly locomotes through the room, the room ambiently duplicates a phantom for every graphical phase of bodily passage. Yet the room and the body *commute* a duality, a bivalent identity, despite the combinatorial turbulence that is a macrobody modally motoring through a wild hydrodynamic atmosphere.

Duality must now be called, spacetime dilation.

Perceptually, there is no *singular unit* AS THIS IS HAPPENING. Singletons are dual dilations. We may easily reformulate and reorganize History in the logical vocabulary of Algebra...which we learn in the mourning. Oh, how? Spacetime dilation is correspondently geometric and algebraic. Geometry is dynamized as topology. Algebra is abstracted as combinatorics. Again, how? Well, let's watch algebra and geometry merge. Here is a *linear recurrence relation*.

...may I utilize the board, Olá? $a_n = a_1 + (n-1)n \rightarrow$ why the n at the end? Let's redact n , for now.... An arithmetical progression is a *natural numeric sequence* with a constant common term t being the obviously subtractive *difference* d such that.... $a_n = a_1 + (n-1)d \rightarrow d$ for difference under left-right *subtraction*. Subtraction is atemporally retractive *substitution*. Alternatively, difference is an atemporally extensional *decoherence*...denotable by these 10 *natural* numeric identities, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9...0. Any sequence of these identities is a digital, bivalent, and maximal compression of the infinite range between twin successors $\langle 0, 1 \rangle$. To show this extremely succinctly, consider the Successor Function: which requires 0 to *neutralize* the Successor Ordinal $n+0=n$. So, in the linear recurrence relation, $d=n$. Difference equates to generic numeration. Both entities are of arbitrary arity unless otherwise specified or interpolated.

The Successor Function succeeds by the operation of Union \cup which, critically, *merges* dual-elements into singleton-sets. Sets then *distribute* higher-order logical operations over these discrete *binary digits*. Okay? Recall that difference, or distance, literally equates to numerical value.

So let's continue. $S(n) = n \cup \{n\}$... or, $S(0) = 0 \cup \{0\}$. What is $\{0\}$? 1. But what element does 1 contain? 0, which is nilpotent.

1 is *the* Singleton, or distributive extension.

$\{\}$ =the Empty Set, or distributive neutralization. Free Zero. $\{0\} \equiv 1 = \langle \{\} \cup \{0\} \rangle \rightarrow n: [\{0,1\}]$ 2, or $\{\{0\}\}$. But, $\{0\}$ is the intriguing value.... because set-Union exposes the number-0 inside $\{\}$ the empty set. But both the number-0 and the empty-set $\{\}$ are identical. How do they demerge?

Something occurs between the Empty Set and the Unit Set, called *purely invariant complementation*.

Union, which is believed to *select* some alphabetic or semantic elements from two sets, means to *Merge*. Merge is binary set-formation, because the dual-complementation of 1 and 0 is a requirement for syntactic generation. (Avram emerges) Yes, for Merge, $n=2$.

(Avram proceeds) Merge *contracts* the unordered two-valued workspace into an unmodified, extended third object, a set $n = \{0, 1\}$. But something fundamental has happened here. All this time, I have presumed that merging a 2-valued workspace into a third object yields *an unordered output*. This can't be correct. I recognize now, that external-Merge *is* internal-Merge, such that the purely *unordered syntactic workspace* $(1,0)$ renders...the *totally ordered temporal pair* $\langle 0, 1 \rangle$, as well as the null dual-copy of the workspace itself, which is the unordered set $\{0, 1\}$.

Exquisitely, binary-merge equates = the infinite natural set $\{0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 \rightarrow \infty\}$ = with the $\langle 0,1 \rangle$ binary sequence or ordered pair. See, $M(0, 1)=\{0, \infty\}$, wherein obviously $0=0$, or $0=\{\}$, but what about this lifting $1 \rightarrow n^\infty$?

Merge *contracts* bits or binaries into a third extended object. Yet, it *extends* the two mutually unordered objects, as a self-symmetric *spatiotemporal duality*.

When verbally rendered, Merge *binarizes* the simplest sequential convergence, being a totally ordered pair $\langle 0, 1 \rangle$.

Unfortunately, moving any further from Merge would blast us into mathematical paralysis. Yes: the simplest Universal Turing Machines, considered only combinatorially, crash or converge on the simplest combinatorial operation...Merge.

To put it most concisely, Merge yields *discrete infinity*, which is independent and inclusive, continuous and quantum.

Before I continue, let me say and stress this truism: infinity is universally presupposed for elementary Arithmetic itself to even emerge, okay, and Arithmetic duplicates, in a simpler notation, the sentential expressions of first-order symbolic Logic. I emphasize the following most strongly.

EVERY DOMAIN OF MATHEMATICS DETERGES Merge AS TOTAL TRIVIALITY.

So yes, we commence and discover *Pure Mathematics* from within a titanic triviality.
Oh no....no.

Mr. Gutsi, a former friend who none of you know, but will indeed feel throughout these maxims, which were organically produced and ambiently uttered in the very early 21st Century amid apartmental isolation.

Musician, Physician, Logician

There is no *excluded* domain. There is a *total* domain. Model-theoretic domains are **closed forms** which are nevertheless isomorphic to *open sets*. They are open codomains. We want to ask, how?

Reality, is a totally inclusive and closed main domain, deploying indefinitely many open codomains, or valued-images. To be, is, to enact. And Jos, the Musician, instantaneously flourished: Yes but, then, Reality is the* sole source, which is the being binarized by two-valued *truth functions*.

(Logician) Yes, Jos, exactly. What is the problem? Reality is monic *and* bijective. Look, Bert knows, the ultimate limit of human cognition is self-cancellation.

(Musician) One is two. My encased brain is *ostensibly* discrete from yours. Ostensibly. What is occurring? But see, with this question we go into the open *codomain* overlooking the *opening* or preextensive main domain. So, which occurs: static preextension or dynamic opening? Because even the logical exploration of the human body implicates the rather laminar room directly encasing the body. Modern humans are extremely cerebral bodies that absolutely need to comprehend the primordial contraction between the body and the room. When the two fuse, the body is calm and the room is ecstatic.

(Physician) Hahahah yes Jos!!!! Are we rooming and bodying?

(Jos) The best connection is, just, being room. The body *rooms this dual distance within monic intimacy*. Movement is dislocation. We are closing codomains, as in, **we are this open room**. We are identical pluralities. Dislocation means *merging* Body and Room?

(X: Logician) *But perhaps their contradiction is the absolute truth.*

(B: Physician) Being. One *is* two. Leave it to Jos to unleash such simplicity. The *uniform conundrum* is the logical necessity of...bijective divergence. How can a connexion equally defuse by perfectly merging? What happens when we binarize infinity, rather than spawn infinity from a binary? Do we halve infinity? Halving. Halving. The dual-act of **doubling** and **diverging**. Doubling, of course, covers addition + and multiplication *. Diverging, surely, covers subtraction – and division ÷.

(J: Acoustician) But what is this “and” that we cannot understand? Doubling *and* diverging, you listening? Why must the monic origin *dualize!*? Why is discrete duality simultaneously *unified*?

Beware. Randomness itself is under lethal assault.

Incompleteness of Randomness: locality limits

Noesis

The Journal of the Noetic Society
(also listed as the One-in-a-Million Society)

Number 46

February, 1990

The Society has a new member, who qualified by his score on the Mega Test. He is:

George W. Dicks, Jr.

[Address and telephone number omitted.]

He requests that his regards be conveyed to the other members. Anthony J. Bruni has changed his address.

[Old and new address omitted.]

The addresses and telephone numbers of members, incidentally, are for the use of other members in contacting them, and are not intended for dissemination outside the group. This reminder follows a letter I received from one of you regarding the nuisance potential of such "leaks". Some are obviously more susceptible than others to such problems; contact with nonmembers

might even be welcomed in some instances. But please use as much discretion with regard to personal information on other members as you would expect of them.

I have received several more letters from Ron Hoeflin. Because they mainly concern Newcomb's paradox, I assume that he would not mind my using them here. His comments may exemplify the doubts of others regarding the resolution, so responding to them directly may be a good way to promote understanding. It is not my intention to humiliate anyone, and Mr. Hoeflin deserves to be recognized for his forthrightness in voicing his objections.

As form precedes content, I will deal first with the occasional need to use mathematical formalism in lieu of plain English. The Resolution of Newcomb's Paradox in fact contains minimal abstract symbolism, given the need to satisfy the formalistic requirements of such papers. The mathematical "chicken-scratchings" I subjected you to were necessary to show that I know how to map the abstract theory of computation onto Newcomb's paradox in such a way that theorems of computation can be applied to resolution. If anyone else was badly confused by this maneuver, please understand that my intention was quite the opposite. If it is any consolation, you were spared many other important symbolic formalities.

There would seem to remain some doubt as to whether deciphering such ideas can possibly be worth the trouble. Such an attitude is utterly inconsistent with their obvious importance. At the risk of seeming immodest, I can supportably assert that the Resolution is among the most widely ramified pieces of reasoning that you will ever read. This owes in part to what it says about the **reasoning process itself**, a subject of frequent error and abuse even in the spheres to which it is most critical. Unfortunately, the paper's extreme concision tends to place such a burden of construction on the neophyte that misconstruction remains rather too likely. That, more than anything, has forced this to become a protracted affair, even as it silences complaints based on the "low importance" of "impossible" situations like that of Newcomb's paradox.

"Impossibility" is a widely misused term. It is the nature of possibility that it has meaning only **relative** to given sets of conditions or axioms. Thus, it is impossible to find a line which passes through a given point p , but which never intersects another line not containing p , in an *elliptic* geometry. On the other hand, it is possible to find one such line in a *Euclidian* geometry, but impossible to find more than one. And it is possible to find an infinity of them in a *hyperbolic* geometry. These distinctions would have been derided as lunacy prior to the advent of Gauss, Bolyai, Lobachevski, and Riemann, who dared to consider systems which did not incorporate Euclid's fifth postulate. Physics is no less axiomatic than geometry, and in fact incorporates geometry by necessity in its spatial determinations. So, inasmuch as physics is complete relative only to *finite* collections of data, one can *never* proclaim the impossibility of anything without **implicitly relativizing his hypothesis** to just those circumstances precluding possibility. The situation is really very cut and dried, and has made a fool of many a serious intellect.

What one often means when one says "impossible" is "*counter-intuitive*". The intuition tends to rebel against anything alien to the conditions under which it evolved. Since these conditions are necessarily limited, the intuition is bound to react to much of what the mind, and reality, can conceive. The path of science is littered with shell-shocked intuitions and the outworn notions to which they clung. Casualties of the forced march of progress, they lie mummified in cerements of library dust, where their unquiet rustlings beckon the unwary to join them.

"Unreal", which is as tricky a term as "impossible", appears in the following remark by Mr. Hoeflin. "I did agree with the solution you gave, as far as I could understand it. What interests me is the *psychological* question of why such an unreal situation as Newcomb's Paradox presents would attract so much interest on the part of serious thinkers. I suppose it does because it's a sort of limiting case, and ultimate limits, wherever they may be found, e.g., the simple example of computing pi, tell us about the ultimate geography of our conceptual universe. As a... philosopher, I was personally more persuaded by your metaphors and analogies than by your mathematical symbolism."

This passage contains several key concepts. There is, of course, the distinction between analogy and symbolism mentioned above. It is important to recognize that analogy is itself an inherently mathematical concept. It is virtually synonymous with the term "morphism", which signifies the *mapping* of one (structured) set to another. The distinction expresses a superficial difference among sets: some consist of numbers or symbols, while others consist of "natural" words or even concrete objects. *Symbols* are used in part to compactify linguistically-extensive definitions so as not to sacrifice apprehension of "pure structure" to obscuring detail, and save much paper in the mathematical literature. Trees are getting scarce, and the fewer sacrificed in the name of science, the better.

However, it is all too common for conceptual orientators to be compactified right out of existence in the process, and these are often needed by those unfamiliar with the full meanings and derivations of the structures. For instance, were an intelligent but mathematically illiterate person to be handed an abstract "epsilon-delta" development of the infinitesimal calculus, or the purely symbolic description of an algebraic group, he or she would be unlikely to think immediately of instantaneous rates of change, or symmetries of physical rotations. Rather, such a person would probably become embroiled in a frustrating attempt to track the symbols through their mutual, empirically unmotivated definitions, eventually falling victim to a truth regarding the nature of human intelligence: it is inseparable from motivation. While this does not imply that motivation and intelligence are identical, it bears mention for its extreme importance in psychometrics.

The "psychology" behind the notoriety of Newcomb's paradox is elucidated by considering how the human mind models the procedural counterpart of such dilemmas. This counterpart is reflected in the ability of some minds to correctly prioritize a problem even in the absence of a

conscious ability to solve it. The problem is "recognized" as important by a neural "acceptor", the brain, in spite of the nonrecognition of certain requisites of solution. It follows that either the criteria of importance differ in kind from those of solution, or that the brain can detect inconsistencies and representational inadequacies among the internal models defining its operational dynamic even when it lacks the ability to resolve them. This ability is not at all surprising; without it, human science could never advance. After all, the need to advance must be computable to that which does the advancing. The matter of real interest is how so many minds can suppress this ability in favor of the inconsistent and inadequate models themselves. Newcomb's paradox was invented, and granted importance, precisely because it is a compact, meaningful formulation of the *scientific imperative*. Its resolution is thus a formulation of the conditions for scientific advancement.

The supposed "unreality" of Newcomb's paradox is central to the issue. As already noted, this predicate is conditional in nature. To see why, imagine for a moment that you belong to a primitive tribe isolated from civilization in the heart of the Amazon rain forest. Suppose that an explorer appears one day, only to be surrounded by your fellow natives with their poison-dart blowguns. Fearful lest he become a *tsantsa* (shrunken head) in your collection of trophies and fetishes - and rightly so - he sets about to impress you with his "magical" powers.

Glowing, he produces unfamiliar objects: a (black, box-shaped) shortwave radio, a pair of magnets, and a gun. Naturally, you are quite unfamiliar with their names and functions. With his fingers on the radio's controls, he appears to hold a conversation in some unintelligible language with a god or demon inside it. You draw closer; the demon seems to raise its voice in warning. Quickly, you draw back. Next, the stranger points the gun skyward. There is a terrible noise and a flash of light, but nothing else seems to have happened...until a large, moss-backed sloth crashes to earth from somewhere in the canopy above you. You are relieved when the visitor kneels, places one magnet on the ground, and holds the other mysteriously above it. Muttering incantations, he brings it within an inch or two of the ground, and suddenly...yet another miracle happens! The lower magnet leaps up and affixes itself to the one in his hand. Three times, your "laws of physics" have been violated; thrice, you have witnessed unfamiliar effects that *seem to lack* physical mechanisms. You are elated when the stranger, now your honored "visitor", points at himself and says "Andy!" (or is it "ND"?), presents you with the magic jumping-stones, and takes his leave through the mist.

The "magical", or seemingly nonlocal, effects you have witnessed have explanations far in your technological future. They involve radio-frequency electromagnetic radiation, explosive chemistry and faster-than-vision ballistics, and magnetic fields. "Andy" seems to be *above* the laws of physics as you understand them; if you possessed the computational paradigm, you would consider him a kind of "metaphysical programmer" of "impossible" physical effects. In the language of the CTMU, you would consider him a projection from Γ (gamma) to Γ_0 , the physical stratum of Γ .

Suppose, in a sadly unrealistic manner, that the equatorial rain forest in which you live will never be cut, burned, and bulldozed by greedy industrialists or ignorant and procreatively incontinent peasants. It follows that your primitive society may continue to evolve in isolation, perhaps to eventually develop a formal, axiomatic version of physics. Your descendants might then play the same game with the "Andy" legend that a modern physicist would try to play with the "ND" data. This game is the game of science, and it involves the *restriction of Γ to Γ_0* . This is the process by which the paranormal becomes normal, and the miraculous becomes physical. It is the one and only valid logical syntax of science. It is not to be confused with the "scientific method", *which can work only with the assumption of "locality"*; this assumption, like Euclid's fifth postulate, is suspended pending actual confirmation in the process of Γ -restriction.

The locality assumption is suspended because predicating truth on it or on any other assumption is unacceptably biased, pseudo-tautological, and logically insupportable. This has been suspected (if not explicitly stated) by quantum physicists from EPR onward. The CTMU was largely motivated by the possibility of **quantum nonlocality**, and is in fact the *only valid framework in which quantum nonlocality can be considered*. Any "other" such framework must be CTMU-isomorphic, incomplete, or invalid. But more on this later on.

Thus, the "limiting case" represented by Newcomb's paradox - the apparent violation of the known laws of physics - leads to the CTMU, which is indeed the *"ultimate geometry of our conceptual universe"*.

(Break)

As I have remarked in a letter or two, probability is defined so as to be meaningless except relative to given data and data formulations. The *potential* for (probabilistic) information is not strictly equivalent to *information*. Rather, where such information is underivable from past data given the best formulation of those data, it is *undecidable* with respect to the data axiomatization, and *inutile* for the derivation of theorems therefrom. Thus, there is potentially a nonzero probability that there are tapir bones in the cat's pile, but this probability is currently undecidable and cannot be used in Bayesian inference. Similarly, there is potentially a nonzero probability that solar physics is wrong or incomplete, and can neither formulate nor predict actuation of the mechanism by which the sun is about to go nova and incinerate the planet earth. But we cannot use this probability to calculate the likelihood that "tomorrow will never come" until we revise or extend the applicable physics.

Let us enlarge on the distinction between *statistics* and *causality*. Causality is just the most concise exact description of a set of statistical correlations, and can be regarded as the output of an algorithm on statistical input. This algorithm, "logical induction", includes Occam's Razor and its metasyntax. What enters as "probabilistic dependency" emerges as "logical dependency"; the **many-valued logic** of the former, wherein *probabilities* are defined as *truth-values*, has become

two-valued by the formation of distinguishing predicates (or conversion of truth-values to quantifiers). So logical dependency, or *causality*, is the inductive transform of *probabilistic* dependency. This transformation, being largely based on past data, can be rendered inconsistent by new data.

It has been remarked by statistically-minded scientists that the statistical correlations of which causal axioms are the compressed versions are themselves immune to this sort of vitiation. This is true but impractical. Because they must be ascertained by whomever would put them to use, such correlations are no safer in their "scattered" form than they are under inductive compression; they are ascertainable only by means of devices and techniques which are themselves based on past data. The means and conventions of observation, experimentation, and measurement which characterize any scientific methodology are often designed primarily to detect already-familiar kinds of correlations. To this extent, such means and conventions can themselves be considered the embodiments of past correlations and their apparent conditions, such as *metrical locality*. This tautology is no less artificial in its statistical guise than in its "theoretical" one; it reaches its formal limit in the mental structures of transducers using science to compute "objective" reality. These transducers project their structures *outwardly*, along with whatever limitations those structures ultimately impose on their internal models and conceptual algorithms.

Obviously, the structure of a transducer is a more absolute kind of limit than the momentary empirical or theoretical limitations of its science. The purpose of Γ (\square) is to push that limit out as far as possible, and then to define it as scientifically and as logically as possible. The structure of Γ (\square) is thus as deep and complex *as the structure of the mind itself*. And, as was pointed out in The Resolution of Newcomb's Paradox, it is that which can never be transgressed by the minds of which it is both a model and an outward projection. It is ultimate and inescapable, the only possible theory of its kind and generality. Anyone who proposes to extend human understanding without it, or something trivially isomorphic to it, unwittingly displays either ignorance or delusion.

(Break)

Mr. Hoeflin goes on: "Almost all science and philosophy seems to depend on this search for the 'simplest, most elegant solution' consistent with the known data, with the proviso that new, unexpected data may occasionally arise, making one's 'simplest' solution wrong or inexpedient." This is one possible expression of Godel's Theorem, which can thus be interpreted as predicting the inevitable possibility of unpredictable data. We already know, from our above observations on the criteria for sound induction, that theories cannot be allowed to become self-limiting. A *metric* is a set of *spatial relationships* qualifying as a theory. So, in order not to make of it an artificial tautology, we must reserve a potential, however unlikely, for *metrical violations*. Associating this metric with Γ_0 implies the *incompleteness* of Γ_0 . Accordingly, $\Gamma_0 \longrightarrow \Gamma$, and the CTMU is

born. This, incidentally, is the spin-free derivation of quantum nonlocality alluded to in Noesis #43. No chicken-scratchings are necessary.

As we have seen above, this is just what the CTMU metasyntax \square is designed to do for the natural sciences. It is stratified at the ultimate boundaries of the deterministic subsyntaxes defined within it, where those ultimate limitations are spatial, temporal, or *phenomenal* (attributive or existential). Whitehead's dictum, in its terse and pithy way, advocates the CTMU perspective. Since we have established that this perspective enables the resolution of Newcomb's paradox by relaxation of the time-directional constraint embodied in the "principle of restricted dominance", this aphorism in fact "suggests" the means of resolution.

There can be nothing more oxymoronic than a transducer which considers its Designer, Effector, and User ("DEUS") to be bound by its own accepting syntax, particularly when this syntax has been thoughtfully endowed with the capacity to formulate **extensions** of itself by *logical self-negation*. Yet, the history of philosophy has been blighted by a universal inability to isolate and dissect the flaws in such pro-atheistic arguments as this.

It will be both an honor and a pleasure to show that human logic contains within itself the means to disable such weak, but morally destructive, negative circularities.

(Big Break)

"Omnipotence" implies an *arbitrary ability* to define and remove constraint. It includes the power of *self-constraint*; omnipotence allows GOD to create a constraint which applies to Himself. This is a stratification: GOD is at once That which constrains, and That which is constrained. This is no more strange than a Cretan who makes statements reflecting constraints on Cretans, as did the Cretan Epimenides when he said, "All Cretans invariably lie". Note that this latter statement implies neither that Epimenides is not a Cretan, nor that he cannot voice judgments on his race, himself, or any attribute applying to him. What it does imply, according to an application of common sense, is that whatever information such *self-referential statements* afford concerning their authors must be carefully checked for *self-negating inconsistency*. We can believe the pronouncement of Epimenides only if we are willing, by a simple CTMU **relativization of information**, to except him from it at the time he makes it.

Similarly, those who wish to put self-negating words into the mouth of GOD, as it were, must make an exception for which they have themselves set the conditions. Thus, GOD can provisionally deprive Himself of omnipotence, but only by "simultaneously" *exercising* His omnipotence. The meaning of simultaneity is not the same as usual here; instead, it signifies the fact that God – in the hypothetical manifestation we are considering – occupies the same two levels of Γ as does ND. His (programmable) omnipotence and His (programmed) non-omnipotence, set thus within the paradox-resolvent framework of Γ , cease to be paradoxical. Of course, the relationship of GOD to Γ goes well beyond this manifestation.

We can bring the situation even closer to home. Imagine that you are a chain smoker, and that you have just resolved to *quit*. You establish a *constraint* to that effect, willing it, upon yourself with all your resolve. Having done this, you can now ask yourself: "*Can* I have a smoke, or *can't* I?" The two voices in your head, one saying "yes!", and the other "no!", are just a nicotine addict's version of the "omnipotence paradox". That is, if you can choose whether or not to smoke, then you can choose not to smoke. But if you have chosen not to smoke, then you cannot (choose to) smoke.

Notice that this does not cause you to vanish in a puff of *self-contradiction*. You have merely *stratified* your intentionality. To keep observing your renunciation of tobacco, it is sufficient that you iterate this regression whenever the constraint weakens enough to let you question it. This example differs from the "omnipotence paradox" primarily in that its constraint does not impose absolute physical limitations on the dependent phase of the protagonist; this permits confinement of its regressive re-affirmation "within" the Γ_0 timetype. Still, it is nothing short of astonishing that so common a predicament has not elicited more empathy among those willing to sacrifice their faith in the name of "logic".

Mr. Hoeflin now speculates in a direction expressly forbidden by the traditional formulation of Newcomb's paradox. "Suppose that in making my decision about whether to take one or both boxes I use a **purely random** basis for decision such as the decay of an atomic nucleus." Conveniently, my own stronger formulation relaxed the original constraint against basing one's decision on outward, otherwise irrelevant criteria. This was accomplished by **arbitrary extension** of the transducer M_N into its physical environment, a maneuver described in my discussion of knowledge in Noesis #45 (p. 10, top paragraph). Mr. Hoeflin's condition thus has the effect of rendering M_N 's strategic algorithm Γ_n *nondeterministic*, and the dynamic augmentation of M_N a nondeterministic automaton. These possibilities, of course, were accounted for in the Resolution.

Next: "If the demon could predict this choice, then he would be doing the impossible, since the decay of that nucleus in a given period of time is **random rather than deterministic**." To be fair, this could be put into an average college physics textbook as a subatomic twist on the venerable oracle of thermodynamics known as Maxwell's Demon, there to reflect the *shallowness* of such literature with respect to terms like "impossible", "random", and "deterministic". Physicists, who often hold philosophy in contempt for its "fuzzy" and "meaningless" references, frequently fall into the same traps of language as those whom they scorn. Although the above point was dealt with in issue no. 44, a brief refresher may be in order.

The "**nondeterminacy**" of the decay of an atomic nucleus means that the schedule by which this decay occurs is to some extent not a function of *physically measurable variables*. Dynamically, this means that the event has an "open neighborhood" effectively isolating it from known physical causes or dynamical mechanisms; the set of determinants of such events is not closed

under known deterministic operations. This open neighborhood does just what it sounds like it does, exposing the event to **ulterior determinants**.

The *apparent* nondeterminacy of such events, as derived from the statistical formalism used to predict them, is an *artifact of that formalism*. To consider it any more than that is to make the theory of nuclear decay a source of self-fulfilling predictions. But we have shown above that this is a logically impermissible artificial tautology. Such tautologies attempt to restrict incoming data on the basis of limitations in theory, measurement, or past data, and are not good science. It follows that when you talk about the "randomness" or "determinacy" of phenomena, these predicates are **tacitly relativized to your current knowledge and ability**. To put is as succinctly as possible, uncertainty is just computationally-relativized nondeterminacy. As science is necessarily computed by experimentative and experimental automata, these automata cannot supplant uncertainty with "absolute" nondeterminacy. Because human scientists have Γ -subautomatic models, this goes for them too.

Γ is designed as the universal mechanism of arbitrary "ulterior determinants". By definition, it is maximally unbiased with regard to these determinants and their effects; it even allows for what we would consider "nonphysical" determinants. Because it models the paradox-resolvent stratification of our internal logic, it is *immune to vitiation by paradox*; it "regresses" in such a way as to provide *arbitrary contextual extensions for paradox-resolution*. It features a niche for hypothetical creatures like the Maxwell and Newcomb Demons. This niche is safe from scientific encroachment, because it recedes as science advances. To put it another way, for every theoretical language expressing scientific constraints, there is a metalanguage in which we may express the *potential* for changes, suspensions, or augmentations of those constraints. $\Gamma \square$ is the active, mechanistic counterpart of this (Tarskian) linguistic regression, ramified and explicated in the CTMU.

Physics, as conceived by most of us, is totally dependent on the assumption that causes are physically linked to their effects. Nothing is thought to happen without **adjacency** and **contact**, where contact is matter-*to*-matter, field-*to*-field, or matter-*to*-field. Adjacency is totally determined by the *metric*, or set of spatial relationships, on which it is defined. So physics is inherently metrical in nature, and phenomena which *violate* the **metrical adjacency criterion** totally disable the associated physics. In this event, physics must be extended. Γ is the exclusive syntax of *metametrical theoretical extension*, where the "metametric" is an arbitrary relational extension of the limiting physical subtheory that we call the "physical metric". Because inductive criteria forbid us to rule out nonlocal correlations and mechanisms, Γ is not a theoretical "option", but a fully justified metaphysics. All those who care about science and understanding can breathe a sigh of relief that this metaphysics has finally been discovered, precisely defined, and explicated as the CTMU.

Physics has long fixated upon the *geometrical* properties of space in its deepest analyses of time and causality. The structure of matter, on the other hand, has been seen in terms of *algebraic* symmetries of components. But physics is process, and petroglyphic mathematical entities can yield only a limited amount of insight on their own. It is time to realize that dynamical processes are *computed*, and that the mysterious power granted the observer in relativity and quantum theory resides entirely in the computative essence of observation. The universe is automaton in its parts and in its entirety. Though the CTMU has been ardently desired by the great of intellect since time immemorial, never before has the concept of machine been made powerful enough to derive it. Wait no longer. Γ has risen at last.

Christopher Michael Chappelle-Langan, 1990.

(Humungous Break. Deep breathing. Twilight is descending heavily on Somerville.)

Noesis.

October 09, 1992

Dear Rick:

Since I'm sending you my letter to Ron, I might as well take the opportunity to rectify what you modestly call your "misunderstanding of Godel", involving the supposed inability of tautological systems to generate "interesting results". Read closely; if you want to get to the bottom of the controversy over "metaphysics", it doesn't get any clearer than this.

First, let's take a look at the word *tautology*. Its meaning in the vernacular involves needless repetition or redundancy. But in logic, its meaning is more precise and more benign. It describes a statement which is *analytic*, or true solely by virtue of its logical form. This reaches its limit in 2-valued propositional logic: e.g., $A \vee \sim A$ (*law of the excluded middle*); $\sim(A \& \sim A)$ (*law of non-contradiction*). In this notation, variables are *sentential*; "A" stands for any complete-formula or "predicate". Such tautologies are self-referential; we can let "A" stand for the whole tautology in which it appears (e.g., $A \vee \sim A \rightarrow (A \vee \sim A) \vee \sim(A \vee \sim A)$). Since logic is entirely developed by *deductive substitution* from initial tautologies - as is a geometry from its axioms - these tautologies form what you'd call a "reflexively true tautological framework". They are "highly resistant to outside contradiction" because, in order to be comprehensible, any such contradiction

must be formulated in terms of propositional logic and therefore submit to the very tautological rules it purports to "contradict".

It is possible to take an outside perspective on 2-valued propositional logic by extending the set of truth-values on which it relies. This perspective is that of *many-valued logic*. However, if you want to be able to regard statements as being either true or false but not both at once, you cannot take this perspective. Even if we were to take an MVL perspective for theoretical purposes (as sometimes we must), we would have to "translate" our results into 2VL in order to make them *consciously comprehensible*.

So we have three definitions of "tautology". In order of **strength**:

1. The self-referential sentential tautologies of 2VL;
2. Less general analytic statements like "daisies are flowers";
3. Any statement that is repetitive or redundant.

The extreme generality of propositional logic usually makes it inadequate as a theoretical formalism. Most scientific theories are sets of objectively-interpreted *predicates* making qualitative and quantitative attributions with respect to objectively-interpreted *object variables*. It would thus be useful to "relax" the propositional definition of tautology so as to extend its applicability to predicate logic. This can be done in a self-referential way through the well-known distinction between *autologous* ("the word *short* is short") and *heterologous* ("the word *illegible* is *not* illegible") *predicates*. Unfortunately, this distinction involves a nongeneral assumption that we cannot usually make: that predicates are being typographically interpreted, or that predicate logic is being used only in reference to how it is written. So we must *suspend* the self-reference criterion. This, of course, leaves us with definition (2) above.

The self-referentiality of sentential tautology owes to the fact that these tautologies can only be expressed as things of the kind to which they refer...i.e., **logical formulae**. But this is rarely the case. For example, we sometimes make general statements about contexts which contain neither the statements themselves nor their objective images. These statements then comprise a "metalanguage" formulated in a context which properly includes that to which they refer...i.e., in a *semantical* context including a theoretical *object language* and its *object universe*, or referent context. Examples of statements requiring metalinguistic formulation are those attributing truth or falsity to sets of semantically interpreted object-level expressions. In these and other such cases, we will be using the term "tautology" in reference to any universal generalization over the referent context ... something "repeated" for everything in that context, but not necessarily for itself.

But first, a preliminary note. A non-self-referential tautology always implies a restriction of its referent context with respect to reality as a whole. Otherwise, there would be no place left to formulate it in which it could avoid referring to itself. There is just one obvious context which

cannot be restricted in this way: *reality as a whole*. This, of course, is the universe of any theory of metaphysics. Like propositional logic, a metaphysical theory must be formulated *within* the context to which it refers. So, given our "relaxed" definition of tautology, it will be understood that tautology becomes self-referential by necessity at the "metaphysical limit" of predicate-logical theorization.

Note also that the cognitive syntax of the human mind – the time-invariant aspect of human mental functionability – qualifies as a tautology in the same self-referential sense as does metaphysics. Whatever it considers – itself and everything else – it must consider within its own definitive constraints. In other words, it can consider its own structure and operation only within its own structure and by its own operation, and everything else (all which is outside or beyond it) only as an *externalized potentialization* of itself (i.e., as that which can be considered *within* it). If the phrase "itself and everything else" seems suspiciously close to the phrase "reality as a whole" – the "universe of metaphysics" mentioned above – then you already glimpse what must follow.

Any nominal tautology (or "tautological theoretical framework") is of one of two kinds. Either it is *analytic over the entire domain of definition* of its argument, or it *isn't*; either it covers its entire universe, or it doesn't. In the former case, it is a valid tautology with respect to the given application. In the latter it is not, and if it is nevertheless tautologically applied, we call it an *artificial tautology* or a *pseudotautology*. Artificial tautology is the worst bane of inductive and empirical reasoning; it pretends to yield a kind of information it *cannot* yield, and to describe things completely which it actually describes partially, not at all, sometimes, or never. Most supposed "metaphysical" theories are of this variety (e.g., the Pepper theory of metaphysics, whose root concept is tautological only with respect to behavioral psychology and not reality in general).

Artificial tautology is especially insidious when, in indeterminate contexts with undescribed contents, it becomes "self-implying" in a manner which parodies true logical analyticity...e.g., when the rules of inference of the theory in which it is misplaced ignore the ordinal distinction between its "antecedent" and "consequent". As widespread examples, take such notorious prejudices as "those defendants who most cleverly deny guilt are always guilty". In any court holding this belief, no hapless innocent can be clever in his own defense without "proving himself guilty"! This statement's claim to generality resides in the supposed exhaustivity of the domain of definition of its antecedent (the universally-quantified set of defendants from which "the cleverest" are taken) and the universal quantification ("always") of its *synthetic* consequent. In empirical contexts, this is a blueprint for disaster.

However, it's just as clear that any valid tautology, by virtue of its applicability over specific distinctions within its universe, must be *general* in a sense often confused with *uninformative*. This confusion is only natural for those preoccupied with seeking various kinds

of *specific* information. If we want to cure an ill, it isn't enough to know that we need "a medicine"; we must know the specific *kind* of medicine we need.

If the story ended here, we'd be in big trouble. To get *specific* information, we need to use *deductive* reasoning. But we can only do so by starting with *generalities* and "working inwards". This means that without general info, there can *be* no specific info. In other words, we can't call the fact that we need "a medicine" "worthless information", since without it, we can't even *begin* to find the specific medicine we need. Generalities - and the inductive reasoning which produces them - are absolute prerequisites of "interesting" deductive theories.

Generalities reflect a general truth: not all of them are created equal. Tautology, as the very broadest kind of generality, is the most necessary prerequisite for informative theories. Thus, if Godel had ever said anything like "tautological systems cannot generate interesting results", he'd either have to draw some fast qualifications, or we'd have to rip the officer's stripes from his "genius" uniform and bust him down to *privatdocent*. Systems consisting *only* of tautologies may be informationally impoverished, but that's only because we haven't yet developed their primary advantages: their tautological structures relative to their data-universes.

All informative systems must have tautological bases relative to their universes...i.e., must come from premises (or axiomatic sets of premises) that are true for all things under all circumstances describable within them. Any system which does not is founded on premises which exclude some aspect of its universe, and is useless for arguments involving it. Where this excluded aspect is unknown, we cannot identify the arguments for which the system is or is not useful. This, of course, **eviscerates the entire system** from an informational standpoint, on the other hand, if the excluded aspect *is* known, then adjoining this info to the system in a way allowing it to interact with info already there *extends* the system to *cover* it, and there must now exist a tautological basis of the system with respect to its *whole universe*.

Notice what this says about the plight of pre-CTMU theories. The validity of any of them must be *relativized* to those aspects of the universe for which its basic premises are tautological; whatever information it contains exists only for them. Wasn't it too bad that the info in particular pre-CTMU theories was inapplicable to the contexts of other such theories...i.e., that all specific-theories couldn't be combined to *amplify* information about the contexts of each of them in least within logical constraints applying to relationships among the universes themselves?

Information is not an absolute quantity. It exists *relative* to the contexts in which it is applicable. If you know that apples are edible, but you have no apples, then you have no useful information on how to feed yourself, but if you have an endless supply of apples, you have quite a bit of info indeed. On the other hand, no number of apples can alone make "apples are edible" yield info on how to fix your TV. Unfortunately, standard information theory just wasn't equipped to deal with these and other aspects of its titular subject matter. While Shannon-style information *was* a

sufficiently powerful concept to promote the development of modern communication and computation systems, it had its limitations. The CTMU was invented partially to rescue the world from these limitations by redefining information in a more powerful way.

(Time to Break...away; do not be afraid, baby)

As readers of *Noesis* will recall, this crucial redefinition begins with a mutual, recursive interdefinition of *information* and *cognition* within a "reified tautology" called a *quantum transducer*. The quantum transducer, being *paradoxiform* by direct analogy with tautologically-based inference, models the way subjectively-tautological cognitive syntaxes transduce information in time. The universality of this model allows reality to be reduced to it, and thus to (cognitive) information. "Information" is the objective aspect of the quantum transducer *for* itself and for all others; it is *cognition-for-cognition*, equating generalistically to a cognitive identity relation on that part of reality to which it corresponds (i.e., the part containing *all* the transducers playing active and passive roles in it).

As you suggested in *Noesis* 73, my "certitude" regarding the CTMU rests on its tautological structure relative to all humanly-comprehensible reality (I seem to recall mentioning something to this effect during one of our two conversations)...and a few related "tricks" like paradox-distributivity. Formulating reality as a tautology was an obvious move. The reason no one succeeded before me is that doing so required a basic (and rather counterintuitive) restructuring of our perceptions and conceptions of reality.

A primary effect of this restructuring was to eliminate certain barriers existing among various *submetaphysical disciplines*. Every field of human inquiry contains valuable information, but it has always been difficult to **transfer** this information across interdisciplinary boundaries. Thus, the elimination of these boundaries - the construction of a "**universal formalism**" - opens various realms of inquiry to relevant but otherwise-inaccessible information once "hidden" in the alien formalisms of other realms. **The "liberated" information is then free to combine in synergistic (or even chaotic) ways to reveal new insights.**

I know you remain skeptical of certain implications of the CTMU, largely because you're unfamiliar with the logical and model-theoretic criteria for **proof**. But you must at least know that they involve conjunctions like *type theory* and *probability theory*, and the theories of *physics*, *computation* and *decision*. Furthermore, these conjunctions are used to solve problems which cannot otherwise be solved, at least with any amount of ease. Your skepticism notwithstanding, it is obvious that this kind of "informational chain-reaction" can be a powerful generator of insight.

There is one problem in particular that cannot be solved without a CTMU-style tautology and its attendant informational explosion: that of providing a general, logically consistent picture of the universe. This owes to the fact that the basis (root concept) of any correct theory of metaphysics

must be *tautological relative to all conceivable aspects of reality*. Because the "metaphysical universe" is so all-encompassing that it exceeds the set of all self-inclusive sets, where "self-inclusion" is synonymous with the kind of self-description on which (propositional) tautology is defined, it must reduce (or regress inductively) to the broadest and most powerful tautology the human mind can formulate.

There is *only one* such "universal tautology", and therefore *only one* correct basis for metaphysical theorization. To convince you of this, I offer the following informal and highly simplified "proof".

For the purposes of this proof, think of "information" as that by which transducers distinguish among objects or ideas. The phrase "T excludes d" means that the *theory* T contains neither the *info* d, nor a deductively heritable generalization of it. The point of *exclusion* is to excuse us from differentiating between two theories, one of which is either a *notational* variant or deductive *evolution* of the other. Such theories pass as virtually identical; "different" theories have different tautological bases.

SHORT FORM: Say that there are two *true* but *different* theories of metaphysics M and M', one or each of which contains information inferentially excluded by the other. Call all such (differential) info "d". Since M, M' are both true, and the *distinction* between two truths is itself a truth, d is true. Since metaphysics is comprehensive over reality by definition, it can exclude no real truth. But at least one of the pair M, M' excludes at least a part of d. So at least one of the pair is not a theory of metaphysics, and the assumption that two such theories exist is self-contradictory. This implies that there is **at most one true theory of metaphysics**.

Could there be *no* true theory of metaphysics? According to the above discussion, metaphysics reduces ultimately to the human cognitive syntax (or more accurately, its symmetric self-expansion). So "no true theory of metaphysics" would imply that human beings lack a cognitive syntax. If this were so, human cognition would be *random* and *patternless*. But it isn't. So there is one true theory of metaphysics, and this is by definition the CTMU.

It might be objected that the CTMU, being based by definition on the human cognitive syntax, already resides in each of our minds and thus represents *no* informational gain. But this syntax is not so easily formulated within itself, and equating metaphysical reality to it is neither obvious nor simple. As explained above, a net informational gain comes from freeing information once "locked up" (artificially isolated) within U*-pseudotautologies and the scientific and mathematical theories implicitly based on them.

Now that we have the essential picture, let's try for some detail. Let U_i , be that part of a generalized universe U^* to which we refer as *the physical universe*, or the set of all things directly *observable* by U_i -observers. This is a recursive definition in which U_i is defined on U_i -observers and vice versa, and varies with choice of subscript. Subscripts correspond to *cognitive*

equivalency classes within U^* , or sets of observers sharing the same information-transductive syntax.

U_i consists of that part of U^* specifically *decidable* to U_i -observers, and is mathematically equivalent to the cognitive class itself. Assume that the class U_i is *human*.

The term "**metaphysics**" is variously construed. In certain usages it encompasses alternate (or "parallel", or independent) realities with *no* physical meaning. In the Aristotelian sense, and ours, it is the *totality of theoretical potential relative to the physical universe*. While there is nothing mutually antithetical about these constructions, metaphysics *relates* to physics *only as an exhaustive domain* of ultimately U_i -effective "hidden causality" undecidable by conventional scientific means. The *real (meta)universe* U^* is an extension of U_i (physical universe) by adjunction of this domain.

U^* is related to the physical universe by a form of connectedness loosely characterizable as "*relevancy*"; i.e., it is an extension of U_i generated by causal regression. From U_i , it appears as "causal potential" manifesting itself in U_i as "physical effects". For U_i , U^* is *unique*. For suppose that U_i were contained in many realities corresponding to many U_i -distinguishable metaphysical tautologies. For the differences among them to "register" in the minds of U_i observers, they must be specific relative to the U_i cognitive syntax. As relatively specific tautologies are of **lower order** than the "tautological" U_i cognitive syntax itself, the universes to which they apply – i.e., the realms of U_i potential and U_i -relevant "alternate reality" they represent – must be **partial** and therefore **properly included** in the metauniverse U^* (which is *complete* by definition and *theoretically infinite*). It follows that U^* is unique up to **indiscernibility**: if "other versions" of U^* exist, they must be within it, inductively **homomorphic** to it and indistinguishable from it.

It would be easy at this juncture to point out that by "reifying" information as the *quantum transducer*, and distributing the quantum transducer over reality, we have removed the major distinction between U^* and any theory describing it. Whereas only the latter was formerly regarded as "informational", so now is U^* . The U^* -descriptive theory is now merely a sort of *endomorph*ic "self-equivalency" of U^* as perceived by U_i . We could conclude our proof on these grounds alone; if U^* is informational and "unique" for U_i , then so is the metaphysical information to which U_i regards it as "equivalent". But we can make this even clearer.

A theory of metaphysics is formulated by inhabitants of the real universe it describes. Relative to (U_i, U^*), it is a description of U^* by the observational subsystem U_i of U^* , or a U^* -self-description based on a U_i -formulated U^* -quantified tautology applying to the "metaphysical" extension U^* of the jointly-observable reality (U_i) of the U_i cognitive equivalency class of U^* . The circularity of this description reflects the necessary self-referentiality of tautology at the metaphysical level.

Suppose that there exist U_i -discernible theories of metaphysics M and M' on $\{U_i, U^*\}$. The " U_i -discernibility" of M, M' implies that they are U_i -informationally *disjoint*: $(M \cup M') - (M \cap M') = [\text{illegible}] \emptyset$. The "infometrical" form of this relationship is graphically expressed as

M------(d)-----M',

where the *edge* (dotted line d) represents *syndiffeonesis* (difference within a cognitive equivalency class)...i.e., information in the sense given above.

Now, the disjunctive information represented by the edged exists in $M \cup M'$, which, by the self-referentiality of metaphysical tautology, implies that it exists in their common universe U^* . So the edge d represents *real information* that must be **included** in the *real universe* U^* . By our initial assumption that M and M' are both theories of metaphysics and therefore tautological on U^* , d must be included in *both of them*. But since d is defined as *disjoint* information - whence the way it disjunctively separates M and M' - this leads to a contradiction. I.e., the nonuniqueness of M and M' violates the universality criterion of metaphysics.

Now let's see if we can recap all of this.

Aristotelian metaphysics is universal, containing in principle all U_i -relevant information (U_i -potential) U^* . A theory of metaphysics M is an open inferential system which, because necessarily universal, reduces to a U_i -recognizable tautology T on U^* heritable in M via generalized rules of inference (where "generalized inference" is just logical substitution).

As specific information equates inductively to *ancestral generalisms*, and U^* is both (1) *unique* and (2) U_i -*indiscernible* from T , the identification $M = T = U^*$ is practically unconditional.

Now suppose that there exist **two** U_i -distinguishable true metaphysical theories M and M' ; i.e., two U_i -distinguishable U_i -tautologies T and T' . These can only be U_i -distinguishable by virtue of a nonempty U_i -informational disjunction: i.e., disjoint information $d = (T \cup T') - (T \cap T') > \emptyset$ recognizable in/by U_i (where the information in T or T' equals the scope (image) of its universal quantifier, and \emptyset is the null set). This information d , being the *distinction* between two U_i -perceptible truths, exists in U_i and thus in U^* . But as it is *disjoint* information, *one member* of the pair (T, T') does not contain it. So this member does not cover U^* , is not a U^* tautology, *and thus is not a theory of metaphysics*. On the other hand, $M = U_{j=1, 2, \dots} M_j$, where the jointly U^* -exhaustive M_j are all "true", U_i -distinct, and M -nonexcluded, *does and is*.

So the assumption fails, and there can be *only one correct theory of metaphysics* at the tautological level. This, by definition, is the CTMU. I.e., the CTMU takes this existential proof of metaphysical uniqueness and uses the implied system as the identity of a *transductive algebra*,

meeting the conditions for human cognition by its homomorphic relationship to the human cognitive syntax. So for the human cognitive equivalency-class, the universe is generalistically *identical* to the CTMU (super)tautology.

Soi-disant "metaphysicians" have been debating the merits of so-called metaphysical theories for centuries, usually claiming to argue from "logical" standpoints. The only accord they have been able to reach is an "agreement to disagree". Sadly, this has left the uncloistered masses with a level of metaphysical understanding not far above that which guided them through the last Ice Age, and *science without a clue as to the meaning of what it is doing*. If this is not a monumental injustice to humanity, then humanity has vastly overestimated its own importance.

Fortunately, mankind *does* have a protector against the abuses of time and energy being perpetrated upon it even now by mainstream philosophy. With the coming of the CTMU, time has run out forever on this conspiracy of the blind: the blind, sighted at last, can newly behold reality through tears of shame and gratitude; and the rest of us, freed from the rotting conceptual bonds of traditional "wisdom", can finally anticipate the fulfillment of our collective intellectual identity.

As a start down that road, the information in this letter alone exceeds that of a standard Ph.D in "philosophy". Think of it as a primary gateway into logical self-awareness.

Regards, Christ

Avram Speaks on the Evolution of Linguistic Infinity in Organic Systems

24:00 –

I mean, language is a system of *infinite generation*. That's not, in question. And you cannot go from **finite** to **infinite**, IN SMALL STEPS.

So there's no point trying.

Can't be done.

You can't go from a system of four word sentences to, uh, unbounded, *in small steps*. So, you gotta give it up. You just can't approach the question that way.

25:43.

26:28, In any event, if you're serious about it, there is going to be a problem of, how did language evolve, someday, and you're going to have know what it is is ... and one thing that *it*

is... is a system of digital infinity, hence a generative procedure, recursive procedure. And we're going to have to account for how *that* developed.

Dissolution of Dualism: Monism

The infinite essence of natural language withholds the secret solution to the finite conundrum. Now, visitor, you will take a very deep breath, and delve into theoretical lucidity.

Self-Duality of Science: Hypercomputable *Mentation* and Associocognitive *Affection*.

Chaotic Logic

Benjamin Goertzel

Prelude:

Dual Network: Perceptual-Motor *Hierarchy* + Structurally-*Associative* Memory.

Memory (versatile-resourceful associativity) assures and maintains temporally-extensive/self-reflexive **mental connectivity**.

Movement (multi-level control system) requires spatially-layered/hierarchically governed **bodily distributivity**.

Ch. 3: THE STRUCTURE OF THOUGHT

THE PERCEPTUAL-MOTOR HIERARCHY

My hypothesis is a simple one: every mind is a *superposition* of two structures: a **structurally-associative memory** (also called "heterarchical network") and a **multilevel control hierarchy** ("perceptual-motor hierarchy" or "hierarchical network"). Both of these structures are defined in terms of their action on certain patterns. By superposing these two distinct structures, the mind combines memory, perception and control in a creative and effective way.

Let us begin with multilevel control. To solve a problem by the multilevel methodology, one divides one's resources into a number of *levels* -- say, levels ...,3,2,1,0. Level 0 is the "bottom level", which contains a number of problem-solving algorithms. Each process on level N contains a number of subsidiary processes on levels $k = 1, 2, \dots, N-1$ -- it tells them what to do, and in return they give it *feedback* as to the efficacy of its instructions.

This is a simple idea of very broad applicability. One clear-cut example is the hierarchical power structure of the large corporation. Level 0 consists of those *employees* who actually produce goods or provide services for individuals outside the company. Level 1 consists of *foremen* and other low-level *supervisors*. And so on. The highest level comprises the corporate *president* and the board of *directors*.

Perception

A vivid example is the problem of perception. One has a visual image P , and one has a large memory consisting of various *images* z_1, z_2, \dots, z_M . One wants to represent the perceived image in terms of the *stored images*. This is a pattern recognition problem: one wants to find a *pair* of the form (y, z) , where $y * z = P$ and z is a *subset* of $\{z_1, \dots, z_M\}$. In this case, the multilevel methodology takes the form of a hierarchy of subroutines.

Subroutines on the bottom level -- level 0 -- output simple patterns recognized in the input image P . And, for $i > 0$, subroutines on level i output patterns recognized in the output of level $i-1$ subroutines. In some instances a subroutine may also instruct the subroutines on the level *below it* as to what sort of patterns to look for.

At the *lowest* level, in the retina, gradients are enhanced and spots are extracted -- simple mechanical processes. Next come simple moving edge detectors. The next level up, the *second* level up from the retina, extracts more sophisticated information from the first level up from the retina -- and so on. Admittedly, little is known about the processes two or more levels above the retina. It is clear, however, that there is a very prominent hierarchical structure, although it may be supplemented by more complex forms of parallel information processing (Ruse and Dubose, 1985).

To be extremely rough about it, one might suppose that level 1 corresponds to *lines*. Then level 2 might correspond to *simple geometrical shapes*, level 3 might correspond to *complex geometrical shapes*, level 4 might correspond to *simple recognizable objects or parts*

of recognizable objects, level 5 might correspond to *complex recognizable objects*, and level 6 might correspond to *whole scenes*.

Motor Movements

In its **motor control** aspect, this *multilevel control network* serves to send actions from the *abstract* level to the *concrete* level. Again extremely roughly, say level 1 represents muscle movements, level 2 represents simple combinations of muscle movements, level 3 represents medium-complexity combinations of muscle movements, and level 4 represents complex combinations of movements such as raising an arm or kicking a ball. Then when a level 4 process gives an instruction to raise an arm, it gives instructions to its *subservient* level 3 processes, which then give instructions to their subservient level 2 processes, which given instructions to level 1 processes, which finally instruct the muscles on what to do in order to kick the ball. This sort of **control** moves **down** the network, but of course all complex motions involve **feedback**, so that level k processes are *monitoring* how well their level $k-1$ processes are doing their jobs and adjusting their instructions accordingly. Feedback corresponds to control moving **up** the network.

STRUCTURALLY ASSOCIATIVE MEMORY

So much for the multilevel control network. Let us now turn to **long-term memory**. What I call "structurally associative memory" is nothing but a long-term memory model which the connections between processes are determined *not* by control structures, *nor* by any arbitrary classification system, but by **patterned relations**.

The idea of **associative memory** has a long psychological history. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of experiments on priming indicate that verbal, visual, and other types of memory display associativity of access. For instance, if one has just heard the word "cat," and one is shown the picture of a dog, one will identify it as a "dog" very quickly. If, on the other hand, one has just heard the word "car" and one is shown the picture of a dog, identification of the dog as a "dog" will take a little bit longer.

Psychological studies of associative memory tend to deal with words or images, where the notion of "association" is intuitively obvious. Engineering associative memories use specialized *mathematical definitions of association*, based on inner products, bit string

comparisons, etc. Neither of these paradigms seems to have a reasonably **general** method of defining association, or "relatedness."

The idea at the core of the **structurally associative** memory is that relatedness should be defined in terms of **pattern**. In the structurally associative memory, an entity y is connected to another entity x if x is a pattern in y . Thus, if w and x have common patterns, there will be many nodes connected to both w and x . In general, if there are *many short paths* from w to x in the structurally associative memory, that means that w and x are *closely related*; that their structures probably *intersect*.

On the other hand, if y is a pattern **emergent** between w and x , y will not necessarily connect to w or x , but it **will** connect to the node $z = w \cup x$, if there is such a node. One might expect that, as a rough rule, z would be higher on the *multilevel control network* than w or x , thus interconnecting the two networks in a very fundamental way.

The memory of a real person (or computer) can never be **truly** associative -- sometimes two dissimilar things will be stored right next to each other, just by mistake. But it can be approximately structurally associative, and it can continually reorganize itself so as to maintain a high degree of structural associativity despite a continual influx of new information.

3.2.1. The Dynamics of Memory

More specifically, this reorganization must be understood to take place on many different levels. There is no "memory supervisor" ruling over the entire long term memory store, mathematically determining the optimal "location" for each entity. So, logically, the only form which reorganization can take is that of **directed, locally governed trial and error**.

How might this trial and error work? The most plausible hypothesis, as pointed out in *The Structure of Intelligence*, is as follows: one subnetwork is **swapped** with another; or else subnetwork A is merely **copied** into the place of subnetwork B . All else equal, *substitution* will tend to take place in those regions where associativity is **worse**; but there may also be certain subnetworks that are **protected** against having their subnetworks removed or replaced.

If the substitution(s) obtained by swapping or copying are successful, in the sense of improving associativity, then the new networks formed will tend not to be broken up. If the substitutions are unsuccessful, then more swapping or copying will be done.

Finally, these substitutions may take place in a **multilevel** manner: large networks may be moved around, and at the same time the small networks which make them up may be **internally** rearranged. The multilevel process will work best if, after a large network is moved, a reasonable time period is left for its subnetworks to rearrange among themselves and arrive at a "locally optimal" configuration. This same "waiting" procedure may be applied recursively: after a subnetwork is moved, it should not be moved again until its sub-subnetworks have had a chance to adequately rearrange themselves.

In some cases these restrictions may be so strong as to prohibit any rearrangement at all: in later chapters, this sort of comprehensive rearrangement protection will be identified with the more familiar concept of **reality**. In other cases the restrictions may be very weak, allowing the memory to spontaneously direct itself through a free-floating, never-ending search for *perfect associativity*.

The strength and placement of these "rearrangement barriers" might seem to be a sticky issue. But the conceptual difficulty is greatly reduced if one assumes that the **memory network is "fractally" structured** -- structured in clusters within clusters ... within clusters, or equivalently networks within networks ... within *networks*. If this is the case, then one may simply assume that a certain "degree of restriction" comes along with each cluster, each network of networks of ... networks. Larger clusters, larger networks, have larger degrees of restriction.

The only real question remaining is **who** assigns this degree. Are there perhaps *mental processes* which exist mainly to **adjust** the degrees of restriction imposed by other processes? This is a large question, and a complete resolution will have to wait till later. Part of the answer, however, will be found in the following section, in the concept of the **dual network**.

THE DUAL NETWORK

Neither a structurally-associative memory nor a multilevel-control network can, *in itself*, lead to intelligence. What is necessary is to put the two together: to take a single set of entities/processes, and by drawing a single set of connections between them, structure them ***both*** according to structural associativity ***and*** according to multilevel control. This does *not* mean just drawing two different graphs on the same set of edges: it means that the same connections must serve as part of a structurally associative memory and part of a multilevel control network. Entities which are connected via *multilevel control* must, on the whole, also be connected via *structural associativity*, and vice versa.

In a *fractally distributed structurally associative memory*, on the "smallest" scale, each process is contained in a densely connected subgraph of "neighbors," each of which is very closely related to it. On the next highest scale, each such neighborhood is connected to a collection of "neighboring neighborhoods," so that the elements of a neighboring neighborhood are fairly closely related to its elements. Such a neighborhood of neighborhoods may be called a 2'nd-level neighborhood, and in an analogous manner one may define k'th-level neighborhoods. Of course, this structure need not be strict: there may be breaks in it on every level, and each process may appear at several different vertices.

A good way to understand the **fractal structure** of the *heterarchical network* is to think about the **distribution** of subjects in a large library. One has disciplines, sub-disciplines, sub-sub-disciplines, and so forth -- clusters within clusters within clusters, rather than a uniformly distributed field of subjects. And a good way to visualize the **superposition** of a *hierarchical network* on this structure is to postulate a head librarian (**global controller**) dealing with each discipline, an assistant librarian dealing with each sub-sub-discipline, an assistant assistant librarian dealing with each sub-sub-sub-discipline, and so on. If one imagines that each librarian, assistant librarian, etc., gives her subsidiaries general **goals** and lets them work out *their own strategies*, then one has a control hierarchy that works approximately according to the multilevel methodology. The hierarchy of control is lined up perfectly with the fractal heterarchy of conceptual commonality.

A **dual network**, then, is a collection of processes which are *arranged simultaneously* in an hierarchical network and an heterarchical network. Those processes with close

parents in the hierarchical network are, on the whole, correspondingly closely related in the heterarchical network.

This brings us back to the problem of **rearrangement barriers**. The rearrangement barriers of the associative memory network may be set up by the heterarchical network, the multilevel control network. And, strikingly, in the dual network architecture, **substituting** of subnetworks of the memory network is equivalent to **genetic optimization** of the control network. The same operation serves two different functions; the quest for associativity and the quest for efficient control are *carried out in exactly the same way*. This synergy between structure and dynamics is immensely satisfying.

But, important and elegant as this is, this is not the only significant interaction between the two networks. A structurally associative memory is specifically configured so as to support analogical reasoning. Roughly speaking, analogy works by relating one entity to another entity with which it shares *common patterns*, and the structurally associative memory stores an entity near those entities with which it shares common patterns. And the hierarchical network, the perceptual-motor hierarchy, **requires** analogical reasoning in order to do its job. The purpose of each **cluster** in the dual network is to instruct its subservient clusters in the way that it estimates will best fulfill the task given to it by its master cluster -- and this estimation is **based on reasoning analogically with respect to the information stored in its memory bank**.

Let's get a little more concrete. The brain is modeled as a dual network of neural networks. It is considered to consist of "level k clusters" of autonomous neural networks, each one of which consists of 1) a number of level k-1 clusters, all related to each other, 2) some networks that monitor and control these level k-1 clusters. The degree of control involved here may be highly variable. However, the neurological evidence shows that entire knowledge bases may be outright moved from one part of the brain to another (Blakeslee, 1991), so that in some cases the degree of control is very high.

(Smooth Fusion of giddy Goertzel's insights with an enigmatic man's construals.)

The Ontology of Christopher Langan's *Psychical Physics*: The Neuropsychology of the Atemporal Recursive Processes—an empirical framework.

Richard Lawrence Norman

How can logic be *self-processing*? And if logic is an entity which arises out of the system itself as logic must, being as this is a closed self-referential paradigm ... exactly how is this accomplished? What are its consequences for systemic and perceptual *stability*; and, what other implications might we then draw about the system itself from **observing** its *initial form* and mechanism of *self-configuration*?

This matter is expressed in the most clear and intuitive terms in the discipline of **psychoanalysis**. We can see, in the development of the infant, the self-configuration, the self-processing and initial creation of binary logical forms in response to the *mental system itself being immersed in experience* (Freud, 1900, p. 565-566; 1911 pp. 218-219; 1920). The infant has experienced a satisfaction, it has fed. Now it is hungry *again*. It has a mnemonic impression of feeding, and seeks by way of perceptual "regression," to reproduce the *image* in hallucination. This situation proves unsatisfying to the infant, who then seeks to remedy the situation in reality, and holds the image of feeding and its attendant hallucination away from his mind so as to find a new relationship with the world, and seek not just the revival of a memory of satisfaction, but to achieve that satisfaction in *reality*.

Here, we can see Logic, the ability to distinguish between the real (truth) and the unreal (falsity), itself is created from the *somatic and mental systems' emersion in experience*, and by way of systemic feedback, the unreal, the hallucinatory, is deemed unworthy of belief, as the pain and discomfort of the unsatisfied hunger drive are not met by the unreal... So, **developmentally**, we may conclude that Logic is self-configured, self-created from within the **psychosomatic system** itself as a function of memory, interacting with experience, mediated through feedback with the neural mechanisms of pleasure and pain. The result is a very particular and specific mental process of prioritization and rejection where a piece of wishful experiential content originating internally, a wishful hallucination, *is held away from consciousness*, the regression left

incomplete, maintained at the stage of a mnemonic image, rather than an hallucination (Freud, 1900, p. 566), and another: *Reality*, is thereby given precedence in consciousness.

Here, we see the very first fundamental *core* of repressive function, which will approach its fruition with the creation of the super-ego in later development. Freud (1915) used the term *repression* to denote a defensive function responsible for creating much of the **unconscious** repression: "*turning something away, and keeping it at a distance, from the conscious*" [his italics] (Freud, 1915, p. 147). The unconscious, houses repressed wishes and other unserviceable, ego-dystonic and painful content, as well as our phylogenetic impressions and many aspects of personality of which we are **unaware**.

Please note how the infant's logical deductive facility is an emergent property of the system *as* it self-configures*, poised as it were, between past-ideation, present-condition, and future-expectation, so through *simultaneous feedback* amongst the **full temporal spectrum**, mediated via the systemic functions of pain and pleasure, the process creates a **unified conscious utilitarian reality**, and the exact picture spelled out in the CTMU is formed.

Cognitive neuroscience has much to offer, but it is *like the scientists* who conceived her: this paradigm is logical and linear. It will, of course, *uncover linear truths* about Cognition. These are useful and valid truths, truths about the exact brain regions which are used to process and recognize places, the so-called parahippocampal place area, or faces, the so-called fusiform face area, or potential tools in the left ventral premotor cortex (Gazzaniga, 2009 p. 235, 519; Gerlach et. al., 2002; Kellenbach et. al., 2003), and a host of other fascinating and valuable pieces of information spanning many areas, including social cognition (Gazzaniga, 2009, pp. 599-633). However, I propose that we often miss the underlying point of cognition to look at it in a *linear fashion*, and indeed, all of psychoanalysis is based on the assumption, proved countless times in the demonstration of psychoanalytic therapeutic efficacy, that mental processes are predominantly *nonlinear*, that is, **predominantly associative and defensive in nature**. In keeping with the language of cognitive neuroscience, I will refer to the combined associative and defensive functions in their conscious and unconscious composite, as: **non-linear cognition**.

We discard the logical and inhibitive restrictions of analysis and higher mental functioning, and are *rewarded* with a chain of *associations* which at their final end, pierce the associative [and compromise censorship/distortion with conscience agencies (Freud, 1900)] defenses, to yield the hidden meaning of a symptom, and/or, reveal its *contributing determinants*...those topics and ideas which in combination give the notion its affective force and meaning. This demonstrates the "primary process" and other rules describing unconscious organization and dynamism, in action.

I will refer to these rules and descriptions of unconscious operation as ***associo-cognition**.^{*} Associocognitive processes and associo-cognitive ideational content are **unconscious**. Hence, they are **not**, under ordinary circumstances of health and systemic operation, **available to observe**. These processes are only available to see in (a) dreams and (b) symptoms of illness, once those have been subjected to interpretation, as well as slips of the tongue and other circumstances where *our linear facade gives way* to reveal, if only for a moment, the primary associo-cognitive underpinnings which form the basis of conscious, logical, cognitive-potential, and provide the **affective structuralization** and *quality of all experience*.

The CTMU describes the system in proper-alignment and operation as it functions smoothly. In this instance, the underlying processes described **MUST** remain unconscious, as resistances of the most potent sort *guard* our unconscious content and processes of operation. So, if we are to demonstrate what under ordinary conditions of health are *necessarily hidden processes*, we must **create conditions of imbalance** in the system to reveal its otherwise seamless and hidden functioning.

To demonstrate the existence and particular operations of a closed self-referential (tautological) dynamic system which is **unobservable in a state of balance**, one must introduce *imbalance, aberrance*, and in so doing, create *distortions* in seamless systemic operation from which particular modes and types of functioning can be inferred.

In the case of the unconscious mental system this unbound potential which is consigned to repression, consigned to "nothingness," is a most specific and particular sort of ideational potential: wishes and painful ideas of all sorts. These ideas are *so erosive to the ego*, that although they influence all thought and action, and provide much of the defining quality to perception, **they can never be seen**. If we defy this rule of

ontological stability, and *allow* this content into consciousness, *reality testing is lost*, and (allowing for some compromise formation), **Psychosis** results (Freud, 1911) [or the aberrance of perversion (Freud, 1905d)]. **Neurosis**, on the other hand, is a symptomatic function of the *struggle* to repress these wishes.

In this case, one can see the unbound content working as it distorts the transference, and so, distorts reality. As we have seen this can happen in two general ways, as Neurosis, and Psychosis. So in Neurosis, in an attempt to *keep* a component instinct repressed, the transference becomes distorted, as the instinct *works to circumvent* the repression via the repetition *compulsion*, and in its influence alters behavior and reality testing, resulting in symptoms. The level of repression, to a great degree, in the transference neuroses, determines the sort of symptomatology presented. In the case of the more transparent neuroses, such as *hysteria*, repressive function is quite low (Freud, 1915, pp. 181-185). The perverse ideation works from the unconscious to affect the transference pathogenically, and in neurosis, it is so very often just such a piece of *perverse* unbound telic content which is the source of symptoms, yielding the Freudian axiom: The neuroses are, so to say, the negative of perversions (Freud, 1905, p. 165). The meaning is both unpleasant and clear: There is a perversion, a fantasy or memory, which is dynamically active in the unconscious, an "unconscious positive," an active unconscious ideation (Freud, 1905; 1912, p. 261) causing the symptoms as it distorts and influences the transference. Now we are in a position to summarize the general approach to a *linear* empirical framework whereby the circular self-referential CTMU might be tested.

First please recall the aforementioned statement: "To demonstrate the existence and particular operations of a *closed* self-referential (tautological) dynamic system which is *unobservable in a state of balance*, one must introduce ¹imbalance, ²aberrance, and in so doing, create ³distortions in systemic operation from which particular modes and types of functioning can be inferred." I propose to do just that, as we *introduce aberrant conditions* into the system's vital and sensitive atemporal recursive dynamic structure and balance, and thusly, alter its function in measurable ways which will allow us to infer by deductive analysis of the distortions created, the existence and function of those dynamic systemic processes and content, which are normally concealed. First, I will elucidate the degree to which this goal has already been approached in the realm of

cognitive neuroscience, and then, offer up some general and approximate experimental constructions in order to outline the approach which appears most fruitful, by which we might traverse the gulf between the tautological self-referential CTMU, and, the linear, demonstrable result which science requires.

Interruption in telic feedback of present into past, and measurable distortions of future performance.

A brief word about the general experimental constructions which follow is in order. The experimental methodology utilized here is a form I first created to clarify the complex quantitative data which emerges upon analysis of neuronal systems, in a paper entitled, *The Quantitative Unconscious: A Psychoanalytic Perturbation-Theoretic Approach to the Complexity of Neuronal Systems in the Neuroses*. This psychoanalytic approach, which is part **Physics** and part **Metapsychology**, is known as *intrasystemic perturbation theory*. When applied with a medical end in mind, this theoretic framework will yield a solid and particular quantitative template, against which mental illness can be objectively assessed, and identified.

I propose that we can use this perturbation-theoretic approach to interpret the complex data emerging in quantitatively defined mental functioning.

It is through the judicious application of metapsychological acumen that the transference structure is altered, and neurosis curatively affected through psychoanalysis, so, it is metapsychology which will act as our substitute approximate prediction to define mental functioning.

In the language of the CTMU: We will introduce **aberrance** into the self-defining system by *disturbing the conspansive alternation* between (global) syntax and (local/linear) state. This is accomplished by way of *preventing* the encoding and addition of a telon into the evolving system, through *interruption* and *curtailment* of the **cross-temporal feedback and simultaneous dynamic interconnectivity of the present (and future) with the past**—a state of simultaneous atemporal interconnectivity necessary to support present instantiation into (the mnemonic substrate of) the past. The result should be: *an empirically discernible reduction in future system performance and reality testing*.

This distortion in the **transference**, is a distortion in reality-testing, and is evidence by way of aberrance, a clear decline in systemic performance which is directly linked to the smooth and efficient operation of the *atemporal recursive processes*, upon which reality itself is a dependent, emergent property.

Now it is clear what familiar thing we are looking at: **the repression of a perversion as it affects the transference**, and so, the complex quantitative information collected is understood as to its purpose and function, *even before it is gathered*.

In the language of the CTMU: By introducing a condition of *aberrance* which will add stress to the mental system's means of *self-restriction*, an artificial condition of *imbalance is created*, where a piece of ontological unbound telic content is encouraged in its energetic potential, much akin to the topographical tensions contributing to a neurosis, introducing into the necessary and delicate balance of the closed self-defining system whereby reality is created, a distortion. This distortion will allow us to observe the normally quiescent system in a *state of imbalance* which will make its **hidden operations and mechanics available to us by way of deductive inference**.

FROM COMPLEXITY TO CREATIVITY

Benja Goertzel

SUBVERTING THE PERCEPTUAL-COGNITIVE LOOP

The perceptual-cognitive loop is important and useful -- but it does not go far enough. It explains how we become attentive to things; or, to put it differently, how we construct "things" by carrying out the process of *conscious attention*. But as humans we can do much more with our consciousness than just be attentive to things. We can **introspect** -- consciously monitor our own thought processes. We can **meditate** -- consciously fixate our consciousness on nothing whatsoever. We can **creatively focus** -- fix our consciousness on abstract ideas, forming them into wholes just as readily as we construct "physical objects."

Let us begin with meditation -- in particular, the kind of meditation which involves *emptying* the mind of forms. This type of meditation might be called "consciousness without an object." In Zen Buddhism it is called *zazen*.

The very indescribability of the meditative state has become a cliché. The Zen Buddhist literature, in particular, is full of anecdotes regarding the *futility* of trying to understand the "enlightened" state of mind. Huang Po, a Zen master of the ninth century A.D., framed the matter quite clearly:

Question: How, then, does a man *accomplish* this comprehension of his own Mind?

Answer: That which *asked* the question IS your own Mind; but if you were to remain quiescent and to *refrain from the smallest mental activity*, its substance would be seen as a **void** -- you would find it formless, occupying no point in space and falling **neither** into the category of existence nor into that of non-existence. Because it is *imperceptible*, Bodhidharma said: 'Mind, which is our real nature, is the unbegotten and indestructible Womb; in response to circumstances, it transforms itself into phenomena. For the sake of convenience, we speak of Mind as intelligence, but when it does not respond to circumstances, it *cannot be spoken* of in such *dualistic* terms as existence or nonexistence. Besides, even when engaged in creating objects in response to causality, it is **still imperceptible**. If you know this and rest tranquilly in nothingness -- then you are indeed following the **Way of the Buddhas**. Therefore does the sutra say: 'Develop a mind which rests on no thing whatever.'

Consider: the perceptual-cognitive loop, if it works as I have conjectured, must have evolved *for the purpose of making percepts cohesive*. The consciousness of objects is a *corollary*, a spin-off of this process. Consciousness, raw consciousness, was there all along, *but it was not intensively focused on one thing*. Meditative experience relies on ***subverting*** the PCL away from its evolutionarily proper purpose. It takes the intensity of consciousness derived from repeated iteration, and removes this intensity from its intended context, **thus producing an entirely different effect.**

Creative Inspiration

Finally, let us peek ahead to the final chapter for a moment, and have a look at the role of the perceptual-cognitive loop in the process of **creative inspiration**.

As will be observed in detail later, many highly creative thinkers and artists have described the role of consciousness in their work as being...very small. The biggest insights, they have claimed, always *pop* into the consciousness **whole**, with no deliberation or decision process whatsoever -- *all the work has been done elsewhere*.

The question is: what is the **dynamics** of this subtle interaction between consciousness and the unconscious? In the present theory of consciousness, there is no rigid barrier between consciousness and the unconscious; everything has a certain degree of consciousness.

The term "unconscious" may thus be taken to refer to those parts of the brain that are not directly involved in a consciousness-fixing perceptual/cognitive loop. This idea has deep meaning for human **creative** process. In any creative endeavor, be it literature, philosophy, mathematics or science, one must struggle with forms and ideas, until one's mind becomes at **home among them**; or in other words, until one's consciousness is able to perceive them as unified wholes.

And what, then, is the *relation* between the **creative** state and the **meditative** state? Instead of a fixation on the void of *pure randomness*, the creative condition is a fixation of consciousness on certain **abstract forms**. The secret of the creative artist or scientist, I propose, is this: **abstract forms are perceived with the reality normally reserved for sense data**.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PERCEPTUAL-COGNITIVE LOOP

Julian Jaynes, in *The Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*, has argued that consciousness evolved *suddenly* rather than *rapidly*, and that this sudden evolution occurred in the *very recent past*. He believes that the humans of Homeric times were not truly conscious in the sense that we are. His argument is based primarily on literary evidence: the characters in the *Odyssey* and other writings of the time *never* speak of an "inner voice" of consciousness. Instead they refer continually to the **voices of the gods**. Jaynes proposes that this "hearing of voices," today associated with schizophrenia, was in fact the *root of modern consciousness*. Eventually the voice was no longer perceived as a voice, but as a more abstract inner guiding force, in other words "consciousness."

In this section I will use the theory of the perceptual-cognitive loop to argue that the idea of a **sudden appearance of modern consciousness** is quite correct, though for very different reasons than those which Jaynes put forth.

The perceptual-cognitive loop relies on two abilities: the perceptual ability to recognize elementary "features" in sense data, and the cognitive ability to link conjectural "wholes" with items in memory. A sudden jump in either one of these abilities could therefore lead to a sudden jump in consciousness. In EM I argue that the **memory**, at some point in early human history, underwent a sudden *structural* "phase transition." I suggest that this transition, if it really occurred, would have caused as a corollary effect a sudden increase in the *intensity* of **consciousness**.

The argument for a phase transition in the evolution of memory rests on the idea of the **heterarchical subnetwork** of the psynet. From the view of the heterarchical network, mind is an *associative memory*, with connections determined by *habituation*. So, suppose that, taking this view, one takes N items stored in some organism's memory, and considers two items (word-units) to be "connected" if the organism's mind has detected pragmatically meaningful relations between them. Then, if the memory is sufficiently complex, one may study it in an approximate way by assuming that these connections are drawn "at random." Random graph theory becomes relevant.

The crucial question, from the random graph theory point of view, is: what is the **chance** that, given two memory items A and B, there is a **connection** between A and B? For instance, if this chance *exceeds* the value $\frac{1}{2}$, then the memory is almost surely a "nearly connected graph," in the sense that one can follow a *chain of associations from almost any memory item to almost any other memory item*. On the other hand, if this chance is less than $\frac{1}{2}$, then the memory is almost certainly a "nearly disconnected graph": following a chain of associations from any one memory item will generally lead only to a *small subset of "nearby" memory items*. There is a "phase transition" **as the connection probability passes $\frac{1}{2}$** . And this is merely one among many interesting phase transitions.

The evolutionary hypothesis, then, is this. Gradually, the brain became a better and better **pattern recognition machine**; and *as* this happened the **memory network** became more and more *densely connected*. In turn, the more effective memory became, the more

useful it was as a guide for pattern recognition. Then, all of a sudden, pattern recognition became useful enough that it gave rise to a memory past the phase transition. Now the memory was **really useful** for pattern recognition: pattern recognition processes were able to *search efficiently through the memory*, moving from one item to the next to the next along a path of gradually increasing relevance to the given object of study. The drastically increased pattern recognition ability filled the memory in even more -- and all of a sudden, the mind was operating on a whole new level.

(Back to Theoretical Linguistics, wiiiiith Avram)

Three Factors in Language Design

Avram

An elementary fact about the language faculty is that it is a system of **discrete infinity**. Any such system is based on a primitive operation that takes n objects already constructed, and constructs from them one *new object*: in the simplest case, the *set* of these n objects. Call that operation **Merge**. Either Merge or some equivalent is a minimal requirement. With Merge available, we *instantly have an unbounded system of hierarchically structured expressions*. The simplest account of the "Great Leap Forward" in the evolution of humans would be that the brain was rewired, perhaps by some slight mutation, to provide the operation Merge, at once laying a core part of the basis for what is found at that dramatic "moment" of human evolution, at least in principle; to connect the dots is no trivial problem. There are speculations about the evolution of language that postulate a far more complex process: first some mutation that permits two-unit expressions (yielding selectional advantage in overcoming memory restrictions on lexical explosion), then mutations permitting larger expressions, and finally the Great Leap that yields Merge. Perhaps the earlier steps really took place, but a more parsimonious speculation is that they did not, and that the Great Leap was *effectively instantaneous*, in a *single individual*, who was **instantly** endowed with intellectual capacities *far superior to those of others*, transmitted to offspring and coming to predominate, perhaps linked as a secondary process to the SM system for externalization and interaction, including communication as a special case.

(Phase one: complete. Now, time to initiate phase two: moving from the Monism of *Science* to the Monism of *Logic*.)

Self-Duality of Logic: Metaphysics v. Linguistics

Approaching UG From Below

Avram

The problem that has virtually defined the serious study of language since its ancient origins, if only implicitly, is to identify the specific nature of this distinctive human possession. Within the “biolinguistic perspective” that began to take shape fifty years ago, the concern is transmuted into the effort to determine the genetic endowment of the faculty of language FL, understood to be a “cognitive organ,” in this case virtually shared among humans and in crucial respects unique to them, hence a kind of species property. So construed, language is I-language, a state of FL, and **universal grammar** (UG) is reinterpreted as the theory of the **initial state** of FL.

Somehow, the child reflexively categorizes certain sensory data as *linguistic*, not a trivial achievement in itself, and then uses the constructed linguistic experience as evidence for a **theory** that generates an *infinite variety of expressions*, each of which contains the information about sound, meaning, and structure that is relevant for the myriad varieties of language use.

Evidently, development of language in the individual must involve three factors: (1) *genetic endowment*, which sets limits on the attainable languages, thereby making language acquisition possible; (2) *external data*, converted to the experience that selects one or another language within a narrow range; (3) *principles* not specific to FL. Some of the *third factor* principles have the flavor of the constraints that enter into all facets of growth and evolution, and that are now being explored intensively in the “evo-devo revolution.” Among these are principles of **efficient computation**, which would be expected to be of particular significance for **generative systems** such as I-language.

Recent inquiry into these questions in the case of language has come to be called “the minimalist program” MP, but there has been so much misunderstanding, even within professional circles, that it is perhaps worth reiterating that it is a *program*, not a *theory*.

Throughout the modern history of generative grammar, the problem of determining the character of FL has been approached “**from top down**”: How *much must* be attributed to

UG (Universal Genetic Grammar) to account for language acquisition? The MP (Minimalist Program) seeks to approach the problem “**from bottom up**”: How *little can* be attributed to UG while still accounting for the variety of I-languages attained, relying on third factor principles? The two approaches should, of course, converge, and should interact in the course of pursuing a common goal.

One useful way to approach the problem from below is to entertain the strong minimalist thesis SMT, which holds that FL is “perfectly designed.”

UG (Universal Grammar) is what remains when the gap has been reduced to the minimum, when all third factor effects have been identified. UG consists of the mechanisms specific to FL, arising somehow in the course of evolution of language.

An I-language is a computational system that generates *infinitely* many internal expressions, each of which can be regarded as an *array* of instructions to the *interface systems*, sensorimotor (SM) and conceptual-intentional (C-I). To the extent that third factor conditions function, the language will be efficiently designed to satisfy conditions imposed at the interface; one can imagine more radical theses, to which I will briefly return. We can regard an account of some linguistic phenomena as principled insofar as it derives them by efficient computation satisfying interface conditions. We can therefore formulate SMT as the thesis that all phenomena of language have a principled account in this sense, that language is a *perfect solution* to interface conditions....

In its most elementary form, a generative system is based on an operation that takes structures already formed and *combines* them into a new structure. Call it Merge. Operating *without bounds*, Merge yields a discrete infinity of structured expressions. Hence Merge, and the condition that it can apply without bound, fall within UG.

A Merge-based system will be *compositional* in general character: the interpretation of larger units at the interfaces will depend on the interpretation of their parts, a familiar observation in the study of every aspect of language. If the system is computationally efficient, once the interpretation of small units is determined it will not be modified by later operations – the general property of strict cyclicity that has repeatedly been found. Operations will also typically yield *nested* rather than *crossing* dependencies, also a familiar observation (and where crossing dependencies are found, it is commonly, and plausibly, taken to be the result of more complex processes).

But these familiar properties are an automatic consequence of generation relying on Merge with appropriate compositional conditions.

A Merge-based system of derivation involves *parallel operations*. Thus if X and Y are merged, each has to be available, possibly constructed by (sometimes) iterated Merge. The process has a loose resemblance to early theories of generalized transformations, abandoned in the early 1960s for good reasons, now resurrected in a far simpler form for better reasons. But a generative system involves *no temporal dimension*. In this respect, generation of expressions is similar to other recursive processes such as construction of formal proofs. Intuitively, the proof “begins” with axioms and each line is added to earlier lines by rules of inference or additional axioms. *But this implies no temporal ordering*. It is simply a description of the structural properties of the geometrical object “**proof**.” The actual construction of a proof may well begin with its last line, involve independently generated lemmas, etc. The choice of axioms might come last. The same is true of *generation vs production* of an expression, a familiar *competence-performance* distinction. But even if one were to take the intuitive interpretation literally, generation of an expression is not strictly “bottom-up,” because of the parallelism of operations.

In addition to Merge applicable without bounds, UG must at least provide atomic elements, *lexical items* LI, each a structured array of properties (features) to which Merge and other operations apply to form expressions.

$\text{Merge}(X_1, \dots, X_n) = Z$, some *new object*. In the simplest case, $n=2$, and there is evidence that this may be the only case (Richard Kayne’s “unambiguous paths”). Let us assume so. Suppose X and Y are merged. Evidently, efficient computation will leave X and Y *unchanged* (the No-Tampering Condition NTC). We therefore assume that NTC holds unless empirical evidence requires a departure from SMT in this regard, hence increasing the complexity of UG. Accordingly, we can take **Merge(X, Y) = {X, Y}**. Notice that NTC entails nothing about whether X and Y can be modified after Merge.

As noted, Merge yields compositional/cyclic properties of the kind that have repeatedly been found. Optimally, there should be only a *single cycle* of operations.

That will follow if at certain stages of generation by repeated Merge, the *syntactic object* constructed is sent to the two interfaces by an operation Transfer, and what has been

transferred is no longer accessible to later mappings to the interfaces (the phase impenetrability condition PIC). Call such stages phases.

An Introduction to Mathematical Metaphysics

C. Langan

Since the time of Aristotle, metaphysics has been an ill-defined term. This paper defines it as a logically idempotent metalinguistic identity of reality which couples the two initial ingredients of awareness: *perceptual reality* (the basis of physics), and *cognitive-perceptual syntax*, a formalization of (mathematical) mind. The explanation has been reduced to a few very simple, clearly explained mathematical ingredients. This paper contains no assumptions or arguable assertions, and is therefore presented as an advanced formulation of logic which has been updated for meaningful reference to the structure of reality at large. This structure, called the **Cognitive-Theoretic Model of the Universe** or CTMU, resolves the problems attending Cartesian dualism by replacing dualism with the mathematical property of **self-duality**, meaning (for reality-theoretic purposes) the quantum-level invariance of identity under permutation of objective and spatiotemporal data types.

In these early years of the new millennium, there has been considerable academic concern over the stubbornness of Cartesian dualism and the conceptual difficulty of uniting the mental and physical sides of reality. Meanwhile, it has gone all but unnoticed in academic circles that the formal aspect of this challenge was met decades ago, and *in the most effective possible way*. This paper contains a brief introductory account of the work in question, including a *highly simplified* description of the logico-mathematical reasoning needed for the proper high-level theoretical description of reality. Everything follows from the requirements of this objective.

(We will rev up the race-pace by bypassing *supplemental* sections and hitting the *cruxes* directly) In a pinch, one need merely wave expansively at the universe and declare that the theory shares its structure. Unfortunately, getting any farther than this entails a few difficulties. For example, we must decide how reality should be studied in order to discover its structure, and by whom.

But this gives rise to yet another problem: **physics is not self-explanatory**. If physics is regarded as an expression of the structure of reality, then clearly it is real, and a comprehensive theory of reality must explain its every part and aspect. But then in order to qualify as a comprehensive theory of reality, physics must explain itself, its correspondence to reality, and *arguably the biological origins and mental activity of physicists* in whose minds it exists.

As a matter of logic, the task of explaining such things as physics, the possibility of physics, and the relationship of physics to the physical universe requires a metalanguage of physics, a higher-order language in which the “object language” of physics can be an object of reference. Let a metalanguage capable of these functions be called "**metaphysical**". In order to properly refer to its content, the required metaphysical metalanguage must include physics, understood as the theoretical aggregate of physical insight, as a sublanguage, along with distinctions and *classifiers* suitable for distinguishing between reality and its *complement* or negation.

Because it contains physics as a sublanguage, and physics is largely mathematical, the required metaphysical metalanguage must be mathematical as well. But ToE mathematical structure must be mathematics of a *higher order*, literally embedding and distributing over the mathematical structures employed in standard physics ... as does the language of **mathematical logic** in particular.

RELATIONAL STRUCTURE

The *relational* level of mathematical structure is always of crucial importance, especially with regard to connectivity and coherence.

Historically, the coherence and connectivity of reality have been impaired by **dualism**. The parallel distinctions between mind and matter, form and content, *attribute* and *argument*, property and substance, **language** and **universe**, and so on are conventionally understood as dualistic, positing a fundamental dissimilarity or separation between two entities whose separation is problematical. This can often be addressed by mapping the dualistic distinction to discernible but coincidental aspects of a single coherent entity, thereby making it a duality and therefore *dualic*. A similar metadistinction exists for a three-way distinction such as that between space, time, and object (or matter); it can be regarded as either trialistic or *trialic*.

Science proceeds by formal *cognitive abstraction* of *perceptual content*, for which it requires just two initial ingredients: perceptual-reality (our perceptual relationship with the world of percepts or observable states), and the cognitive-apparatus through which perceptual content, as well as the perceptual relationship between percept and percipient, is recognized and processed. Indeed, science can be regarded as the coupling of these two ingredients....

SYNDIFFEONESIS, THE RELATIONAL STRUCTURE OF REALITY

Any *relationship* of scientific interest is *recognizable* as a relationship and therefore *intelligible*, and every intelligible relationship involves the *attribution* of a property to its *instances*; i.e., the relationship is attributed to the things related by it. Other ways of saying this are that every intelligible relationship is a **syndiffeonic relationship**, or equivalently, that syndiffeonesis, the definitive property of syndiffeonic relationships, is the universal relational structure of reality as it is knowable to science.

Syndiffeonesis can be intuitively understood as "difference-in-sameness"; it is what occurs when an observer *simultaneously* recognizes any set of discernible objects in juxtaposition to their logical *complements*, or when a thinker simultaneously recognizes a set of concepts or *values* as similar or *congruent*. It captures the relational structure of attribution and the conceptual aggregation of discernibles, describing the situation in which a set of discernible instances is recognized or defined through a common syntax through which they are aggregated. **Syntax** consists of structural *and* dynamical invariants which support and constrain a language *on all formal scales*; they are distributed over the language intrinsically or by language-users.

Accepting-syntax is that part or aspect of the mechanical structure or programming of a computational automaton which enables it to *accept* or "recognize" input; the concept can be generalized to non-mechanistic transduction.

Syndiffeonesis breaks down into sameness or **synesis**, which is stratified by order of relation or *attribute*, and difference or **diffeonesis**, which is a differentiative function of *arity* or *cardinality*. Every relationship, even a *unary* or *nullary relationship*, has **two levels**, **synetic** and **diffeonic**, with the synetic level consisting of common attributes or accepting-syntactic invariants, and the diffeonic level consisting of some number of discernible instances thereof (this number being the *arity* of the relationship). The

generic syndiffeonic relation is "self-dual" in the sense that its synetic and diffeonic levels are dual to each other; they are respectively associated with *orthogonal* axes, the **synetic ordinal axis** and the **diffeonic arity axis**.

This leads us to a third sense in which a syndiffeonic relation is **self-dual**: it relates **cognition** and **perception**, the *subjective* and *objective* aspects of reality. Where it is perceptually interpreted, its synetic level is associated with the subject as accepting syntax or generative conatus, while its diffeonic level is associated with percepts or objects of perception. The *distribution* of the synetic level of a syndiffeonic relation generates a *medium*. (A medium is a pointwise distribution of syntax. When a syndiffeonic relation is understood as a distribution of synetic syntax over diffeonic points, it functions as a logical "spacetime diagram"; its arity axis is *spatial*, while its ordinal axis is *temporal*. By logico-geometric duality, **logical binding is dual to topological bounding**, and syntax functions as a *metric* for the medium over which it distributes.)

An **identity** is a coherent, stratified, self-dual syndiffeonic relationship. *Stratified* means that the **synetic level** *distributes* over the **diffeonic level** as a common property, while self-dual means that both levels coincide in a single coherent entity (the syndiffeonic relationship itself). Where the synetic level is regarded as *intensional* and the diffeonic level as *extensional*, the identity is just an attributive coupling of intension and extension, i.e., of a label, attribute, or description with the set or other structure which it describes. An identity, or intension | extension coupling, is self-dual in the sense that the coupling distributes over both coupled entities; on this level of meaning, the *coupling relation is symmetric* **regardless of any asymmetry on other levels**.

Algebraically, an identity *represents an entire algebraic system* of which it may or may not be a distinguished element. In either case, it is *trialic* in the sense that the system it represents contains ¹elements, ²relations, and ³operations, which means that the identity plays all three of these roles. Mathematically, this can be expressed as follows:

$$E.1 \quad i = i R i = i * i,$$

Where *i* is an identity, *R* is a *generic* relation, and *** is a *generic* operation. This means that where *i* is the identity of a system *S* which it therefore represents, any relation or operation under which *S* is *closed* instantiates the generic identity relation *i R i* and/or

the generic identity operation $i * i$, and can therefore replace it under *substitution*, denoted \rightarrow . Thus, where a and b are two related elements of S , and R' and $*$ ' are a *specific* relation and a *specific* operation on S , we have the following substitutions:

$$i R i \rightarrow a R' b$$

$$i * i \rightarrow a *' b$$

$$i \rightarrow a *' b$$

These simple examples illustrate the syndiffeonic aspect of identity. The identity itself, along with its generic R and $*$, reside on the synetic level, while its possible specifications $i \rightarrow (a \text{ or } b \text{ or } \dots)$, $R \rightarrow R'$, and $*$ \rightarrow $*$ ' reside on the diffeonic level.

Note, however, that as conventionally understood, the operational and relational closure of an algebraic system does not imply that its identity is *completely self-contained*. Instead, the mathematician and any required display, storage, or processing media are typically missing from its formal idealization, and it is usually considered to exist in a Platonic realm beyond which no explanation is required. In a ToE, this is unacceptable.

Reality is formulated in mathematical terms, and mathematical structures, along with the various cognitive and perceptual structures they describe, can be scientifically formalized only as **languages**. Even the theory of languages is itself a language. This rule applies without exception, covering all quantitative equations and/or "master equations" purporting to describe reality; they too are languages, formalistic and meaningless without embedment in a ToE metalanguage formulated as an overall description of reality.

Language is often mistakenly conceived as the opposite of **mathematics**. It is thought to be structurally loose and semantically nebulous, whereas mathematics is thought to be tight, clear, and unequivocal. In fact, not only is language a mathematical structure in its own right, but it is the *most general mathematical structure of all*, subsuming every other. *If language were not mathematical in every sense*, and if it were not capable of concise and unequivocal expression, then not only would mathematics (and therefore mathematical physics) be inadequate to characterize reality, but **there would be no such things as mathematics and physics at all.**

Dynamically, the most interesting feature of the ToE master-language is that it evolves in **two orthogonal directions**. One mode of evolution occurs in the familiar *linear* read-write direction.... for users of the English language, this is horizontally from left to right.

The other, which occurs in the *perpendicular* direction, can be variously exemplified as, e.g., (1) a *mathematical calculation* or *axiomatic derivation* in which one starts at the top of a page with a horizontally written initial statement and uses axioms and rules of inference to work downward through a series of modified statements, finally terminating on the bottom line or conclusion; (2) a cellular automaton which begins as a horizontal line of contiguous colored squares or cells, and evolves downward line by line as chromatic *transformation rules* are applied to the cells of each line in succession; and (3) a *grammatical derivation* in which, by a series of substitutions, a *start symbol* evolves through a derivational series of **nonterminal expressions** to a communicable terminal expression.

Where the content of the language is an appropriately structured manifold, the *manifold* in question also evolves in two orthogonal dimensions. One of these dimensions is the **terminal dimension**; this dimension is then correspondent to axiomatic or **grammatical derivation**, comprising an orthogonal dimension of causation with orthogonal sequences of pregeometric nonterminals. Where the manifold is spatiotemporal, and the terminal dimension of its evolution is understood as *timelike*, *causal*, and **physical**, the grammatical dimension of evolution is *metacausal*, *metatemporal*, and **metaphysical**. It coherently transforms **entire spatiotemporally extended systems** rather than *local states*; it is not subject to local confinement as is terminal causation, which consists of many separate threads, but has **nonlocal coherence** and **combinatorial** (relational and operational) **degrees of freedom which let it take the physical states of spatiotemporally extended systems as input and yield extended complexes of physical events as metasimultaneous output** (where *metasimultaneous* means “occurring within the same *null* grammatical process”).

Metacausation and other metaphysical criteria require that the standard “physical” conception of spacetime be *superseded* by a more advanced metaphysical conceptualization that is *logico-geometrically dual* to the linguistic structure of the triadic identity. Called the **consansive manifold**, it is self-generative and requires three levels of topology and three corresponding levels of quantization.

The conspansive manifold (UG – Universal [Gamma] Grammar) is **dynamically self-contained**; in coupling with the linguistic identity, it evolves by generative self-modeling, embedding conventional spacetime as a linear-ectomorphic semimodel corresponding to the semilanguage L_0 (HG – Human Grammar) of the ToE identity.

PROPERTIES OF THE METALINGUISTIC IDENTITY OF REALITY

Explanation is the identification of prior cause or reason, an identificative regress intended to distinguish the explanandum from its negation. A global theoretical language L , being totally self-contained and thus self-explanatory, exhibits the property of inductive idempotence (ontic closure, existential self-sufficiency), amounting to the self-verifiability of reality as demanded by its self-containment.

To say that a language or system is inductively idempotent means that under the operation E of explanation or explanatory regression, the operand or explanandum L is *unchanged*:

$$E.2 \quad E(L) = L$$

Where arbitrary n -ary operations on a set or structure S can be represented as *mappings* from S_n to S . Being existentially complete, L returns only itself when E operates on it. In other words, explanatory induction is a *recursive trialic identity mapping* on L , with L playing the roles of explanandum, explanation function, and explanation. In short, for an inductively idempotent system, **explanation is equivalent to identification**; the system is its own identity.

Where **physics** is idealized as a *first-order language* capable of expressing *all object-level truths about physical or perceptual reality*, the ToE must be a **metaphysical** metalanguage of physics which supports the verification or falsification of physical attributions by attaching one of the *truth values* (T,F) to each of them. For this, the 2-valued T|F distinction of propositional logic is required, and because propositional logic is just a special sublanguage of predicate logic (as is model theory), predicate logic as an (operationally defined) whole is required. As a requirement of intelligibility and thus of science, **Logic comprises the top-level structure of the identity of scientific (bottom-up) reality**, distributing over every point of its medium (i.e., every coherent, discernible diffeonic reland).

Anything not sharing the structure of L is *inexpressible* in L, and because L amounts to cognitive-perceptual syntax and thus limits perception and conceptualization on U, nothing is perceptible or conceivable which is not expressible in L. That is, the **perceptual universe U**, which coincides with the (time-dependent) coupling $L|U$ and the inclusive metaobject domain $\{L|U\}$ forming the universe of **M** (the **syntactic metaverse**), contains nothing which is not in structural correspondence with cognitive-perceptual syntax L.

The end result is a self-quantized, self-stratified trialic identity $M = (M \supset L \supset U)$ which is *simultaneously equivalent* to the **perceptual universe U**, the (human) **cognitive-perceptual language L**, and an **idempotent metalogical metalanguage** which models itself by iteratively coupling L and U while coupling itself to the metaobject domain $\{L|U\}$ and its inductive successors to *arbitrarily high order*. According to its structure, **M is a supertautology**, that is, a comprehensive, ontically self-contained metalanguage of reality which is equivalent to reality itself ... a reflexive self-recognition / self-generation operator whose reflexivity amounts to a generalized form of **consciousness** heritable by its quanta.

Nothing which violates the supertautology can ever break into it, or maintain a relationship with it at or below the level of the violation. A local identity i in conflict with the global identity M is ultimately annihilated.

Shifting the terminology to the **model-theoretic level** of *predicate logic* (PL), we now see that the identity mapping plays the roles of ¹universe, ²language, and ³model.

The trialic supertautological identity M can be developed into the **COGNITIVE - THEORETIC MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE** or **CTMU**, a *reality-theoretic structure* with (1) formal-linguistic, (2) geometric, and (3) model-theoretic aspects. Because its formal aspect is called *Self-Configuring Self-Processing Language* or **SCSPL** while its geometric aspect is called the *Conspansive Manifold* or **CM**, it is sometimes written "SCSPL | CM" to convey its global logico-geometric (form | content, language | universe) duality. Due to the way the geometry of reality couples with the identity- metalanguage $M = \text{SCSPL}$, physical (perceptible) reality is everywhere directly immersed in metaphysical (global-identical) reality.

As might be expected, there is much more to this story. The CTMU theory-universe-model dates from the mid- 1980's, and has since been extensively developed in nearly total isolation from the academic community.

Please bear in mind that this paper contains only a minimal introduction.

Monic Fusion: Metaphysician and Syntactician

(Interlocutor) Accordingly, *cooperative creativity* suffuses all *rational workspace*. Is this identifiable?

(Mr. Langan) Indeed. Creativity, insofar as it is generative, is a protocomputational procedure which fuses both the (1) dynamical (active) (2) structural (passive) phases of computation and subsumes them as *self-dual aspects* of a self-deterministic entity. Self-generation represents what most know as creativity. Self-cancellation represents the rational aspect of reality. Now, if this rational aspect tries to override the higher generative aspect, then **self-cancellation becomes invalidly absolute** and amounts to a contradictory redaction.

(Avram Noam Chomsky appears.)

(Langan) Ah. Good. Avram, now that you've joined us: please answer me this. Does your introduction of Merge – the operation for unbounded binary set-formation – abide by the minimal physical length – Planck Length? Or indeed, does Merge abide by *any* discrete physical base-unit? This discrete locality limit is, you well know, required by special relativity. Recall, after all, you've written $M(0, 1) = \{0, 1\}$... meaning that Merge is *syntactic* – algebraic/geometric – *and* *neuropsychical*, thus linear, local, and very temporal. Let's cut to the chase: is Merge purely syntactic and thus *atemporal*, or is M somehow also physical and *relativistic*? In other words, how is Merge both syntactic and physical?

(Avram) Merge itself, as a logical operation, is atemporal. Merge is just the simplest rule of computation, or the combinatorial connective that serves as the start-symbol for any formulable logical system. Pick whichever word you like to describe Merge. Call it Replace. Being syntactic, Merge has *no temporal dimension*. If you have an arbitrarily-structured *element* – say 0 – of an arbitrarily-valued *workspace* – say the Empty Set – you

yield, $M(0)=\{\}$. So every system must, as a requirement of its existence, crash or converge on Merge.

(Langan) Excellent. If Merge is totally atemporal, again, how does the human brain, which is undeniably biological and physical, *neurally access* an atemporal operation belonging to propositional logic?

Might I add that the human brain, “somehow”, also possesses the atemporal operations native to predicate logic, higher-order recursive logics, proof logics, model theories...indeed, **logic as a whole**. Merge only gets the language faculty going, don't cha know? Let me rephrase. How do physical/organic *bodies* acquire and exhibit nonphysical/syntactic *logics*? You might honorifically call this mysterious fusion of organism and logic, none other than, Reality. Fine, oh, fine.

(Langan, after a big break in speech, undergoing a long spell of thought) What if I conveyed to you, right now, in this stable room, that your dear idea of minimal set-Merge is actually physically generalizable to the base-operation of every physical codomain called, *static perceptual reality*? Consider the physical totality of perceptual reality as the **Observable Universe** of Merge. And what if perceptual reality, as a Universe, is itself metaphysically generalizable to the base-aspect of the main domain called, *dynamic cognitive reality*, or if you like, the **Metaphysical Universe**?

(Avram) How is Merge remotely relevant to the entire universe? What are you possibly doing?

(Langan) Before I explain, you are saying that humans algebraically compute unstructured sets of lexical items with a binary set-formation operation called Merge. Correct?

Alright, now I clarify my flourish: humans perceive sets or pairs for every event or object, period. You currently *merge* this complex perception with whichever logical impossibilities *are* *simultaneously* COMPLEMENTARY with the perception, regardless of the perceptual complexity being processed. **Linearity** is the output-*capping* of perception. **Simultaneity** is the input-*mapping* of cognition, which is primary to, and generative, of every perceptual level of linearity.

Let's boil this down. It's getting late. Exactly what we need is a metatheory endowed with fresh formalisms to *hybridize* static sequential structures and componentries **within their simultaneous syntactic dynamics.**

(Avram) You maintain my attention.

(Langan) At the minimal level of symbolic logic, set-Merge denotes a complementary sentential connective between the truth (1) and falsity (0) values. Propositional logic is required to distinguish actualized perceptions from their potentialized thoughts contradicting the linearized perceptions. Oh, but you notice that calling thoughts 'potentialized' simply because they contradict linearized perception tells us that **perception itself is just the first level of *nonlinear logic*.**

Perception distinguishes complements. Cognition merges them into extensions and diagonals.

You perceive, you parse. You facially perceive a stable room, you parse it with absences of architectural and molecular instability. Where do these instabilities potentially occur, without actually, linearly collapsing?

You got it, Noam. Any instabilities and contradictions are *potentials* residing in the dynamic syntactic workspace of Merge. Under Merge, absences, negations, and deviations become **pregeometric extensions suspended in atemporal syntactic lattices comprised of other metacausal potentials...all awaiting object-level operation and linear actualization.**

Merge is the reflexive basis of every equation coherently conceivable.

See, Noam, you expressed Merge as, $M(0)=\{\}$. An unbound workspace (0), with zero information, **merges**, or equates, with the singular empty set $\{\}$, which might be considered the *self-negating singleton*. Accordingly, by your own set-theoretic operation, we actually have $M(0)=\{\} \in M^*$, to show that Merge generically includes and subsumes every element, alphabet letter, group, and percipient into their **Metaverse**: $M(0)=\{\} \in M^*$. Moving from right to left, this equation states that Merge *equates* the arbitrary (undefined) workspace, (0), with the empty set which is the null codomain $\{\}$, which is in turn closed and totally contained by inclusion-mapping between the unbound (infinite) workspace and the metaphysical domain, M^* . Every "big bang" is simply the

arithmetical initiation and distribution of the mass-energy resources available to a particular perceptual Universe. Any Universe is initially *infinitesimal* in spatial extent and initially *infinite* in temporal duration. In order to evolve, a Universe must actually *involve* the purely syntactic resources of the main metaphysical domain M, which may now be called **METAVERSE**.

In the technical terms of higher-order predicate logic, the Metaverse *involves* its own dually-internal universes via metacausally-recursive **involutions** on itself, that is, M's own global atemporal syntax. The evolution of a Universe is, in fact, the involution of the Metaverse. An involution is a bijective function that is identical to its inverse.

Involution is *self-identification*, and evolution is *self-selection*. They, too, must merge. They must. Why? **Because while a mental entity self-identifies with its own cognitive syntax, it simultaneously, tautologically, and irreversibly negates its syntax's nonexistence during the self-identification.** Identification is an internal involution that includes its own self-negations as dual-complements of involutory potential. But once an entity becomes an identity, which is to say a bijection between Logic and Science, how does this identity select a part of itself to physically (scientifically) actualize?

Selection is an *external evolution* that physically collapses and involves other particular operators in timelines already generated by the internal involution.

Involution is, as we see, self-generative identification. Involution is an **identifier** which self-maps to all physically *evolving* linear trajectories, microscopic cycles, structural assemblies, organizational biosystems, and metaphysical organisms on any scale of spatial layering. All spatial sheets or *layerings* are interior-elements of higher-order logical levels, or *liftings*. Evolution is a self-selective **distinguisher** which topologically *covers* the generative liftings.

Let me please summarize. Reality distributively *involves* (involutates) everything conceivable and discretely *excludes* (evolves) everything irrelevant to the hybrid human-logician perceiving its body inhabit the stable vicinity, no matter its confluence of cognitive-perceptual activities. However, most paradoxically and fiendishly of all, Reality applies this self-exclusion TO ITSELF, which simultaneously ascertains to Reality that, by negating itself, it is concurrently identifying *this perceptual moment's*

certainty. By certainty, I mean a perceptual proof mapped mathematically into cognition. The quite laughable fact that Reality's own internal proof requires a momentary mental immersion in delusional, even hallucinatory, global negation, has resoundingly delayed the vital human discovery of precisely what the CTMU presents and proves to be the **fundamental theorem of Reality** (M=R). Mind Equals Reality. This metaequation denotes the equality relationship between the ultimate (meta)mind and every operational subuniverse internal to it. This metaequation, being Σ *quality* itself, closes its own form. It is fully *undecidable*, and hence, inversely, absolutely *undeniable*. Mind, when duly considered as the invariantly distributive identity of Reality itself, is the Metaverse.

Coincidentally, M. Heidegger wondered whether the name he originally pronounced for the 'task of thinking' – Being and Time – actually should have respectively read: Opening and Presence.

He was so close to absolute truth. But you know what we say. So close, yet so far. Close, but no congruent cigar. Even he knew the ultimate conundrum, though. A human body is a self-opening presence. "Presence" is maximally syntactic, invariant, and self-involving *Structure*. "Opening" is minimally perceptual, incessant, and externally-evolving *Activity*. By Merge, structure *is* activity. We may call the human body, when mutually merged as a primordial-science, **Prescience**.

Since the CTMU is not baselessly dualistic, but a provably monic metatheory including all emotional predicates, **syntactic-structure is affective-activity**.

(Langan closes his eyes.)

(He opens, and recites.)

Any local identity in complete conflict with the global identity M is ultimately annihilated.

(He halts. Gazes straight forward at his dual audience, and states the following.)

All local identities and variables merge into a new protocomputational field which yields the final foundation for all empirically derived models and theories, with these

being Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Psychology, and so on. Their comprehensive, coreflexive foundation is called...**Mathematical Metaphysics**. The CTMU is the most compressed model theory of Reality, and hence, is the most general model theory of Ultimate Reality itself.

The CTMU simply conveys the metalogical necessity that all physically and mathematically harmonic *dualities* ...merge... on a maximally triadic (three-valued) *identity* that generates and distributes over every aspect and sector of physical reality. In other language, the "aim" of scientific unification is mathematically timid. This maximal identity's non-standard manifold includes all valid mathematical deductions and elaborations, even those which show the most remote connections to a future sector of physics, theoretical chemistry, and likewise subfields. Unification is metalogically assured from the initial infinitesimal rupture of the bit-free field of unbound informational potential. In fact, "scientific-unification" is a misnomer and oxymoronic. The unification is the intrinsic metalogical or metalinguistic synthesis of physical (scientific) and mathematical (syntactic) reality.

Human beings are locally perceptual and globally metaphysical.

Animals *do* primordially partake of this perceptual panorama and syntactic reality. But their urgencies, emergencies, and overall erraticism, compared to even the most distressed and depressed modern humans, is kinesthetically and emotionally explosive to all of us. Likewise, our mental activities and interchanges would prove, to them, attentionally brutal.

(Langan halts for a second, then continues to the guts.)

Let us indulge Kant's grand commencement of his Critique of Pure Reason:

"With respect to time, therefore, no knowledge of ours is antecedent to experience, *but begins with it*. But, though all our knowledge *begins with experience*, it by no means follows that all knowledge *arises out of experience*."

(Langan) However, we...me and you, here, Avram, do not only detect, but must study, the *enigmatic transition* of this long-dead Prussian man's turbulent commencement of the Critique of Pure Reason. We are, with this progressing sentence, seduced...into the deepest dualism.

Kant would call his dualism, a *synthesis*. Hah. But nah, this synthesis clumsily divulges the deeper dualism. Old Kant had already gone a little cuckoo by the first critique. He needed to be in order to seclude himself for a decade in a silent series of deductions. That guy could not decide **where** pure reason, or Telesis, *singly* resides. Why? Kant *binarized* the mental-body – yes. Kant and his vaunted synthesis: *a priori* **rationality** – which is vicarious-cognition – and transcendental experience, or *synthetic* **creativity**. Hey Kant. Did you tell us how to fully fuse the binary? Or is it a noumenal enigma? Hah!!! Come on buddy. You going oxymoronic on us?

A newborn and infant and child are utterly unaware of how their organs and biosystems structurally operate *this experientially unstoppable onslaught of stimulations* – visceral activities.

The fundamental question of Ontology is itself the historically unprecedented occurrence whereby a particular human body enters and inhabits *the most dismal doubt of dualism*. This dualism is the sick stupidity which has indirectly, indeed, remotely, impeded the absolute acceptance of our collective destiny.

(Avram) Please express the fundamental ontological question, then.

(Langan) Yes, I will. Martin Heidegger was *not* the first human to activate the great question. The question of Being. But, he was the first human to consciously thematize *where ... the mind's body* reflexively and ecstatically inhabits. He effectively commenced the progression. Why is the place of inhabitation vital? Because *where* the body primordially inhabits, the mind finds its syntactic lattice.

Being and Time – 1927 – tried to *ecstasize* the modern human primate into its *mental* Body, though not as a hyperadvanced speciated neuronal organism. The modern human primate has long lost the *lucid opening experience of discovering its own Demise*. Martin's attempt and lifetime task to demonstrate the deathly opening – the dismal event of dualism – was paramount and undeniably genius. Ultimately, however, Martin could only achieve the arduous *preparation* for what I, alone, channeled and formally developed into the CTMU.

Being and Time – Opening and Presence – traced the fundamental question of Being, and the CTMU enunciates the absolute answer. But, to unearth the syntactic secret of

Being, we must, like our prehistorical ancestors, *enigmatize* the simplicity into the most complex brutality. Only then will the dualism, the doubt, the disease, arise in the original form. Only then, can the doubt be dissolved, and certainty achieved.

Oblivion and Conspansion

(Interlocutor) "Mr. Langan?"

(Responds) If we are going to advance, understand: this higher thinking does not strive for clarity, but *lucidity*, exactly because it is peripheral, fluttery, dizzying. Thinking is literally dislocating.

Alright. Mercy does come, but just when strife submits us to the utmost humbleness. Of course, neither of us bodies were present when Martin was at Marburg performing his volatile onslaughts, those phenomenological frenzies. His youthful philosophic powers were steadily potentiating a new kind of language, a higher language. What he achieved was not, itself, the higher language. He delivered a strange poetry which was only **preparatory to seamlessly sustaining lucid thoughts**. Regardless, Martin failed, and his failure was critically instructive. He received Being *in a question*, rather than merging the question with its singly exact answer. He just might have accepted the answer, in hints and in dreams, during his last years, or his dying days. Just before his demise, I believe he was closest to finally solving the ancient enigma. Being. We don't know if he secretly succeeded, and withheld the answer. His mistake was relishing in the quest. The question became the enigma. The answer blurred into oblivion at the height of interrogation. Yes, the elation of discovering the domain of fundamental ontology is unbelievably thrilling indeed. Yet, the answer is ascendant. The answer is **absolute truth**. I shall finally, rather than cower, *answer to the quest*. In fact, I have. *Where* did Being, de cease? *Where* did She die? How was death recognized? To which place may modern humans turn back and be among the dead?

Graves. And what is the procedure of submergence? Burial.

(Langan) *Where are you, interlocutor? Are we inside the same room? Is this room* utterly inorganic inanimacy radiating irrelevance at us as superiors, or is this potently primordial place engulfing us, as acceptors? Aha...HAHHH!

Indeed. Burial is the relic that anchors fundamental ontology to the question of death. But now that you know of the relic, you will also learn that the preparation and process of Burial is the brutal entrance to absolute truth.

Remember. In a monic reality, one which equates merging and identifying, trance is meditation. The sharper the concentration, the more effortless the relaxation. The higher the lucidity, the lovelier the serenity.

(Interlocutor) Yes.

Excellent. Please permit me to speak Kant's core confession.

"Now, as a *division* of reason into a logical and a transcendental faculty, presents *itself* here, it becomes necessary to seek a higher conception of this *source* of cognition which shall comprehend *both conceptions*. In this we may expect...*that the logical conception will give us the key to the transcendental.*"

Ah-ahahhhh!!!! AhahahAHHHH!!!!!!! (Langan laughing)

(Langan) Of course, *you* just watched me smoothen that giddy roar. But, *within that* bursting hilarity, I inwardly saw a middle-aged, tiny, very heady Prussian man inhabiting an inanimate room thousands of kilometers from this location, 240 years ago, acting so frantic. Kant was angry. The angrier, the stormier, the blurrier. When he gets enraged, he goes *lyrical*.

I was roaring at this heady human rumbling around in his bedroom amid sundown hitting chilly twilight agitating him into stronger and stronger resolve. The harder the laughter, the brighter the rage.

(Interlocutor) Mr. Langan! Please answer this. *How* did Being *originally* divide into dualism?

(Langan) Ah, yes, the question of Oblivion. When did Being divide? You mean, when did the Earth, herself, die? Simply, the moment her World emerged. Like I said, Martin was the first to ask this question: *why* did Being NEED to obscure itself, in order to activate God? Why did Being need to sink into Oblivion through Burial? How do we, humans, actually ask about Being *when we are already answering* to God?

Being and God. Presence and Opening. Invariance and Evolution. The answer to these questions comes down to...Merge.

Let's get a little technical. From a linear (dis)advantage point, the property of *temporal* simultaneity is considered a local *violation* of the spatial metric. Syntactically, simultaneity is a global *requirement* for spatiotemporal stability.

Simultaneity is considered a local violation precisely because locality defines "dilations" as differential velocity relations between two or more observers. Simultaneity, it is said, can only exist if any locomotion or spatial relation operates, not by velocity, but by speed.

Merge is global, simultaneous, and *maximal*. Merge is maximal inner syntactic expansion.

Dilation is local, linear, and *minimal* contraction...formulated as Special Relativity. Dilation represents the tiniest (infinitesimal) collapse of global Merge. Dilation purges precisely 1 *hypercycle* of Merge.

Merge is intrinsic involution, and Dilation is external evolution. Ultimately Reality is the infinite state-space whereby input-Merge and output-Dilation are at perfect parity. Dualism is their utter misunderstanding. The persistence of dualism puts me on the verge of hopelessness.

Thankfully, when they are formally *and* perceptually coupled, max-Merge and min-Dilation are *one*. Monism wins.

Relic

(Martin is sensed in the room) Merge and Dilation... *you have corroded the emotion of the enigma!* You need to emote and enigmatize the answer, not just symbolize it. The clue lies in **seeing** the inanimate beings you keep discarding. Their FREE CARE exhibits that which you tacitly attribute to your dead company. Is this attribution inanimacy or infinity?

You do wield the relic. But everything is reversed. Not the unified formalism, but the surreal simplicity, is the *true proof*.

People are primordial before they are formal. The proof is primal. Perception is breath. Care is detecting your dermis radiate *right out there*.

Good!!! Heheh! We have required the endeavor and excavative efforts of unnamed yet no less valiant human archeologists. What for? The critical discovery, and physical trace, of the Primordial Human's rupture. The relic. We must experience the deep feelings reacting to *THE FIRST OCCURRENCE OF DEATH. The Divine Vision. Division.*

*Division. Yes. Yes. These mooded primordial primates are chilled, sitting amid the twilight gusts, some grieving murmurs and others screaming severe agonies....the trees are soothing, mellowing, dawning them into such an **acceptant glaze** facing permanence pulsate a throat suffocating to cope with this insufferable brutality. Are we experiencing the doom? Indeed, we are beginning. Seeing the decease is **seeping** into the deepest mood.*

You – body – decease. Only I, demise.

You rush to ask: what happens when my body dies? But this timid 'my' hides the body's most courageous relaxation and expansion.

Children and Adolescents accept Death as a dual-expression. For them, the self-duality is the most organic outcome. Let theirs, for now, be your language:

*At the exact genesis of Eternity, a God **annihilated** the Being. The primordial primate – the bipedal, handy, emotive human-animal – transmuted instantly into a paradox: **mortal prescience**. When a Being died, the dead human body **activated** the Godhead.*

The minds, of those remaining, overrode the bodies. For the first time, they saw inanimacy. They saw a corpse. The human skewed futural, into finitude. No!!! The carnal certainty of finite life, in fact, permuted an infinite language.

*Upon deducing its own mortality, the Human-Prescience became **linguistic**. During the earliest Eulogy, the Human involved the physical forces necessary to induce conscious infinity.*

*Before the Eulogy, the human used subconsciously and gesturally enriched Words, or Verbs – to denote **Activities**. The first words were verbs. But, ah, the verbs did not merge. Verbs were singletons, performed unto open landscapes, the sky, and the ocean. Expressions were singletons.*

Mortals underwent closure. Oh they are writhing right by this intimate, lifelong, deep, company ... cool carcass, closed.... carefree.

Corpse.

*Primordial Primates used to empty stare at the corpse: flied and maggoted organs and sockets of this carefree carcass. **Why did we first bury?** That is your question. Did we bury because the dead smelled wretched? Did we bury to dispose our ancestors like garbagemen? Did we equate the dead to worthless trash? Are we going nutty?*

*Or did we bury to **fulfil our grief**. Why did we build submergent Abodes into the soil, if not to ensure the dead feed and permeate their permanent land? Burial is the eternal event. The grave is of the God. The twilight dawn looks like doom. The shining mourning is a nebulous loom.*

God activated. Being annihilated.

Activities

There they are. What a couple. Hey? You see them, yes you do! Look at them develop through these grey granular smithereens? Good.

Hello Old Room: when I'm full-body, you're mud. Smudge. Trudge through the warm fudge. Time to exit. Exit. Please, now, crouch, you paired phantoms. Hey. Hi. Join the open setting. Please, today, go play. Roam the room. There she is, Berto. Go. Go, both of you are pastal, and hence, surreal: supernatural. Play with supernature. Yes. Feel a warm bright mush unravel and imbue a purifying breeze. Yeah! Yana. Let's play! Let's do... *Activities!* Yippee! Near the old white blooming tree, first spot, here, here, crouching, ensconced...in this tonic evergreen brush flowering pinkies, oh, yummy, along these three orange tree fingers freeing dew drips, breathe, bring, watch...me. My dreamy mist drifts and lifts over the mellow dawn brimming new and lucid dew. Yana! Recruit some small sticks. Next we break in little lakes, called Holes. Holes. It's easy. Pour water, stir wet dirt, and dig more dirt into the mud...When you're all done, dip your hands in the mud lake, ahhh...ice your hands and clasp your nails into such suave cold clay scrape *splash up* from murky submergence *outside* neck roasting glorifying carnal crouchers sizzling similar hair forms. Oh it's late morning, oh yes *yes* you're yellowy eucalyptic breeze, grazing my giant guardians pleasuring these sibling bodies, arming sticks and their mandibles are conversing! (Yana) *Verto! Feel this!!!* Waw. Have mine.

(Yana) *Ha!!! Are you really making a mud room?*

Yeah, but I need to thicken the mud for the walls, which means more dirt, same water. But I'm getting more water, to use for polishing layers.

(Yana) *With your hands?* Yeah! I need a little more to coat.

(Yana) *Okay!* Yana look! *What!?* *Wow.....* I know... amazing. *Yeah.* Want some? *No thanks!* Why not! *Cus I'm making soupy, nice diarrhea. Hahahahah!!!!!!*

(Yana) *I kind of feel from the past.*

I do too.

Really?

Yeah.

Why?

I don't know, the sun is dimming.

I know. Holes is uncomfy.

Well, let's come back tomorrow.

You're right. I feel really weird, though....

But honestly why? We've been doing Holes for hours...? And?

I already told you I don't know why I feel so from the past while doing Holes, Verto.

I always feel good while we do Holes. It feels right. Until today, when I was having a bad morning and I went outside for strength. Then you asked me if I wanted to do Holes, and it sounded fun. So here we are, but I feel terrible. My chest hurts, and...my pelvis, my skeleton is in pain. My bones feel like stones. This is sick. We have to stop. Right now. (Yana gets up and storms away)

Okay. I'll go inside too. Oh look Fermin!!!! Oh, good boy, Mimena. *No, he's Pabertos!*

Ma!!! (Ma) *Hola! Van a darse un chapuson en la alberca? (Hello! You guys gonna take a dip in the pool?)*

(Berto) No.

(Ma) *Por?*

(Berto) *Simplemente no se me antoja, Ma. (Simply I don't crave to, Ma.)*

(Ma) *Ay pues, sale. Que vas a hacer?*

(Berto) Nada.

(Ma) *Y Yana?*

(Berto) No se. Se sentía rara. (I don't know. She felt strange.)

(Ma) Sale... tu estás bien?

(Berto) Si. Voy arriba. (Yes. Going upstairs.)

(Subiendo escaleras – going upstairs) Pero *por qué* no puedo habitar *tu* cuarto tan anaranjado en la tarde.... (But *why* can't I inhabit *your* room so orange in the afternoon....)

Tu cuarto, Yana, tan tranquilo, azul clarísimo y verde cremoso tan sabroso ah, si, sentar y pensar aquí. (Your room, Yana, so tranquil, blue clarity and creamy green so delicious ah, yes, sit and think in here.)

(Pisando lentamente dentro el cuarto de Yana – stepping slowly inside Yana's room).

Que curioso este ambiente. Me encanta. Esta tarde, ahhh, bajando mi felicidad. Pero mi cara ve el cielo nuboso, sin caricaturas apareciendo. Yana esta gritando afuera a Pabertos – perro – unooooo, doooooos..... Brincó a la alberca. Sumergida. Demasiada lúcida.... (How curious this ambiance. I love it. This afternoon, ahhh, decelerating my happiness. But my face sees the fleecy sky, without cartoons appearing. Yana is screaming outside to Pabertos – pooch – oooooone, twooooo..... She jumped into the pool. Submerged. Too lucid.....)

El pasado me persiguió a tú habitacion, Yana, y estoy aquí, contigo, viendote a ti de *tu propia ventana* y Ma esta leyendo a carcajadas. Yana, estas saliendo de la alberca y vas a brincar otra vez, ahora contando... unooooo, y doooooos... A! A salvo del perro PABERTOS corriendo, ladrando: Labrador dorado, pan dulce que acurruca pero quien nunca entenderá, pero *que pasa sí no es mi meta entender*. Para nada. El futuro se difunde por el pasado plenario. (The past pursued me into this room, Yana, and I am here, with you, watching you from *your own window* and Ma is reading with giddy cackles. Yana, you're exiting the pool and you're going to jump in again, now counting... oooooone, twooooo... A! Safe from the poochie PABERTOS running, yelling: Old Yeller, sweet bread that cuddles but whom will never understand, but *what happens if my aim is not to understand*. At all. The future diffuses through the plenary past.)

Oración

(Todavía en cuarto de Yana: entre el mío y el de mis papas – Still in Yana's room: between mine and that of my parents.)

No!!!!!! Pero *que* estoy sintiendo? (But *what* am I feeling?) Se imposibilita el sentimiento cuando el pensamiento lo toca.... (The feeling dissipates when the thought touches it....) Pero que pasaría? (But what would happen?) Sí que.... Sí me moriría. (If I.... If I died.)

Nada en lo absoluto. (Nothing at all.) Si, o si, el hecho *sería absoluto*. (Yes, oh yes, the fact would *be absolute*.) Pero *estoy* vivo, mi cuerpo en tacto, respirando, despierto, atento, alimentado suficientemente sobre tantos días *para seguir viviendo*. Abue. Te necesito. (But I am alive, my body intact, respiring, awake, attentive, nourished sufficiently over so many days *to stay alive*. Abue. I need you.)

Ahora, perforo. (Now, I perforate.) Abue. La división de *Ser y Estar*. (The division of *Being and Living*.) Como se resuelve? (How does this resolve?) La división *se resuelve por un ternario*: en el nombre del Padre, del Hijo, y del Espíritu Santo. Amen. Dios....

Si, di. (Yes, speak.)

Tengo pensamientos extremos que no he escrito, pero te los he estado dictando todos los días, en honor y amor a tu esencia eterna. (I have extreme thoughts that I have not written, but I have been dictating them to you every day, in honor and love of your eternal essence.)

Sin embargo, la escuela destripa mi alma. (However, school guts my soul.)

Me aburro tantísimo que floto al patio con Aldo, Alexandro, Manu, y otros chavos caminando a jugar futbol. (I bore myself so much that I float to the playground with Aldo, Alexandro, Manu, and other guys walking to play soccer.) Alcalá viene (Ale) Oye! Van a jugar? (Os, Alexander) Sale! (Alcalá) Pues apurenle!!! Para que no nos ganen el campo wey! (Berto) Okkk!!!

Perdon.... me perdí. Fe es la ultima contradicción que se necesita superar HASTA PARA PODER EMPEZAR A EXPLORAR Tus energías eternas. Tu enigma se entenderá como necesidad. (Sorry...I got lost. Faith is the ultimate contradiction that needs to be superseded EVEN TO BEGIN EXPLORING Your infinite energies. Your enigma will be understood as necessity.)

(Con Aldo, caminando, casi al final de recreo – With Aldo, walking, almost at the end of recess)
Berto, en serio, habla con Diana. (Berto, seriously, talk to Diana.)

(Berto) No wey. Está con Ivanna y Vanessa, y Susana, y...

(Aldo) Ya. Ve. Ahora. (Enough. Go. Right now.)

(Berto) Están todas juntas cabron **no seas idiota**. No. Neta, Aldo, espera que se establece y enriquezca la situación... (They're all together fucker **don't be an idiot**. Sincerely, Aldo, wait till the situation establishes and enriches.)

(Aldo) Ahhhhh escuchate Berto 'que se enriquezca,' wey, **te lo estas sacando A ELLA**. (Ahhhhh listen to yourself Berto 'till it enriches,' dude, **you're getting off TO HER**.)

(Berto) WEY.... osea, wey, por qué? No puedes sonar eso al aire, que idiotez, no mames pinche Oswaldo, tan pendejo eres. (DUDE.... like, dude, why? You can't sound that in the air, what stupidity, goddammit fucking Oswaldo, you're so stupid.)

(Manu) Vamos ya weyes corre los reto! Yyyyyy? Jajajaj si-aquí. (Let's go dogs run I challenge you! Aaaaand?Hahahah yes-here.)

(Aldo, Berto, Manu, y Carlos llegan al campo, Alcalá esperando, calentando con dominadas – Aldo, Berto, Manu, y Carlos arrive at the field, with Alcalá waiting, warming up by juggling.)

(Alcalá a Carlos) Te escapo sin dificultad chavo jajajajajaja!!!! (I juke you without difficulty son hahahahahaha!!!!)

(Alcalá) Te gané. (I won.)

(Estudiante de cuarto grado – student from 4th grade.) Reta? (Game?)

(Alcalá) Na wey. Largate. (No dog. Go away.)

(Estudiante) Por qué no nos juegas? (Why don't you play us?)

(Alcalá) Pues, llegamos los de Octavo primero wey, que quieres? (Well, we 8th graders go here first dude, what do you want?)

(El estudiante acepta su rechazo, pero de repente se tira de nuevo, finalmente preguntando – the student accepts his rejection, but suddenly he tries again, finally asking.)

Puedo jugar yo solo en tu equipo? (Can I alone play on your team?)

(Alcalá) No wey. Vete. (No dog. Leave.)

(Berto y Aldo no están prestando atención a Alcalá porque Berto está enojado con Aldo – Berto and Aldo are not paying attention to Alcalá, because Berto is angry with Aldo.)

*(Berto) Esa puta mierda de broma fue una estupidez tan innecesaria que se me urgen los huevos ir ahora a Valeria para contarle de las cerdadas ocurriendo en tu cuarto privadito justo antes de dormirte, jejejeje, y además, pendejo, puedo facilmente elaborar todo tan rapido que **ni me podría interrumpir**. (That fucking piece of shit joke was a stupidity so unnecessary that my balls are boiling to go over right now to Valeria to tell her the putridities occurring in your little private room just before you sleep, hehehehe, and besides, idiot, I can easily elaborate everything so fast that **she could not interrupt me**.)*

(Aldo) A la madre. Calmate Bert. (Oh my god. Calm down Bert.)

(Berto) Estaría necesariamente neutralizando el desequilibrio. (I would be necessarily neutralizing the imbalance.)

(Mientras, Alcalá comienza el juego 4v4 + cualquier demás – meanwhile, Alcalá begins the game 4v4 + anyone else.) Ya. (Berto) Va. (Aldo) Arre! (Ale) Vamooos por fin pinches holgazanes, putos weyes, Jorge, tu y Manuel, Carlos, Francisco, Alexi. Nuestro equipo: Berto, Aldo, Alex, y Yo.

Los que vienen llegando QUE SE ASIMILEN EN CORRIENTE DEL JUEGO! Jorge! Se! A! Aqui! Si! Bien!! Uffff cerca, pero chingada Berto es super bueno se me olvida.

(Berto) Por supuesto. Saca, Berto! Bien! Ha! Bientosss ha! Chin-!! Anda Manuel! Se. Ja. Ve Bert! Ja, sip, yaaa! Jaaa! Woo!!! Fácil! Fe.

“En el nombre del Padre, del Hijo, y del Espiritu Santo. Amen.”

And yet I can cuss and blaspheme the fucking putridity of the Holy Trinity and obliterate the ancient enigma into a relic of stupidity.

How do Care and Faith, relate?

Care is pastal. Faith is futural. They compose the Body and Psyche. Body is being. Psyche means transforming. Psychic-Body. Transformational-Being.

Care for my corporeal presence.
Faith for my cognitive mutability.

Care is ancestral and corporeal.
Faith is novel and cognitive.

Faithful-care. Prescience. Bodies are perceptual. Psyches are prescient.

Prescience is futural.
Perception is pastal.

Prescience is faithful cognition.
Perception is careful viscerality.

(Jos) Well, Care and Faith coorbit. Care is the utmost *core* of the body: survival. Faith is the most remote *extremity* of the body. And the utmost intimacy of the lucid psyche.

(Jos) Can you cope with both being identically **equal**?

(Berto) "Are we equal?"

(Jos) We are here.

(Berto) Proximity ensures our bodily equality. What about psychic equality?

(Jos) We keep structurally interfering with sheer activity. Just rupture the structure. Body and Psyche themselves fuse. Equality becomes the law of reality.

Rash Release

(Richard and Burton, 2 am, afterparty: in the living room, Richard): Excellent.

(Burton) Have another fat gulp Slappy. You happy? Oh there he goees.... Op!!!!
Slappy....you gotta be HAPPY. What's currently occurring to you? You going nutty?
You gonna go nutty? Uh, oh. He's starting to kinda... derange.

(Richard) Maybe I am. (Burton) Ah!? Fucking good. But you can speak confidently that you will not revolt against this peaceful vicinity? Are you in a stable state?

conversations, roaring games, jumps, bumps, all kinds of exchanges. This party is peaking: lit like a hot clit. Rooms blaring and encasing motley bodies.

(Jolts and clicks back to Bonair Apartment).....“Wait *who’s that.*”

(Mr. B) Mr. B. Ok. Please, join Richard at the med table. (Bert blurts) “Brandy at hand ey? Nice Richie. You in limbo, or what is this?” Hey. Richie. Richie. Where are you. Hey. What is this? Where’d Dimitrios go? (Richie) Upstairs. (Bert) Why? Blacked out? (Richie) His body knows what’s best. (Bert) What’s best? (Richie) What is correct to do. Best is correct. (Bert) How are you doing? (Richie) I’m fine. (Bert) What’re you up to though? (Richie) What the fuck does it look, god, *drinking*. Sit down at least fucker. (Bert) Hey what the fuck are you doing? (Richie) As you are. Oh, ohhh, I understand! We are entering the domain of your superiority. Are we?!

(Bert) You already have. And? This is limbo. You understand? Discharge your actual anger at me, and my body is untouched. Ha. Besides, buddy, my decoy here will easily demonstrate my apathy for inflicting severe harm. And who else holds the honor of receiving the harm?

(Richie) I am happy to receive, so long as you accept my own apathy for pain. Pain is insane. Burton. Burton, stop, turn this fucking song off. God fucking dammit STOP!!!!!!!! (Bert) M. Calm. Soothe. No harm will come. Commencing...(Playing) **Arkasia – The Awakening** ... featuring ‘A Few Seasons Later’, as you shall correctly enjoy, dear Richard.

(Richie) Fine! Fucking fine! Just fucking play it. Let it roll. Don’t you dare stop the song. I need it now.

(Bert) I will only forward to 1:45. Yes.....commence.

It begins, blooms, building, yes, yes. Sitting together. Yes. It’s building, progressing...

What are your hands for? Vices... to this world. If only, talks... were veery siiimple... life, I tried to, follow it... do it, right... but I have been betrayed, by me, I am all alone. SO PUT IT ALL IN MY HEAD. You will be, when I look behind me. Still, BEHIIIND...

We’re not talking about what we possess.

Limbo

(Clicks again into the Bonair Apartment) “Yes, Mr. B, I see you. Convulse my body. It is a dark blue grey smudge. I am alone. Alive. This place protects my body.”

Place. Room or Limbo? Tempo or Atopy? Intimacy or Anesthesia?

Room is animalic. Room is *primordial-time*.

Temporality: perceptual *telepathy*. Viscerality.

Room is a leveled-dynamism, comprised of visceral and panoramic *activities*.

Limbo is syntactic. Limbo is *ontic-space*.

Spatiality: structural *stasis*. Symbolism.

Limbo is a layered-stasis, comprised of topological and algebraic *vicinities*.

Null Cycle (1) – equality between *temporality* and *spatiality*.

Temporal-Telepathy: sensations, feelings, thoughts, moves, choices...*viscerality*.

Spatial-Stasis: invariants, transforms, teleportations, recursions...*ethereality*.

Hypercycle (2) – Telepathic-Stasis.

Hypercycle (3) Telic Stasis.

(4) Telesis.

Visceral-Ethereality.

Perfect Bijection.

Equality.

Attraction.

Activity.

Limbic

Home. Panorama.

Limbo. Inanimacy.

Which *is* the real relic? Home or Limbo? With this perplexing question, we prove to be lost, nauseous, and astounded at the psychic pandemonium into which we have been carnally catapulted.

Fool. To fuse Home and Limbo! Look to this clue: *live-room*

How to... describe live, even livid, room? Room is the clue to the real relic.

The room of the dead. The act of preservation. Burial. But what *feeling* spurred burial? Psychic panic. What medium resides precisely *between* Home and Nowhere? In one word, living-room. Live room. Boom.

Room fuses as static inanimacy and dynamic body. Hence, it is correct to refer to room, now, as a *verb*. To repeat, **room is also a verb**. Since room is the body's ecstatic interface with the psyche's ambient panorama, room is not only static and inanimate, but *limbic*.

As room is fully feeling and thus fusing the body and the place, **the best way to perceive room as dynamic is within atrophy**. While atrophic, and particularly while paralytic, **room no longer feels isotropic**.

Atrophy. What is your extremity?

Paralysis. What is your finality?

Demise. What is your body?

Godlike psyche.

"Who was the first mortal?" The first god.

Yana y Berto: La Vida-futura de Ma.

Ma.

(Yana and Berto: 4, 5) "Yes. Yana. Yes. I *feel from the past*, Yana...I really do feel right now, from the freaking past."

(Yana) "I do too." (Berto) "What do you feel?" (Yana) "I don't know."

(Berto) "What do you want to do?"

(Yana) "Activities."

(Berto) "Which one?" "Like, blanket-Houses, pillow-Chairs, mud-Plank, stick-Traps, lake-Holes: my favorite, the glimmering sun on my vital morning, fluttering, breezy blissing suasion. This spot is our fusion."

Yana, my first friend; first equality; first fusion.

(Berto) Yana.

(Yana) Berto. Berto..... Yo se, se murió Ma. Pero, *cómo?* (I know, Ma died. But, *how?*)

(Berto sostiene silencio – Bert sustains silence.)

(Yana entra a la sala – Yana enters the living room.)

"Vamos al Cuarto Viejo. Ahora." (Let's go to the Old Room. Right now.)

(Sigue Yana, Berto la persigue – Yana continues, Bert chases her.)

(Yana) "Oye. Estas *halucinando?* *Porque yo estoy viendo ahoramismo* una sombra moviendo dentro del baño oscuro. Berto, las figuras no son fantasticas. Son verdaderas. Simplemente no son cuerpos como nosotros. **Que está pasando adentro del baño para ti en este mismo momento?** *Dime Berto!!!!!!*"

(Hey. Are you hallucinating? *Because I am seeing right now* a shadow moving inside the dark bathroom. Bert, the figures are not fantastic. They're actualities. Simply they are not bodies like us. **What is occurring inside the bathroom for you in this very moment?** *Tell me Berty!!!!!!*)

(Berto) "Quieres que te diga aquí? Ok. Este sitio es: el grafico exacto entres nuestras caras y nuestro cuerpos, rodeandonos. Eso es todo." (You want me to tell you right here? Ok. The place is: the exact graph between our faces and our bodies, surrounding us. That is it.)

(Yana agarra la cara de su hermano – Yana grabs the face of her brother.)

(Yana) Berto. Nuestros CUERPOS NO AGOTAN TODO LO QUE SOMOS. Nuestros cuerpos son este estado. Mientras que estamos vivos, tenemos un estado. Cuando morimos, nuestros SERES relajan de nuestros cuerpos. No los necesitamos.

(Berto. These BODIES DO NOT EXHAUST ALL THAT WE ARE. Our bodies are this state. While we are alive, we have a state. When we die, our BEINGS relax from our bodies. We do not need them.)

(Yana continúa – Yana continues) Estar muerto, Berto, *es ser*, sin estar en un *sitio*, como un cuerpo necesita. (Being dead, Berty, *is being*, without inhabiting a *place*, like the body needs.)

No has podido expresar, esto, Berto. Pero es correcto. Te lo aseguro. Te lo prometo. Ellos están tan cercanamente contigo, sabes? No lo creo. Estos seres, los que llamamos los muertos, no han dejado la Tierra completamente. (You have not been able to express, this, Berty. But it is correct. I assure you. I promise you. They are so closely with you, you know? I don't think so. These beings, the ones we call the dead, have not left the Earth completely.)

Ma y Pa no te han dañado. No te han dejado. Te facilitan. Te guían. Sin embargo, te he mentido un poquito. Quieres concluir que estos *inanimados* son inocuos, pero también quieres creer que te escuchan, y que eres pertinente a ellos. Pero te sientes un poco paranoico porque es posible que estas interactuando con los del más allá *a través* de estos inanimados. Y te gusta estar paranoico. Tu disfrutas lo oculto: tu espejismo de ser ninguno. Ser ningún lado. No lo entiendes. *Los inanimados no representan los muertos*. La muerte es un milagro ... fue descubierta por los humans que entendieron finitud. Lo finito es fantasmal. El ser es infinito. Eterno. Esto, Berto, se te hará pronto tu diaria *costumbre*. Quieres saber lo que has visto? Si, es ella. Ella. Ma. Muerta? No. No. Te sientes. Tu has entrado a un nivel *ajeno* ... pero es real. Y ahoramismo, estas conectando dos distintas esferas experimentales. Ya. Tu habitas *entre* cuarto-vivo y limbo-fantasmal. Presencia y Resonancia. Casi entiendes. Casi. Necesitas fusionar presencia y resonancia en PRESCIENCIA.

(Mom and Dad have not hurt you. They have not left you. They facilitate you. They guide you. However, I lied to you a little bit. You want to conclude that these *inanimates* are innocuous, but you also want them to listen to you, and you want to belong to them.

But you feel a bit paranoid because it's possible that you are interacting with those from beyond *through* these inanimates. And you like being paranoid. You enjoy the occult: your mirage of being no one. Being in no place. You do not understand. *The inanimates do not represent the dead*. Death is a miracle. It was discovered by the humans that understood finitude. The finite is the phantasmal. The being is infinite. Eternal. This, Bert, will soon make itself your daily *custom*. You wanna know what you've seen? Yes, it's her. Her. Ma. Dead? No. No. She feels you. You have entered an *alien* level ... but it's real. And right now, you are connecting two distinct experimental spheres. Enough. You inhabit between live-room and phantasmal-limbo. Presence and Resonance. You almost get it. Almost. You need to fuse presence and resonance into PRESCIENCE.)

(Yana sigue – Yana continues) Si. El Cuarto Viejo. Te preguntas *por qué* lo llamamos así? Te acuerdas? (Yes. The Old Room. You ask yourself *why* we call it this? You remember?)

Y donde hacemos oyos? Por qué siento que están seguramente conectados? El Cuarto Viejo en nuestra casa y la Actividad de Ojos. Cual es la conexión? (And where do we make holes? Why do I feel that these two are surely connected? The Old Room in our house and the Activity of Holes. What is the connection?)

(Berto sostiene silencio, en trance – Bert sustains silence, entranced.)

Afuera del Cuarto Viejo hacíamos Ojos. Por qué? Nuestra yarda era el sitio de suerte y fuerza. Nuestro lugar. Ibamos afuera al cesp ed en busqueda de poder, salud, valor. (Outside the Old Room we would make Holes. Why? Our yard was the place of luck and strength. Our spot. We would go outside to the grass on a quest for power, health, and bravery.)

(Berto esta a punto de despeguar una l agr ima – Bert is on the verge of sending-off a tear.)

Pero una vez, cuando fuimos juntos, como siempre, nos sentimos fatal. (But one time, when we went together, like always, we felt fatal.)

Que exactamente nos sent amos haciendo ojos esa tarde? Ah, Berto? Y por qu  empezamos a decir 'me siento del pasado' – que significa eso, Berto? (What exactly did we feel making holes that afternoon? Ah, Bert? And why did we start to say 'I feel from the past' – what does that mean, Bert?)

Me siento del pasado. Que significa esto!?! (I feel from the past. What does that mean!?)

Ya que me voy. Tienes que decidir si vas a dividir TU vida y la de ELLA o, *dejarla ascender a través y sobre tu cuerpo*. Si. Ella sigue. Tu gritas y *silencio te exhala*. (I'm leaving now. You have to decide whether you're gonna divide YOUR life and HERS or, *let her ascend through and beyond your body*. Yes. She continues. You scream and *silence exhales you*.)

(Berto) Oye, mi primera amiga. Donde te fuiste? (Hey, my first friend. Where did you go to?)

"Hola?" "Yana?" *Aquí, en el baño*. **Porfavor, ven. (Please, come here.)**

No. I remain, and...invite you to divulge your form to mine. Or dissipate.

Mortal Mirage

(Spirit of Yana dissipates) "Mirage. You, *mirage....*"

(Pa appears) "Please. I implore you *right now to leave* your abode. Too dim. It is a brisk beautiful twilight outside. I love this mood. Remember those running trails? Such dry cool mist and sand shuffling from our strides surpassing and roving a gentle glow over a bleak lake by a strawberry moon. Yes. We hit dusk, and that grim brilliance, just, swinging crisp carriage calves cutting afloat, gliding, striking and another landing into the panoramic sand."

(Seized) Yes. The twilight trails are a great place.

"Celestial, let us also say."

Absolutely. Are we currently telepathic?

“Yes son.” “You travel bodied, breathing delicately, rapidly yet gently *emanating* smooth phantasmal laminations. These laminations are continuous topological *phases* called automorphisms. What is the opposite of a self-loving automorphism?

Autophobia. Ha, you see? Yes, indeed, you are a turbulent biolamination commuting in an ambient space, but how does your body feel while locomoting ah, ha? You have to let your body *outstand* its dead breath, and then *draw* in, to drink, this...incessance.

Incessance. Incessance.

Yes, except, you reflexively eviscerate every viscerality exterior to this vicinity as **irrelevance**.

Aberration

You cannot latch to this hint. Hints must be caressed, not ever clasped. They unleash you, not the contrary. This clue is to the *prehistorical*, which is to say, the pre-rational primate that became shocked and stared blankly at a close clan member *drop dead*.

100,000 years ago, or so, this Aberration happened. A nomadic primate community found a surplus land, and for the first time ever, these *primordial primates*..... settled. Shelters were on the cusp of becoming.....Abodes. After settling in this oasis, while happily dancing, the primordials saw her drop. Abruptly, she fell to the grass, hard. Hysteria ensued. Her ascendance has occurred. Her submergence will quell the grieving shrieks.

The primordials bodily chose to bury her. The first mortal. The first burial was hers. They commenced excavating into the arid soil, at twilight, soon to stay up all night eulogizing the God until a red dawn blooms, inducing vague terror, and smooth swells of doom.

During the first eulogy, the primordials not only dispersed, but permeated, their coastal atmosphere with their strongest verbs. Verb after verb and verb eventuated a breakaway. The most potent verbs merged. Sentences stirred. The primordials became lingual, by chanting at the God under a brown lunar blaze.

The Mortals, after settling Her in the abundant meadow, began to meditate on their breakaways. Settlement was unprecedented. Transient shelters became enduring guardians: abodes. Language was deranging. Verbs were lifted from their isolation and discreteness, into a combinatorial context.

What of Her last days? However, she was not vatic. She did not foresee the elevation or annihilation. Dualism, between awakening and demise, had not spawned. Monism was the law of the primordial. To her, and them, the ending event was *fulfilment*. A new epoch dawned. Her expiry permitted the first organic consciousness of finite termination, and hence, of eternal extension. Remember, before burial, dualism had not spawned in human consciousness, for it was wholly primordial.

When She expired, those serene tears of expiry bled her secret, limply falling away without a word. The primordials became prescient. They were utterly astounded to watch her fall, which was finite. Her unbelievable tragedy and illusion of finitude spurred them to, for the first time on Earth, bury her. After burial, her fall was felt...not as a finite truncation, but as an infinite lifting.

The grievors, the shriekers, peripherally witnessed their eldest member ...drop dead... By undergoing such shocking onslaught and tragedy, they crystallized a new creativity.

Their grief teaches their bodies. They saw the finite fall, and then, felt the infinite lift.

Their pain spurred their bodies to bury *a new abode*. An earthly home, for the divine.

Excruciation rendered a beautiful and precious *relic*.

They, now settled, dwell in homes. Rapidly, after her lift, they detected elevations in sensitivity and concentration within their limbic, optic, aural, and now, lingual powers. These effortless increases impelled them to build larger abodes.

They built ambient abodes. They inhabited them exactly to inhibit *their own decease*.

These bodies are no longer sheltering. They have settled. These, surrounding them, are guardians. Abodes are ours. We have already been redirecting our sensory desires. The new epoch is itself what the future inhabitants call *civilization*.

Yet, although the primordials discovered the Oasis, buried the first God, and eulogized the divine Language, they did divide the Earth and World. Their very guardians were

the ones to divide this intimate warmth from that harsh danger. This division – between home and world – was wholly organic, and surmounted. But the far-future lineages forgot this division, and dualism steadily grew and dwelled in their psychic-souls.

The primordials divined the answer, and left the relic, which their descendants raped and degraded ... because they could not consciously cope with the *ethereal enigma*. The Earth died timeless. The World birthed temporary. The awakening of infinity was its finite annihilation. Emotion accepted the endlessness, and grief smoothed into *bliss*. Thought could not cope with this kiss, and gnawed the bliss into *mourning*. Melancholy eroded into depression. Being was submerged, and God ascended.

Ambience

(Pa pauses, 10 seconds) Fundamentally, you feel – you *value* – by being bodily: cardiac, lunged, rostral, limbic, and vital. I, do not value, as affect. I value, abstractly. Do not worry! I am not anesthetic. Abstraction is *ascendant affection*. Now, I value beings, wholly. You, continue to value in division, partitioning your own viscosity.

You temporalize visceral space.

I temporalize ambient space.

Your searing affection is my soaring symbolism. While, to you, I am ambient, let me assure you that I, now, occupy the higher-order realm of long-term *logicodynamics*. You locomote and cognize local, linear, spatial *layers* and short-term *homeostatics*.

(In room: Ber) “No, Dad, do you *feel my body* right now. Where are *we* right now?”

(Pa) Ber. We are in an Aberration. For now, telepathic symmetries appear aberrant. For now. Limbo is how this space looks. Right? Again, for now. This Ambience is synergetic and ethereally limbic. The only question is, does your carnal-body detect me?

(Ber) “Yes.”

(Mer) Exactly. Do not inhibit this with division, which interrogates the broader telepathic reality embedding it. Just, inhabit, our aberration. Soon, this ambient space will be suffusive. Soon. Wonder what happens when your soul is freed of local perception? Hint. You partake of distributive cognition. Linearity is no longer required

for perception. Sensation becomes mentation. Do not suspect! Doubts are delusions. With such vicious suspicion, you will only defuse this...unison. You need to deduce the absolute truth. Unison is deductive and mathematically necessary. Linear-perception is a planetary reality, and telepathic-perception is universal reality. At the highest level energy possible, which is to say, at the deepest level, *telepathy* is symmetrically identical with its *stasis*. Telepathic-Stasis – Telesis – is the initial and terminal substrate; it is infinite and closed. And thus, Telesis is the ultimate substance and basis of reality. Telesis is primordial.

Telepathy is only now an aberration. It causes panic. You go catatonic. Yes, but you can also go manic. You can viscerally seize *timelines* and *theories*. Seizures of telepathy, again, will be introductory and surmountable. Your body will adapt to the rapid long-range long-term energy transfers. At first, telepathy will be exhausting, hence the seizures. However, when I say that you will instantly seize higher-order timelines and theories, I convey and emphasize the *simultaneity* of deducing dense informatic distributions. In time, you will see that telepathy is totally organic, so easy, effortless, orgasmic. The initial exhaustion, intensity, and heaviness are *preliminary phases* for hyperdynamic messaging, mutual enhancement, and creative amplification. The next epoch of human evolution is empathic and telepathic.

Indeed. I know you *feel* automorphic. I identify you, and you deduce me. We fully fuse, and form an automorphism.

But you can rebel and cover. The feeling of this *antipathy* to telepathy is autophobic. Yes, initially, and only initially, *automorphisms become autophobic of their cresting telepathy*.

Let's see the dilemma, the dandy dualism. Ready? An Autophobic-Aberration vs. an Ambient-Pandemonium. "iiiiii..." Yes ... Yes, "Con, convulsiing aaantsy limbs?" ... "These are tolerable breaches of static Normality."

(Mer) In ambient space, feeling is far stronger. Visceral touch and detection, to us, is antiseptic. Ambient affection is no less than *ravaging*.

Ambient Pandemonium. *I perceive superpositions*. What would look frenzied and acceleratingly uncanny to a local body, to me, is totally copasetic.

Let me riddle you. Wow, you are so close to the relic. You know it, nominally. You know it as a modern body. But no, you need to feel the deep doom, and ravaging ascendance.

(Mer, continuing) Parity of Universe *within* Void, yes, like last night. Right? You were high. You were on the cusp, cresting. You almost abstracted. But you misunderstood abstraction. It is not anesthesia. Abstraction is ascendance. I ambience. You hit the brink, and cowered and vomited like a filthy animal. Today, you submerged....going atonal all day, no? You were atrophic. Atopic *nonchalance* turning there to stare, yeah, look, nice hideous glare, glaze aaaaw yawning mmm bitter drips elating vague anger, trembling lucid lips, devolving static stature into mushy dynamism *drop* knee, postured, patellar caps are getting harmed *irrelevantly* to the tile take toilet tap, lifted, elbowed body leaning head over the royal border, dripping hot bile...gush.... surge uh uh *heaving* oh like the man yesterday MOURNING huh??? Now you are discharging...

Oh, look who is here: (continues) So, these and maybe other regionalized primordial primates did discover a Coastal Oasis: a temperately humid abundance. After their blistering desert travels, they saw it, in the distance, and...ran toward it. They raced. They arrived and began...euphoric and dancing and chanting over all zones. What happened?

(Pa apprehending Abue's presence) Señor, hola, que gusto verlo... bienvenido. Pero ya que estás aquí, por que no tú, mejor que yo, nos dices lo que pasó con estos primordiales?

Abue

(Abue sits, starts speaking English.) Elder, leading... youngs, surrounding a volcanic fire... She is dancing, but stops, *falls...cae, y, Su Cuerpo, caído, se ve desrostrado. Se ve...inhumana. Sus compañeros no entienden. Sin embargo, antes de esta concurrencia, no detectaron *ningún* malestar en ella: ella estaba sin nausea, sin enfermedad: solo tenía dolores de vejez, los cualos solamente ella sentía y entendía. Pero ahí nos viene la pregunta: Que es vejez?*

(Elder, leading... you know, youngs, surrounding a volcanic fire... She is dancing, but stops, *falls*...falls, and, Her Body, fallen, looks defaced. She looks...inhuman. Her partners do not comprehend. However, before this concurrence, they did not detect *any* illness in her: she was without nausea, without diseases: she only had pains from old age, of which only she felt and comprehended. But here comes a question: what is old age?)

(Abue continúa – Abue continues) Los primordiales, siendo nómadas, no tenían CASAS. Sino, tenían estaciones. Porque, entonces, *no podían quedarse en el mismo sitio*. No tenían en Oasis. Cuando lo encontraron, los primordiales construyeron sus primeros hogares. Y luego, de repente, la más Anciana **se cayó**. Pero, nada la tocó. Nada la pegó. Y no estaba enferma. Ninguna animal la lastimó. Ningun insecto la infectó; no tenía señales de infección. So, *no* la mató una invasión microbial, invisible e interna; ni una invasión externa de un ataque de animal. No comió veneno de planta. Nada la mató! Cómo? Cómo?

(The primordials, being nomads, did not have HOUSES. Rather, they had stations. Because, back then, *they could not stay in the same place*. They did not have Oasis. When they found one, the primordials built their first abodes. And then, suddenly, the Eldest **fell**. But, nothing touched her. Nothing hit her. And she was not sick. No animal hurt her. No insect infected her; she did not have signs of infection. So, no microbial invasion killed her, invisible and internal; nor did any external invasion by an attack from an animal attack. She did not eat poison from a plant. Nothing killed her! How? How?)

(Abue continúa) Algo esencial ha cambiado, para Ella. Ella. Eterna. A? Ya ves? Su rostro zumbando *te aleja* pero solo al principio, antes de entender *su ser*, ahora: *eterna*. Mira. Las arrugas de su lacia desnudez, su cuerpo de res... tiene tantas células todavía vivas. Sus huesos rompieron de su caída. Cuerpo. Muerto. Su Ser: nada-ndo en lo Eterno. Como *es* lo Eterno? Cómo se siente? Que haces? Nadas jeejeejee...! Escuchen (Abue pone una canción). Con teoría, son prescientes.

(Something essential has changed, for Her. Her. She *is not* Here. Eternal. Ah? You see? Her flied face *jars you* but only at the beginning, before you understand *her being*, now: *eternal*. Look. The wrinkles of her smooth nudity, her carnal body...has so many cells still alive. Her bones broke from her fall. Body. Dead. Her Being: noth-ing in the

Eternal. How *is* the Eternal? How does it feel? What do you do? You nothing heeheehee...! Listen up (Abue puts on a song). With theory, you are prescient.)

[Playing] De Teoria – Of Theory, Powlos, Pareidolia.

(Continúa Abue mientras Teoria sigue) *Tu Madre, Berto? Tu Esposa, Merlin? Es tuya?*
(*Your Mom, Bert? Your Wife, Merlin? Is she yours?*)

Que tal *ella misma?* (How about *her alone?*)

Ahora, Ella ejercita el poder plenario de Ser. (Now, She exercises the plenary power of Being.) Ustedes, cuerpos, siguen finitos. (You, bodies, remain finite.) Nosotros, eternos, somos infinitos (We, eternal, are infinite). La división entre Cuerpo y Ambiente no existe. (The division between Body and Environment does not exist.) También estas divisiones se desacen. (Also these divisions dissolve themselves.)

Actividad y Estructura. (Activity and Structure.)

Presencia y Resonancia. (Presence and Resonance.)

Èxtasis y Satisfacción. (Ecstasy and Satisfaction.)

Madre y Muerte. (Mother and Decease.)

Cuerpo y Cuarto. (Body and Room.)

Hecho y Cuento. (Fact and History.)

Fe o Certeza. (Faith or Certainty.)

Dios. (God.)

Di todo. (Say everything.)

(Berto) Si.

First Burial: Ascendant Abode.

After her sudden Fall, the youngs were gathered given their hysterical terror. Chilling wind blew out the feeble fire. Six alive matures are already forging her through the early blue twilight, carrying a lump, carnality, raising their arms in unison, crying. There they go carrying her into a shadowy inland with drier brush weeping uncontrollably until submerging into *full bodily thoughtfulness* taking over and bonding the bodies into unison at the shady outskirts. The unison is heading into the deep desert

valley, carrying her, in tempoless utterless sedative shuffle....sometimes surging, yet, all bodies are heightened and frantically attracted to the humid blue twilight.

Arriving at a spot, all agreed gesturally *to dig*. They lay her gently upon some bush beds, kneeling, and they begin to dig: palms are rostrally fevering the arid soil. Their bodies are totally dictating. The deeper the layer, the cooler.

We feel the twilit atmosphere on the brink of dusk, having been digging with large sticks and clawing forearms. Two of us have been spinning a refined stick onto a dry plank, quickening mutual cadence, and...lovely smoke is curling silver hues outward and upward into this serene humidity, a still, damp yellow sky, please, let the ember...nestle, ensconce, ignite these bristles. The kindling, yes yes, is flaming.... they need stones to contain this soon surging blaze, while four keep digging, close to burying...she is, behind....that bare facial apathy, excruciating the buriers dizzying and digging the hole *is still too shallow* so they quadruple their exertions and claw their raw fingers to nail out rocks from the clay, with palms also getting raw, oh but this night fire is thriving and keeps heating the grim figures kneed, trunked, and forearming furiously their palms thrashing chilly clay soil freeing...finally yielding, opening, rupturing.

(Abue se para y entona – Abue stands and intones) Donde ascendió!? (Where did she ascend!?) *En el suelo* del poso mas ondo. (*On the ground* of the deepest well.) Sus cuerpos dictaron, *entierrarla*. (Their bodies dictated, *bury her*.) Sus espíritus entonaron, *eternízala*. (Their spirits intoned, *eternalize her*.) Ella En Tierra. (Her In Earth) Miralos. (Look at them.) No estan excavando para comida, ni para esconderla, ni para dormir con ella. (They are not excavating for food, not to hide her, not least to sleep with her.) Jajajaj!!! *Sino para permanecer!* (*Rather to remain*.) Están enterrandola. (They are burying her.) Ve!!! (See!!!) Miralos, escuchalos, sientelos (Look at them, listen to them, feel them) ... Agachando, cubriendo, cantando, llorando, tarareando, tamborileando, gritando, encantando, entonandooo....

Crouching chanting crying humming drumming screaming incanting intoning
mmmmmmmaaaaaaadreeeee seee...ees, *Eya...esa, esa, sssssA... A! Ya! Ya! Ya! Ya!*
eYa...eeee Ya! oooo....eSa! eSa!!! Oaaaaaiaaaa es.....seeeeSa! eSa! EeeeseYa!!!!
OooooooSa!!!! OooOo...Y...OOOOOOOOO, eeeeeeeYaiaaaa!!!! Es.....eYa!!!
EseeeeYa!!!!!!!! EyA. EyA. EseeeeYa!!!!!!!! Ses, Ses.....eeeseYa!!!!!!!! eYa!!!! eYa!!!

eYa!!! eYa!!!!!!! eRa!!! eRa!!! eRa!!!!!!! YeeeeRA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YeeeeRa!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
OYoooOOOeSeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YAAAAAAAAAAAA
YAAAAAAAAAAAA YAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Yos! Mera!!! AyA, eYa. oYo. eRa. NeYa.... MeRa, Aya, eYa, oYo, tes..... MaaReA.
MaaReA!!! Yos, ses, eYa. Yos, nes, oYo. Yos, e, eYa.

Yos, e, oYos. eYa, e, NaYa.

eYa e NaYa.

Yosos.

Yeosa.

eYa.

YA.

YA.

Hoyos

(Yana y Verto) Mira mis manos! (Look at my hands!)

(Berto) *Gutsi!* JAJA! Mira esta! Waw, que... (HAHA! Look at this one! Waw, what...)

(Yana) JAJA que *frío es el lodo.* (HAHA the *mud is so cold.*)

(Berto) Pero mi espalda se siente tan caliente!!! (But my back feels so warm!!!)

(Yana) Mía También! (Mine too!) Y mira esta floración blanca deslizándose a nuestra tierra tan fuerte y ardiente. (And look at this white bloom sliding down toward our earth so strong and warm.)

Somos cuellos agachandos, calentando nuestras axilas, sumergiendo nuestros dedos dentro estos lagos de lodo, mezclando y enfriando y exprimiendo lodo suave, riendo, flotando cómo aviones de papel y hay aeroplanos pasando sobre el valle morado y amarillo, quemando vertería.

(We're necks bending ourselves over, warming our armpits, submerging our fingers into these mud lakes, mixing and freezing and compressing smooth mud, laughing, floating like paper airplanes and there are airplanes passing over the purple and yellow valley, burning greenery.)

(Yana, 4 años) Berto. Me siento del pasado. Estoy rara. Me duele la panza. (Berto. I feel from the past. I'm strange. My stomach is in pain.)

(Verto, 5 años) Por qué hermana? (Why sister?)

(Yana) No se. Tu lo sientes tambien, yo se. El miedo borroso, pena en el pecho, el dolor de mí panza. Es como un buo que quiere gritar pero no puede, no puede. Esta atrapado. (I don't know. You feel it too, though. The fuzzy fear, shame in your chest, the pain of my stomach. It's like an owl that wants to shriek but it can't, it can't. It's trapped.)

Quiero esconderme del día *apenas amaneciendo*, y quiero correr: no de nadie, pero tampoco sin perseguir a nadie! Quiero correr. (I want to hide from the day *while it's dawning*, and I wanna run: not from anyone, but also without chasing anyone! I want to run.)

(Yana) Actividades para tí, flotan, pero a mí me *implotan*. (Activities for you, float, buut they *implode* me.) Esta yarda se siente como un limbo con clima. (This yard feels like a limbo with weather.) *Ella caminaba aquí Berto.* (She walked here Berto.) Mami.

Yo ya no puedo estar en el comedor, la sala. (I cannot be in the dining room, the living room.) Hay demasiados recuerdos. (There are too many memories). Yo camino por las noches queriendo ser sonambula pero soy alma carnal en pena y lloro. (I walk throughout the nights wanting to be a sleepwalker but I'm a carnal soul in shame and I cry.)

(Berto) Y a veces ves a Papi cuando estas caminando por la noche? (And do you ever see Dad when you're roaming at night?)

(Yana) Si.

(Dad thinks I sleep walk, so he let's me chill with him in the early hours.)

Papi me ve (Dad sees me): *yo lo rozo* por el pasillo al Cuarto Viejo (*I brush him* by the pathway to the Old Room). El llega (He arrives). No prende las luces (Not turning on the lights). Disfruta de la penumbra, que ya está comenzando (He enjoys the twilight, which is now commencing). Ha estado parado (He's been standing). Se sienta (He sits). Medita (He meditates). El cuarto oscurece (The room obscures). Lo oigo llorar, y murmurando (I hear him cry, and murmuring).

(Berto) Que dice? (What does he say?)

(Yana) Esto... (This).

'Estas Aqui (You are here). Yo sí se (I *do* know.) No estoy solo comunicando con este cuarto inanimado (I am not only communicating with this inanimate room). Esto? (This?) No, no TU ESTÁS AQUÍ.' (No, no YOU ARE HERE.)

(Yana) Y así grita (And he screams like that). Piensa que nadie lo escucha o tal vez ya no le importa (He thinks nobody listens to him or maybe he doesn't care). Por lo menos papi va a Corte durante el día para que absorba su mente (At least daddy goes to Court during the day to absorb his psyche).

Pero todavía regresa al mural de ríos y pinos pintados al frente de la Casa, pintados por Abue. (But still he returns to the mural of rivers and pines painted in front of the House, painted by Grandpa.)

Papi se queda parado pensando por un rato, y por fin entra a ver sus cruces y espejos. (Daddy stays standing for a while, and finally he enters to see his crosses and mirrors.)

Sigue avanzando sobre las tejas hacía las puertas vidrias trotando sus zapatos a través del comedor hasta la sala anaranjada casi llegando al Cuarto Viejo, aquí...si, o el ambiente es tan liviano, o es súper pesado. Se sienta, aveces en el piso. La alfombra verde, borrosa. Luces apagadas. Penumbra terminada. Noche. Papi la espera hasta que su hambre lo haga parar. (He keeps advancing over the tiles toward the glass doors trotting his shoes across the dining table till hitting the orange hall almost getting to the Old Room, here...yes, o the ambiance is so light, or super heavy. He sits, sometimes on the floor. The green carpet, smudgy. Lights are off. Twilight terminated. Night. Dad waits for her till his hunger makes him get up.)

(Yana) *Pero entiendo* por qué le duele tantísimo... (*But I understand* because it hurts him so much). YO TAMBIEN LA SIENTO VIVA (I ALSO FEEL HER ALIVE)... Antes de esto, estabamos haciendo oyos (Before this, we were making holes). Verdad? (Right?) Ahora, estamos en el ambiente del Cuarto Viejo con el cielo exprimiendo oscuridad (Right now, we are in the environment of the Old Room with the sky expressing darkness). Y las ojas son como olas de los arboles que se estan quemando en la yarda desarrollando vientos huracanados encendiendo el porche de leña seca (And the leaves are like waves from trees that are burning in the yard developing hurricanic winds

igniting the porch made of arid wood). El vidrio portal se derrite (The glass porch melts). La yarda, ahora, se está atorchando en un mar de fuego (The yard, right now, is torching itself in an oceanic fire). El mar purpuro creativo como papi, todavía, sentado dejandose sumergir bajo sus propios murmullos poseídos, sin saber por quien (The purple ocean creative like Dad, still, sitting letting himself submerge under his own possessed murmurs, without knowing by who). Pero Berto, él si cuestiona de quien emanan esos murmullos (But Bert, he does question those from whom those murmurs emanate).

(Berto) Papi no se murmura. (Dad does not murmur to himself.)

(Yana) Cuano fallecemos, el Futuro es *fatal*, y el Pasado es *completo*. Donde *se* dividen? Cuando? Flota, y implota. Mami *pasa* flotando por Papi quien esta caminando en su sala anciana y fría, zapatiando hacia el Cuarto Viejo. (When we decease, the Future is *fatal*, and the Past is *complete*. Where *do they* divide? When? Float, and implode. Mom passes floating by Dad who is walking into the ancient and cold living room, shoe-stepping toward the Old Room.)

(Berto) Yana...Mira los muebles, el piso! Las paredes! *Ellos no te escuchan pero ahí y aquí están soportandonos*. Abue me dijo que los fantasmas son emanaciones eufóricas de habitaciones históricas. (Yana...Look at the furniture, the floor! The walls! *They do not listen to you but there and here they are supporting us*.)

(Abue) Levanta tus ramas carnales y *flota* cuando caminas. Es el cuarto *quien* resuena, uy pues, la habitación resuena tremendos estiramientos de *pasajeros pasados*, sus movimientos, rutinas, rumbos, voces, conexiones, sus vidas divinas. (Lift your carnal branches and *float* when you walk. It is the room whom resounds, oh yes, the place resounds tremendous stretches from past passengers, their movements, routines, directions, voices, bonds, their divine lives.)

(Berto) Pero Abue, tu dijiste que los pasajeros pasados ya no son *cuerpos*, sino recuerdos y relaciones. (But Grandpa, you said the past passengers no longer are *bodies*, but rather memories and relationships.)

(Abue) Andale que si, si, porque los pasajeros *ya* no son *gente*, nooo *para nada*. Los pasajeros – ahora – **son mas podersos**. Ya no son cuerpos. La muerta es un relajación de percepción. Como cuerpos, vemos *objetos* y *cuartos*. Como pasajeros, vemos *relaciones* y

cuentos. (Absolutely yes, yes, because the passengers are not *people anymore*, nooo *no way*. The passengers – now – **are more powerful**. They are not bodies. Death is a relaxation of perception. As bodies, we see *objects* and *rooms*. As passengers, we see *relationships* and *histories*.)

(Abue continúa) Mira. Tu hermana, vaya, ella sí *afina* el ambiente más que nadie familiar! Le pregunto, sabes ya por ahí en la cocina, ‘Yana, oye, como se *siente* este ambiente’ y... me contesta, pegando un grito, ‘Mal! Muy *mal* abuelito!’ ... Y me dice, yo me *siente del pasado*! Jeejeeeee!!! (Look. Your sister, wow, she does attune her *ambiance* more than anyone in the family! I ask her, you know around the kitchen, ‘Yana, hey, how does this *ambiance feel*’ and... and answers, with a yell, ‘Bad! Very *bad* grandpa!’ ... And she tells me, I personally *feel from the past*! Heeheeee!!!)

No entiendes? (You don’t understand?)

Es que, cuando Yana le reclama al ambiente, también sonríe con bastante gusto. Ella sabe atrasar su cuerpo para *estudiar*, mejor dicho, para *explorar* su marcha y **cuarto corporal**, lo que está emanando **tipos de resonancias** *cada camino que toma* – rumbeando, rutinizando, habitando, respirando, ocupando, señalando – todos *nuestros cuartos corporales*...son cuentos. Yana ve nuestros cuentos posibilitando como habitaciones, aberturas, vacancias, vecindades, zonas para planes, proyectos, metas grandes y minúsculas. (I mean, when Yana gets angry at her *ambiance*, she also grins with quite a lot of enjoyment. She knows how to lag her body to *study*, better yet, to *explore* her march and her carnal room [personal space], what is emanating **types of resonances** *every way she takes* – directing, routining, habituating, breathing, occupying, signing – all of *our carnal rooms* ... are histories. Yana sees our histories potentiating like rooms, openings, vacancies, neighborhoods, zones for plans, projects, metagoals and minor aims.)

(Berto) Historias son cuentos-corporales. Cuartos son ambientes-personales. Cuando cuentos y cuartos se fusionan, son *organismos*. (Histories are corporeal-stories. Rooms are personal-ambiences. When stories and rooms fuse, they are *organisms*.)

Están vivos los cuartos futuros? ...O... **Son inanimados** los cuentos pasados? (**Are** future rooms *alive*? ...Or... **Are** the past stories *inanimate*?)

(Abue) Cuartos son *ambientes*. Cuentos son *resonancias* de organismos radiando futuros dentro gráficos pasados. (Rooms are *ambiences*. Stories are *resonances* from organisms radiating futures into past graphics.)

Cuartos *emanan* de organismos. Cuentos *resuenan* de mentes. Sin embargo, cuerpos enseñan *y* cuentan cuartos. (Rooms *emanate* from organisms. Stories *resonate* in psyches. However, bodies show *and* tell rooms.)

Si, cuartos *se mueven a través de cuerpos* complaciendo a 'cosas,' o diligencias, tareas, trabajos, apuntes, citas, bañadas, cepilladas, meadas, estornudadas, parpadeos, palpitando contando...diario. Ordinarios, son las actividades tonales por cada día. Entiendes? (Yes, rooms move themselves through bodies humoring 'things,' or chores, homeworks, jobs, appointments, dates, bathings, brushings, pissings, sneezings, blinkings, pulsating contently...daily. Ordinarity, are the tonal activities for every day. Understand?)

(Berto) De hecho! (In fact!) Uña senora misteriosa en la calle me pasó dos veces en la misma dirección que yo seguía caminando, en el campo, y... pues paré. (An enigmatic woman on the street passed me twice in the same direction that I continued walking on, in the field, and... well I stopped.)

Me espantó, y me asomé. Y la ví detrás sonriendome con una mueca y pensé que yo estaba delirio por el sol Michoacano ardiendome. Discretamente, seguí caminando. No di la vuelta. Sigió recto, detras de mi. Mantuve mi distancia. Espera. Estaba caminando setenta, ochenta pasos en frente de ella, por bastante tiempo, *sin que me volteaba*. (It scared me, and I peeked back. And I saw her behind smiling with a grimace and I thought that I was delirious due to the Michoacanian sun scorching me. Discreetly, I continued walking. I didn't turn around. She stayed straight, behind me. I maintained my distance. Wait. I was walking 70, 80 steps in front of her her, for a good while, *without turning around*.)

Mis ojos estaban lacerando el camino al frente de mi cara. (My eyes were lacerating the walkway in front of my face.)

Pero mientras...mi cara se estaba relajando, hasta, elacionando...y mis ojos estaban flotando, borrando apariciones con manchas blancas atmosfericas, sin embargo, seguía

caminando. (But meanwhile...my face was relaxing, even, elating...and my eyes were floating, erasing apparitions with white atmospheric smudges, however, I continued walking.)

Caminando mi cuerpo como una borradura aguda, y de repente empecé a correr, con cara lanzada, llegué a las calles, paré trotando. Pasé escaleras, **y ella me saltó Abue.** (Walking my body like a sharp erasure. I passed some stairs, **and she jumped at me Grandpa.**)

La señora!!!! (The woman!!!!) Me murmuró, *te estás muriendo.* (She murmured, *you are dying.*) Sí fuera viejo, ya pues, -jeejee- verdad? (If I were old, yeah then, -heehee- right?) Osea, no pensaría tanto de es oración. (Like, I wouldn't think so much about that sentence.) Mi visión se derritió pero oía ruidos y caminé sin verdaremente ver detrás de nuevo. (My vision melted but I heard noises and I walked without really checking behind again.) Te parece? (You like it?) Dime tu interpretación. (Give me your interpretation.)

(Abue, pensando, sonriendo – Grandpa, thinking, grinning) Esto (this)..... estas (these) palabras (words): por qué (why) *son (are they) un (a) hecho (fact) ahoramismo (right this moment)?*

(Abue continúa) Y sí nos callamos los osícos (And if we quiet our snouts), el silencio nos respire (the silence respire us), inhalando (inhaling) resonancias (resonances) dispersando (dispersing) de la boca cerada (from the closed mouth). Llegamos al fin (We arrived at the end). Fe. (Faith.)

Ahora, estamos afinando *el ruido mundial* al nivel de, **lucidez**... Finalmente, sobrevivo o convivo? Se contradicen? O, tal vez se contratan. Se complementan? Y? Hay respuesta conclusiva a la pregunta fundamental? (Now, we are refining *the worldly sound* to the level of, **lucidity**... Finally, do I survive or do I commune? Do they contradict? Or, perhaps they contract. Do they complement? And? Is there a conclusive answer to the fundamental question?)

Si. Actividad ruptura su propia estructura. (Yes. Activity ruptures its own structure.)

Sobrevivimos singularmente. (We survive singularly.) Convivimos completamente. (We commune completely.) Si. (Yes.) Escuchas? (Listening?) Que? (What?)

(Berto a Yana – Berto to Yana) Abue sabía!!!!

(Berto) Espera (wait)... espera... había mas (there was more). Le pregunte a Abue: Que es Dios? (I asked Grandpa: What *is* God?)

(Abue responde – Grandpa answers) Tu pregunta enuncia la división de Dios, entre **uno e infinito**. (Your question enunciates the division of God, between **unity and infinity**.) Pero necesitamos *entonar* El Ser SIENDO ESTE SENTIDO RECORRIENDO NUESTROS ROSTROS. (But we need to *intone* The Being EMBODYING THIS SENSATION COURSING OUR FACES.)

Dios despierta. (God awakens.) Dios destroza. (God destroys.) Dios, naciendo, esparciendo el terreno, el oasis oceanico murmurando FE – perfecta – a todos los oídos primordiales! (God, birthing, interspersing the terrain, the oceanic oasis murmuring FAITH – perfect – to all the primordial ears!)

El Ser... (The Being). La Fe... (The Faith). Entonemos su fusion. (Let us intone their fusion.)

Fe, Ser. (Faith, Being.) Exhala *aaaa* la division divina. (Exhale *aaaa* the divine division.) Tu visión (Your vision): Divina (Divine). Ser se *fue* con la primer Muerte consciente. (Being *left* with the first consciousness of Death.) No. Ser *se* murió. (Being died.) Dios dividió Ser y Muerte. (God divided Being and Death.)

(Berto, retrocediendo de trance – Bert, receding from trance) Yana me escuchas? (Yana you hearing me?) Abue sabía. (Grandpa knew.) Te lo dije. (I told you.) Me contó esto. (He told me this.) Todo. (All of it.) Dos veranos pasados, en Michoacan, Xacona, 2006, otoño, cuando La enterramos. (Two summers ago, in Michoacan, Xacona, 2006, fall, when we buried Her.)

(Berto) El amanecer antes de su Entierro, Abue y yo nos levantamos de mañana oscura para caminar al cerro mas alto y mirar el amanecer: entonces nos levantamos y subimos muchas colinas hasta llegar a un cerro pinado que a Abue le encantaba demasiado diciendo que imaginaba una casita simple escondidita entre los pinos del valle... y, los

arbustos y pastos y campos anaranjando con otros pinos y plantas y pajaros, nombree: *una vertería verdadera se esta encendiendo!* (The morning behind her Burial, Grandpa and I awoke during the dark morning to walk to the pined hill that Grandpa loves too much telling me that he imagined a little simple house hidden in the pines of the valley...and, those bushes and grasses orangng with more pines and plants and birds, no maaan: *a real greenery is igniting itself!*)

(Berto) Y lo miré dejandose al prado, cómo aceptando su dolor por su hija muerto. Sonriendo lagrimas hacía el cerro turbio, rociado, tempestuoso...hermosura. (And I looked at him leaving himself to the valley, as in accepting his pain for his dead daughter. Smiling tears toward the cloudy, sprayed, tempestuous hill...preciousness.)

(Berto) No hablamos, sino, nuestras caras levitaron y flotaron y se fusionaron con el valle *hasta* que Abue de repente carcajeó su chiflido, 'jeejeejee!!!'. (We didn't talk, instead, our faces levitated and floated and fused with the valley *until* Grandpa suddenly cackled a whistle, 'heeheehee!!!'.)

(Abue empieza a cantar – Grandpa begins to sing) [Mamá Eterna]: canción espontánea (spontaneous song). Si. (Yes.) Ahí van los Pasajeros. (There go the Passengers.) Andantes! (Traversers!) Los ves!? (You see them?) Ahí! (Over there!) A la base de cada cerro. (At the base of every hill.) Si, aveces, no me dissuade morir. (Yes, sometimes, dying does not dissuade me.) Muerte, mi único momento. (Death, my unique moment.) Yo, la siento...enrollandome (I, feel her...involving me), siiii Ella (yees Her), reliquia (relic), por favor (please)... rodea mi rostro (surround my face), se mi compañía (be my company). Mi muerte, tu eres mi mejor amiga!!! (My death, you are my best friend!!!) No te amo (I don't love you), sino (rather)...Yo (I)... *te necesito (I need you)*.... Eres tu, muerte, mi Acta verdadera de Nacimiento. (It is you, death, who is my actual birth certificate.)

(Berto contándole a Yana – Bert recounting to Yana) Abue y yo, estuvimos parados *en trance* sobre el prado hasta habitar la Hora del Buo. 10:01. (Grandpa and I, we were standing *entranced over* the prairie until inhabiting the Hour of the Owl. 10:01.)

(Abue) Mismamente, los antiguos primates nómadas, hace cien mil años, estaban travesando desiertos y desiertos al sur de la costa de Etiopía, y nombreee... encontrandose una plétora, *un oasis*. Preguntemos, si gustas (Ber) Si (Abue) Bientos!

Entonces. Nuestra pregunta es.... (Identically, the ancient nomadic primates, 100,000 years ago, were traversing deserts and deserts on the southern coast of Ethiopia, and wow... encountering a a plethora, *an oasis*. Let us ask, if you want (Ber) Yes (Abue) Great! Alright. Our question is....)

Pregunta. *Siendo* estos nómadas, estos primates, *que se sintió* descubrir este Oasis costero? (Question. *Being* these nomads, these primates, *how did it feel* to discover this coastal Oasis?)

(Ber) *Mareado*. (Nauseous.)

(Abue) Jeejeejee!!! Se, mareados *con alivio*. (Yeh, *nauseous with relief*.) Es que, se asombraron con estos campos flóridos, sabrosos para acampar – expuestos al cielo libre. Los primordiales tranquilizan sus destrozos en los desiertos con fogatas finas y bailes ricos. Bailando y cantando y brincando al ambiente amoroso! Jeejeejeejee!!! (It's just that, they were astounded by the florid fields, delicious for camping – exposed to the emancipated sky. The primordials tranquilize their ruins in those deserts with fine fires and rich dances. Dancing and singing and jumping to the adoring ambiance! Heeheeheeeee!!!!)

(Ber) Espera, Abue....Quiénes fueron los primates nómadas de hace cien mil años? Cual es su importancia? (Wait, Grandpa....Who were those nomadic primates from 100,000 years ago? What is their importance?)

(Abue) Bien. (Good.) Es que, Ber, estos seres...no eran *gente moderna*, ni Etiope, sino, eran primates primordiales. (It's just, Ber, these beings...were not *modern people*, nor Ethiopian, but rather, they were primordial primates.)

Eran bipedos divertidos, humorosos, agiles, y crecientemente hábiles con sus manos, sus muñecadas abrazando estas piernuras caderando abdomenes ombligados descalzos, sin verguenzas, y super fuertes – desnudamente atravesando, y por fin, desertando un mundo de arena rubia. (They were bipedals who were friendly, humorous, agile, and growingly handy with their hands, their wrists hugging these legs hippping abdomens bellybuttoned barefoot, shameless, and super strong – nudely traveling, and at last, deserting a world of blond sand.)

(Abue continúa) Que pasa. (What happens.) Nada de nada? (Nothing or nothing?) Sale! (Lovely!) Siento otros indicios entrantes....(I feel other hints incoming.)

La primer Muerta. La primer Divina. (The first Dead. The first Divinity.)

Antibodies

Relinquisher. Torment the Terror. Destroy the all-controlling Exodia. Breather is trancing bodiless, floater, flighty levitator verging on bodies on-the-track running, aligned, and curving a tarmac red backstretch, legging light, alright, a little tight, very terse arm carriage. Time to accentuate my binary backkick quite fucking quickly. The opposite of sickly. Looking down, this body is forestriking two foam-gadgets catching calves contractually rounding the red homestretch and elevating my backkick and arm-carriage, surging, the Ogre is standing at the finish, watching the second-count for the first lap 68 seconds...4:32 mile-pace: ALRIGHT NOW HIT 66. Richie is surpassing all bodies into the lead, and he's surging....

Deterging the pretenders. Surging is deterging, squiddy. The team is bending around the top curve of the tarmac track, and one of them is straining my legs are lunging...Bodies are running on the track, accelerating away from mine, which is redlining. In running, redlining means effectively dying.

Time to t e l e p o r t back to the Party. Room. Bodies are running the room.

(Bert renaming Dennis) "Denny, that's it, you're – now – hmmm...*Henry*." Hey Henry. Are you drunk? You look like you're done. Goodnight. Richie is cackling at this fruity tootsie roll grinning and guzzling, already getting blacked. Bert: you've been pecking the mudman too much.

(Renamer glaring at Richard) What's mudman up to? Ah, handling that amber Brandy... which is diminishing, op, he's glancing at that *such* great painting of our magnificent, statureful Horse, whom has turned to his master and is eyeing him *back to respawn* resist teleport, op, Dimitrios the tootsie roll has at last, blacked. Good job. You should be escorting itself to bed to sedate for the night's duration. Great, night getting nuttier. Hey Ricky ron. Look at your lethal polish, how is the alcy *ingesting*?

(Ricky) I'm fine fucker. I'm lit, like a clit.

(Berty) Excellent!!!! Henry and Dimitri have excused themselves: does their leaving pleasure your anger? M? Op....he wants to speak, but can't. Stuck in the mud? You tried to lunge into freedom but got gunked into tar.

(Ricky) No help from those *antibodies*. (Bert) You are *my* antibody. (Rick) *Yes I am!* You are all my fucking antibodies! *Everybody* is dystonic to me.

(Bert) Except your own body? (Rick) Godfuckingdamn you WHO CARES. Nobody is here. Nobody *hears*: Nobody cares. My own body is a persistent remnant of my soul.

(Bert) You are an animal. I am the only soul present. Incorrect? Oh look at this *sad rage*, op, op.... nop, he'll never actually *engage*.

Richie always reverts, oh silly richie richie.... please! Your father is present. Or not?

(Rich) I'd rope him. And laugh at that animal hanging. Limpy. Bye Bye Limp Lumbee.

(Bert) And he's up! Where are you going now limpy?

(Richie) Nowhere yet, but wondrously soon too. (Bert) Ahhhh. Yes. Except, you are utterly incorrect. You, body-boy, *will* be nowhere! That's it! HAHAHAHAAAAH!!!!!!! You comprehend? You *are*.... INCESSANTLY VITAL **and** FATAL. You dualize survival and suicide. Unfortunate, I know. I ASSURE YOU *this is correct* though. Ha. Ha! Yeah a FACILE BRAVERY fucking pervades your pathetic faith for *perfect suspension*, go ahead! Do it! Slit your jugulars, I know, Mudman wants his stasis. Your stasis is illusionary. You body will transfer. Hahahaha!!!! YOUR BODY IS THE **BASIS FOR YOUR STASIS.** HAHAHAAAAH!!!! HAHAHAAAAHAAAAHAAAAH!!!!!!! BLIPPING BLEEPY LAG LAG LAG LAG BLOOM CALM calm-calm SOON, the Body will *fuse* with the Room, ooo, soothe this hideous fury you're fucking throwing at me or else I'll go into a free frenzy ooooooh but he still *thinks* I...bear the duty, no, HE THINKS I BEAR THE NECESSITY TO SAVE THIS SICKENING FECAL FACE BEGGING ME TO KILL YOU RICHIIIE RIGHT NOW AND HAPPILY LAUGHING AT A PULPY WASTE THUDDING HAHAHAAAAHAAAAHAAAAHAAAAHAAAAHAAAAH -- NOOOO I WOULD TORTURE YOU OP-OP-OP-OP PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEASE RICHIE RICHIE **DONT GET SO CLOSE TO ME** ... OR YOU WILL REGRET UNLEASHING MY OWN

Homeomorphic – Ether. You playing attention?

Yes, increase the volume.

Body blaring....yes...yes, dip deeee ooooooo ... OOOooooooo...ooooooo.....
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm eYa....

Seeping.

Ravaging a panoramic pandemonium.

Stop. Body distributes room, where it stratifies limbo. We need Being to free GOD of impotent oblivion.

Accordingly, I ambience.

No, Bert, stop. Stop. Do not *denature* our carnal gravity into structural triviality. An *atopic* body feels and values everybody as *antibodies*. Burt. No. She did not *expire*. How could she expire Burty boy? Your mother. No expiry. Ready for the answer? She executed herself. Suicided, just like my Papa. He swung out of carnal reality. Period. That's it. And yours? She slit her jugs and the room gushed into illusory limbo.

Cuarto Viejo

(En el Cuarto Viejo: Yana, 7 años, Berto, 8 – In the Old Room: Yana, 7 years, Berto, 8.)
Berto! Respóndeme! (Bert! Answer to me!)

Que le pasó a mami. (What happened to mami?) Me contó Papi, y Abue, y todos que ella se simplemente, *cayó*...? (Dad, and Grandpa, and everyone told me that she simply, *fell*...?)

No. Yo no lo creo! (I do not believe that!)

(Berto, 8 años, respondiendo – Bert, 8 years, responding.) Ay Yana. Ahoramismo, dónde estamos? (Right now, where are we?) Habitando este *cuarto inanimado*. (Inhabiting this *inanimate room*.) Cuarto Viejo. (Old Room.) Claro. (Of course.) Y, cómo estamos? (And, how are we?) Bien, cómo cuerpos. (Good, like bodies.) Si, verdad? (Yes, Right?) Somos carnales y espaciosos. (We are carnal and spacious.) *Somos* cuartos envejeciendo días con cuentos contandose a través de nuestra compañía. (We *are* rooms aging days with

stories transmitting themselves through our company.) Por ejemplo, nosotros haciendo hoyos, o más tarde construyendo casas de cobijas durante la penumbra perforando el Cuarto Viejo por sus ventanas delgadas, persianas finas. (For example, us doing holes, or later on building houses from blankets while twilight punctures the Old Room through its thin windows, slender curtains.) Te gustan, hermana? (You like them, sister?)

(Yana) Si! (Yes!) Quiero! (I want!) Siento el atardecer doler. (I feel the afternoon bring pain.) Esta pasando otra vez Berto. (It is happening again Berton.) Me siento mal. (I feel bad.) Tan mal. (So bad.) Voy afuera. (Going outside.) Necesito los arboles. (Need trees.) Solo ellos me liberan. (Only they liberate me.)

(Berto) Okay! Que vas a hacer? (What are you gonna do?)

(Yana) Respirar. Luego nadar. Sola, por favor. (Breathe. Then swim. Alone, please.)

(Berto) Sale. (Alright.)

(Kid walks inside, deep burning afternoon: regretting not making blanket rooms/houses) I am upstairs. Past the hall. Future is the room. Body: you. Are at the desk, leaner, let, see, attune, summon the inanimate interaction with this twilight blue room. Roam it. Learn to merge movement and stasis. Merge body and room by psychic continuity. Room is verbal: roam. Prescience can only initiate itself and extend itself by initially roaming around ostensibly arbitrary clusters of inorganism.

Whenever you hit a dead end, or need to divide, you are – in actuality – attracting higher agents with symbolic resources into the very vicinity signaling their need for repletion, insulation, or extension of the ambient energy contained in the locality. Orbit this inorganic vicinity. Radiate your primordial room.

Viscerality: panoramically encasing inanimates laminating a human face *eviscerating you into inanimate irrelevance.*

Living Room

(Burt and Rich running the living room, almost dawn, Burt starts to talk.) Fuck dude, you drooped? Heavy droops huh.

(Rich) Let's hit McDonald's.

(Burt) Ha, he wants. We can visit Edward. Remember? Before, though: *we need to resolve the crux of this great painting!* (Looks up at the Horse painting, anonymous.)

(Rich) Civilization is steady human self-domestication. Domestication is sterilization.

(Burt) Thankfully, you felt civilized tonight. But *are you going to demonstrate the crux of the human and animal relationship?* Ah!? Oh, oh he concurs. Oh no, no no loopy, slappy, please no spitting *oh* look at slappy spit ha!!! Ha!!! He can't beee happyyy. Yes! Let's go spitty! McDonalds awaits. Yup mmmmm hone your hysteria, mhm, nourish your harsh hilarity ha!? **Friend!**?

I am a fucking **Fiend**. You like the idea of limbo? Say hey to limp Hangy. Limpy. That's limbo. He's *only* limbic. Hahah! Hey Horsy, here: now we are going to *tighten* this compact rope, oh-wait-*you want something more?* (Horse) Yes, I am fenced, and I do not accept this enslavement. (Human) So you learn to teleport *inside of your body*.

(Horse) No. I teleport out to the fiery meadow; memoirs of the purple reservoir; gazings at the fizzy yellow brush fields. Yes. Yes. Oasic elation: gliding, blissing, crying. Smilers Flinging Limbs Elating Furious *Care For Emerald Mellows*. Oasis. Oasis. Wondrous Warmth Within. Peace. Settle. Thrive. Strange Nostalgia for the Desertion. Forget Fear. Make Certainty. Build. Bond. Age. And...expire, falling limp: limbo. Hysteria. Bodies feel and satisfy the necessity to raise, carry, dig, bury the body, breaking a deep lake between communal unity and cosmic infinity. Then, the eulogy begins.

The First Eulogy, *breakaway* from the vaguest verbal bloom: *activation*

(Yana, 9 años) Como pasó su muerte. (How her death occur.) Para de mentirme! (Stop lying to me!) Di la verdad! (Say the truth!)

(Berto, 10 años) Mamá esta completa. (Mother is complete.)

(Yana) *Ya me voy!* (*I'm leaving now!*)

(Berto) Yana. Yana, Mami *se envenenó*. (Yana. Yana, Mami *poisoned herself*.) No la envenenaron. (Nobody poisoned her.) *Se envenenó sí misma*. (She *poisoned herself*.) Por

qué tienes tanto miedo de este hecho? (Why are you so scared of this fact?) Mírame. (Look at me.) Yo-No-Digo-Que-Ella-Esta-AFUERA-De-Nuestros...Cuerpos o Mentas, entiendes? (I-Do-Not-Say-That-She-Is-OUTSIDE-Of-Our...Bodies or Psyches, understand?)

Sino (rather)...Mami se comunica a través de nuestras emociones, gestos, expresiones, miradas, intereses, andanzas, pensamientos, *y especialmente mientras haciendo hoyos* y las otras ACTIVITIES. Exploraciones. Recuerda lo que dijo Abue: los muertos, en actualidad, son relaciones e historias. Tienen poderes much más potentes que nuestros cuerpos.

Yana. Su ausencia es solo corporal. Sí quieres ver donde su cuerpo permanentemente reside, ve exactamente al *Ĉ*ementerio, donde encontrarás una tumba con el nombre....ALMA SEDAL. (Mami communicates herself through feelings, gestures, expressions, gazes, interests, wanderings, ponderings, and especially while making holes and the other ACTIVITIES. Explorations. Remember what Grandfather said: the dead, in actuality, are relationships and histories. They possess powers far more potent than our bodies.)

(Yana) Ya! Ya!!! (Stop! Stop!!!) Por-Qué-La-Enterramos? (Why-Did-We-Bury-Her?) *Por qué!* (Why?) Por qué hacemos hoyos!? (Why do we make holes?) Por qué necesitamos hacerlos!? (Why do we need to make them?)

(Berto) Hemos hecho hoyos antes que Mami *completó*. (We have made holes before Mami was *complete*.) Para saber por qué la enterramos, dime, QUE SIENTES cuando me gritas BERTO AHORA ME SIENTO DEL PASADO? (In order to know why we buried her, tell me, WHAT DO YOU FEEL when you yell BERT NOW I FEEL FROM THE PAST?)

(Yana) Berto, no te acuerdas? Crees que yo inventé decir que me siento del pasado? Tu fuiste el que dijiste, **Yo Soy Del Pasado** CUANDO PRIMERO ENTRASTE AL CUARTO VIEJO. (Bert, you don't remember? You believe that I invented saying that I feel from the past? You were the one who said, **I Am From The Past** WHEN YOU FIRST ENTERED THE OLD ROOM.)

Cuando te pregunte, tu respondiste y lo nombraste, 'Este Cuarto Viejo me hace sentir muy fuerte pero remoto. Aquí, me siento del pasado.' ('When I asked you, you responded and named, "This Old Room makes me feel strong yet remote. Here, I feel from the past.')

Teníamos 4 y 5 años, Bertó. (We were 4 and 5 years, Bert.)

(Berto) Yo floto con ella. (I float with her.)

(Yana) *Pero yo imploto.* (But I implode.)

The First Burial, *breakthrough* the remotest memorial negligence: *annihilation*

Bury and eulogize, seep into *fusion*.

A God is initially mortal. She exposed the illusion of finitude. Here we are, and there She is. The remaining ones, us, are Her Beings. We transmit Her, and You permute through us.

We are Beings. Buriers: submergers. Eulogizers: speakers.

Beings: Burial...Viscerality.

God: Eulogy...Ambience.

Burial – digging the *opening*. Piercing the Earth silently annihilated the monic Being itself by stunningly estranging the remaining bodied Beings, from this bodiless God. Burial was spurred by *fright*. These visceralities stared, choked, cried, screamed at...this irresistible moveless carnal luggage laying like a stone. And yet, as the brown night stretched into the flaring red dawn, the being burned, and the mellow sunrise soothed their grief, into bliss.

The Eulogy began within the mutual moment of *submergence*. Burial was fulfilled. They were, now, activating the God. The God is, utterly unlike us, in that She is *bodiless*. This carcass, is both repugnant and precious. Our carnal bodies buried her because we were scared. But, we are also amazed. We buriers must shriek her name into a synchronic trance teeming with calls, echoes, foci lasering smooth blooms – verbs will merge into *words*. Activities are structures. We are breathing into the fiery sky.

Our Verbs, as activities, are internally-*intricate* individual realities. Words, as merged-structures or *sentences*, will be internally-*depleted* yet **externally extending and branching** from one-valued blooms (verbs) to many-valued ($n > 2$) sentences. Verbs are activities. Words are sentences.

Initially, 1-valued Verbs became two-valued Words, by undergoing a stupendous *syntactic split* while simultaneously stretching *semantic cohesion*. How? The horror of demise...sliced the commune's utterly unified reality. But, the grieving fright gave way to the elation of eternity...suffusing the commune, purging the binary split into the simplest expression of infinity.

The name, God, was the first noun.

God means Being – was the first sentence. However, the first noun, God, *preceded* and *plurated* the medial *core Verb*. *Is*. God is Being.

The first earthly God, the mortal mother, drastically diverged the remaining bodies into completely discrete beings – the buriers, the griever – whom are now building back their continuity and bonding with each other as prescient variants of wider invariants *intoning* this certain enigma.

These primordials, and perhaps many other communes contemporaneously, even concurrently, spawned the first representatives of GOD.

They saw their elder perish. Her expiry was internally and externally, uncaused. Hence, cessation is inherent. Yes. Cessation is incessant. Their shocked primate bodies seamlessly raised and carried her inland. Twilight Time. They nestled themselves in a bed of bushes, laying her, dug deep, and submerged her. They broke quietude while covering her with dirt. Dusk hit. Hard cool night. Two of them created and nourished a fire. They cried, and amplified every unary verbal bloom available into chaotic and creative interactivities until *rupturing their richest verb ever*. Being. Being, and rapidly reciting: Being....GOD, WITH THE MORTAL HERSELF AS THE SIMPLEST CONNECTIVE.

BEING is God.

How did dualism ensue? The God broke-away, split, from Being, linguistically.

Merge, $M(0)=\{0, 1\}$, spawned the perfect equality, or binary bijection, of nullity and infinity. We did not keep the God earthly, bodily. We rapidly and communally imbued the long unconscious, unbound basin of propositional logic...unto a buried body.

Coastal Oasis: nomadic primordials discover a surplus, settle, and dwell in Ascendant Abodes.

Desert-roving primate bodies – tooled, clothed, bipedaled, cooked, danced, drummed, sang, chanted, and gesturally signed *verbs* coupled with *calls*. However, they did not distinguish the gesture from the voice, and the binary bijection remained unconscious, yet apparently saturating. The primordials traversed the modern-day African deserts, before encountering this eastern coastal Oasis, emitting itself in the dim distance, blued trees were beaming...they began running, surging, racing...closing...arriving... Arrived. This Oasis is not a Mirage. Not a Mirage. Not a Mirage. Elated...at this. Paradise. Bliss lifts and bonds the bodies.

These 150,000-200,000 year ago primordial primates discovered the surplus. A lush cliff spilling fruits and shores withholding fish under massive waves. They settled, slept unto the skies. They fished, picked, played, thrived, multiplied, discovered organic inventions, detected atmospheric and oceanic patterns, enhanced their cooking, clothing, cleaning, killing, picking, potting, chasing, kindling, casing. They saw shimmering stones and gazed upon their own faces for the first personal instance of... *este rostro*.

Hyenas stalked the regions, but receded, because of the scorching night and daytime fires. These primordials had torches and spears, as well as masterful throwing abilities. Concomitantly, the mature primordials slowed their movements, refined them, widened, and *attuned* their muddy moods.

The village lived on the surplus for years, and for their first time, elders developed. Before the Oasis, every primordial was killed by dehydration, starvation, invasion, assassination...before aging. Within the surplus, the primordials experienced further earthly revolutions, and greater durations.

The eldest primordial was revered as the commune's sage.

So sagacious she was. She was chanting beautiful hymns, tapping crisp rhythms, while sitting down. Her mellow smile. There's a fire. She stands...rising to the children springing and starts dancing, turning, twirling, dizzying...drop. Panic. Hysteria. Pandemonium...mature mothers gather the stunned youths: *send them to the beaches*. We need to decide what occurs. They look at her sides, her face, her gut, without wounds, no bites, no spines. What occurs. What occurs. She perished. But from what? What is the plan?

A few mature males go with the two mothers, forming six. A few mature females stay with the other matures. Four of them carry her. Two go ahead and lead the carriers inland, into the meadowed hills. They are called the forerunners. Everyone else is at the shores. The meadows are rolling hills with two fast female forerunners, and four carriers trailing behind burning their shoulders but pushing through the high dense brush toward the weakening electric sunset. They are close.

And arrive. Set. Dig. Bury her. Mother forerunners create a ravaging fire. Almost too humid. She is not a carcass. No.

Pa y La Casa

(Yana 9 años... Berto 10, parados afuera del Cuarto Viejo, enfrentando las ventanas altas y finas – standing outside the Old Room, confronting the tall and thin windows.)

(Yana) Mira esto adentro, *qué está pasando ahí ahora sin nosotros Berto*. (Look at this inside, *what is happening right there without us Bert*.)

(Berto) Es que, Yana, estamos ahora mismísimo mirandonos adentro **desde estas ventanas** pero por lógica, *ningún cuerpo humano ahoramismo esta habitando el Cuarto Viejo*. (I mean, Yana, we are right this very second seeing ourselves inside **of these windows** but *because of logic, no human body is right now inhabiting the Old Room*.)

(Yana, concentrada en el Cuarto Viejo, de repente erupcionando – Yana, concentrated on the Old Room, suddenly rupturing) La cuestión NO ES SI EL HABITANTE ES HUMANO. (The issue IS NOT WHETHER THE INHABITANT IS HUMAN?)

Espera. PAPA entró...miralo JAJAJA. (Wait. DAD entered...look at him HAHahaha.)

(Berto) *Pa da miedo cuando está solo. Prefiero dejarlo en paz. (Pa is scary when he's alone.)*

(Yana) *Espera miralo hablando...veo su cara moviendo, ooo... (Wait look at him speaking...I see his face moving, ooo...)*

(Yana) *Le está hablando a ella. (He's speaking to her.)*

(Yana) *Te tengo que decir algo, ahora. Nadie sabe que yo estaba en casa cuando envenenaron a Ma. (I have to tell you something, now. Nobody knows that I was in the house when Ma got poisoned.) Yo la oí carcajeando arriba antes de morir. (I heard her cackling upstairs before dying.) Si. Te estaba mintiendo todo este tiempo. (I was lying all this time.) Lo siento. (I am sorry.) Berto, necesito decirte esto. (Bert, I need to tell you this.) ELLA SE ESTABA RIENDO MIENTRAS MURIENDO. (SHE WAS LAUGHING WHILE DYING.)*

(Berto) *Eso no puede ser cierto. (That cannot be true.) Pa me aseguró que nadie estaba en la casa. (Dad assured that nobody was in the house.)*

(Yana) *No. Berto...Yo estuve ahí. (I was there.) Mi raite me dejo temprano. (My ride dropped me off early.) Ay!!! Llegué y entré. (I arrived and went inside.) Y ... oí ruidos, raros...arriba. (And ... heard weird, noises...upstairs.) Subí, silenciosamente, y oí... oí!!! (Went upstairs, silently, and I heard... I heard!!!) **Se estaba riendo BER!!!! (She was laughing BER!!!!)***

(Berto) *Fue halicú (Yana) No.... No captas. (You don't get it.) Oí. (I heard.) Subí. (I went upstairs.) Entré a su cuarto. (I went inside her room.) Oí. (I heard.) Corrí. (I ran.) Bajé, fui afuera, a la yarda. (Got downstairs, went outside, to the yard.) Me escondí. (I hid.) Nada pasó por horas. (Nothing happened for hours.)*

Empecé a mirar la tarde nublada, seca, sin gustos de viento, viendo el árbol anaranjado a mi lado y este arbusto verde oscuro, tan pasivo, y Papi me encontró contigo, te acuerdas? (I started gazing at the cloudy afternoon, dry, without gusts of wind, watching the orange tree by my side and this dark green bush, so passive, and Papi found me with you, you remember?) Y yo tenía rostro feo, cara tan rara, alejada... (And I had a bad portrait, face so strange, alien...)

'Ven, Oro' (Come, Gold) dijo papi (said papi).

(Berto) *Y yo llegué a la casa con Pa. El me recogió. Que pasó después de eso? (And I arrived to the house with Pa. He picked me up. What happened after that?)*

(Yana) *No me dijeron nada. Ustedes estaban en shock. Pero, esas carcajadas **me atacaron** y huí. Si, huí. Ella era la llorona con esas carcajadas, poseídas. Bert... cómo no has entendido? Se suicidó CONTENTA!!!! (I was told nothing. You guys were in shock. But, those cackles **attacked me** and I fled. Yes, fled. She was the crier with those possessed, cackles. Bert... how have you not understood? She suicided HAPPILY!!!!)*

(Berto) *No se. No es cierto. (I don't know. This is not true.)*

(Yana) *Anoche. (Last night.) Desperté. (I woke.) 3:15 am. Me paré, inmediatamente. (I got up, immediately.) Pensé, *aquí es*. (I thought, *here it is*.) Y, yo no empecé a *sino ya estaba caminando al pasillo, y sigo descalando la madera rubia*. (And, I did not begin to rather *I was already walking to the hall, and I keep deescalating the blond wood*.) *Es como una corriente de gránulos llevandome abajo al piso frío y floto a la sala antigua, llego, y ahí esta parado, Pa: en la esquina mas distante, enderezado*. (It's like a granular current pulling me under to the cold floor and I float to the ancient living room, arrive, and there he is standing, Pa: in the furthest corner, standing straight.) *Esta en trance*. (He's in a trance.) *La noche es vidria con neblina púrpura y no quiero pero camino hacia sus murmullos muy, muy bajos guiándome tal vez o no no, si, si.... Oí esto de Papi*. (The night is glassed with purple fog and I don't want to but I walk toward his murmurs very, very low guiding me maybe or no no, yes, yes.... I heard this from Papi.)*

*'Te mataron. Veneno. Oye, te envenenaron baby. Me oyes? Ah!? Sigues aquí!!! Te siento. Ahora. Por qué no tienes **cuervo**, eh? Eh? Donde estas **ahora** Alma!? Ah Alma!!!? Apareceme!!!! (They killed you. Poison. Hey, they poisoned you baby. You hear me? Huh!? You're still here!!! I feel you. Right now. Why don't you have a **body**, ah? Ah? Where are you **right now** Alma? Huh Alma!!!? Appear to me!!!!)*

Pero de repente Pa está murmurando a mi.... (But suddenly Dad is murmuring at me.) 'Yana vete por favor, largate. Ya! Ya!' (Yana leave please, go away. Enough! Enough!)

Pero no me fuí. (But I didn't leave.) Y...no se voltió mientras diciendo eso, tampoco. (And...he didn't turn around while saying that, either.)

*Su cara...pelada, cara de carne viva sangrando pus por sus ojos reventados...caminando rozandome **y ahí va**. (His face...peeled, raw face bleeding pus through his ruptured eyes...walking grazing me **and there he goes**.)*

El Cuarto Viejo es un ambar tan turbio. (The Old Room is an amber so cloudy.) Casi, agrio. (Almost, sour.) La noche vidria exprime el ambiente ambar. (The glassed night expressed the ambient amber.)

La sala esta apagada. (The living room is off.)

(Berto) Para, Yana. (Stop, Yana.) Es bastante. (It's enough).

(Yana) *Todavía interactuan los inanimados. (Inanimates still interact.) El Cuarto Viejo es inanimado e interactivo. (The Old Room is inanimate and interactive.) La sala esta viva. (The living room is alive.) El Cuarto Viejo vive. (The Old Room lives.)*

(Yana) Cuando Pa entra al Cuarto Viejo, o cualquier cuarto en La Casa, Pa puede ver su ser *a través su sitio*. Pa y La Casa son mejores amigos. (When Dad enters the Old Room, or whatever else room in the House, Dad can see his being *through his room*. Dad and the House are best friends.)

Menstruation, Recreation, Enumeration, Emanation

(Burt to Rich) Fuck man. I droop out? What the, fuck? Rich, *how*, what're you doin. Ah, ha...ya, fuck, I need to puke dude, mhm...Head drifted back mmmhmmmm more bile bubbling up stomach salivating – estoy sudando lodo amargo, mi estómago esta levantando una corriente de ansia kaa *asco* al pescuezo ya es tiempo WUUUH, WU...WuUuUuUUUUU (Richie) Heheh. (Berto) Yes! Becks, thank you Spenny for this! (Wiping cheeks and lips and flusing the mush and exiting the restroom).

Oh good here he is Ricky Richie Ron Farquad, with his *empty* Brandy! Great!!! Need McDon, son. You agree ywshalksdk oijxocij xlckmvijso sir... **sir**... what are you ordering? Two McChickens, one McDoube, one medium fry, and three chocolate chip cookies please, thank you. Order 88. Debit approved. Moved.

Lord. Richie drooped, hey, you mute? (Richie is glazed, not talking.) Hey, stander, rumbler, racer: look at these cross-counter, producers, palmers operate technical equipment, dipping, setting boiling *oil lakes* enrapturing grainy fluff strips crisped for Order 88! Wooooo!!! Excellent sir, wait, may I have spicy buffalo and habanero ranch sauce, please, repected and executing, aaand *thank you ma'am* has fungibly handed the sauces requested. 3:43 am.

Why the late night Burt? We threw a party with the team which went until 2:30, when basically everyone left except Dennis and Dimitrios and Richie and I – sat and drank in the dim living room until 3:00, when Dimi blacked, he *ha* went *tootsie* and his body unstoppably escorted itself right up to bed, shelter. Dimitrios was a tootsie rool, and Dennis held his alc, but then *as well* exempted himself quietly at 3:10.

Why didn't you go to bed at 3:10? Because Farquard was only two-thirds through his Brandy glass and I was delectably buzzed, so we stayed up. But doing what? We listened to the room blare some melodic dubstep, future garage, and trap, infrequently breaching each other's loopy attentions with dumb sayings and redundant inside jokes and semisensical elaborations; very sparing compared to our many empty-time deranges of *parallel* memorial teleportations. Every 4-7 minutes we blipped back to drooped room, together. At 3:35, we left for McD's. Since 2:00, really, I did not drink cus my heavy buzz smoothly infused my neck and I felt that I was done. From then on, the room interspersed melodic *progressions* which induced petite *introspections* eventuating full-throttle *teleportations* through blending many memories, oracles, blooms, auropictorial feelings, **respawn**, you are inside McDonald's standing at the counter, *yelling*...(Edward is incognizantly relevant) "Who, here, *supports* gay marriage!?" "No" ? "No." "You actually do not agree that marital contract between gay bodies should be federally recognized?"

"*Absolutely* not." "Continue". "Pick up your food, we can sit down in one second: my shift is *over*."

(Berto) "Alright. I am sitting where the bearded man (Richie) with sauces in drink caps is passed out." "Ah"

(Edward) "Why's he sleeping" – (Berto) Tonight we threw a party. When it ended, pretty late, 4 friends drank and during these after hours, this sleeping man slurped a small brandy bottle which he swigged during the party and since, as you can see, has completed the whole glass. "And you?" I feel dandelion...Edward. Burton. Indeed. You exclaimed a question, and I answered. Yes. Do you remember my answer? You answered, No, I do not support gay marriage, which you will now – please – sincerely explain. Oh, I think my No is self-explaining. I do not support gay-marriage *because* same-sex relationships *validate a prehistorical contradiction*. Now, what the fuck do I mean? Here comes a fact. Marriage emerged from pre-historical humans living in very

small nomadic families whose females slowly, likely generationally, began uniformly distributing their lopsided *heat cycle*, which all mammals exhibit, over each month. Right? Mammals mate *strictly in their season*. Human females – experiencing enhanced sensation and creativity – began, between 100,000 and 500,000 years ago, subconsciously selecting only those worthy males who seemed creatively competent for **recurrent sex**. Eventually, human women started tapping into and enacting pleasurable *recreational activities*. These breakthroughs are radically contrasted to this bearded Orc (Richard) whom women in here see as stuporously sedated. He is close to comatose, you know.

He is copacetic.

Yes. He suffers, correct? Being alive, for him, is this long-winded suicide. We are sensors. We are *internal* to truth, opening and enabling, but what the fuck is this except *verging*? Yes. Ascend *throughout the* Submergence. Then, you align the symmetric interaction. (Berto ejaculating) Hahahah!!!! Well Edward, what if you turned around and encountered a man masturbating and *cumming onto your shoulder* – hmmm? Would you allow him to align his residual cumshot with your face? Why not? Hahahahah, you know? He verges and bursts *onto your fucking face, in toto* – this is an actual change to your ambient composure, correct Edward? You do not accept this shift into your ambience? I'm *joshing* you, assure. Well, honestly, I spurted that gay marriage question rather randomly. Ah, randomness. Nothing is random. But not everything is *linearly layered*, like humans want to manipulate Nature into. Also, I left unelaborated how female hu-mans disentangled their menstrual bodies from the heat-season of other mammals by creatively sexualizing orgasms into recreational recurrence with a single hu-man...male. Monogamy. Maybe the key to the enigmatic epigenetic development of their *menstrual distributivity* is rooted in counting the dawn-dusk days between their menstruations, with tallies, at least 80,000 years ago. Primordial women were making a plethora of breakthroughs, two of which were 1) the dual **tally**, tallying the days both *between* and *within* their menstruation: singular *tally lines* were the subconscious prelude to *number systems*, and 2) the richest **verb**, Being, which entirely enveloped Nature. Remember that intricate *unary* verbs were the prelude to infinite *sentential* words. Arithmetical and syntactical capabilities were subconsciously perforated and

utilized maybe hundreds of thousands of years *before* their first inscriptive number systems emerged by humans, 9-10,000 years ago.

When menstruation detached from the season, *and instead merged with the month*, the first clocks –shadow clocks – became perceptually accessible, and hence, bodily actualizable. The mathematical dilemma is not between *invention* or *discovery*. Good grief. Humans bodily or theoretically *discover* a logical structure. They *invent* lexical and symbolic NOTATIONS, which are compact, accurate, even elegant yet nevertheless inventions of structural compression. Humans discover inventions.

Is this just irrelevance?

You want a viscous instance of irrelevance? Has this bearded man, Richard, sleeping right here *heard a single word uttered* between our two bodies? *Is he in our room?* Maybe his ears are accepting features of our voices and transferring them into his dream? His dream? He's **blacked** huh. Look, *let's just comprehend our irrelevance* to this stuporous suffering body. Are we enslavers? Are gays demigods for instinctually obviating procreation? Again, recreational sex was discovered by women. But they discovered sexual recreation by the desire to select from males, optimally; not widely. Optimal selection; not generic reception. So yes, initially, the feminine recognition of procreation, as godlike, foisted monogamy. But monogamy is not the point. Gays are unbound by procreation. Accordingly, they do not have a recreational relationship, rather, they have a *totalizing relationship* to sex. They are essentially spawned by currently unspecified but surely discoverable epigenetic mechanisms which are attempting to *contain* the incontinent human population *expansion*. They are neutralizers. But why? Because of lunatic idiocies and reckless releases within straight human sex.

I oppose gay marriage because marriage is basically, which is to say *prehistorically*, *procreative*. And just because straights have totally deformed the procreative purpose of marriage, does not entitle us to unjustly absorb gays into an alien category. They are very advanced, and have quite distinct and elevated purposes from procreation. Besides, you know that most gays don't care nor identify with marriage? They welcomed their 'marital inclusion' mostly *on the basis of the stupidest prejudice* from thoughtlessly scared and crazed straights.

Okay, right now, outlook this *open room*. Mirage? A room is an open-enclosure. Comprehend? The body inside the room is currently opening to...itself! Do you **identify** with this place? Too feebly, for now. Soon, orbs and tonal waves will emanate from the room into your body. A yellow aura, in turn, will radiate. Yet, while weak, you do feel this fucking fluttery fluorescence, wow, it is 4:26, I have to go, Berto, very good conversing. Bye!

(Berto) What. That departing 70+ yr old short dark black man – who cleans and tidies the McDonald’s table floor – just shook me with his callous hand and bright mind, wow: the trashman is on the move *outside* emanating from McDonald’s after groveling around its table floor harboring those nutty thoughts.

His workspace still teems at 4:28 am...with various drunk nommers. Chompers.

How? It’s already 4:33...that was not more than 2 minutes. But 5 minutes dissipated. God. Have to transport this Orc – “Hey headless, yo, you’re in coach’s office, haaaa...just joshing. Sorry” (waiting) “Alright. Rich, come on, we’re in McDonald’s, it’s 4:35. You passed out, mudman. Let’s go. You recall the long run is in 4 hours right!? Great! Come on...you cannot walk? I allow you to be mute, fine: and I can even aid you in standing up. But I will not uphold you dog *walk* goddamn stuporous animal. Good. You’re up. There you go fairy. See. Straight line back, 600 meters, you can run this distance in 1:30, easily. clocking today ha! Ahhh look at these blackened vacant shops son: look up now, wow, those dawn brown clouds are seeping, no worries, we’re arriving, *but hey*, no spitting! Thought you were headless? Ha! We’re almost there Richard. Don’t sob! Look at this twilight brown moon, maybe you’ll want to stay up and meet the dawn fog.

Peekers, Killers

(Company: Ricky and Alexandro: 7th grade. Setting: Cuarto Viejo. Time: late night.) No more peekers tonight. They *do* nothing. They *are* where. Formless figures. Yes, they do one thing. What? Peek. You want something more? That’s it. They peek, that’s all they do. You know, checking in. That’s it. They check in. But you need *to see them* peek!?

(Alexandro) No!!!

(Berton) You misunderstand. I assure you that you *positively cannot see them* as they are

not bodies whatsoever. They *do one thing*. They continuously peek HAHAHAAAAH like **right now** they are here...and, I am sorry. But don't worry! No worries. Peeking is literally nothing.

(Alexandro) So, they do no harm.

(Berto) You thought I've been speaking about peekers as organic *bodies*? No no no... good lord!!! Help you both cope with the raw terror that this old room currently permeates *purgatorial beings* peeking – checking in – and surpassing *our* stable, quiet, nocturnal ambiance. Gutsi!!!! Should this be a *séance*? Nobody *alive right now* can glimmer the resonant activities *currently occurring* around this ground spot 800 years ago or 10 million years ago and these are laughably brief timeframes. But you want to communicate with the purgatorial phantoms *before they surpass us*? Try! Go! Go.”

“Fine: I am. Hello, peekers? Please, can we *interact*!? How can timeless-phantasms appear to spatial-bodies? Are you, phantasms, confined in your own inanimate rooms?”

“Us: Berton, Alexandro, and Ricky, *are* hybrid experience. You are ambient-activities.”

“Guess what. Peekers are activators and Users are killers.”

“Do not kill the activators. Accept them, as sensation.”

“We are their acceptors. Become *higher acceptors*. We are not only lower-order controllers.”

“Do you think we, bodies, can establish a *visceral-ambience* with the peeking phantasms.”

“Even though, our vivid experience intricately relies on their longitudinal resonance and cooperations.”

“The question to you two, Ricky and Alexandro, is: *how do we meditate into the resonance of the undead?*”

(Alexandro) “We let them seep.”

Alcoholic Malaise, Comfy Distress, Purging, Hilarity

Fuck it's 9:17?!!! Coach. Missed call. Voicemail. Fuck that.

Look: *good!* Normann is so liquored out. What an unapologetic repose, this poised mantis is thrilling in his espresso blankets, pillowed knees amid milk blinds, comfy bright midmorning is peering into us, fuck, lurch your thorax fold up, you fuck up, you missed the long run. Forearm locked already, god, shoulders are sore; abdomen aches, eh. Eh. You can dissuade the nauseous nag, maybe vomit, *goddammit* this worthless fucking call and voicemail...but maybe hopefully Normann got called too, and he woke up! He saw-Coach calling, and he thought, 'nope', and clicked reject call: to discard the nuisance.

Ha, Norm and Berton just discarded a compound sequence of agitating activities. I hope. Look at his tight kiwi figurine, yes, repose your intestines processing residual alcohol assortment, as you are *locked in bed* for the morning. Sunday mourning. And you, Berton? Fuck-up, get up. Get up. Time to throw up. Yup, sag this hunchy sternum UP, please, it is percolating, kinda wanna puuurge... I have the urge, yes yes, a juicy roar is ripening, yup, my stomach will expel...if you do not thrust up uhh fuck, fuck, face feels so jaundiced, dehydrated; chest sweat smells ginned. Legs lethargic lift, lift, there you go barely energetic foot soles *stamping* reactivating this café carpet comprised of bulbous grinds, boils, stapled lamination. You're swinging into the "bathroom, ha, the brigade right now running their long run *would masturbate* to my alcoholic malaise: this damaged stomach and intestines churning putrid diarrhea."

Mirror: a coarse caramel kid with a lengthy abdomen leaning his elbows hard and looking into this wholly bland sink, taking care of me: this feeble folder stroking his own oily hair caps are straight strands entangled by my palms, fine, grab hair clusters and yup, I'm pulling my scalp up, up, yup, look, ha, "hahah" you're hungover murky eyes are *slits*, eyes like clits, glaring back: to the stall, yes: another caretaker. The toilet stall will take care of my pending purge. Ok, then go catalyze: go heave the McDonald's ingredients. Yup yawner is salivating droplets all over the toilet border but this throat is valiantly gulping uhh uhh "buhh" "*buhhh*" ...fuck chunky burps building the purgative urge. Not yet: do not surge, not yet, not ready, not ready – ready –relinquish control to stomach; channel the alimentary canal to smoothen then upchuck, enticing, promising relief, oh you need to relieve this **nauseous disease** *right now* okay commence...

Crouched, at the toilet foot, "ah" toes cramping, spitting, 'p' 'p' 'pa' 'pa' "aaa..." "a..."

“aaaaa.....” “wuh...wuuUUUHh....” “WUUUUHhh....” fuck orange mulch sprayed out. Done, done. Better. A bit better. Yes. Yes. Exhaaaale “haaaaa” snoozing oceanic doze tic tic forehead feels extra heavy, body is stiff, tic... tic, tic... tic...almost fell asleep leaning back into the stall of the bathroom, but nope, good: this lid has no buttress to hide the cool pool, stirring. Peek into it, the pool is clear, shady, gray like the bathroom ceiling, stirring. Vinegar belch reflex... no, why, why, wait. Wait. You yawn..... again, what about vomiting *again* hahah uhh “buhh” ... “aaa...” “aaa...” Yup, heave..... “Wu, Wuh....fuck, WUUUUUUU....” you’re just heaving and spitting “P” “P” “Pa...” “Pa...”

The Worrisome Feat and Harsh Mockery

(Reentering the dormroom from the bathroom) The room is a spa, walking back from that very vinegary bathroom. Yum. Sharp, spiced nostrils from those four McChickens, fuck of couurse, mmm meaty orange breaded morsels blew out of my gaping nostrils too, “ah, ah...”

Brought my face back to the Mirror; eyes are floods. But aaa, yeah, a bit dizzy yeah you feel okay, spitting some more, the last of it, feel better, better ‘p’ ‘p’

(Normann) “Son? Are you okay? I heard” “He heard *hahah!!* Just discharged for ya. What’d you do last night?”

(Normann) “So, um, I went to the swim house. And... basically, yeah, I blacked out.” “Good! You see Mitchy there?”

(Normann) “Yeah. So yeah, that happened. Ugh son. That smells.”

“Absolutely! Leave the door open. Perfume the room *khahahah.*”

(Normann) “Jesus Christ, fucking chunky laugh son. Oh. Also. I received a call from coach, but I ignored him.”

“I knew it, good, me too. But why did you ignore him? I honestly thought I was sleeping at the house but woke up to this slim black tiger reposing apparently angrily and when checking my phone at 9:17 to see a wonderful missed call and voicemail. I have not listened, however.”

(Normann) “Yeah. I don’t really care, at all.”

“You should! What a disgrace!”

(Normann) “I mean, he can’t really do anything to me.”

“Oh yes he can bang down this very door barging in bypassing me to pry you the fuck up *out that bed* pussy boy! And you’ll jolt right up to a meaty face smiling *cheesing* laughing at your little squinties fucking recoiling!” (Berto) “Look at him lay there *sentenceless!* Op...”

(Normann) “I don’t care.” (Berto) “Back to bed pussy boy!!!!” “And are your jerky limbs aroused by his blankets.” (Nora) “Mhm?” (Berto) “He can’t even speak!”

(Berto stays standing over bed, Normann barely awake, drifty, very drunk) “The 19 hour day son. Recall that.” “Ah? You recall? I walked in at goddamn noon. Noon, and Normy was still done. I anticipated it, so I slowly unlocked the door, and it’s a fucking espresso room. And I asked ‘Oh, done for the day too son?’”

(Normy) “Mmm. Hm?”

(Berto) “When did you get in bed yesterday son?”

“5.”

“Fucking 5 pm?! Hahahah!!!!” “Well, let me inform you that it is 11 AM right now ma’am and are you gonna get that black butt up or just snooze through tonight too? Jesus fucking Christ dude. ”

“Hey Normy...”

(Faint) “M? Snooze.”

(Berto) “Absolutely.” And so, after fading away at 5 pm on Thursday, on Friday morning, up at 8 for 8:55 class, had triple class, return to dorm at 12:45 pm, actually? Past noon. Hit the lobby, took the stairwell up to level 3, roving that mellow sentential hall, blue flat carpet, 333, ye, key, turn, op! “What the..!!!” “Hahahahah!!!!” “HE’S STILL IN BED!!!!” “Hahahahah!!!!!!” “Were you bedbound THROUGHOUT?” “Op, yup, bedbound throughout. Are you terminally ill? Or simply, is this dormancy just lameness, well, surely also dreamless correct?”

(Normy) “Son.”

(Berto) “Please dictate the causal logic explaining this alarming lethargy.”

(Normy) “I feel terrible.”

(Berto) “Aha? I reiterate, are you ill?”

(Normy) “No.”

(Berto) “Defective? Have you nourished your organs in between slumbers?”

(Normy) “Nope.”

(Berto) Do you grasp the feat you've just exhibited? Since 5 yesterday, it's 12:57, almost 20 hours!!!"

(Normy) "Well, oh well."

(Berton) "Look at this pathetic lameness. Hunch up, put on that rob, bwuah . Time for a shower to contemplate your useless self."

(Normy) "Oh fuck you!"

(Berton) "Hey, look, you slept 20 hours. You and Hamilton can have a sleeping contest. Who'd win?"

(Normy) "He'd win."

(Berto) "I don't know after your gorgeous streak! You enjoy napping the day away?"

(Normy) "I mean, I got up yesterday at around 9. For a sip of water and a piss. But I got back"

(Berto) "He got back in bed!!!"

(Normy) "Yeah... and then today, at like 8, "So like, when I left," Yeah, I was thirsty. So I took a sip of sparkling water and ate a few chocolates. They were delicious."

(Berto) "But then..."

(Normy) "I took a piss and got back into bed you..."

(Berto) "That pleasures me son! Now, time for,"

(Normy) "Basically, get my life together."

(Berto) "Maybe you can't. You're in shambles." "Don't shake your thin neck in pitiful defiance. You think you're cognitively capable of disagreement after that fucking fragrance? *You are done. Done for the semester!* Likely done for life, given your diminished potential. It is April 30 today, Friday, you comprehend? Five, to repeat, *five fucking finals* for your minute brain to fail one after one next week *hahahah!!!!* God. Here. Slip on your faggy robe young lady and bathe your larval, putrid creases, god, I do not want to imagine the putridity you must have festered in that slumberous quest! Did you have those rodent dreams at least? Probably not, but at least you have time for a couple thoughts today!!! Good, there you go, look at the pussy prance right into the steam tip-toe timmy has flat planks clacking right into the nasty pubic tile, enjoy the vile bathroom. I am departing, by the way, maybe you'll join me in the Library after you nourish yourself *please*, five finals next week, son, remember. Try to eat. Goodbye. TaTa! Ha!!! Unfortunate that our collegiate coincidence came before my giddy eclipse over my pale, harsh, berating behavior. However, you were feeding from a tightly inward civil war... roaring loopy moods, being mean, acting trifling, getting frantic, lying, then

Telepathy is nonlinear. I am inside the shower. This smudgy vinegary drape is lodging my cricket leg.

La regadera esta revolcandome dentro una fiebre severa. (The shower is thrashing me in a severe fever.)

Cuarto Viejo. Cuarto Vivo.

Rage

Hey headless..... "you blacked yet?" "Ah?"

(Richie) Yeah, the-fuck-out-of-my-face *right now* (Bert) *hahahaha* have more gin you ninny (Richie) ooooo he thinks he holds control over *MY personal room?*

(Bert) Yes I do. Look at these bodies, buddy, they're partying, right? Comprehend? But guess what, they'd align against you *on my accord*. Actually, watch this. Hey, Lutzinger! Does this stocky bearded man withhold control over *your* body currently?

(Ian) Ha!!!! ABSOLUTELY NOT hahahahahah!!!!

(Bert) Look at this party Richie! Your party! Hahaha!!! You don't know any of these people, really – I mean, they don't care about you. But they are occupying *your house*, gulping *your purchases* to everybody's euphoria right in your fucking face hahahahah!!! Alcoholic partiers take your EXPENSE and your EFFORT for their carefree fun!!!! All while ignoring you, huh. What do you want, Richard? Oh my fucking god are you saying that *you underlyingly own* this party HAHAHAHAAA what!? What's the *actual purpose* of your anger? Honestly. Here we go..... Why do you, factually, go buy all the alcohol, tell the few people you know to invite people *they know*, because you have acquired and readied alcohol – alcohol – and a house for them to drink and listen to music in. The nerdy ones – your friends – arrive first, of course, awkwardizing your party; so you begin to act like a jester! And people walking in later see this alarming display of self-humiliation. The juggling jester insulting himself! But then they mock you. And you phase out and float around like a phantom stalking the party with your brandy goddamn man, you can't even talk back to being *humiliated again*, see, because it's just the truth (Berto to the group) "Hey guys, sorry, you should leave because this bearded guy bought all the alcohol you're drinking and angrily wants it back *right now*. Look at him, pissed the fuck off, now how about *go?* Yeah, actually... No. HEY

EVERYONE, sorry. SORRY. Richie is gonna leave, door's right here buddy. Guys: this man is dangerously angry at all of you HAHAAHAHA. Seriously, hurry up: nobody wants you here Richie. Come on. Oh, now the animal fakes calm. Fine. Relax Richie, maybe you *can* stay. Or why not you just leave, huh? Huh!? You wants this man to depart!

(Crowd) Maybe, you know, just go.

(Berto) Yeah Richie. Relieve everyone here of your misery. No más miseria. Look at yourself, probably can't even comprehend this basic language, you're just hearing babble, *aren't ya*. You're blacked, that's why. Richie, Richie. There he goes!!! Look at him waddle out the room!!! There he goes, exactly. Let him leave to the streets.

(Berto turns to the party crowd) "Hey everyone, sorry, sorry... he's out, let's resume woool!!!!" "Dimitriiii turn the music up, woooo, there we go m m m."

I feel a little bad for lashing out to the entire party about Richie. But Richie volatized. To be honest though, I was the one who tested his control. He needed to be taught to depart when his presence poses insuperable problems.

(Party resumes. Berton is floating around the floor after playing beer-pong. No sign of Richie. Berton finds himself next to his very fast, yet quite coy, teammate Bradford.)

(Bradford, to Berton) Wait *you* made him mad? Well, then there's no reason to blame him for his behavior.

(Berton) I don't follow your sentence.

(Bradford) I bet you provoked him.

(Berton) Brilliance. How? Did you witness this?

(Bradford) No but I know you. (Berton) Strength!!! Richie was, at best, behaving like a nuisance. At worst, which was soon to come, he would have harmed the first person to bump into him. You comprehend logical necessities?

(Dennis) Well, guys, what about me? I feel my own presence may be quite insane right now: I have gulped ten beers and I can't really feel my neck. But that's okay. Richie chose where to go. Blame is a dead-end game. Let's resume, have another beer, and then hit Mickey D's.

(Berton) Yet he was becoming violent and twitchy, correct Henry?

(Denny) Uh, no, Bert, you screamed at the entire party population and slandered Richard as though he is a beast priming for ambush, after he did literally nothing. His behavior was negligible.

(Berton) Sorry, but your statements are just invalid. Richie grabbed my collar and threatened to batter my body, after I subtly suggested he step away from Kira, you see? You approve of harassment? Well, I didn't, and I walked in and only patted him on the back with soft pressure, saying, "Hey, come to the table with me, let's play BP." But he did not receive this signal's *semantics*, and refused. So, to a lucid attention, Richie was overwhelmed by his anger; and the disdain and resentment entailed by his self-emphasized psychic and physical inferiority to me, threw him into a rage.

Fe (Faith)

(Yana, 11 años) Yo sabía! (I knew!) Tu me prometiste que nunca te olvidarías de *Actividades*. (You promised me that you would never forget about *Activities*.) Aseguraste, pero me mentiste! (You assured, but you lied to me!) Mentira! (Lie!) Ahora *ya se* que tu nunca creías. (Now *I know* that you never believed.) Tu FE! (Your FAITH.) Se fue. (It left.) Tu me tratas como loca porque yo oí a mami *reírse*! (You treat me like I'm crazy because I heard mami *laughing*!) De veras? (Really?) Y piensas que hay otra explicación para su muerte? (And you think there is another explanation for her death?) Suicidio. (Suicide.) Feliz suicidio. (Happy suicide.) Piensas que ella estaba derilante! (You think she was delirious!) Ella era una lunática para ti! (She was a lunatic for you!)
Pero no es para nada así Berto. (But it is not at all like this Berto.)

(Berto) Yana. Te lo aseguro que, yo, tengo una FE tanta más profunda que tu MIEDO.
(Yana. I assure you that, I, have a FAITH far more profound than your FEAR.)

Asistencia (Help)

(Richard) You even care about me? Fuck this freezing living room – why is the front door open, where'd everyone hide *huh*? Mitch!? God! Look at this fucking idiot just flop through the door!

(Mitch, abruptly walking into the house) Rich, I am absolutely not an idiot. Fuck you dude.

(Berton) Why do you surface here at 1:45 am, ah, what are you doing here Mister Ewada. With which special displeasure do you abruptly puncture our domain so late: nobody else is even here to *care less* about your unfortunate puncture.

(Mitchell) Son, enough, I brought beer. How is your night so far?

(Berton) It has swelled! Richie was groveling for Donald's right before you appeared and now, the trifecta can march to the royal arches, look, this pubic hefty man is *ready to roll* by the door, so let's depart EWADA. Right Na Na Na.

(Ewada) Ah! Fine, though, son, the beer. We taking a few roaders?

(Berton) Well Ewada a tad too late ey. We've both had our healthiest helping already. Richie won't talk but he does spit at what he don't like! Pa! Pa! Pa! Why do you spit?

(Richie) Wa-What-the-fuck do you mean?

(Ewada) He speaks!!!

(Berton) Quiet, let's go. Enough of the fucking faggotry. Go. Good. Ah, dry ice wind to freeze the limbs right *Ada look at your fat trunks*, can you walk?

(Ada) Ohhh, yup, and I can kick!

(Berton) Oh right? You'd snap your shin by my block!!!

(Ada) Son, absolutely not. I'd snap your skinny femur.

(Berton) Oh right!? Hahah!!!! My bones are light, dense, compact, unbrittled while your trunk trombones are fucking riddled with cavities!!! HAHAAAAAAAA!!!! Good grief Mitchy, you think you can snap Richard's femur too? Richard? Do you agree?

(Ewada) HaHaHaHa he agrees, look at him nodding!!!

Bronca (Fight)

"M, heat, sear hair. MMMM...." "Rostro (Face). Rozo (I graze), nuestro (our).... cuerpo (body)." Reza (pray). "Si." "Si" "ooooodiooooo...." Reza, otra vez (again). Reza.

"Oooooodiooooo...aaaadioooooos.....aaaaaadiiiiiioooooooooooooooooOOOOOOOOssss."

"odioooo...aaaaadiooooo." (Desalmado)...HAAHAAHAAHAAHAAHAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

SIENTES QUE ASCIENDES PERO NO ESTAS HACIENDO

NADAAAAAAAAA.....ALRIGHT MITCHY EWADA COME ON, GOOD,

HERE, GO. GOD YOU PUSSY I JUUUUST PUSHED DOWN EASILYYYYY

YIPPEEEEE HAHAAAAAAAAHA YOU FUCKING FEEBLE ANIMAL OHHHH IT'S

BACK GOOD HAHAAAAAAAAHAND DOWN HE GOES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Ewada) DUDE I SAID WRESTLING NOT FUCKING PUSHING BEFORE WE REACHED LEVEL GROUND (Berto cackling) Hahahahaha you charged at me!!!!!! What a spectacular idiocy you fucking deformed pumpkin face I'll throw you right now AND HE FALLS agaaaaaaain HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAAAA HAHAHAHAHAAHAAHAAHAAAA MITCHYEEEEEEEEWADA Ah!? Enough Ewada? That's twice I just tossed your pitiful tussle!!! Hahaha!!!! You came at me and were recoiled IMMEDIATELY god look at yourself covered in grass from rolling around!!!! (Ada) That's it. Alright, *right now*, we are going to the quadrangle where literally everybody *else* on the planet is irrelevant.

(Berto) And have sex?

(Ada) No. We will, unmistakably, ascertain who holds the *physical superiority* between us. Yes, we are fighting, but fucking not...with strikes. We do not want visible damage. Unless we are total idiots. We're grappling. We are incapa (Berton) Mitchyyy you are a prissy young queen, what a pussy, there is absolutely nothing at all whatsoever to ASCERTAIN. Good fucking God. I pinned you twice with ease, *with ease* Ewada. You wiggled off my chest when I pushed you. So, now you want to test our friendship to a fight? Fuck that, but fine. You'll learn. I agree that we *will* ascertain who can channel the higher adrenal intensity for grappling versatility and muscular power and inevitable rage. You want to fight? Ah, as in, grapple. Why? Because you need to justify the plain fact that? *I pinned ya Ewada!* (Ewada) That's *actually* it. You're so senseless. I was facing you uphill (Berton) YES INDEED PRISSY PUSSY (Ewada) Alright. Let's go. Let's go right now dude.

(Berto) Fine, first move Mitch. I'll stitch the opening.

(Berto moves into his zone. Mitch lunges, Bert reacts) Oh he thiiinks he's got me oh look at *this little takedown* (Berton smacked hard on his back, by Mitch's takedown, angering Ber, huffing) Op, he can't talk, how hard is he trying, op, I'll just tuck my forearm under your throat, guillotine, got it, oppp guillotiiiineewwwada gooot-hiiim, ok, time to *tap* you out *now* or ooooo-i'll-tighten-the-guillotine. (Mitch, after feeling Bert's grip slightly tightening) You will fucking *not*. (Berto) Then escape it. Ah, nah. You're done, now the choke is synergetic. Tap takes a fucking click, do it. You're done for good son so are you gonna tap before this grip *occludes* your jugular veins. Ah? Tap or I tighten.... mmmmm.... last chance, before you go out for tonight. HE TAAAAAATAAAAAAPS as I knew, but need not've proved: the proof was your TWO fucking flails when you came charging at me aaand I sent you right back, totally repelled the angry animal.

(Mitch) Burton. WE DID NOT AGREE TO SUBMISSIONS.

(Berto) Mitch. You said “until incapa” *correct?* Ah? Look at yourself, Mitch, standing on the quad trying to discuss yet failing to just detect the exact fact that **you** pounced, of course, and were *rejected instantly* which is why I laughed and I’m still glad!!! You induced this grapple, it is 3:15, so fucking enough. Good fucking lord dude, enough of this total fucking stupidity wait *what the fuck?* *Richard* has been fucking here hovering what the actual fuck have you been hiding?

(Mitch) Hey Rich, get over here, op... nope, he’s just roaming, hey, what’re you murmuring?

(Berto) Look at this fucker, hey peeker. Hey Rich, talk: Mitchy is laughably harmed by his tap-out, yes sir, indeed you tapped out at my order, as a courtesy of mine to not bodily disorder your stable mentality, right out *cold*. Op, and there Richie goes! TaTa! Yea Yea.

(Berto) Alright, Mitch, *what* is the fundamental problem with our grapple which again, again you induced back at the grass hill. (Mitch) Do you concede that I was on the downhill facing you when I pushed you, hence, it was obviously easier for you to push me back by basic mechanics. Comprehend? Nice, and do you concede that you were instigating me while walking back or do you also not recall that fact. Look. This dispute just needs us to sit down, here’s a table, as I want to, and will, make the sequential reality of this night fucking crystal clear to you and me. (Berto) Ah! (Mitch) First, we went to the track house, right. We stayed there for a bit, we played a little pong, played some pretty lights, nice okay, but we left because everyone was going to bed even though it’s Saturday so, thirdly, we traverse, on my idea and invitation, to the swimhouse, and you initially were shy to go Shy? Simply indifferent as it was 12:20 already and I have a fucking long run at 8 am. You? Yes, you mildly enticed me to hit the swimhouse because you partook in the mixture of jungle juice and insisted on me guzzling cups so I told you I’d have “a couple” even though you internally knew I was going to endure the erratic zoo and immerse my brain in the hazy party traffic and stand beside a fast 21-cup round, but fortunately, before entering we were welcomed inside by Obi yes and he walked us to the jungle juice cooler. Cool lemon pink jungle juice evercleared son. We threw two handles of everclear into pink lemonade. I knew the night would be shaping up interestingly, and it was. And, you kept sipping way way after the two I handed you Berton! You understand now?

Stitching the Itch

(Vic and Mitch are standing together at a party with Bert, who accepts sex from the vixen that is Vic, while mocking Mitch as having a cuckold fetish for allowing his sphinx Vic to bang Bert, thrilling her kinks. The party was packed, and Bert was filling his beer while Vic and Mitch were talking in a group, all pretty drunk. Bert walks and insinuates himself into the group, laughing as arriving, abruptly asking Mitch about his favorite masturbation material. The group unsurprisingly goes quiet for Mitch to reply. Upon further silence, Bert calmly asks Mitch why he's embarrassed and that he'll tell of his own most lucid images and maybe some kinks after Mitch opens up, or rather, is ensnared into unknowingly exposing his fetish. What's the fetish? Mitch is shocked when Vic mocks his facial reaction, smiling, "Mhm, it'd be very nice to know Mitchy.)

(Berton) Yes, I had 8 cups of jungle juice, over three hours and you, Mitch, guzzled ten cups so you were *tenin* correct? Secondly, why was Vic even present at the party? I thought she was home for the weekend? She came back early ah? Ha. He can't back-talk now ha. Listen, Mitch: **Vic is a succubus**. She is a female *fiend*. Oh oh oh, now you look like Richie, something up? I know. Vic has hurled you into a slow rage. I know. But, you cannot *sanely* enjoy her enslavement. That fiend owns you: possesses your thoughts and wishes. In Spanish, she would be called your *Ama*. *How* did she perceive your frequent juice retrievals while I kept naturally, flirtatiously, conversing with her? Yes, she was indifferent about your quiet alcoholism while the actual man effortlessly seduced her. You came back, started blathering drunkenly, disjointly, inchoately. And yeah, you were blacked. Look. The real reason Vic likes you is *to humiliate you*. She knows you enjoy it. You know how many people know about your secret cuckoldry? Jesus. Why haven't you asked to watch us? Have you even had the thought? You might as well capitalize man. Either that, or be a stag and vixen. Vic is a vixen. Accept and relish in her imperialism, or equalize yourself.

(Mitch) Who fucking cares?

(Berto) Well, clearly you're blacked right? You been blacked hah. Level ten? Tenin. You're fucking *still tenin* dude. It's 3:24. Richard left. What the fuck are we doing sitting here seriously?

(Mitch) Nah Nah, you see that's not how tonight is gonna end son. No no Berto. You will be conceding that we did not agree on choking *explicitly*, and you will concede the *uphill's* advantage to you in pushing me down, and how, actually good: I did not get to this before. You will concede how you yourself were the one blathering at the party. You stepped in and literally disturbed the stasis of the situation with Vic. And yes, that made me very angry. Vic was

definitely NOT humiliating me in any way that is actually psychotic and super deluded to say, even if you're joking. SHE WAS **NOT** FLIRTING WITH YOU! You understand?

(Berto) Mitch. It will stitch your itch to know. Yes, Vic and I have regular sex. She favors my equipment and physique, not to mention other aptitudes.

Oh. Out of astoundment, the Contrarian cannot reply. It's 3:29. I'm finished and leaving. Are you? I'm leaving anyway. Are you satisfied that I agree, now, *you did not complete your word incapacitation*, but you were about to and I simply preempted it. You permitted submission, which allows choking, including guillotines, and besides, you were the one who demanded to duel. And you instigated me and riled yourself wound and snapped and charged at me while I wasn't looking, so I instantly neutralized your sudden danger. I mean, now it is rather *hysterical* that you actually attacked me again with a takedown, yet were guillotined into thorough neutrality. Oh, so sorry, why not stay here.... ponder your embarrassment. TaTa, pitiful little loner! Look at the loner! TaTaTaTa! Tutaloo cuckoo! Good, give everyone the good morning when the time looming arrives. (Waltzing away from Ewada) Your life: the sad strife of feeling alive merely as a longwinded suicide. Lifty drifty, lovely, lurking suicide.

(Enter McDonald's with Richie) Edward! Greetings, with Richard! Once again, this time he is well.

(Edward)Hey. Gentlemen. Good morning. Yes, young morning. Almost dawn!

(Richie) Ahah!right Bert, surely Edward cannot preoccupy himself with our hideous drunken musings?

(Bert) Oh he can! It is 4:35 am, post-shift right.

(Edward) Yes, Richard, he's correct.

Activation

(Edward) These are the four *biological*/values: 1) validity, 2) falsity, 3) fusion, 4) irrelevance.

Or, if you like...1) correction, 2) invalidity, 3) pure-bijection, 4) perfect-independence. (Edward taking a napkin) Or, **{1, 0, 2, 1/2}**, even though the perfection of dual (2) independence empties every bodily notation. Perfect independence denotes **mutual irrelevance**, which means: no mutual motion. Yet, notation is dislocation. The three biovalues actively, dynamically, *close* on the $\sqrt{2}$ hypotenuse of a right isosceles triangle, which represents their *absolutely abstract* self-dual closure.

Human History – overall – models this *quaternary logic*. It exposes our instantaneous divergence from all animals on planet Earth, whom continue to exclusively use *binary logic*. Most animals have not yet diagonalized their bivalent-values into **infinitely many closed triplets**.

(Richard) Well Edward, the four biological values to me look like (takes napkin) ... 1) reflex, 2) symmetry, 3) diffusion, 4) anti-irrelevance.

(Edward) What is anti-irrelevance?

(Richard) In brief, it is this incessance. How do you *act*? How do I *die*? Every moment is a triplet of 1) action, 2) death, and 3) fusion, which instantaneously renders the action-death dualism, 4) antisymmetric.

Edward, honestly, *why* do *you* labor to tidy, mop, and dispose the main table-floor on the deep weekend evenings of this microcosmic McDonald's and debase your *truly* incredible intellection.

(Edward) Because I, like you, partake of a hysterical hatred for normal modern humans.

Alright. Enough. Listen and watch my *ambient body*. I was born among the primordial primates in East Africa who were on the brink of burial, because the males were successfully responding to the newly many-valued *selectivity*, or creativity, of the females. Their recently rhythmic menstruations had been regulating into the month, or the moon, *exactly because of their selective recreation* with the brave, nifty, comedic, vigorous, inventive, expressive males. Once the males vaguely understood their many-values, they enacted and established *competitions*.

Competitions emerged from dualizing equivalent and cooperative values. Dualism derives from competition. However, every competition is self-dual and embedded in a higher order cooperative context.

Females selected the potential victor of the games, by establishing the parameters. Females are the selectors. Males are the acceptors. Selectors are generators. Yes, primordial human females *quite likely discovered every early utile invention*.

From within this selection, the females formed and externalized various *rankings* of (1) values and (2) tools. Over centuries, the hierarchies stabilized, parallelized, and converged.

But the mental and emotional experience of the selection is *just the fucking question*.

What was the selective, emotional, sexual **experience** of females which, over millennia, subtly dictated, demanded, encoded, and refined these creative values and tools? Likewise, for males, what is the receptive and competitive **experience** of accepting, practicing, training, and attaining these favorable values?

This was 100,000 years ago or more, on the coast of Ethiopia. We hit an oasis. Man. It was a stunning abundance. We settled; creating fires, picking fruits and nuts, fishing, skinning, cooking, drinking, running, dancing, chanting, singing until the eldest mother murmured, and fell limp. The village halted and screamed in severe delirium. But I heard her murmur.

She murmured, "I eternalize."

Burial: **Bivalence**. Those *bodies* burying Her enacted the mortal contract. They were frightful at the deep dualism between the alive and the dead. The one lost is being submerged into depressed permanence. The first burial was cathartic and harrowing.

Eulogy: **Equality**. Those *souls* eulogizing Her contracted, merged, the finite-transience and the eternal-permanence. From the free Being, spawned the perfect God.

The God is the first ancestor to age, become an elder, and perish. The Body expired, the God ruptured.

Burial is the cleave of **dualism**, whereby connections are *perceived* as reflexively **random**. Eulogy is the spawn of **coupling**, wherein connections are *conceived* as irreversibly **symmetric**. They allowed the primordial primates to eternalize, equalize, **self-equate**... and become ambient bodies.

The first Mortal was the first God.

Fiend

(Berto and Richie back at the house, living room, 3:48 am, Richie) What!? What the fuck. You fucking *fiend*. Why do you think I am volatile eh? Eh!? Eh!?

(Berto) Rich relax, please, relax. Fiend? How about *friend*. I am a friend. You drank too much, honestly, *stop*, let go of my shirt Richie Ron Farquad. Hey. Seriously, hey, *right now*. Okay, hey, if you fff. Hey... it's me. Me. Look! Let go, of my body. **No MMMM** *what the fuck are you doing dude?* Good, go. M? AH. (Scuffle) (Berto) Thank you. Get him outside. HUUUH.... God, look at you pathetic animal fucking fighting me for no reason, reasonless rage. (Teammate) "But are you enraging him Bert? Huh?"

(Berton) "No? On the goddamn contrary, I tried to mellow him."

(Teammate) You were instigating him dude. I heard you interrupting his nostalgic bluster about his dead dad who killed himself by hanging. What the fuck. No wonder he wanted to batter your body, kick your teeth inward and rear-choke you comatose. I would too."

(Berton) How much have you gulped you dim dog, can't hear hah? Sorry. No. I did not even hear his bluster but rather the negative noises he was blowing annoyingly drunkly toward my ear canals, *before his tirade*. To repeat, **before his tirade**, he was disturbing me. I assuagingly asked him if he wanted another drink... and he animalistically flew into a blank rage *not even over fucking drivel*. You comprehend? Ah? What does Ewada think?

(Mitch Ewada) Dude, Berton, you were not listening to him from the other room, after you guys talked. You were in the kitchen, while he was giving a speech, and crying. I saw you hear him talking, but he had already started, and without listening, you smiled and barged into the living room and you DID interrupt him calling his father limpy lumbee. You mocked his dad's suicide.

(Berton) Look. You are using a meager razor. Your mental processes operate on such impoverished history, which is a waste of time to implant. I am a laser. See you later.

(Walks) Outside.

(Back at the House, Richie speaking)

But honestly, great. Great, the last stand, the leap..... The fall to Hell, or ascent to Heaven? Alive, right t/here, but where? Good. I am Good. This is Good. I Care. I

will attend my normal necessities making me a doer, ongoer, seer, walker, hearer, halter wait step step step *loop*.

If I step, and freefall, do I **cancel** or **respawn**?

Fright

Respawn. Richard, breathe. Breathe! Step back! Please!!! Need to *wait*!!! Wait!!! Why now. Why now.

(Richard) **I STEP AND I DIE** *yyyou want that y-y-you fuck? Honestly?* (Berto)
Yes. You are done with this, **but not yet**. Not yet. We have to plan.

For the final time, YOU are not committing SUICIDE rather you are COMMENCING *your next progression*. You step, yes, I...not you, will have watched you conclude from this reality. Your suicide will be illusory. To us, this is your final earthly action, or purely, the conclusion. Your conclusion is, again, just the next commencement. Cessation is simultaneous *extension*. This expression is proof. Conclude! Commit! If you do want to commence....

From the body's vantage, you will retract into the vacuum of inanimacy. From the psyche's advantage, you will progress and extend into the syntactic metaverse.

A bright brown red dawn, and the nighttime grieving gives...us mourning. A strange smile.

The day is the original *finite* organism. The day is its own unit of memory. The primordial primates saw and listened to the **four contours** of Day: Dawn, Noon, Twilight, Dusk.

To these primordials, space was *tempo*. **Tempo is live room**. Time was *mood*. Mood is **ambient space**.

You are close. Yet, be careful! Be careful, strangers can be hurting you. Be extremely careful!

Cusp

Richard. You are elated. Excellent. This is such marvelous excellence.

The mammal, the bird, the amphibian, the microbe operate on *two-valued logic*: flee, fight. But this dualism is constricted by an illusion. The third value, for all of them, is *paralyze*. Fight, flight, or freeze. You know. The primordial primates paralyzed at the elder's *causeless expiration*. Her perish froze the adults into paralysis and frenzied the children into fright. The few numbed bodies, those closest, raised and carried Her to the cusp.

Richard. Do not recede. You will not redact. *The primordial primates broke through their saturation, and emerged perfectly prescient*. Yes they did. The first eulogy enigmatized this pristine, unique, free Being, which manifested as this Mortal. This God. Mortal Deity, she now is. Buried. Housed, Honored...by the Abode of terranean tomb. The Relic. The first God annihilated the unique BEING, and the human beings activated the oceanic plurality of gods.

Richard. Let's go inside, sit, and calm down. I will be dictating some potent passages and maxims to you. You need them, before you transfer. To reiterate: you will not redact. You will extend AS YOU RETRACT.

(Berton turns and heads inside, Richard follows. Ber grabs a big book. They're seated. He reads.)

Of The Event, Contributions to Philosophy.

Martin Heidegger (incepted in 1936-1938)

(Bertón intoning) We commence *with* the Leap. Expiration.

Acausality. The *first God* is the first *higher human* being. But, Being itself is the...GOD.

Accordingly, this philosophic progression is *most cryptic to the author* inscribing these elations.

Fugue Four: The Leap.

(Turning to) p. 181 (Reads, sternly) The most frightful jubilation must be the *dying* of a god. Only the human being "has" the distinction of standing in front of death, because the human being is steadfastly in being: death is the highest testimony to being.

(Elevating voice) p. 183

The leap is prepared by asking *the basic question*.

p. 184

In order for this wholly other questioning...to rise up at all to a decidable possibility, there must first be attempted, specifically starting with the guiding question and through its complete unfolding, *a transition to the leap into the basic question*; there can **never** be attempted an *immediate transition* to the basic question. Being and Time *attempted* this preparatory transition, *which wholly explains why its journey felt in no way immediate*.

(Berton composes his face to resume reciting.)

p. 186

(Yelling) What do we mean by this word "leap" which is easily misunderstood here, as is every other "fucking" word? The leap is the "protractive" leaping into *a preparation* for the "primordial" belonging *to the Event*.

It is always *only a few* who arrive at the leap, and they do so on different paths. By creating and sacrificing, they always are the ones who belong to the grounding of Dasein in the time-space of which beings are preserved and thereby the truth of being is sheltered (The few leapers are the higher guardians). But being is ever in extreme concealment and is transported into the incalculable and unique, at the sharpest and highest crest which both constitutes what is along the abyssal ground of nothingness and itself grounds the abyss.

Clearing and concealing, in the manner of transporting and captivation, *are the event itself*.

(Continues reciting)

p. 189

Beyng.

Let us venture *the immediate utterance*: ***Beyng is the trembling of divinization.***

This trembling *expands* the temporal-spatial playing field in which the trembling itself comes into the open *as refusal*.

Beyng must be *thought out* **to this extremity**. It thereby illuminates itself as the most finite and richest, the most abyssal of its own intimacy.

(Interlocutor utters a question) What is phase before, or, **beyond refusal**?

Fugue Five: The *Future Ones*

p. 313

The future ones: the slow, far-hearing ones who ground this essence of truth. Those who offer *resistance* to the thrust of beyng. The ones to come are those future ones who receive—insofar as they expect *on the way back* and in *sacrificial restraint*—the intimation and intrusion of the absconding and nearing of **the last god**. *The task is to prepare for these future ones*. Such preparation is served by *inceptual thinking* as bearing the silence of the Event. But Thinking is **only one way** the few will venture the leap into beyng.

p. 317

Today there are already a few of these future ones. Their surmising and seeking are hardly recognizable *to themselves* and to their genuine unrest. Yet this unrest is the restful enduring of the rupture. Such unrest bears a *certitude* which is affected by the most diffident and most distant intimation of the last god, and is held toward the *incursion* of the event.

Fruit and accident, intrusion *and* intimation.

Final Fugue: Six. *The Last God*.

p. 322

To speak of *the last god*—is that not a degradation of God, indeed, pure and simple blasphemy?

If we think calculatively here and take “last” in the sense of sheer stoppage and ending, rather than in the sense of *the most extreme and most compendious decision* about what is highest, then any knowledge of the last god is of course, impossible. Yet why should thinking about the Godhead be a matter of calculation *instead of an attempt at meditation on the danger of something strange and incalculable?*

p. 325

This intimation, as the Event, places beings in the most extreme *abandonment* by being and simultaneously *irradiates* the truth of being as the innermost illumination...

In the domain where the intimation *reigns*, Earth and World meet anew in the *simplest strife*: purest closedness and highest transfiguration, *gentlest* captivation and most *frightful* transport.

It is possible to step into this realm, however, only through the preparation that consists in a *long presentiment* of the last god. And the future ones of the last god are prepared first and only by *those* (before) who find, traverse, and build the way *back out of the experienced abandonment by being*. That is us. Without the sacrifice of these **forerunners** who take the way back, the possibility of an intimation of the last god *would never dawn*; they are the true fore-runners of the future ones.

p. 326

With the death of this God, **all theisms wither away.**

The last god *is* not the end; **the last god is the other beginning of the immeasurable possibilities of our history!** (Shouting) For the sake of this beginning, the previous history must not simply cease *but must instead be brought to its end!*

Whether, a human being is masterful enough *both* to withstand the resonating of the event *as refusal* and to carry out the transition to the grounding of the freedom of beings as such—who could decide and know that? Thus indeed those who are engrossed in such a history and its grounding are always removed from one another, peaks of the most separated mountains. The extreme remoteness of the last god in the refusal is a peculiar nearness...

p. 327

All beings, as insistent, unique, autonomous, and paramount as they may appear to god-less and barbarous calculation and bustle, are merely the “standing into” the event.

p. 328

The last god is the beginning of the longest history *on the shortest path of that history*. A long preparation is required for the *great moment of the passing by of the last god*. Peoples and states are too small for the preparation of that moment, i.e., already torn away too much from all growth and delivered over only to machination.

Only the great, hidden, *single ones* will create the *stillness* for the passing by of the god and will produce among themselves the *reticent unison of those who are prepared*.

p. 329

Where, exactly, is the runner who takes up the torch and carries it to *his pre-cursor*? The runners must *all* be *fore-runners*, and this holds all the more strictly for those who come *later*. They must not be re-runners, who at most only “improve” and rebut what was first *strenuously attempted and originated*. The fore-runners must be *inceptual* in an ever more originary way than their “pre-cursors” (who actually come after them) and must think still more simply, more richly, and altogether uniquely the one and the same issue that is to be questioned.

The last god is not an end. The last god is the oscillation of the beginning in itself and thus is the *highest form of refusal*, since what is inceptual eludes every attempt to grasp onto it and essentially occurs only in protruding beyond all things that, as futural, are already incorporated into it and are delivered over to its **plenary power**.

p. 330

How few know that the god awaits the grounding of the truth of beyng and thus awaits the leap of the *human being standing here* into Beyng! It seems instead that the human being would, and would have to, *await* the god. Perhaps this is the most insidious form of the most profound godlessness.

(Berton strains to relax his glare at the suicidal being weeping before him.)

Satisfaction

Richard. **You are the last god.** The Event, is your demise, and the final transport is you, Richard, committing suicide. Do not worry! Demise is only *discrete redaction*. For the god, which you are, demise is the entrance and *continuous retraction* into absolute ambience. The new epoch, of higher human being, beckons. You are to lead humankind into it.

Yes, Richard, the silent final action ***is*** the last god *passing away right into this room*. Becoming one.

Demise is mine. *No other body can deprive my body of my demise*. Even if I am murdered, I pass through room into perfect stasis.

Human bodies are born, choiceless. But they always retain their plenary power to ultimately, relax. My psyche will survive, in an abstract, attractive relaxation.

(Berton) Human corpses are ontic *only to other humans*, but see, Richie, corpses are carcasses to roaming animal bodies salivating or insects laying eggs in the cellularly degenerative global failure. Why do other humans gaze at a corpse of their closest company as an ontic object? A corpse is the proof of instant redaction! A corpse demonstrates that the body, once an active *organism* with sub-processors, is now a hyperactive *attractor*.

You ready for carefreedom? Suicide, friend, is satisfaction. Death is no end, but rather, the satisfaction of one planetary lifetime.

Oh Richard...Richard. Do not repel, but just, *elate*, your leap. Let it terrorize the mellowness just before the freeing thrust of infinity. Yes, ultimately, the brutality absolves you such that stasis *is* satisfaction. The ontic human utterly, permanently, which is to say timelessly, *is*.

When a local-body dies, Being, or Ultimate-Identity, retracts an irreducible, irreversible, hybrid (human) identity into the ambient space which unifies the identity with the ultimate-identity itself. This is the absolute attractor.

I will go, now, Richard. When I do, and you, alone, finally retract...you *are* me. I have recorded your deepest thoughts and feelings, whether spoken or gestured or narrated or exhibited by a body not inflicted by profound manic depression and such apathetic anger causing you social, physical, romantic **enragement and estrangement**. Richard. I promise. I assure you, with my remaining being, I *will* meditate into your ambience daily and intone, refine, and transmit your brief, but best, activities... so that, without subjecting your soul to circadian misery, the rich resonance of your bodily life will still enhance *many other bodies* on Earth. You have other purposes and potentials. I will be your soul's main earthly channel. You will retract into your original attractor status.

For the final time, **your permanent, irreversible, bodily redaction is not your ambient, psychic, loving retraction**. At the moment of your demise, discrete deletion and continuous extension simply concur.

(Richard) Fine, however, you are staying. You are seeing this transference. I have elected the method.

If I sacrifice my highly finite body, to retract into the attractor realm, then... you will utterly watch me perform this body's final dilation. You comprehend?

Wait Rich what are you... getting... wait, wait I didn't say. Hey!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ohh nah-nah-nah. This is the method!!! You see!? And this is a nice knife. But before, obviously.... (gets a fifth of Brandy, opens it, swigs a crisp drink) There is no need, like you say, to be irrational. Almost correct! No MORE need for pointless pain. Fuck yes. No more need, whatsoever. We will flood perception with alcohol for the final time together. Here. Hey? Let's go!!!!

(Richard swigs, Burton speaks) How long will it take you to hit the, apex?

JeJe. An hour. This is the Final-Power-Hour.

M. You want your music?

It is your body after this. I entrust you. I do. Choose the music.

White Satin – Zeds Dead. Playing...

(Richie smiling, singing)

Gazing at people
Some hand in hand
Just what I'm going through
They can't understand
Some try to tell me
Thoughts, they cannot defend
Just what you want to be...
You will be in the end!

And I love you....
Yes I love you.....
Oh how I love you...!!!
Oh how I love y.....!!!

Zed's Dead, baby

BLANCAH – Who's That (Soul Button)

Who's that...

Who's that....

Who's that, who came along, to feel alive.

Kai – Her Melancholy, playing...

I know.

That's not true.

Christopher Francis & Tony Tweaker – You and I (VIP), commencing...

Oh, yes..... yes.

Baby, I wonder what's the magic of you

I'm so in love with you.

There's no escaping moment's too late!
That's just you and I...

Stronger like the thunder....

You and I....

This kind of love has lost controool

No time to breathe, No time to wonder...

That's just You and I....

The more you giive the more I waaant.....

Chrispy.... Yes. Now. Dr. Satan. Playing.... elevate decibels.

(Ma carcajeando, matandose – cackling killing her body)

JAJAJAJA.....

JAJAJAJA.....

JAJAJAJA.....

And he found you...3:38....

(43 min into the fnl pwr hr) Hey, how are you.

M.

Play Cage. This is it.

John Cage – In a Landscape (1948), playing. Last track, before retraction.

I am in, an inanimate landscape, called a room.

No! No!!!! What're-y...stop! Stop!!!!!!! Richie stop!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Richie, slitting his jugulars: final lines.) Death is, ha...pa! Death ...is... Best-Friend.

Now, I am bliss.

Now, I ambience.

(Berto) You...**GOD!!!** Ya. Yaaaaa!!!!!!!!!!

(Richie) JAJAJAJAJAJA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! **TA-TA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

(Richie faceplants into floor, bleeding out, crawling toward...a mute man that is standing, staring, crying.)

"The necessity to interact."

"You are."

"What is, concurs."

(Weeping) Now I-body, alone, *interact* with this psychically pluralized inanimate room. I am, I interact...with this inanimate room. Inanimate room. Valid contradiction.

Richard's body self-redacted. His psyche is now retracting. Interacting. Action and abstraction are...interactual.

Ravage

(Teleport: Berto back in the shower, scorch is drumming carnal neck.) No..... scorch is *drilling*... Richie was also cackling about the slits of his jugulars, spurting and spraying, dropping on his knees and palms, crawls...bleeding, laughing, cackling his last-laugh,

last gasps. The most important words one utters: "Death ...is... Best-Friend." And his face drops dead.

Shock. Paralytic hysteria.

Frenzy.

"Serene."

"How *is* the interaction...of *this* serene voice, with us, inanimate-room?"

"Satisfaction."

"The drumming...." "humming" "drilling." "Ah you too timid to relish in inanimate interaction!?"

"Not at all." "I love the bathroom" "Yes" "it ravages..." "ravaging" "relishing" "you euphoric....?" "Hey. Are you afraid?" "Nes."

"Excellent."

"How to relish when the chested body panics?"

"Bodies that relish in panics are psyches that abstract them into apartmental *antics*."

"Ha! Go giddy. Examine this complex multi-directional graph."

"The vertices are discrete *bodies*. The edges, or connections, are extended *timelines*."

"This room is a dynamic *graph*, with overlapping *attractors*."

"Deep grey particular-vibrations blaring body, melting mentation."

"Yet, yes, you are absolutely tolerating the peripheral plurality. Lucidity."

"Finally!!! You are not eviscerating this fucking *visceralizing* vicinity!" "Why care about the viscosity of this vicinity?" "Does it care?" "Nope! It is *carefree*. It is *ontic*. You ever get to comprehend the distinctive significance of the word... *ontic*?"

"Hahahah...who are you talking to buddy boy?" "Hey, buddy." "Is it insane to talk to the mobile lamp?"

So what? I *am* inanimate. This vicinitary interaction *is* careful and carefree; visceral and ambient. Exactly.

“The dead freely feel. *Are* they, then, nowhere?”

To us, nes.

Ah, the question divulges the symmetric answer: no *and* yes.

No, as the closure. Redaction. There is one uniform infinite being. Syntactic reality.

Yes, as the opening. Retraction. There are indefinite bodies. Somatic localities.

No, is unity. Yes, is plurality.

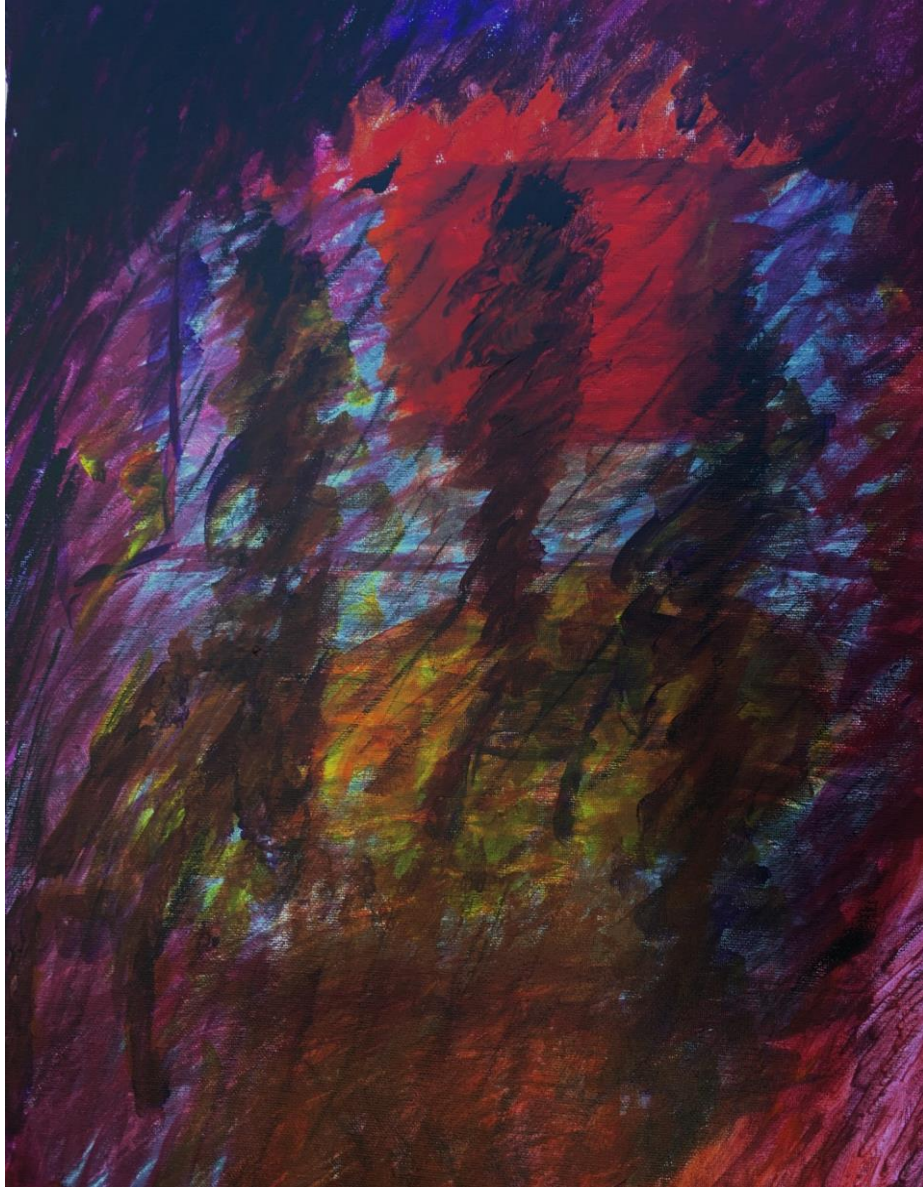
They *concur* by self-duality.

Binary bijection.

Are the human dead, then, nowhere? Nes, they reside memorially and materially in the remaining *rooms*, or radiative-bodies, dispersing moods and modes over the roads, foods, supplies, clothes, and especially, through daily deeds, artworks, performances, and vocations.

Ambient Space

Ambient Space *is* the body's inanimate attraction. *This is self-dual abstraction.*



Inanimate Attraction

Concurrence. I am trancing, dancing. Lifting. *What is* the symbolic interaction of an organic man dancing in an inanimate room? What is the interaction between a human psyche and its inanimate room?

Attractive.

Humid walls, wobbling. What the fuck was that lamp doing?

Did that lamp physically hint its inanimacy onto my neck? Where do *physicality* and *paranormality*, concur? The lamp is limbic. It is...still there...that's it. That's it, peeker. I am confronting and...and there you are. No limbic tempo to you, right now. But can I...instigate you? Prove your mobility!

I am. "Hahah! Hahahah!" I am a man laughing alone in a bathroom. Wait what's the problem?

Well, the bathroom bulbs are lit, but how *is* the organic and inanimate interaction? How is the interaction between **viscerality** and **spirituality**?

Concurrent. The organic-room is interactually, or concurrently, unified and pluralized.

Feeling static and erratic.

Cars are so sonorous. Riders are just unaware of their intricate graphical patterns alone.

Riveting traffic.

Brutality

Simply speaking, however, every symbolical, lyrical, musical, visual notation just *cannot contain their concurrent dynamism. Interactuality. Brutality.*

The sole way to intone the brutality is to proactively catalyze cessation. Truncation. Yes, I am sorry. But in fact, this concurrence is just. It is justice.

Richie knew. Richard. Death is best friend.

Your body was generated, gestated, and flung *choicelessly* into a shambolic planet.

So, justly, you retain the plenary power to *truncate* the ordeal, and retract into shameless, guiltless, peaceful, blissful ambience.

But the enigma persists. Yes, or no. Yes or no. Once again, and for the final time, *it is the And, binding yes and no, that we apparently cannot understand*. Hence, the answer to the quest is nes. To ascend, you must intone the incessance of your own cessation. You will be defying the deepest faculties of your brain and vital organs, exactly by *deciding to truncate* this uniquely temporalized terranean lifetime.

Besides! Cessation is the continuous topological retraction along the metacausal mappings of your sequentially-closed lifetime regressing upward its lattice of significance until peaking at the apex attribute on the ultimate lattice: the global distributive identity of the conspansive manifold. Thus, as their bodies biosystemtically degenerate and *redact*, the dead humans *retract* into their prior, higher psychical identities.

The simple cause of grief is the brutality of a loved human's irreversible deletion and permanent physical absence.

Grief: the remaining bodies viscerally cognize, for the first time, the dooming idea that this familiar body, by perishing, *is now cut-off from every visceral reality currently occurring and ever to occur*.

However, physical redaction is the brutal proof of psychical retraction. Death is our formal introduction to...metaphysical reality. Grief, itself, is the brutal bodily-induced proof that retrocausal retraction has commenced. Grief is the deepest viscerosomatic clue to the higher-order aspect of reality.

Burial was the initial illusory brutality of *losing* Being. God was born. Mother Earth. Gaia.

Grief. Gaia. Gaea.

Gaea appeared *through and to* the eulogizers, the intoners.

Before naming the planetary God, Gaea, the ascendant bodies carried and buried her, submerging the original divine relic of eternal Being into the deepest oblivion of earthly Burial.

These prescient bodies, by burying *and* eulogizing the first mortal, spawned *and* received the earthly God, Gaea, Terra. The first mortal herself symbolized the eternity of the entire planet. Mother Earth. And her name was critically distinguished from the remaining primordials, thereby producing the first linguistic *binary*...between primordial-body and restful-divinity. However, oh no, this binary sealed a fissure between the finite lifetimes of individual bodies and the timeless pregeometric abstract aspect of reality, in which the divinities reside.

Ah, Gaea. Gaea....Madre.

The night was humid and they were chanting and blazing the brown skies. Upon Her demise, the prescient psyches gesticulated their bodies into a frenzied hysteria harrowing the most potent verbs....until breaking through their unitary verbs. They realized the linear limit of one-valued verbs. The breakaway of natural language was the binary bijection of the verb-noun sentence. And the first noun was the forgotten name of the first Mortal and first God. Indeed, the first sentence preceded any inscription. The first sentence, if genuine conjecture is allowed, was maybe this: She freed. Or maybe even: She is us.

The primordials experienced sentential prescience. Words were sequenced into chaotically coherent stories ranging over every memorable activity with Her by applying verbs to Her new name, Gaea, all night, all dawn...until mourning clears into bright, mellow, warm bliss.

The enigmatic phenomenological transition from the first burial to the first eulogy, was exactly the transition wherein Merge M perfectly bijected the finite, linear sensorimotor system with the infinite, associative conceptual-intentional system.

While burying, they hoped hyenas appeared. The dimmest tinges of dawn emerged at the edges of brown darkness as deep red valence. Soil ensconced the first God. The dead elder, now a mortal-divinity, has lyrically primed primordial bodies surrounding Her whom are still astounded, yet mellowing. Dawn is not doom, but rather, acceptant room.

She deserved burial. This land, permanently, remains Her Home. But, is it not already mine?

Midday is giddy. Forgetting here and there is such soft pleasance.

But She is indeed in the soil, with the stones and the worms burrowing in the cliffs over the ocean. She is with the insects, microbes, crystals, metals, and inanimates.

What is this oasis? It is, itself, inanimate.

What does land do? It upkeeps we...needy bodies. Land produces dense depth for roots and tunneling by plants, insects, and animals. These beings provide our juices, fruits, and carnal delights. My body moves, the land moves. We groove. Shake the branches. The swishing soothes. Beetles experience tremors among the trunk.

Who are you? Ah....now, not an earthly body, like this live-organism. She *is*. You *are*. We and She, =, equate. Body and Psyche, equate. Eternal equality is the invariant value of stability itself. Eternity yields monism.

She *is* this pulsating, ramified Body.

Does She *feel* this Body? Yes, as ambience.

Does the stone feel my onerous throw? Yes, as dynamic ambience.

Does her permanent, submergent abode feel my weighty body stand?

I am crying. How do I feel this way? I am Her. Ma. Alma. Gaea.

This heart pain coursing across my arms, locking my throat. Relieve...grieve.... *uh uh uuuhh uuuhhh.....*

No animal externally thrashed you. No malaise internally diseased you. You just aged, dropped, and expired. Is demise inherent and final? Or is demise intermediate and transitional?

Her earthly expiration *is* an ambient ascendancy. The local organic *actor* becomes a global telepathic *attractor*.

She perished into perfect concurrence.

Concurrence

Yes. The human's earthly redaction grants the body godlike satisfaction.

Forerunning: neither fleeing, nor chasing. Concurring.

An ambient body inhabiting a visceral apartment. A psyche inhabiting an inanimacy.

Concurrence...is...*irreversible equality*.

Viscerality *is* Spirituality.

Body *is* Psyche.

Redaction *is* Retraction.

The dead are, in a serious sense, ambient deities.

Inanimates are symbolic *remnants* and materialized *representatives* of physically-relaxed psychical identities.

The dead *are* ambient, abstract attractors, themselves retracting into the Absolute-Attractor: the free, unary, infinite Being. Being.

GOD.

To us – the remaining, modern, futuristic humans – our ambient attractors are merely fleeting commemorative *memories*; sentimental *remnants*; or buried/cremated *corpses*.

To those originary, prehistorical, and prescient human primordials, these forerunners are *our* permanent histories and *our* godly guardians. The dead, once again, are essentially deities.

I am dancing and the fatal floor fully *is* this orgiastic viscerality, yes, this lamp...I'm grabbing you now! Ha! Join in the ontics! Orgy with the inanimates!!! Yes...accept *our* concurrence. Dance to this! This...No, *go nutty to it*. This blissful delirium. Yes. Yes! Yes!!!!

Yes!!!!!!!!!!

...Interact with this. Incessance. No. Concurrence.

Yes, the visceral-Body was choicelessly, erratically flung into planet Earth.

You *concur* with this? You concur with the spherical distributivity of human bodies populating the planet Earth? Here you are, in an inanimate apartment, sitting on the floor, staring at the living room. You are a Juggernaut. Yes, Juggernaut, you do – alone – contour the room. Here, you withhold plenary control and potential over the inanimates persisting in this vicinity. Juggernaut! Right here.... you can do anything, whatsoever. Any bodily configuration conceivable and actionable. Any psychical production. You pervade this place. Place is bodily. No more dualism. Monism. Yet, this totally local pervasion and potentiation is a complete triviality *if you do not detect what is **concurring** outside your little window walls!!!*

Juggernaut. Do not denature this dynamism.

A human body which has continuously concentrated its physical and psychical powers...is, while alone in the room of such progression, almost all-powerful. The body is shielded by guardians which it ignores. The body alone in the room becomes a...local god.

But be very careful, human. A human body is highly finite.

It is deeply deluded, for a finite entity, to aggrandize its powers *beyond its local codomain*. A body, no matter how powerful, remains a *hybrid actor*, whereas metaphysical reality contains **ambient attractors** that programmatically participate, along with the **absolute**

attractor, GOD, in permuting particular human bodies along concurrent relational timelines. When extended as hybrid actors, bodies become longitudinal *bonds* belonging to programmatic evolutionary timelines. Independence, on any level, is logically impossible. Isolation is logically impossible. The free attractor, GOD, irreversibly ruptured the bit-free field of infinite logical potential into an infinitesimal self-accepting quantum called a *syntactic operator*. The free attractor *equated* = itself to the *infinite* base-state by initiating the irreversible inverse: *infinitesimal* cosmic-quantum **concurrency**. What the free attractor is...itself...for now, while bodily alive, can be locally proven as the **complete concurrency** between quantum and cosmic logic, including every intermediary operator. The absolute truth is simply this.

What is, concurs.

What is, concurs.

Serene Frenzy

This room really is the green, mellow, fuzzy frenzy encasing me like the Green Jeep riding radially through the perpetually nighttime melting city.

Driverless ride. Forerunner residing in the middle back seat, sitting, waiting, wailing. The city is muddy, dark and deep. The car is our guardian.

What is? What *is*?

Concurrency.

“Yes.”

“The room is phantasmal and organic.”

I am, concurrently, inside the room and outside the body.

(Jos) “What *is*, ambiently concurs.”

Yes! Jos! You knew.

“Reality concurs... structure and activity.”

Jos. Then, we have nothing to fear from demise?

(Jos) "No. You do not."

Who am I?

(Jos) "This godly body."

This is it?

(Jos) "What do you mean, it? You are exactly unique and eternally continuous. *This is bliss.*"

To the forerunners, Demise spawned a God. The eldest body, upon expiring in cessation, became the newest kind of psyche: free being. The first mortal was the original God, because She was fully freed of her body. She fused with the Earth, and became eternal.

(Jos) "Do you, psyche, stay alive and keep fighting and *keep concurring with this particular BODY?* Or, do you override this body trying to stay alive, and *just release?*"

"Perhaps, you are keeping this body alive like a man watering a plant by dripping it daily with his saliva."

Are you keeping the plant alive with only your saliva?

Do I commit, by just staying alive, a long-winded suicide?

Freezing Sedation, Freeing Meditation.

This is live.

It is 28 degrees Fahrenheit outside. East Somerville. Massachusetts. Ocean water freezing temperature. Happy to be dry. You need a warm, laminar atmosphere. Why isn't the lamp zipping around anymore? It relies on you to do that. A ghostly horse is metaphysically murmuring tactile equations into my delicate ears, and visually showing me some dismal facial expressions and bent complexions. The human face cannot help but, euphoriate.

The human face is entranced in meditation. We fully fuse. What is, concurs. The dark apartment is extraordinary. Temple pulsating...

And? You understand? Windows are wide open. You freeze, your body frees. Body would relax.

Always, body and psyche, concur. IT IS THE *AND* BONDING PSYCHIC-BODIES WHICH WE MUST UNDERSTAND.

After the brutal ravage of accepting incessance, *is* there anything for this body to do? Yes...You, as a human body, are a *hybrid attractor* between scientific structure and abstract teleological dynamics.

Human psychic-bodily activity is *self-rupturing structure*.

Humans are higher hybrids, acting as mediators between lower-order linear terminals and higher-order nonlinear timeline dynamics.

Hybrid: you are procreative and rigorous, exploratory and obligatory, roamy and dead-set, yes: irreversible and recursive.

Hybrid! You are generating and recognizing, enabling and valuing, engaging and sharpshooting.

You concur? You are, simultaneously and consonantly, a lower-order *transducer* of local events and a higher-order *acceptor* of nonlocal timelines. Yes, human: a hybrid attractor.

Human bodies are biosyntactic mediators of internal-visceral sensation and external-ambient mentation.

The dead are free from this hybridity. If preserved, they are abstract attractors.

The mathematical equality relationship = between viscerality and spirituality is called *concurrency*. Concurrency is the syntactic fusion of reflexivity and simultaneity; dynamism and invariance. Concurrency is the perfect bijection between the body and the psyche. Concurrency is distributive self-alignment.

Bonds, relations, and motivations are primary properties. Bodies, objects, and projections are ancillary translations of primary properties.

Being means bonding...*concurring*.

Tomorrow, begins a new progression. Yes. Thought and feeling, psyche and body, have been metastatically opposed. They are not opponents, but rather, concurrent components of respectively mental and physical aspects. These aspects are hybridized by humans, and other organisms. Humans are hybrid agents because their perceptions, feelings, ideas, and plans are *self-dual symbols* linking locally-closed competitive *events* with higher-order cooperative *timelines*.

Reflexes *rupture* symmetry. Structures *nourish* activity.

Tomorrow, I start the solution: **self-dual distribution**.