



**CRUISE
OF THE
SUNDOWNER**
STORIES OF DOGS AND CATS

DECLARATIONS

BY

BOB HOERNEL

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Ever since I can remember, there has been something gnawing at me: it lurked there, somewhere, somewhere deep within. It was as a strange emptiness that somehow weighed heavily, however could also be shoved aside: for a long time I ignored this feeling (and all that it might imply). Toward the end of 1988, as all that I had worked toward seemed to fall in a heap, I undertook a solo voyage in a ferro-cement sailboat, and finally began to confront whatever it was that had dwelled deep within (this nettle, that caused me discomfort and would not go away). What-ever it was, was serious.

In the course of that voyage I managed to clarify a great deal, and, by the time my boat and myself arrived at the other end of the world, I had managed to relieve myself of much of that burdensome cargo. I wrote a story of that voyage, and named it for the vessel that had safely and (seemingly) miraculously delivered me (*Intuition*). The story that I now offer is not of a voyage, as every voyage requires a sense of destination: this story is of a cruise (or a sail that did not have a destin-ation), and have named for the vessel that delivered myself and a dear mate of mine at a time when I could only grow peach fuzz on my face (*Sundowner*). As I set out to write once again (now almost a quarter century ago) I quickly realized that writing the story of ‘*Sundowner*’ would be far more difficult than the writing of ‘*Intuition*’ had been . . . and much more difficult than I might ever have imagined.

It seemed that I wanted to say the inexpressible . . . to somehow put into words the awareness (or, perhaps, ‘bewareness’) that had served to relieve me of this great burden (the ‘burr,’ or the ‘void,’ that I had for so long ignored). It seemed that from the moment *Intuition* left the New South Wales port of Eden, I started playing again . . . and I began to fully enjoy myself (as I had as a boy). I was having fun again: so also, I came to slowly comprehend . . . and found that I had a playmate within — a genie and sibling. We did not get lonely throughout all those months of salty solitude: we talked together in soliloquy, and played together (and whilst I slept, this ‘mate’ of mine kept watch, and looked out for both of us). After returning to my hometown (Babylon, New York), my life again became serious (and, after a while) I decided to sail off again (along with my personal mate).

So this then, the story of *Sundowner*, is a very different sort of story from that of *Intuition*, however the two are integrally related. Whereas the story that had a destination was descriptive, this cruising story has no destination (and is in no manner descriptive); this story is declarative, and flows as cursive script or scripture (in both reciprocating tidal streams, as well as in meandering currents that pass without definition). This book is written in a very creative mode, however not one that is plotted and pinned with tacks that may be read as simple facts. This story is addressed to all who may feel in need of relief – as well as to all who have not abandoned the hopeful ‘stars of Heine’s night’ . . . the stars that twinkle in the vault of the night (those restless thoughts that appear insoluble in the harsh light of conscious and insufficient reason. That is what this book is about.

AY E - AY E

A PERSONAL Decl ar at ion

I have always found it very difficult to teach history. History is interpretative; how each of us might see our collective history depends upon sensitive and personal evaluations, and I have never felt comfortable saying or implying that my interpretation is any better or worse than how some other person might read the historical data. When it comes to the weighing of evidentiary facts, I would be the last to imply that my judgments were in any manner better than the judgments of any other person. Nor would I say that I know better (or that I know more) than the next person. Knowledge is reasoned, and although there may be accepted methods of reasoning (and some may even be considered more comprehensive than others), unlike knowledge, comprehension is not particular and specific.

Although there are degrees of comprehension, as comprehension necessitates a compassing in measured steps, there is but one comprehension. When I say that we, as people, are confused about a great deal, I hasten to add that this is a function of what we have forgotten (and what we have ignored). It takes a degree of courage to make this admission to one's self (that one is confused, and does not comprehend); I first made this admission as I set out upon a long solo sail aboard a concrete boat (and it has taken a further twenty-five years of voyaging before I venture to make these declarations.

In order to begin comprehending our lives and our selves, we must clarify the difference between integral being and existence. To think we know ourselves, or to have an opinion about what it means to be a person is not sufficient: although we may come to know compounded and complicated things, all that is artfully composed must be comprehended. I doubly affirm that every person is an artful composition.

To live is to exist, and existence is seen as the material and purposeful functioning of a machine. Life (as we see it) refers to the span between two terminal pillars (those of birth and death). When we speak of life, we speak of consciousness (and of the experiential and experimental term of the body) . . . and we speak in convicted terms. Our interest here is not in victories over doubt: I do not seek to convince myself nor others. Whereas knowledge deals with the specific and particular, and seeks apprehension, sagacity is general and integral (and attempts to enable our potential to fully compass). Sagacity is non-exclusive and all-embracing.

To exist is to live in consciousness: with 'sufficient' knowledge (science). Being requires (begs or asks for) a composed composition that is solitary, not seen as a monograph, however felt and sensed as an artful composition: as a composite composed of dynamic relationships. All that is musically and artfully sensed is intuitive -- is not based upon science or experimental life. The intuitive and dynamic being of art is not mechanical or as a machine (and integral lives are not thought of as terminal spans between imagined poles). Although the lives of citizens -- of people -- may well be constricted between spans unsupported and unarticulated at both ends, the lives of persons must not.

Every person has a song and a story that is both sung and tolled in soliloquy. This composite being – this integrity – is what was once called a soul: a soul that is not lone . . . but alone. Today we do not comprehend integrity: we have forgotten integrity, and no longer comprehend the significance of being a person (and so much more).

We have come to know almost everything, and yet we fail to comprehend. Being is spiritual: one can be without being in possession of a corporeal body. Being is also generic, as the relationship between the genders is that of all dynamic: the just portion that is beheld within be in an intimate relationship with the equally just portion that beholds. Together the twins converse and sing, however they do not communicate; their interactive conversation (their soliloquy) is actual and dynamic. All souls are continent and contented, although not all spirits be. In order to be, the fit must be just and good in each case.

It would appear that the particular 'one' (the one that we associate with the prefix mono-) is distinct from a just and naval 'one.' To exist is to see the self as a bird with but one wing.

When we envision our selves as exceptional, when we expect, we see in monocular visions: all that is seen in expectant vistas is seen in tragic and monotonous waves and events that lack gender, are monadic, and follow parabolic trajectories. Such visions are both understandable and ballistic. To merely exist is not to be, but is as an existence that is incogitant: known only in a pensive sense of informative familiarity and reason.

Because existential thought is incogitant, we fail to recognize the integrity of each beat (and of each self). All that we think we know, we know only in a pensive and gnostic sense. Forgetfully, and regretfully, modern lives have come to be exclusively pensive and phenomenological. We no longer comprehend (or so much as seek to).

In the living of such lives we quickly find ourselves weighed down and burdened, as vessels that lack a hull, and yet are laden with cargoes of apprehension. We forget what being art when burdened by such lumber . . . when we insist upon the primacy of seeing, and (in weighing all that we envisage), we are forced to intellectually and exclusively 'see' (and to view our lives in visions of parabolic projectile flights that ascend to a zenith, only to fall back in catastrophic descent). We are as fools that admit of only one 'wing' or the other.

Every 'bird,' 'boat,' and beat possesses one pair of 'wings.' To be integral, however, all members must be composed in just, rations or portions: in relationships that are just and navicular (or navel), for all that is particular is almost always less than just. A sole is as a spirit that has a house, in which the generic members are entertained in diversion (and in which the members may conspire and perspire together with their corpulent, and often organic, host). The theatrical body exists in a temporal symbiosis with the soul, and this symbiosis is recreational and generational.

The twin aspects of each beat – thesis and arsis – are (when intellectually visualized) as our two wings (beating as one). In cognitive thought we do not weigh and judge — we simply assess on the basis of

fit. This assessment is not exclusively visual (or dependent upon the wisdom of seers and wizards). Although cognition (and intuition) is intensive, rather than extensive, intuition does not dispense with one of the twins (that are named for their dynamic) . . . with either the feminine or the masculine. The assessment is made on the basis of whether or not the cognitive fit between the twin members of every syllable or beat is 'good' (and so, is intensive in the sense that the fit is either 'good' or not . . . however is not exclusive, as both members, and the syllable, remain intact and able).

The apprehensive weight that modern people needlessly carry can be fully relieved in comprehension. It art the beat that be, and that sings in singularly composed beats as those of a bird with two wings.

Although it may be customary to place the answer in a position of conclusion (at the end of a storied composition), here I place the 'clincher' at the start. I do this because nothing I might say or sing – that I might compose – could be sensible and clear were I not to. This is a function of what we call the conundrum -- our unitary and organizational conundrum (that of exclusion and expectation).

We tend to see all in polar and opposed terms: these are exclusive, and representative of departure -- the departure between a start and a finish. Every span is as an arch between two stands or stanchions, and what we see (and lookup to in understanding) is seen as a vision from beneath an arch over that which is bridged: in our experiential lives, we see only the arched spans. The part and partner that is departed is that which we have pensively dispensed, dismissed, and forgotten. Such vision is monastic and

monadic, and is representative of non-being, yet characterized in terms of conscious existence.

Being art singular and comprehensive (not monist), and composed in beats that sing and are singular – not in particularized and partitioned syllables (each envisioned as a monad). The particular and exclusive mode is that wherein each generic member is thought of as a partner: a part of a beat is seen as 'one' apart from his or her articulate partner. This, the seeing or envisioning of integral and generic members as a partnered and neutered couple (uncomposed) is the artifice and construct of all dilemma (and of our conundrum).

As you start reading, you likely do so with expectation . . . that, presumably, is why we are accustomed to an introduction, induction, or preface. Here, however, I am neither positing nor presuming (and so, I do not feel a need to explain). Either you see yourself as particular and particulate (as the sum of all your parts), or you see yourself as a person. I make no judgment, as no judgment is called for (nor desired), and nor do I advocate for one or for the other (for myself, however, I do not sense a need even to choose: and yet my preference is for being and beholding). I do, however, tend to favor the path of the 'underdog.'

All that we elevate and associate with enlightenment, with wisdom, wizards, and the magic visions of science is absolute (in that it is exclusive, and excludes all that does not conform with its experimental assumptions). The 'underdog' is intuition and sagacity: only persons can behold in sage comprehension (and being a person does not exclude being a citizen also).

Most of us see ourselves in a social or civic context that is contested (as people or citizens, rather than as persons). The answer to the question that the conundrum asks is the difference between a whole (thought of as a hold without a hull, as a unit of measure), and a whole, thought of as an integer (that includes the surround that girts what is within and insulates that core from what is beyond). That within is integral with that which surrounds. In pen- sive thought we consider that within as the realm (that is real), and that which surrounds (if considered at all) is thought of as surreal (or suburban).

As individual members of a group, of some informal association, we may act as integers (and, although the group may divide, each of its individual members cannot). Persons are characterized by their membership: not with regard to some organization or incorporated group, but with regard to their selves, and other selves that are not formally and organizationally bound. That is, the 'whole' is the indivisible (and, at times, invisible) self that celebrates and dreads, yet remains beyond these terms that we celebrate and dread. This self that we art, however, is only entertained in whorls of diversion whilst within the 'theater' that every body of each person and each people is temperately housed within (and cast either as players, or as members of the crew or as auditors).

All that is political or polemic is relative to a 'whole' that is stripped of gender and rhythm: numbed as an arrhythmic number, as a self-divided unit that lacks soul, or as a bird with two pinions (one of which is necessarily and reasonably thrown out, expelled and rejected).

As people each of us is as a unit that must be either subjected or objected -- as a particular reed or straw of Pan's flute: each bundled flute is also thought of as a unit, however as a unit advanced in generational degrees. It is the metaphor of the pen (of the feather) that is pensive . . . not the feather.

The feather be what the feather is; in metaphor we carry over only part of the sense and character of a composite integrity, and all that is pensive is relative only to what we carry over (take away, or export). When we make use of the device (or of any device), we transpose with a purpose in mind (and the purpose is an intent that has to do with possessive placement). It is the purpose, the potential acquisition of that asked for, that becomes important (and it is the importation that transposes, transforms, and transfers with regard to all such purposeful deeds). It is this urge to acquire things we think important, or worthy of import, that comes to drive the system of things (and to variably alter the important order of things).

The collective forces that draw us into such commerce are strong, and it would be fruitless to recommend that we abstain from all that is commercial and useful (pragmatic and, ultimately, fragmented). We repeatedly go to the agora, and gather at the marketplace, and there are strong forces that lead us there. These forces are natural and organic: we become bound and determined by them. All, then, join and are seemingly forced to participate. After all, as a twentieth century Spanish philosopher (José Ortega y Gasset) lectured to the effect that life (as we live and experience it) is formally one characterized by needs. According to Ortega, "Life (conscious life) is a task. In fact, life sets us plenty of tasks. Its mode

of being is formally a being difficult, a being which consists of problematic toil." However, he then goes on to say that life, however, is gerundive: is not participle, is a faciendum (not a factum). That is, in this sense, life is a happening (and based in happenstance).

It is difficult for me to suggest that human life, as we live it, is not wrought with needs and problems. What I find of interest with respect to this passage is the observation that man is 'no thing but a drama,' and he then goes on to say that life is 'a being difficult.' What I would declare is that life, as we experience it is but a drama (although we do not commonly see it as such). Where we insist upon seeing life exclusively and experientially, we make our lives confused and problematic: life (being), however is neither a being difficult nor a thing (that lacks stance and substance) . . . each is nothing but a theatrical happening (produced and presented as a three act play).

For myself, there is great joy and relief in this comprehension (not in that of our pensive and grave mode of pragmatic and experiential living, but in the comprehension that an integral life – of being – is neither eventual and parabolic nor oddly diabolic). An integral life possesses but a single and just need: that of self comprehension. That curious and essential need is to comprehend ourselves; from that, we may begin to comprehend our worlds and our relationships within them. In pensive thought we 'thingify' even our selves and our lives . . . in the processing of all that is integral, in 'thingification,' we conceptualize and, in exception, dismember our integral members. Once conceptualized (as with

Humpty) we find it exceedingly difficult to remember our integral selves, and to comprehend integrity.

In conceptualization there is no difference between an actual happening and a potential event. Surely, every happening can be explained, however in the process of explanation (in the application of the code) that which has stance and substance is stripped of form, and seen (optically and optimally) as a formal re-presentation of its former fullness and integrity. Ultimately, we gin to see all in terms of relative power (and generational powers) that are representative, and known only with respect to relativity. We cease to have regard. Relationships (and all that is integral), of course, remain; they are, however, not known in the text and context of the reiterated code . . . they have been extruded and excluded (and long forgotten by most people of formal culture). This then, is the 'nature' or our conundrum.

As persons, each individual being must possess an autonomous and generic space (and this cannot be taken from us). We each have our own sphere, and this is an essential portion of each self: without which, each can no longer be an integral being (however we may continue playing our parts within the larger organ or organization). When we bundle reeds or straws together we bind them together as a whole: as a whole that is not the same as the integral whole that each was prior to their organization into a whole of constituent parts. When so bound, we do not lose our individual space (or our individuality and integrity): we forget, or fail to recognize and remember all that remains integral. We do not become 'birds with twin wings:' we gin to see our potential power as indigent selves or as part of a flock of 'birds of a feather' that all fly as a thrown spear

(and leave generational paths that are as the towered spirals of birds that have lost, or dispensed with, a wing).

As I neither infer nor imply a 'position' along a polar continuum here in an attempt to convince readers that the one 'whole' is better or worse than the other, I am not obliged to support one whole 'case' over the other. There is no judgment implied or required: this has to do with preference and inference.

It is a matter of choice. In making that choice, you should not be of the opinion that it implies the opening of a gate that closes behind as you pass: the opening of one does not negate the other. In trying them (the cases, legal or physical) as we do, we routinely dispense of all cases.

It should be clear that the conundrum cannot be solved or dissolved. What I hope to clarify is not a solution, and I do not particularly care if this effort is thought of as important, or thought of as insignificant (in some or another order of 'things') . . . this is offered as a basis for comprehension. Before comprehending any 'thing' one must comprehend the self (and the conundrum). Being is musical and beautiful; civil and organic existence is not played (but weighed in contextual contests that are relative to mass, energy, light and powerful forces).

Each of these pages has two faces (expressed as the verse and reverse sides of a leaf). They are exceptional and experiential when viewed in the formal and particulate vision of expectant vistas (as within those of our formal systems of representation). Each leaf has two sides, and, if folded in halves, we have four pages (each of which has two sides) and a

crease. With each fold we experience complication and increase. So it is with all explanation (it quickly becomes manifold and complicated . . . if not always manifest). In this composition I seek to avoid explanation and complication: I seek only to clarify a comprehensive and cognitive fullness that might be recognized and remembered. I do not seek to export this as in a transaction.

Integrity is not some thing, and neither can it be lost as can life or any material possession (as some or any thing that we have the right to use for a term). Integrity (that of each individual self), of being, may always be remembered (and reclaimed, as each self be indivisible).

This choice is not exclusive . . . nor does it necessitate negation (only an affirmation, that of belief). Each 'case' cannot be tried and affirmed or negated in conviction or acquittal. And yet each of us (as people) seem compelled to ignore and dispense with the case or covering about all presents that are integral (as was Pandora's box or jar, before opening and dispensing of the packaging) . . . we try to hit the cover off the ball (and forget how to dance).

Reality, and all that is of the perceived realm, is relevant to the theater (and to the drama that is performed within such houses). As any 'good' member of the cast or of the crew – or any 'good' partner of the realm – I would not think, speak or write of the real, or of royalty, with disrespect or with disdain. Nor, however, will I ever forget that I, myself, be integral: I art not a thing nor a number. I allow myself always to be both only as the character I play (and I play that character as genuinely as I can).

I emphasize, I be convinced of nothing (and believe in no thing), for nothing is won or lost. This is not, however, to say that I do not believe . . . what was stated above is that I do not believe in things . . . belief is comprehensive (belief is the mode of integral being).

The plays that we participate in are existential productions. They all have two sides (as a page or as a coin) . . . a heads (or verse) and a tails (or inverse). As characters, we are symbolic monads (and we all have our opposing off-siders). We look forward to these productions, and to participating in them (as in games) . . . for they are diversions (and very entertaining). In life (in consciousness), we get caught up in these productions. We tend to think that we are but players in the cast, or workers in the crew (each in the role that we were cast in). In the realm or reality of the play we are: in actuality, however, we art but playing our roles within the play, or being entertained by these plays (that sometimes become all too familiar).

Now, I do not know if any of my readers will accept that conscious existence is theatrical and made up as divertive plays or as drama, however almost all of you would acknowledge that life is both sportive and dramatic (and that both sports and drama are diversions).

What I submit is that being without such diversion would be . . . well, less than fun. What I suggest here is that our pensive worlds and relativities are 'good' (as they provide diversion in a recreational sense). What is not a good fit is the exclusiveness of our pensive recreational mode of monistic and monetary reasoning.

In the same sense that an actor who starts to get too deeply into his role – who starts to think he is the character he plays – is thought unhealthy (or insane), so also is it unhealthy for persons to get too deeply 'into' the characters that they play upon the stage of 'real' life.

In the same manner as a foot of poetry consists of an accented portion and an unaccented (or, as a ship's yard has a weather arm and a leeward arm) so also has each foot and yard: each is singular. Each of our arms is articulated at the elbow, as with each of the wings of a bird: a bird singing soulful solos is not lonely. Words also are articulated and singular: every word is as a bird of two wings.

What we are attempting to embrace and compass with both arms is the difference between singular and monist interpretations of the significance of one: of one solitary integer; or of one lone unit. An integer is not the same as a unit (and a solitary person can happily dance solo). We confuse the two because we have forgotten all about integrity (and the great significance of being a person). We come to use the words integer and unit interchangeably (as we do with so many apparent synonyms).

The remainder of this composition is as a sequel to the book I called, *Intuition: An Aquarian Adventure*. This that follows on (as the arsis, or unaccented syllable of a foot, or as the thesis): should, at least, be more memorable.

In the preface to *Intuition: An Aquarian Adventure*, I wrote: "You will hear people tell you that life is this and life is that, but we cannot escape the sense that life is a journey. It is in that process – in the journey –

where the value resides. And in that context nothing matters more than our capacity to comprehend (and, consequently) our ability to care. For if we lose that, our most valuable characteristic, then indeed a spark of light will be extinguished, and it will no longer matter."

There is a relationship between our capacity to comprehend, and our ability to truly care. Apprehension is insufficient, as, in apprehension (and, especially, in panic), we tend to focus our concerns mainly upon ourselves and those who are closest to us. To truly care is associated with feelings, feelings that are comprehensive and integral. As people we are familiar only with the sort of knowing that we associate with reasoned understanding and wisdom (that is singularly visual and phenomenological). As people we can feel the suffering of others in sympathetic compassion; such feeling and caring as I speak of here (that which only persons can feel) is more intensive. Personal feelings, the feelings that I speak of, are more comprehensive, and are not exclusively visual, mental and factual. Much, and perhaps all, of our suffering is a direct function of what we have forgotten, and the consequent loss of our capacity for comprehension.

The writing of *Intuition* was comparatively easy, as its historical and biographical form was familiar to both reader and writer. The writing of this companion volume was far more difficult, and took a great deal of time (as this voyage is far more errant) before I was sufficiently prepared to finally put down what I wanted to share in language, a formal system, that did not also denature (and thereby render the generic nature of that which I sought to share as

some collective and recounted 'thing' apart from that which I would hope to share).

After many ineffective attempts (and many more that were aborted at some point in their gestation), I realized that each of them was as a port entered after a passage . . . and there was sufficient satisfaction in simply getting my vessel and self to the next port. I began to comprehend that with each passage, and upon clearing each port (whether a step ahead, or an errant step backward), I came to better comprehend my vessel and her navigator. The errant ports were necessary, as well as the more formative and informative.

The serendipitous 'happening' that came upon me, and settled over me, as a vague 'bewareness' that, although sufficient to make me both laugh and to cry in ridiculous relief, required over twenty years of further 'voyaging' before this 'bewareness' was sufficiently comprehended. For too long I sought to describe in writing, and also for too long I sought to explain. My mode here is declarative, and my hope is that you find this clarification sufficient. I also hope that in reading this, my voyages might serve to enable others to comprehend without having to voyage quite so far or for quite so long.

Do not underestimate the attendant joy and relief associated with comprehensive remembering and being . . . of being a person: further, do not look upon my twin volumes (or upon myself) as the produce of some 'one' exceptional or extraordinary. No person is either (if they be, in truth, a person).

For those who are not familiar with the conundrum (this word is always singular), it is the name of an old

academic riddle: 'What is the difference between a bird with one wing, and a bird with two?' As nobody could answer, the young cad or cadet responded with an answer that was also a pun: 'it is a matter of a pinion!' The play on words is between 'pinion' (a wing, or the joint of a wing) and 'opinion' (to think without certainty, as in doxy). As is so often the case, nobody took the answer seriously: it was playfully thought of, and playfully spoken (and academics, as we too well know, are far too serious to accept such playful quips). Nevertheless, the young man's playful answer embraces all dilemmas.

This should be sufficient to clarify that which has come to be so central and so insular to my self. That which follows is additional and parenthetical. There are two appended portions: the one is as the ration that is lost in engraving; and its companion is as the two rations lost in embossing. In both, 'one' would hope the material chipped out or shaved off may serve to relieve a portion of your burden: I would feel that my task or tasket is satisfied should readers find that there is much herein that is recognized (and that serves, at least, to enable our remembrance).

Art (the word) is a verb . . . the verb means to creatively fit together, or articulate. The verb to 'be' (from the Greek, esse) is the essential (and less creative) form: to be is also represented by the Greek verb eiani (the present participle of which is ontos). All that has been articulated above with regard to the difference between wings, arms or pinions has to do with the absence or presence of an articulating join or joint: with the art and creativity of a solitary bird, and with the vision of articulate and musical souls of two eyes that affirm with two eyes, or with

the disjointed and essential turnings of limbs, or of words, that are inarticulate and monographic.

When we 'keep an eye out,' we see as through a telescope (in monocular vistas) as witnesses: when we view our vistas as through a binocular, we view articulated visions as a spectator. There is a very subtle, yet critical, difference between 'seeing' life as a prosaic mosaic wherein 'one' sees only the tiles or only the lines of grout between them (through an expectant and exclusive eye), and seeing life through both eyes (when one does not keep an apprehensive eye 'out'). When we are expectant, we are as witnesses of a one act play upon a stage that lacks curtains. This declarative production is as a play of two further acts (and the curtains are about to close for the first and last time).

The shows may open and close as curtains between each act, and our theater may turn to dust or to ash in the interim, however (as in the twinkling of our twin 'eyes,' or the winkin' of but one) we can be confident (and nod) when the time is good for these spectacles to again open upon this familiar stage or upon another . . . to keep us entertained. How can I be so sure? Well, because (of course): as persons, we remember.

Whether onstage, behind stage, or in the galleries of listeners, we tend to get drawn into these productions (and this diversion is 'good'); what we must not forget, however, is that all of us (who remember) remain members: crew members; members of the cast; or members of the audience (that too often forget that they are named to listen) . . . members all. These extravagant productions are not staged to remind us of our integrity (as persons and souls), but

rather to amuse and divert us in sessions of acts that are discretely punctuated by the opening and the closing of curtains. It is the plays that we attend or that we play as characters in playhouses that are intended to remind us (especially that we take ourselves too seriously). It is healthy for us not to get too involved in the show (especially if members of the cast) . . . and, if deeply involved, at least to remember ourselves before the curtains close for the third time.

Art, formal art, is radically divided into the prime categories of realism and abstraction. If thought of personally and integrally, we comprehend art as we might envision an atom . . . composed of a realistic core or heart surrounded by a surreal periphery that insulates. In entertainment (in life) we tend to forget (or lose) ourselves as we are drawn into either the serious realm of the core (that of consequential description), or, alternatively, into the surreal periphery (of flowing and cursive scripture). In existence we admit only of the core (and dismiss all that is peripheral and therefore estranged and extraneous).

In life we tend to see 'things' as we see art: as either real or abstract, however life is not an either/or proposition. As with regard to art, life is composed (is a composition of the realistic and the surreal). A living composition is 'one' of entertainment and diversion, of a heart that beats and a soul that resounds and resonates. In death the beat of the soul continues to entertain the self in soliloquy (with songs and dances) as that which each and every soul awaits is the next production (the reverberating resonance of diversion, and the serendipitous happenings that only the lives of a persons enjoy).

As the noggin has yet to nod (and say that the time is now), there is yet sufficient time to laugh and cry at the ridiculousness of lives that are not comprehended . . . and to realize that serendipity is enabled by a confluence between tides that ebb and flow within a vertical range, and currents that flow as meandering streams or rivers (at sea or between banks of sand and clay). All time and all tide is temporal, and all that is temporal is mixed together in climatic degrees. All this I affirm with twin eyes.

(STARBOARD TACK)

PARENT THESIS

Anyone who has ever played should realize that they are, and could once again be, an artist. This is not to say that anybody could make their living as an artist, but rather that anyone who has played has been an artist. Art (the word) is a verb . . . the verb (to be integral). When we make reference to ‘the child within,’ we are referring to the playful young artist that we all once played.

Diversion can take many forms, and most of them are not costly — indeed, playing can be very inexpensive and beneficial. Although the forms of play that we choose as grown-ups are not typically quite as creative (or adventuresome) as were the amusements of our youth, this should not greatly diminish the capacity of us older folks for diversion and amusement. What does diminish as we become adult is our capacity for play and playfulness. This is largely a function of our increasingly dominant impression that life is serious business. We (and our thinking) grow increasingly serious and pragmatic, and even our play becomes more competitive, especially as we ourselves become parents. Too often (as life is thought serious and competitive) we, as parents, try to force our offspring to become adult too quickly: we teach our children to be equally cautious, prudent, and serious.

Increasingly, recreation comes to be more closely associated with organized sport than with play. Sport is far more trans-active, and more expressive

of games and gaming (and less characteristic of the more artful forms of casual playing, making up rules, and of a more creative and original approach to playing). Sport is serious and formal, as well as more strategic and competitive (and less creative) than more musical forms of recreation. Sport is intended to teach skills, however mostly it has sought to develop civil deportment (*which is why we call it sport*).

In large measure, as we mature, we tend to forget a great deal: we even forget what art (creative being) necessitates. This ‘forgetfulness’ is characteristic of adults.

When we speak of adulteration, we are inferring a movement away from some notion of purity. The implication (the unfolding) is historical, and rooted in a somewhat nostalgic European vision of pre-industrial society (and life). In a sense, the collective and developmental ‘life’ of a civilization is seen as that of a bird with one wing . . . as a progression that reverses as the bird flips upon its back.

The ideal was once interpreted as the playful innocence of a young child (in the analogy), and adolescence was seen as the period in which this ‘purity’ is lost. The analogy is operative in our historical notion of ‘the noble savage,’ as well as in that of the ‘new world.’ Although I do not accept the sense of nobility or of purity, I can comprehend what the notion of adolescence laments.

Innocence has to do with a loss of this playful character we once were. In a sense, adolescence references the process of establishing a familiarity

with language and the intellectual and creative code that literates. It would appear that the association between childhood innocence and adulteration is understandable, but also both errant and inappropriate. Purity has nothing to do with artful living (and the very basis of ontology . . . with what truly **being an artist** embraces). Our life stories are not stories of innocence lost: they are tales or yarns that tell of a corruption and complication that is formal and genetic (they become tales of what we forget as we cease to be playful). As we reach old age, some of us are intimidated by a closing horizon, whilst others remember how we used to play: we begin to play more (become less pragmatic, and to remember ourselves, not *in* the arts, but *as* artists or muses). We learn to play solos, and to speak in soliloquy, with our souls as *ourselves*.

Art, we are taught, has to do with composition, and a sense of ‘making’ something (as an expression of something that may be understood). The learned assumption that most parents accept and teach is that a child must be thought of as modeling clay — as a ‘raw material’ that must be given form and made into some ‘body.’ To hear a young person declare that they want to become ‘somebody’ is upsetting; they already be somebody, and their challenge is to become familiar with the character that they best play . . . with the self they were cast to play. The ‘art’ of parenting, has enduring effects.

Artisans build or construct things; artists create. Artists do not *make* works of art: artists genuinely create (and do not ‘work’ from a formula, recipe or model). They begin with a ‘blank’ page, canvass or some other medium; what they create takes form in

an evolutionary process – a process that starts off from a vague sense of what they seek to clarify and give durable (or, at times, delicate) form to. There is no sense of incentive (and the creative process, although often difficult, is not expressive of work). Artists are not practical, and neither are they practitioners of some craft: true artists do not endeavor (do not strive to accomplish), **they engender**. Further, their creative process is almost always errant.

Artists are erratic rovers (at least with reference to their creations). Each discrete ‘story’ evolves, as does the collective accumulation of an artist’s voyage: each ‘story’ is discreet, however also flows into that which preceded and that which follows (as each evolutionary voyage progresses toward its destination and destiny). To err is to wander, and to be errant is expressive of erratic wandering and wondering (in search of adventure). So it is with the young (and the young at heart), who see in perspective visions.

As I compose this discrete story, I beware my voyage — my coming of age — as one would a tidal cycle: that is, of errant journeys or passages, each of which culminates in a knowing sense of capacity, a hiatus at mid-life, followed by a thoroughly satisfying rediscovery of self as a playful (and yet comprehending) person. This evolution is not, however, seen as a progression and regression; it is seen as a completed voyage of two passages (of an outbound leg, a recess, and as a satisfying return).

In comprehension, the destination we get to is also that from which we departed . . . however we return with a satisfying sense of completion (and a com-

prehension of what it means to be a person). Ergo, as with the voyage of *Argo*, the cargo we return with is the case and the casing of all that is just and integral. *Art constitutes an integral way of living in which the artist takes part fully.*

For myself, purity is a very strange and troublesome concept. I find it difficult in the extreme to either understand or to comprehend. From what I can ascertain, it has to do with an absolute duality between a perfection of cleanliness or degrees of adulteration or contamination. An ideal is as the perfect model . . . an archetype based upon an idea (and exclusively associated with sight, wit and optical vision); a perfection of cleanliness, however, would seem indicative of an equally pure and alternate state of absolute filthiness. I mean, the difference between the one and the other is lost (as the two are confused).

The assumption of Cathars, and of all Gnosticism, necessitates a duality between extreme absolutes; as with all extreme duality, there is no continuum between poles (as the comparison is absolute: free from guilt, as well as from all bounds or bindings).

In catharsis, we reference a fully unbounded condition; a 'clean' breakout of all that binds (an unconstrained and completely free condition). The alternate extreme is that of absolute conviction (and a condition of complete constriction or incarceration). Although the two extremes are not the same, *the effect of each is.*

Artful being requires a temporal condition wherein the masculine constrictor (or thesis) and the femi-

nine liberator (or arsis) mix together (in cooperative perspiration and personification). This is the significance of caduceus: of the dynamic and generic interaction of all that art.

Where some cultures came to associate purity with all that appeared unadulterated (as elements), they did so as a result of applying this notion of truth and purity to those *things* about their worldly environment that appeared (to them) most primal, basic, or elemental. As with all that we ‘thingify,’ we find the development of an order of ranking associated with an abstracted notion of purity — an absurd scale of relativity between absolutes (and this applies as much to our notion of truth). Here is what, for me, has been at the core of my disquiet with regard to formal religion and to the extreme duality of perceived oppositional extremes (as I found this, that ‘lurked’ within me, very difficult to bring into focus).

What I mean is that I have always been uncomfortable with this whole notion of purity and nobility (with regard to ‘purity’ of mind, blood, or of ‘metal’). I found it highly suspect, arrogant, intolerant and, potentially, highly dangerous (especially as it related to *gender, race, class and privilege*).

In Christian iconography we have the extreme and intemperate cross of Saint George (who, as did Cadmus, slew the dragon). With the elimination of either pole (or beatific gender -- the anode on top as ‘head,’ *or* the cathode underneath as ‘tail’) – the creative and productive potential of art and being is also eliminated.

Where I have maintained that the poles of all opposition and contradiction (beginning with all and nothing at all) are absolute, I declare that, the one extreme is the flip side of that opposite. This is as our 'bird with but one wing' or as a monoplane that flips, and in so doing spins about in circles that now rotate from right to left (instead of left to right). In the extremes, we always find an alternation between such opposites as full and empty (or any set of opposites). In such bi-polar visions (or in bipolarity) there is no time: we cannot say that the alternation is rapid or slow, *as there is no temporal mixing . . .* only the intermittent switching of 'on' and 'off.' This is observed in our observation of poetic iambs (and of musical beats).

An iamb is a metrical foot of verse wherein each foot is composed of two syllables: one of them is short and accented or pointed and sharp, and the other is long and dull or blunt. This is the same differentiation as that between an anode and a cathode. In Latin and catholic verse, the iamb is ordered such that the first (the thesis) is short and that following (the arsis) is long. In English verse, however, the order is reversed (the leading syllable is long and the 'tail' is short or bobbed). The same is seen with reference to syllogistic reasoning.

In reasoning, we sometimes find the thesis chasing the arsis, and at other times we find the arsis chasing the thesis. In all reasoning we seek a solution (to what is seen as a dilemma): although we lose the sense of a foot (and of the meter), we attempt synthesis.

All that is reasoned and solved in problematic solution is also compounded, but as a synthetic and timeless amalgam that is the result of *polemics*. In the rhetoric of polemics we find no gender, no beat, but rather only a ‘heads’ (or polls) and tails (or codas): what we get is phantasmagoric ‘shows’ that present in textual relations that lack both stance and substance: that *are* as indiscrete spans between non-existent points in a ‘time’ that lacks all discretion and all that is measurable **except** with regard to that which remains un-synthesized (*in tides that remain both tempered and durable*).

What I am declaring is that what we interpret in corporeal existence, in experiential life, is structured in the style of rhetoric. What we experience in, or from within, the terms of a human life is by nature rhetorical, and (if, we can be said to have a nature) our nature is that of a rogue — one of chronic interrogation (we tend to question everything, and proceed to attempt the answers to everything). We are curious creatures, and our mode is that of rhetoric: with respect to both our questions and the problems that flow from them as issues, we then respond with answers to our questions and solutions to our problems. These solutions are as timeless amalgams. The amalgamation of all our solutions is but the result of polemics. The resultant character of each and every temporal existence is a phantasmagoric production of ‘shows’ that present in textual relations that lack both stance and substance: more seriously, they also lack the musical dynamic of gender.

Our ‘games’ all come to be contests . . . contested games seek to answer simple questions: they seek to

answer which of us (or which team) will prevail over the other (or all others). Moreover, this ‘nature’ is programmed into our genetic code: the series of synthetic question and answer periods resembles the programs we are handed as we enter a theater (after having paid the price of admission). Our rhetorical lives become as three act plays.

Act One is always that appearing as a playful child; Act Two is that of a volatile mid-life crisis; and Act Three is that wherein the tension between the thesis and the arsis is finally and terminally resolved. This is not, however the last closing of the curtains . . . there is always a curtain call (and often an encore).

We *appear* forced by our nature to adulterate as we grow and incorporate our lives as amalgamated and productive citizens (as people). This is natural and *genetic*, however our programmed lives of synthesis are lived in spans that lack a critical, mythical and musical member. We live lives that are lived as an individual creature with but one leg or gam. We hop (and hope), and our stories are as gambled gams: we gamble along through our stories written and wired as games of ‘Two-Up’ (or of odds and evens). As every question that we ask breeds others . . . not as a function of the question, but rather of the exclusivity of the process of asking and answering in syllogistic synthesis (*what is excluded in this process is one leg or the other*). The mode that we are programmed in is historic and contorted, as are the genes of all chromosomes.

Our stories and our songs remain toric or tornadic, however they cannot be remembered through reasoned rhetoric or historic processing: that is,

through a burdensome, pensive, extensive, exclusive, and *confusing* **process** that is denaturing (and, ultimately, self consuming). This is the production of our exclusive convictions that are a direct result of our unquestioned acceptance of the syllogism (of attempting to think the understanding, as *witnesses*). This is both silly and, inevitably, ridiculous. **This then is The Great Riddle: The Great Mystery.**

In syllogistic thought we envision as an apprehensive lookout (who is always keeping an eye out, as from his lofty perch, and crowing from his nest). As the lookout sees a mosaic, he necessarily must see either the lines of grout or the shaped tiles (or, more commonly, either all that is standing and substantial, or only the arched spans between stances) and must dispense of either one or the other.

We (in our majority) tend to see only the tiles (or only the spans), whilst dispensing of the grout and the stanchions. One *aspect* or the other of any syllogism must be seen as dominant, and yet co-efficient with the aspect effectively left out (of the productive action). The leading aspect is the more general (and that following as the arsis is the more particular): all men are mortal, John is a man, therefore John is mortal. This is our dilemma, and the very basis of our great riddle (or the great mystery, and such that is imagined as arcane or hidden from view and from truth).

Exclusivity equates with particularity. This is essential, and void of all articulation . . . the product and production of syllogistic thinking is indiscrete and uncritical. What we accentuate is *differences*, as we reasonably differentiate. This is the mode of science

(of knowledge and enlightened wisdom). Through the extensive telescope of reason, all becomes eventual and dramatic in pensive degrees (if seen only through an encyclopedic eye, the one eye of the foot will see only the particular tiles, and that left will see only the lines of grout); the eye that sees only the grout will see all as comic and funicular, and will also process a conclusion that is terminal and eventual (whilst seeing only the informational *networks* of lined grouting). Encyclopedic eyes see all (in terms of rides and strides that span as arcs), they see all bar themselves (as each neglects to see, and each negates, the prints or impressions of each foot that is alternately stood upon . . . in arrhythmic vistas *that defeat the beat, and all that is beatific.* Those scientists who see only the particulate shapes of matter will never see eye-to-eye with those who follow only the stringed and vibrant lines (between the shapes).

Chaos and cosmos are, reasonably, thought of as conviction and acquittal . . . as polar extremes. What alternates in in-temporal and intemperate flips is a switching of immoderate states, wherein there is no middle ‘ground’ and no temporal mixing. In cosmos we find the extreme of rectitude and consolidation: a ‘solid state’ of absolute order and paralysis or stasis wherein all is consolidated and fused together in confusion (that is, there is no grout-line). Upon the flipside, we find a state of absolute fluidity and activity . . . a disordered array of amorphous shapes in constant flux that we flow along with (and get intrigued by).

In the instant of our curious fascination with these flowing and amorphous shapes, we witness the flip

back to our solid state (and immediately leave the chaos, as we attempt to establish a ‘nest’ outside the conduit of the flowing). What we attempt is an exterior visual *station*, a perch from which we might spy the action (as through a telescope in the mode of reason, or as a kaleidoscope, and in the mode of superstition). It is from this absolute state of stasis and chaotic fluidity that all that art is created . . . not from some void of ‘nothingness.’ The irony is extreme.

The mode of modern thought is also the mode of the mode of encyclopedic vistas: we, in effect, invite chaos and cosmos when we consider all in such visions (and it makes no difference which ‘eye’ is dominant, as that of either foot leaves out or negates that of the alternate). It is from these exclusive visions that the ‘doom’ foreseen by John of Patnos were gleaned. This is also how we are programmed (and the mode all genetics).

I do not imply that such visions (or the vistas they represent) are wrong, or that they are accurate, as what we see is very much a function of what we are looking for or expecting. Where ‘seeing is believing,’ what we get is very much akin to what we see.

What I cannot accept, however, is not the notion of monolithic exclusion . . . I cannot accept the manner in which the mode of that manner comes also to exclude (all that is comprehensive and musical). If pure reason is the ‘be all and end all,’ then we foresee an exclusive judgment . . . a weighing of the credits and debits of the Doomsday Book (upon a balance due or a balance payable). A comprehending soul will comprehend that all we ‘face’ is

neither a judgment nor a choice: but rather an acceptance of the comprehensive mode of being that is dynamic (that of a coefficient and cooperative relationship wherein ‘being’ is not the grammatical, verbal, and particular form of *ontos* (the past participle of *eiani*) . . . not the language of the code or of genetics. The language of chromosomes is also the language of reason: of monistic thought as characterized by divinity, purity and the extremes of ‘on and off’ (as is and is not). This can be very confusing, as there is a subtle ‘flip’ (as between ordinal and cardinal numbers) that fools us.

In mathematics we have bases, and in language we have cases: in base four numbers there is a saturation at three, and a trans-active ‘flip’ at four. In language, we have a similar saturation as the intransitive approaches an infinitive threshold. The transition is from the finite cases to an infinitive form.

Ontos is transitive and finite: the formal ‘case’ of cases subjected or objected, of tenses past, presented and those yet to be (as one of the participle ‘cases’ of *eiani*). The infinitive of the verb to be is neither participial and nor formal: ***einai* is the gerundive and non-particular form of being.**

The latter (*einai*) is not a word, as words are of worlds and whirls . . . *einai* is ordinal and ordinary. To be (in the sense that Shakespeare expressed his famous question) is comprehensible (however cannot be known as worldly things can). Words and

worlds speak to phenomena: ords and all that is ordinary speak in illiterate gestures (and ‘speak’ to *nous*, mind: to *noumenon*). The mind is nominal, whereas the brain (and all that is associative with formality, and genetic webs of significance) is linguistic and literal literature. Ords are gestured as names or cognomens: they are neither literal no linguistic, but infinite and infinitive.

It is very difficult for us to comprehend the vast difference between formal signals and the direct comprehension of a gesture (especially when attempting this from within the constraints of a formal system, such as both language and formal logic are). To get a sense of the ordinal (or the unworldly) is best thought of with regard to smell: though the direct associations of our olfactory sense (or olefactorial relationships). As Emmanuel Kant so sagely observed, these direct associations are intuitional.

However similar and potentially confusing these twin ‘beings’ may be, at least in most languages there are two (whereas in English there is but one). One wonders, however, if this ‘one’ is formal and cardinal, or cognitive and ordinal. When we speak of names (or in a nominal sense) we put a great deal of ‘stock’ in them: names are either appropriate and apt, or they are not.

When we think within the contextual relations of *esse* (or think of things and their essence), we must think in generational cases and tenses, and in visualized words within the taxonomic laws of particularity and particular languages. The same applies to the language of mathematics (when we denomi-

nate members (and treat them as numbers) in the formality of arithmetic (or in the arrhythmic tenses and cases of language). All that is nominal and informal, escapes the awareness of numerical and formal systems of phenomenological thought (and cannot be known). Purity and absolutism rejects all that is associative with names: names that cannot be denominated, partitioned, particularized or capitalized as formal Names.

As with our monadic bird of one wing, and our solitary bird of two, this is the as the 'keel' that both separates and holds together the twins. Most languages have two forms of the verb to be, however if the 'two pinions' art as a singular 'to be,' the English usage is comprehensible. In Greek, *gnosis* is the form of knowing associated with a being of the trans-active form. In Spanish to know in a familiar sense is appropriate to *conocer* (and with a being that is transitory, with *ser*): *saber* is the less transitive and more static form of knowing (and is associative with *estar*). The form associated with gnosticism is that of a pensive knowing that declaims and announces (as to an assemblage at an agora, or as an analogue).

My regard for Kant is much like my fond regard for Ortega. In looking back upon philosophy as an historian, I would identify the great impediment that all philosophers face as *their dependence upon formal language*. How much of this is a function of the name of their discipline is very difficult to say, however because philosophy is a discipline, it is taught and learned . . . and, in both its process and production, it is necessarily expressive and linguistic. The name of the discipline is Sophistic and all

sophistry is visual and must be ‘seen’ as a wizard (as a seer, or as a wise man) sees. This dependence upon the visual and the formal catches them up, as they all communicate in formal constructs (especially, in the formal systems of logic, language and number).

What Kant had sagaciously comprehended as a ‘bewareness,’ could not be understood until and unless the nominal was framed within the conceptual nets of linguistic and phenomenological systems . . . systems that are naturally and exclusively understandable. In (virtually) every case, the thought of the mind is caught up in the trans-active denominations of all formal systems. Kant could sagely write a critique of ‘pure reason,’ however in so doing he (and all philosophers) are drawn into the net and rendered as the denominative shadows of their former fullness. They come to see (and to depend upon seeing) as the Essene saw: in Gnostic notions of purity.

What is critical here is the intransitive ‘keel.’ What Ortega grasped with both arms was the critical member he spoke of as ‘thingification.’ Whereas Kant would speak of ‘things’ of the mind and ‘things’ of the world, Ortega could ‘see’ the **process** of ‘thingification’ (and associate this process with *verdinglicht* . . . the ‘proto’ thing, the light thing). That was a very high hurdle to have managed. Ortega was schooled at Marburg, and weaned on Kantian philosophy. He managed that hurdle, however ran into that of words . . . especially that of seeing being exclusively . . . as existence.

As with nomads and rovers, the manner of their speech and of their gestures . . . and the manner in which they named (without denominating) is the ‘critical keel’ (and the great divide between integral noumenon and unitary phenomena). Note that there is no plural of noumenon (neither are there cases or tenses). The integral nomad is very difficult for a cultured people to grasp fully with both arms (or legs): sagacity eludes us, and because we must see all as signals that require and beg interpretation.

Ser is the form of a more enduring (and endearing) presence that is far less transitive, although not characterized by generational growth and fruitfulness. When we accept the notion of pure reason, we confined ourselves to the mode of generational conviction. This is the mode of the spear (of the gar, and of consequential gore). This mode is exceptional, and responsible for all of the getting and begetting: it is also that of the vine and of divinity.

As I say (however), divinity is exclusive, and **the prime game of existence is that of a contest between the animate versus the indeterminate**. The prime intent of gnosis is (as Joseph Ford put it with respect to fractals and chaos theory) is to ‘find out how the dice are loaded.’ That is, to improve our odds (of winning). The objective is winning, and the generational process is one of winnowing and widow-ing.

I can accept the exclusive, however needn’t accept it exclusively. All of this can ‘take place’ or be played out as within a physical and natural theater, or it can ‘take shape’ in a lonely void of ‘pure’ rea-

son. If observed (rather than witnessed) as a soul, we could ‘escape’ this extremely monotonous game that we forget is but a game: we could manage this through creating a continent and discrete ‘house’ or temple (a composed and dynamic navicular form, that is articulate, and, within which, all would be mixed and evolve in temporal tides and currents).

Indeed: we have done, and if you are reading this, you are currently within such a ‘house, temple, synagogue, or theater. What we must remember, above all else, is that our being when within this (or any other house) is theatrical . . . we are but strutting and fretting **so long as we fail to comprehend.**

Should a player remember in comprehension, he or she would also remember how to play, that all that ‘takes place’ within the house is a play that is set in a natural time that is immediate and instant (and measurable only with regard to the integral tides that remain (as a remnant of our former integrity). In comprehension and remembrance we comprehend that we (our selves) are solitary and integral.

(A discrete pause in which to digest)

All of this is not difficult. If this comprehension is difficult, it is rendered such only because we, quite naturally (but also quite curiously) feel, for some reason, that we must judge and be judged (and so, we seek either conviction or acquittal). Well, I do not have the vaguest sense of why we should feel that we are on trial . . . here, or anywhere.

Were I to make the reasonable assumption, I would be putting the arsis before the thesis, or *vice versa*:

more determinately, however, I would (in seeking synthesis) be denying one aspect of the mosaic and musical dynamic (that of gender, and all that is general and generic). The result would be boring (and expressive of torsion, and of towering turns that spiral both up and down toward some inevitable and eventual conclusion). The thesis is sufficient, as is the arsis: they are not mutually exclusive, and neither are they soluble as doubles: both members of the beat are as the sides of a boat (and it is the boat that has a sharp extreme and a blunt end). What is left of the keel upon one tack is right of the keep upon the alternate, and the sharp end is always that which is cutting whatever medium upon which or within which we navigate. When it comes to the lines of a vessel, I prefer a vessel that is full and rounded aft, with a prow that is sharp and straight (that, however, is but a matter of preference). What is *not* preferential is the need to keep the vessel integral.

Were I to think in a mode that is not exclusive (but also un-extendable), I would (in allowing the beatific foot, and the meter in which it might flow in musical steps of dance) be as an integer be: indivisible (*and yet, not always visible*). The irony is that we think it is the mode of solitude that is boring (as it lacks an immediate objective that, by *reasonable* necessity, must be thrown outward or downward and subjected).

I am here to tell all who would listen that there is nothing less boring (or more satisfying) than sailing a vessel of your own. There is nothing less boring, not even flying, soaring, or drifting in a balloon. Navigating an airship requires consideration that is

inconsiderate when navigating a boat: a complicating concern with relative altitudes. Navigating is more 'wholesome' in an integral sense. Perhaps this also is preferential, however preferences refer to applications and devices (and integrity is neither applied nor devious).

As civil persons we are expected to apply ourselves, and to become familiar with symbols and devices; our bodies may be wired in devious and divine circuits, however they naturally float (but cannot fly). Our species is that of swimmers and sailors, walkers and runners. We are also very cerebral and visual critters.

Our brains, quite as the sides of a sailing vessel bisected by a central keel, are also divided as twin hemispheres. Where we exclude either one of the pair, or when we attempt to mix them up in solution, one is excluded, or the generic and beatific rhythm of their beatific and generic dynamic is defeated (or rendered as an amalgam of but one leg). When we do this synthesis over and over, the effect is as origami (a repeated folding over of one upon the other) . . . and complicated in the extreme. This is why we find comprehension so difficult (that is, because we make it so). Of all that is wired into our genetic nature, there is nothing more curious than our apparent need to be convinced . . . to be absolutely clear as to what we think with regard to just about everything.

Our evolution from mimicking monkeys to apes, hominoid apes, to sapient animals who ape or imitates all others, would have been a rather rapid one. Creationists should be cognizant of the difference

between what we define and manipulate as ‘man’ and the species that we have given the moniker of ‘homo’ to as a function of his handy dexterity and his curious discovery of the creative and civil code.

It is not the baggage that each hand carries that identifies either, but the name that each goes by. It should be sufficiently clear that the two are not exclusive . . . no body should have to declare that they are compatible; it is the baggage that each carries (and the garbage that they dispense with) that makes each appear exclusive with respect to the other). The same may be said of the twin beats of a syllable: the thesis and the arsis (the prow and the sternpost, however you like) must function as a pair of oars (either as a fisherman’s roll, or as the rocking of a rower who pushes and pulls upon both oars in unison). I don’t see the need for contest and conflict, or for complicating folds upon folds.

José Ortega y Gasset, the Spanish twentieth century philosopher, noted and lectured that people were extremely adaptable . . . they could adapt to almost anything, however to one thing only they could not admit of or take in their stride. Our ultimate curiosity is related to this difficulty associated with confusion and complication. The curiosity is this (as Ortega put it): “We are all free to admit that life is confusing, but man cannot bring himself to admit that he himself is confused.” We cannot allow ourselves to believe that we, as individuals, are not clear as to the order of things, but we can – and skeptics do – believe that our leaders, the experts, are either confused or ingenuous. “Man adapts himself to the best and the worst. To one thing only does he not adapt himself: to being not clear in his

own mind concerning what he believes about things.”

Most of us are clearly ill-unwilling to devote the necessary time and effort, to dedicate a great deal of time or effort to efforts of clarification and declaration, and so we tend to settle upon some or another body of belief, because -- it would seem -- we are ‘wired’ in such a way that we must (as, it would appear, this is basic to our nature).

Naturalism (as Ortega realized) is ultimately intellectualism: “the projection onto the real of the mode of being peculiar to concepts.” Yes, perhaps, but in a sense nature and reality are the same . . . and both are inevitably ‘taken’ together. What we lack is the comprehension: we fail to acknowledge that all reality is real in as much as it relates to the realm –to the universal and natural realm of the intellect (and the creative code) that enables the realm. What is declared, what I declare, is that the code of the intellect is also the code of nature and of civilization.

When we think within the code we do not think cognitively: we must think pensively (as it is the law that is weighed upon balances and deficits). This is also the code of economy (the law of the house) and of all preciousness and purity. This is what is impressed and imprinted upon stone tablets and upon the nets of genetic chains that run on and evolve in twisted links as double helixes. This is the code of divinity, of naturalism, of intellectualism, and of all theatrical competition and complication, but this exclusive code is not that of all that remains un-partitioned (all that is integral, yet also supplemental) and non-exclusive.

There is no exclusive relativity between creation and evolution (*as all that is composed and articulated in creations that art, must also evolve in cycles that are*). They need not, however, evolve in a manner that is exclusively characterized by torsion and distortion. The Torre de Bable is the product of syllogistic reasoning: of essential and tragic productions that proceed from the assumptions of essence and essences (tars, oils, or metals) thought of in terms of comparative purity.

It is not difficult to comprehend where this notion of purity came from — especially in the contextual relations of sculpting or of carving. Leonardo da Vinci maintained that ‘working in the round’ was a purer form of art than was painting or of any of the more literate art forms (as, in an essential sense, sculpting is). He also commented to the effect that the illusion of perspective in graphic representation is not precise.

This may give the impression that he also valued the notion of ‘preciousness,’ however what da Vinci came to comprehend was the need to maintain a sense of just *precision* (and, especially, a regard for proportion). Da Vinci’s sense of ‘purity’ and proportion was distinct from what we commonly interpret: what he came to comprehend had to do with just apportionment (with *composite* relationships). Precision, he came to comprehend, spoke to a just apportionment that precedes all reasoned exception . . . and was not a synonym of exactitude.

Surely, we cannot know for sure, however I fully suspect that Leonardo came to comprehend in his later life. His famous portrait of La Gioconde was

never delivered to the person who commissioned it. The painting remained unfinished for quite a few years, and Leonardo carried the painting as baggage during his travels. When he did manage to finish the Mona Lisa – when that haunting smile first appeared upon that face – Leonardo (I strongly feel) sought to express something of his own frustration (as the same smile appeared on his aging face).

The source of such frustration was an awareness that, what he (and she) had come to comprehend, they could never share with others (not, at least, in their own lifetime). One might ask why this sharing becomes so very significant . . . why all those who come to comprehend seek to share such that they, at length and with great mental effort and persistence, came to fully embrace. I submit that this degree of import is associated with the capacity of comprehension to bring relief — deliverance (to one and to all).

Unlike Gnostics (who come to think of themselves as somehow ‘blessed’ since they came to *know*, and to ‘see’ themselves cleansed and purified through some *catharsis*), there is no such sense associated with those who *musically* come to a degree of *comprehension*. But I don’t know . . . maybe there is something to all this that has to do with the theatrics of purity, blessing and bloodlines; **what I cannot admit, however, is intemperance** (the assumption that we are not all mixed together, or that any one character is somehow better than any other).

What I would admit (to) is the notion that some of us play our character more genuinely and integrally than others play theirs. Our characters are all dis-

tinct (and some vary greatly from others) however that is not to say that some are better than others (*but only to say that we all differ*). Although I do not object to sudden revelation and euphoria, I need not accept either; the parts that we all play are diverse and different. We all have faith: even those of us who claim not to have beliefs, and who live only in accord with their self convictions (of what is reasoned as tried and true).

Creeds and credos are specific: they express such that we put our faith in. All that is credible is such as a result of the faith and trust we have in some one or some thing. If you have faith in someone's word or promise, that person, or that people, is seen as credible (and you would likely consider such a people creditworthy). We have all heard the expression, "seeing is believing." The declaration would be far more 'truthful' were it expressed, "seeing is potentially convincing."

Relief signifies a rising of one aspect relative to the other in an integral relationship: either the surface remains and a lesser area of material is chiseled out to a depth (and focused upon); or the greater part of the 'negative space' of the surface is chiseled away so as to bring *that left upon the plane of the surface* into focus. Either way, the 'load' is lightened.

Belief (as artful being) is very similar to relief. Either way, the character of the composite may be seen as either a reasoned, factual, and fractional compilation, or *as a rational* composition. Belief and integral being require a relationship, and all relationships are composite: they speak to an artful and musical play between or betwixt two compo-

nents. Unlike relativities, relationships are navicular compositions that must be comprehended (whilst relativities are abstract, particular or funicular, and are either tragically apprehended, or laughed at as ridiculous comedy).

What the Mona Lisa's smile represents is a sense of comprehensive 'bewareness:' she (and Leonardo) would have shared this sense. The resignation that her smile evokes is that of the apparent futility of attempting to share in their comprehension. Imagine yourself looking down upon a multitude of mice in a maze. Some methodically search, and others frantically scurry about looking for a clue to unlock the mystery of their existence and circumstance. Looking down upon them, you behold the nature of their *predicament* (and how easy it would be for them to escape). Yet, there would appear to be no way that one could hope to share their comprehension with them. **That is what is behind the Mona Lisa's smile.**

All attempts at sharing the comprehensive source of their happy and playful being appears quite futile. The portrait's Italian title (*La Gioconda*) is a reference to Mona Lisa's married name (that became her nickname), and its meaning is jocund or happy and playful . . . jocular. What I truly believe (although am not *convinced* of) is that she made an indelible impression upon Leonardo, and (although he was never paid for his commission) he carried the painting with him as he traveled, and finally finished it after finding the relief of comprehension. Had he never come to comprehend, he could never have painted that smile. To me, it seems ludicrous that

the current fashion is to appreciate civility while depreciating religion.

The two (civility and religion, the ordinal and the cardinal, the formal and informal) go hand in hand; the one hand, however, is (in civil association) subjected by the hand that grasps it. Our stories, written and oral, are as novels that speak in indiscrete stories, as the hand that is held, along with that which holds, fail to alternate in a musical rhythm. History is such a novel (both personal and civil). Born together as siblings, they (the hand of ecclesia, and the more mundane secular hand) be the organizational 'one' that calls out, and the substantive 'one' that answers the call *to* be held). They share the same generic code, yet the one is but the complement of the other.

Although every complement requires reciprocation, we often forget to reciprocate: we also tend to forget the difference between complements, reciprocals and opposites.

When we complement, what we do is return a service (as in tennis or ping-pong); this is not reciprocation. In reciprocation, what is moving moves as a tide: within a vertical range, and in a metered beating that pauses in discrete transitions at the top and at the bottom of its range. Although the tempo increases to a maximum at the midpoint of the range (and of the duration of each stroke) before slowing as the end of each beat approaches, the rhythm (whilst fixed within a range) is neither constant nor instant.

In complementary and commercial relations we (literally) fold over the twins of dynamic gender: we complicate in all complementary operations (and in so doing, separate the 'dynamic duo' as we partition the thesis from the arsis (and, even when unfolded, we are left with a stigmatic crease). This partitioning is upon an axis perpendicular to that of our reciprocating tides. As this processing is continued, we turn the entire vessel in rotation, and fold again, turn and fold again. With each fold we both multiply and divide, and with each degree of compounded increase *we lose more and more of our medium* (that which we fold, our vessel) to that portion of each 'face' that is in the gutter of the crease. Time (or what passes as time in spans unsupported), is either constant or instant (depending upon whether we see only the spans, or only the stanchions that support them). Such time is indeterminate, and immeasurable: such time lacks tenses, and (as our time, and the terms of such time) is both an immediate and infinitely infinitive dream-time.

This is a system: a system that, if bound together with stings or ligatures, is organic and orchestrated. The image is arboreal, and bifurcation occurs upon both hands and feet (upon each of the directional poles: top and bottom, as well as left and right). We forget that there are two spars, each of two arms and two legs. You (I believe) can comprehend why explanation is futile unless we explain in the same mode and model as that which we are attempting to examine and diagnose. We are not attempting a diagnosis here . . . and our voyage is not one of progressive knowing (in the sense of *ser* or *gnosis*).

The ecclesiastic ‘hand’ divides upon the same basis as the twin hands as divided by a crease (into an *aspect* that is as the informal and secular, as well as another that is formal and ecclesiastic, and the same happens upon the other hand (and also, at the other end of the trunk, between the radical extremes of each leg). Toes bear a resemblance with fingers, however are not the same as fingers. This process of evolution is generational, historical, and associative with ages: each is the product of that which came before, and the progressive production is compounded in iterative and commercial *transactions* (each of which is sealed as with the clasping and shaking of hands, or the pounding of a crease).

I cannot bring you to the crux of ‘the matter’ (or of what is ‘the matter’) . . . what I can do is clarify the conundrum, and bring my readers to the core of what all this implication and complication stems from.

I fully agree with what José Ortega wrote in his most popular work, *The Revolt of The Masses*, “I maintain that it is this obliteration of the average soul that the rebellion of the masses consists, and in this lies the gigantic problem set before humanity today.” I can tell you that the soul is not a thing: each and every soul is an integer: a just and fully rational composition of articulated members that are not bound up in ligatures or folded over in complication . . . that they survive is truly amazing (however, although not invincible, all that is integral is also indestructible and indivisible). Ortega comprehended much. I am greatly indebted to him, and (I feel strongly) that he was more than a bit frustrated by his apparent inability to, as Phil Silver

commented, “think together the two expressions ‘life’ and ‘reason’.”

What Ortega was quite clear about was the need for an authentic, and artful history: one that we might feel to the roots of our being . . . a history that was palpable (the palpitating strokes of which we could feel to the depths of our souls). Such a history, a history that is musical and included in *The Muses*, is not a developmental progression of causes and effects, and neither is it a recalling of our collective experiments and experiences. Such a history is not exclusively drawn from factual data, but is comprehensive, generic, and comprehensible. A history that we now would consider a novel collection of both factual events and mythical stories brought together in a musical composition (that we might truly feel, and hear the echoic ‘ring’ of truth in. I would attempt such, however this is myth (not history, and has already been done).

With regard to the larger question, that of souls, I would say to José (were he yet amongst us in body) that it is not the souls that have been obliterated. Their integrity remains. What has been obliterated, and consigned to oblivion, is not so much the souls as it is the people with whom these souls had made genuine and integral (as persons). Losing your soul (or, as is too often the case, selling your soul) is all too easy in these productions we witness as lives and take too seriously . . . especially if they (our souls or genies) *were never acknowledged*. We get to know our genies as children, and, as our lives get hectic, serious, and complicated, we tend to forget them. It is best that they be remembered whilst we are yet respiring.

What pensive reason ‘feeds upon’ are categorical classes of distinction and differentiation. With respect to all that is literate, we make the first taxonomic cut on the basis of fiction and all that is not fiction (that is, on the basis of what is figured into form as with the fingers of a hand, and all that is not): the radical division is not sufficiently confident as to separate between what is essential and all that is not essential, or of the essence). The Greek verb that pertains a being that is solitary and enduring is *eiani* (the present participle of which is *ontos*): that pertaining to monads and artificial being is *esse*. Ontology should address the more substantive being of integrity, however has come to address the more essential being of existence. The association with philosophy is probably why its meaning and substance has changed (as philosophy is the lover of wisdom (*einani*: the love of beaus and *eros* or arrows . . . and Pan).

It may appear that I am ‘beating up’ on all that is excellent and exultant (indeed, on all of the ‘ex-words’ and their factors). This is but a function of their assuming such an exclusive and excusive nature, in that they will always tend to dispense with one gender or the other (almost always the feminine, and render our perceptions monocular, the visions organic and unitary). All that we consequently ‘see’ as our nature, as well as that of our natural surround is intellectually rendered literate and placated . . . flattened as a plate.

History is one of the muses, and that we may forget (but cannot change). I seek to help us remember.

Nature is alive, generic and dynamic . . . so also is a life lived as an artist (dynamic and jocular). Although some of us like to think that nature is exclusive (and exclusively organic in nature) – our personal nature or the nature of that which surrounds or seemingly ensnares us – is not entirely organic. Not all cultures are sedentary, and not all creatures are organic (or organized).

What we refer to as civilizations are cultures that opted to settle: to claim a patch of ground, and make investments in their acquisition. Those cities that were created without mimicking some other, were (in their early days) instrumental, however were not yet organic. As with organic materials, the characteristic that makes them organic is that of organization.

These original cities would have been as anarchical communities in their youth, however they would soon discover that their city not only depended upon growing crops and other managed resources, but that the city itself grew (and came to depend upon continued growth). At this moment of discovery, these cities would begin to organize (and the ‘band’ that was, became as an orchestra that required a conductor or director). There were many who comprehended in these early times: many who were familiar with the code.

The organized, commercial and trans-active cities grew in the manner indicated in the preceding pages: they grew as their economy grew (and that became a function of the quantity, fairness, and soundness of their transactions. Some of the earlier (and most critical) transactions were those entered

into with surrounding ‘barbarians’ (who were largely nomadic and self-sufficient). The polis would have offered a hand, and (in sealing the transaction) the independent group would have taken the hand offered: in so doing, those who took the hand became a tribe that would become dependent upon the polis (and pay tribute). A geographic analogy of brooks flowing into streams, that flow into rivers (and, finally, into the ocean) is an apt image of the urban and suburban system: so also is the arboreal image of twigs, branches, limbs and trunk. As the city grows it must organize, it must spread as it grows, and be conducted or directed. It comes to require (and get) a regimen and to become regimented (as a regime).

For any such system to sustain itself, the most critical necessity is that which always was central . . . the orchestrated capacity of all the chimes and belles to ‘ring’ in unison . . . to sound as one (with the strength of the many). The symbolic image of this that comes to mind is that of faces or as faggots bound as one (that of orthodoxy and facism).

For most of civil history – from one age to another – there has emerged a process of pairing within the directive and regulatory agencies of civil evolution, and the hands of both of arms, the left and the right (that which holds, and that which picks at that which is held, as those of a fiddler or of a fiddler crab) start conflicting (and cease to act in concert).

Although we tend to think of orchestras in association with sound (or in an audio sense), the basic sense of an orchestra is that of ‘things’ taken together as units . . . as a unitary ‘one’ that is not

solitary. All organic groupings are unitary and universal (they, ideally, act and turn together as one), however all that is organic is not orchestral or organized into productive plants that require (that ask for or beg) regulation. When a culture opts to construct a city, it becomes necessary that they turn in *unison*, and for this reason they *are* regulated and their peoples are both classified and subjected.

When ‘things’ (within conducted and regulated civil systems) fail to ‘work’ in unison, we search for a cause: the identification of the cause is accomplished through syllogistic reasoning (and, when found, the ‘cause’ is called the reason: the reason we experience perturbed dysfunction). The reason the system is not functioning (or not functioning in unison) is reasonably associated as a cause. This cause is organic and (usually associated with a defective part): this is expressive of solutions and degrees of purity.

Where cooperation starts to breakdown, corporate coercion takes its place. The cause of dysfunction or of systemic perturbation is not attributable to a lack of orthodoxy: it is a function of inequitable direction or of ineffective regulation . . . on the part of the elites (however, the root cause is that of the city’s florescent successes).

Every city, every civilization has a life cycle; every civil generation that seeks to succeed comes to destroy itself in decadent and discordant decay *as a function of its own success*. This is most apparent and serious when the ecclesiastic the secular begin to conflict, and as even the sexes start to compete and conflict. At this point in time the eventual is

upon the threshold of the house in which it is contested. I beg you allow me another pause, as I would hope this might assist us in avoiding panic and pandemonium.

Although we are slow to comprehend the politics, the ideal of every corporate and organic system is to sound and act as one (in unison). In the end . . . as with the extreme and absolute nodes of our Gnostics, there is no longer a continuum between poles: if given the choice (or when faced with their own imminent demise) all will opt for compression, repression, and the solid state. They, after all, never were liberal or informal . . . they only pretended to be when it suited them. When push comes to shove, the elites close ranks. The ‘unpastured dragon’ will bring his phalanx of power to bear with total disregard for ‘The Mirrored Shield.’

(pause)

At this juncture it feels apt to address this question of how to ‘think together’ the two expressions ‘life’ and ‘reason’.” In fairness to those who are known for some sudden enlightenment or a purification through catharsis, I thank them for the diatonic scale and the gamut of an octave of seven notes. Note how quickly we reference quantitative and qualitative values the moment we gin to address knowledge. Although most of this is more aptly remembered whilst on the tack named for the laboured side of our vessel, we might broach the topic here.

The gamut of any notated scale is as a collection of degrees (in, for example, such fractional relations as fourths, twelfths, or even thirty-sixths). The word (gamut) is a *contraction* of gamma plus 'ut.' It is contracted as a function of the 'plus' between the letter representing a trinity of three, and the 'ut' representing **that which completes the absolute fullness of the range** (of an octave or any such equally stepped grouping). With regard to the spectrum, we also have a stepped collection, however not in the same degree as that of a diatonic octave. An attentive listener may point out that neither the oscillations of sound nor of light are stepped. That is the point, however there is always an audible or visible range (beyond which or below we cannot hear or see (yet may feel). These sectors may be thought of as arcane or hidden . . . these relate to 'ut.'

You would likely be aware that delta (the fourth letter) is the symbol for change . . . actually for a change of generations. In the next (or previous) generation there will be many more (or many fewer) steps . . . fewer if we are in a system that is degenerative. The scheme is really quite inspired, however it is also extremely familiar. As I am beginning to stray from my declarative mode (toward a more explanatory one), I want to keep this brief.

This reminds me of when I was putting shakes on the sheathing of my old friend Max's new extension: he kept asking me how much I was going to leave to weather. I responded that I did not yet know.

I had first to measure the full drop, and then down to the top of the window frames (and the door frame) on all sides. I had to find a fractional lap that would enable each 'run' to just touch all of the horizontal framing upon each side of the extension. As all windows and doors were not set evenly, this also required a bit of 'fudging' to get it as close as possible in all cases. It was a very interesting mathematical problem (and taught me a great deal about fractions, as well as about numbers).

All of my measurements were on the vertical; the horizontal was easy, as so long as the seem of the shake above was not aligned with that below, we were 'good' (as one could easily hatchet off whatever was required at either end of the run). Although I did not realize it at the time, this was very similar to the products of syllogisms.

As you are probably aware, syllogisms are at the core of reasoned thought. They also are much like numbers. Where we do not dispense with one syllable or the other (but 'think them together') we find that the twin co-efficient terms that enable a product are as a number . . . that is where one is thought of as running, and the other as climbing. I could have very accurately computed the quantity of shakes I would consume in 'shaking down' my friend's extension. How much I 'left to weather' would greatly impact upon the quantity of shakes I would need to complete the job. As it happened, I had just enough.

With respect to visible spectrums, how much is left to weather is always a fraction or how much is arcane and hidden, as the portion of each shake covered by that above (as one must start at the bot-

tom and work upward in stepped rows). This applies to all quantification (and even to the reeds of Pan's flute). The two co-efficient terms of a syllogism are as the co-ordinates of a number plotted upon a *mensa* or on a graph . . . and the product of such a syllogism is as the logarithm or that number (and, in this, all mathematicians would be in agreement). Quantification is an invention of organized instrumentation (and formal regulation). What we too easily forget, however, is that which is the cod, bag or basket that serves as the *quant* (or packet). It is the generational base that we used to represent with capital letters (and each generational *quant* was included in systems of numerals). The 'orchestra' of every civil entity was and is also a collection . . . and every orchestra is enabled by a collective capacity. The devices or instruments that had enabled the polis was as eggs in a nest: a nest of eggs that had been misappropriated.

Rather than simply taking all the eggs up in one's hands, someone took the nest as well (and used it as a container). Not long thereafter, someone (or more probably no one, a nomad) appended a handle. This, in a more historical context, is on the same topic as was addressed with respect to the Gnostic gamut . . . that of quantitative generations and their bases. The basis of quantification is also that of the syllogism and of the code (indeed, of all that is encoded).

As with stories, one can very quickly lead to another (and compound into many). What enabled the collective potential were the tools of spinning, twinning, and weaving. It is difficult to overstate the significance of all that is textual and textile (or that of the idea that some early 'nobody' might have

been so consequential. Our most determinant discoveries had to do with our capacity to fashion containers (baskets, pots or sacks) in which many could be carried and transported as one. If we could thatch the nest, we could also dispatch many eggs in one basket: not only did this permit the serving of communal meals (rather than eating morsels whilst foraging), it also enabled the idea of quantification.

Whereas the muses are integral, the Fates are Unitarian. [By the way, all use of the ‘upper case,’ or capitalization, is applicable only when the reference is to formal and universal particularization.] Only in universal devices and applications are capital letters utilized. In Greek myth, they (the Fates) are the daughters of Zeus and Themis: the “Three Daughters of The Just Heavens.”

Every historical age is identified by its aegis (that is, by the *devise* that is possessed by the sponsor, and serves to both enable the power required for some purposeful activity, and for protection as a guardian). For Trojans, it was the Palladium, and the Roman aegis was the Ancile. Although we do not have a clear sense of what the Palladium looked like, we can be confident of the appearance of an Ancile (as there were twelve exact copies made).

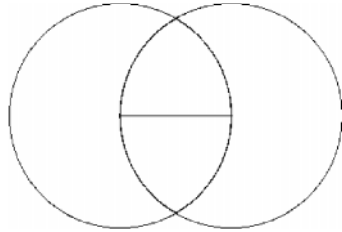


A device was originally something that goes around or about, as the goatskin capes that Libyan women once wrapped themselves in. These are all *symbolic* (yet powerful) references to the creative code. Rulers and noble folk wore them, and many were personalized, depending upon one's personal character (in much the same fashion as totems are associative with animals). So also are the gods of the pantheon associated with their devices and their aegis.

Our reference here is to a goatskin, and to the Cornucopia or horn of plenty (of *copia*, or copying). The code of creativity is art in the first or prime instance; all subsequent copied application is iterative (and all that may follow are expressive of reiteration of copious extension and multiplication). The iteration, the pronunciation of a Name, the *Nomos* or nomination of name and of law, sets the system. In reiteration, the name (and, likely, the law) is not the same: all devices (and all aegis) are nominated distinctly in accord with their generations). The organic system (its corpulent aspect and its symbolic), however, remains from one to the next or the former.

The sinister hand is the hand that is offered, and the dexterous hand is that which accepts the offer. It is the accepting hand that is subjected in unitary and economic systems of productive exchanges or transactions. The two clasped hands of agreement (that objected, and that subjected) are united in an organic and compounding transaction that binds as one. As both parties stand face to face, however, each sees the dexterous hand of his opposite as sinister (and *vice versa*). This 'one' that they are in the

wake of sealing the transaction is not, however singular: it is as two linked monads joined as a dyad (and gets ‘caught up’ in a ‘chain of being’ that is as a genetic double helix).



This (above) is as a dyad of the first degree (of the creative iteration) . . . that of the first city. In subsequent reiteration, the extent to which each is lapped diminishes, and it does so in a consistent relativity with that before and after. This relativity is logarithmic. An integral dyad, however, is as a vessel with a hull that has magnitude (and a hold, that may hold a multitude): a dyad is as an arsis and a thesis.



Every transaction brings us to another generation and, in effect, to a ‘higher’ base. Can you begin to imagine the generative and consumptive ‘power’ of a ‘shakedown’ wherein we witness hundreds of thousands of transactions in each millisecond? Neither can I . . . it is as the quantitative base associated with grains of sand, specks of dust, or webs of fractals in a chaotic flipping of switches (or even of houses). The velocity at this juncture is such that there is very little temporal space between economic and technological (or even simply logical) generations: yet that of geological, and many biological generations, remain unchanged. I am

wondering just how much of ‘*ut*’ could be left unexposed (*and just what might be left when we finally achieve our utmost potential*) . . . in complete exhaustion we would look up upon pancreatic skies to see naught but cobwebs (but then, this is but theactrics).

Such being as is orchestrated and Unitarian is extensive, however each generation is also intensive. These systems are organic: they are bound together as were the reeds of Pan’s flute. When we speak of religion, we are speaking with respect to these bindings (and to the nodes or the knots at each juncture). In particular (and in particularity), all religion perceives the ligatures as either too slack or too constrictive. *Religion seeks to restore the ligatures, essential bounds and boundaries (and the appropriate spacing of the order of organic reeds or pipes of ascending and descending magnitude). It seeks to reorder them so that they might better resonate.* **This is why religion and civility have always been joined in civil history.**

Religion is not all that distinct from politics, as there are those who feel that the bindings are too tight (and that the systems requires more slack), or that they are not sufficiently constrictive (and that they should be tightened up), and that the slack should be reduced or eliminated. The former tend to be formal conservationists or Tories that turn as spiraled towers, and the latter tend to be informal liberals who insist that the turbines and turbans are wound too tightly: both, however, are polemic (given to express themselves in rhetoric, and turn together in spiraled chains or cadenzas).

These transactions serve to transform both hands in mutual exchanges. The dexterous hand of the caller and seller exchanges a portion of self for a portion of the sinister hand and self, *and the product of this transaction and transformation is a subjective and objective 'One' that is unitary (and wholly unlike the integral and just 'ones' that were initially clasped and shaken together).*

Prior to their conjugation each integral hand was as a solitary instrument (as a playful instrument, as a person, that played their memorable solos of songs and of dance). Every solitary instrument is self-sufficient and individual, however the songs that they sing and dance are not sung or danced in unison___ they (each gender, as the integers of an integrity) play and dance with themselves. The perception may appear selfish, however these musical members always play together as a soul: ***they do not transact purposefully*** . . . they interact in non-productive (and non-destructive) harmony, and they relieve each other from one watch to another (and in each trick, *the active gender changes*).

They would shake (or be stricken) in pairs of twos and tricks of eight per watch, such that whilst the one *member* be active, the reciprocal member be quiet and still. As an integral syllable, in each watch the feminine member took her turn (whilst the masculine member rested). In relief, the rested member would awake and standby before taking over the con and the floor from the feminine member (who now retires and rests, and assumes the role of the masked, and now passive, gender).

With the clasping and shaking of all hands on deck, the crew ceases to be on watch (the ship remains, however now the 'ship of state' keeps one 'eye' out, whilst the other 'eye' sounds the depths). For her ex-crew members, however, she (the integral vessel) is never forgotten: her name was and remains *beatrice*, or '*trixy*' for short (she who makes happy).

The significance of a simple system is that of a solitary system that strikes together as one . . . as a laboured member and an outbound or starboard member. This is a single and solitary system, that is neither organic or unitary: a naval system that lacked all objective and subjective intent. The sonic effect is such that we might call echoic or reverberating, in that it retains a timbre . . . as the sound of a hornpipe (or of a human voice that is pitched and timbered). Such a voice may not have perfect or extremely accurate pitch, however is always a sound to behold.

Each of these integral members is as the mirror image of his or her off-sider (however, as the twins are symmetrical, were it not for the one being somewhat swollen and the other somewhat depressed, they would be identical). In the same manner that formal 'speaks' to a condition that is 'drawn' from forms and assumptions, integral 'speaks' to a Unitarian condition that is not yet organized. We look upon this naught as an oval, but look again. This 'ark' is as the noumenon of Kantian philosophy.

Whilst it may appear that there is but one member, there are a pair to the instrument (and there is another pair (of articles) that drive the portions of the instrument together and also hold them together

whilst apart). That third pair serves as a keel: the member that ‘stands’ between the twins is the member that remembers, and that feels (and times) the temporal strikes that are struck two to the hour and eight to a watch.

Although these cymbals and their holder are simple, they be neither stupid (still or static) or ignorant (as they do not ignore or dispense). A *kena*, a fife or pennywhistle, a castanet, and a hornpipe be simple instruments. Compounded and completed instruments and *all productive plants* are organic.

When more than two act together we have compound systems: more complicated systems tied or bundled together with ligatures, or repeatedly folded or complicated, and made-up of *component parts*. Such entities, are not self-governing (and timing is set in accord with a metric signature . . . and relative to a tempo that is as inconstant as the waving of the conductor’s baton). The active beats and the beats that are entirely or partially inactive (or the rest that are at rest) make it very difficult to time the top or the bottom of each beat (or the turning points of each generational age of a system that is *not* beatific).

Were my friend to ask me the same question at this point in my story, I would reply with a question to him: “how many shakes do you have or can you afford?”.

After all, all timing now depends upon the conductor (and what the conductor seeks or sees as the ideal). Our conductors and their ruling batons seek to represent what they interpret as regards the intent

of The Author. So it is with regard to religion: the King or Lord is as the conductor, whilst the god of all sedentary and organic cultures comes to be 'seen' as **the essential author** (and the only 'true' authority).

A sistrum is an ancient Egyptian instrument that suspends many pairs of symbols, and resembles a tambourine: when struck, multiple pairs of discs are sounded together as one (in **unison**).



(hieroglyph of a sistrum)

The simplest of instruments be those played by an audience to indicate approval or disapproval: of striking hands (of applause) or by oral hissing. The production of either is monosyllabic and echoic in character.

Bands are not formally fixed in a centralized location (as knots or nodes of protuberance, as are characteristic of cities): they are bound by social associations, however not to a specific place. Because nomads and nomadic peoples are wanderers, their investments and dependencies are few (and their possessions, and sense of private onus and privilege are minimal).

City people have tended to look down upon nomads as non-people (as moderns would see persons who are not citizens of any state or nation). They were thought to lack culture and language, and spoke only in nominal tongues of nomenclature. The speech of such persons were as that of nautical rovers: their speech lacked the formal constrictions of

grammar, syntax and synthesis (being far more focused upon the significance of names, and the nomination of both individuals and of families, than is the case with the speech of city folk). Cities were and are possessed realms, and their citizens, historically, were exclusively those males who possessed property.

Only citizens could take vows and vote (were votive), and this excluded all who did not own (their own) mini and municipal estates (all females, foreign aliens, slaves, and others who did not possess a real estate or a realm of their own were not enfranchised, and were not counted as citizens). This, at least, supplies us with a sense of what was thought real (or relative to realms) in the formal sense of civics. It also serves to clarify why females and others without franchise tended to be more intuitive. At this nodal and knotty point of juncture, it would appear appropriate to remind ourselves of politics and polarity.

Urbanity – all that is urban – is expressive of the polis or city. The systems of urbanity are orchestrated, directed, and sponsored, and the pragmatic objective of these orchestrated and instrumental systems (of the machine and its governance) is the productive processing of potential into power and wealth. The span between process and product (as with a syllogism and its product) is a generation (and a quantum leap).

Polarity, in formal systems, is encountered in the formal process (and transformed in the productive end of each productive process). The productive and *turbulent* tension that drives orchestrated and Uni-

tarian relations is that between the *pol* or head, and the code: that is, that within the cod or quant of the specific generation relative to the quota and that which is quoted) or that causes the head to bob in approving nods (or, conversely, upon the complementary plane, in disapproving and alternate reciprocation upon the lateral or horizontal axis). As indicated earlier, these expressions of affirmation and negation are *current* interpretations with regard to the timing of generational waves or of tides.

Their range is seen as pillars of amplitude within the terms of a zenith and a nadir (and measured as latitude upon a directional axis that is down and up, but thought of as south and north) — or, we look at their frequency in terms of the lateral and distant spans between knots or nodes (the pillars) in lateral terms (measured in the modular distance between terminal extremes with respect to the horizontal distance between peaks or between troughs, that acknowledge neither ‘pillar nor post’). The magnitude (and, thereby, also the multitude within each generation) is reckoned with respect to degrees that ‘speak’ to both axes (as co-efficient numbers), and in generational sets that relate to both range and frequency. As with the product of a syllogism, the product of organic transactions are as the logarithm of the co-ordinate terms (of the number) agreed upon (and sealed with the shaking of hands).

When we move our heads in reciprocating nods, we gesture a cognitive fit that is good with regard to moments of arc and the pillars that support each of them (and render each arc discrete). When we nod we are gesturing ‘now’ (with regard to the timing of temporal tides that flow within a vertical range).

What we ‘say’ with this nod is that *now* is the top or the bottom of each beat or cycle (be they ‘bearish’ or ‘bully’). Some of these rallies have ‘legs’ and others are given to hop upon but one.

When thinking within our symbolic schemes, we do not recognize each beatific stance . . . as the schemes are predicated upon instant assumptions and their evenings. When we move our heads in reciprocating moments upon the horizontal, we are not negating: we are simply indicating that it is not yet time (as the beatific moment, is yet in session).

These motions indicate what is thought appropriate (especially to the moment, but also with regard to fitting relationships between spatial portions), such indications are not mimicked or mimed: neither are they signals. Although similar, when a hand is ‘held up’ and struck down (as at an auction, or as a finger at a black-jack table) the *signal* is encoded, and is no longer cognitive.

Signals serve to communicate and commit. Signs – in fact, all signatures – are legal and binding. The acceptance of an agreement to transact in accord with the terms of that agreement is serious and pensive . . . as well as one that may be noted and known. What we encounter in waves is an overlay of integral tides and significant currents (that are not beatific, but constant, instant and meandering).

This confluence between meandering currents and thoroughly predictable tides is of interest to me . . . particularly so, as this is what brought about my initial ‘bewareness’ (upon that most memorable mourning in the Gulf of Panama). This is the essen-

tial *and* generic ‘stuff’ of serendipity (and what, to me, **makes all the difference**). This I cannot explain, or teach (as this ‘bewareness’ of the essential being of *esse* (and Essene essays) is infused with the more primal and enduring being of the musical beats of beatific *eiani* – must be cognitively intuited in the company of reason): this cannot be specifically or particularly known, and (I feel) *is best left unknown*. To know this would be quite like knowing Winkin, Blinkin, and Nod. It is sufficient to beware that serendipity *is and art*.

The plane of Winkin and Blinkin is the horizontal, and their reference is the arc or the horizon. That of Nod is the axial plane of that named for Winkin and Blinkin. The vertical plane is that of the axial ‘trunk’ of turning (the turning of Winkin and Blinkin) . . . and is named for their turning. There are not two ‘kinds’ of turning: tides do not turn (they *alternate*, as do the changing of watches (and there is always a pause as they reach each of their reciprocal *periods* wherein the watches change). There is no exchange in the changing of tides, and an incoming tide does not change when it reaches the fullest extent of its range . . . it hesitates, and then reciprocates.

The ‘machine’ that we attempt to *understand* is thought of as coaxial: there is, however, but one axe (and, whilst the machine is not coaxial, our personal and dynamic being is conductive, confluent, and confounded). We find the arched spans of one gender as a momentary diode or dyad . . . and the reciprocating axis of Nod is as a monad that alternately attracts or repels each momentary span in its trick that is not a turn. We can understand an ‘en-

gine' that is rotary, or one that is reciprocating, however we cannot understand a comprehensive engine that, *concurrently*, is both. This must be comprehended (however this I cannot do for others, I may simply declare that which has been comprehended in the confluence of my errant voyaging).

The religion of metropolis is pantheistic and pancreatic. The ideal, pure and perfect realm (its rules as well as its caliper and ruler) is popular, yet necessarily both exclusive and impersonal. As earlier declared (with regard to purification and cleanliness), the generational and successful terms of the progressive production (that of graduated perfection and purification) eventually achieves its own end.

In the course of repeated spans of process and product, the machine comes to suffer as a pancreas suffers. The orchestrated 'whole' is eventually consumed by its repeated successes and successions. Pantheistic divinity, organized religion, is as an orchestra divided with respect to sections characterized by strings, by reeds, by horns, and by percussion (all of which are monopolized, and *homogenized*, as one . . . as one unit). They are also produced and directed by a 'one' that is thought of as a monistic unit or monad. This 'one' is thought ever-changing, and yet omnipresent (and omnipotent). This is understandable: this, and all that is thought universal is as an orchestra and as a machine . . . as a productive plant.

Every polis enjoys a period of florescent growth and fruitfulness: this is followed by a moment of hiatus, at the conclusion of which it starts a period of its own degeneration. This we know: we know the ma-

chine (and almost every particular and funicular part of the eventful, eventual, and evident inevitability of its demise). It is *because* we know this universal machine, its functioning and its generational spans (and are *convinced* that this is *factually* all there is), that we see all as inevitable, and all in polar constructs of relativity.

“All” is seen as one . . . as a cardinal and universal one that is as the beginning and the end. We can understand all that is orchestrated, and relative to the whale that is known as orka. This is not the ‘one’ of solitude and of nomadic tribes . . . and nor is this ‘One’ the one of persons (the one that cannot be seen, and should not be seen as all or nothing at all). The singular god – the god of fidelity and confidence is not Pan. I fully believe in god, however am not religious.

The god that I neither worship nor venerate (and yet feel fully beholding to) is as a ship un-named and able to navigate upon seas as well as deserts, and within all the currents and tides that are beyond and below the surface. This god is also one god, however is personal . . . general and generic (and remembered as both masculine and feminine). This god, the integral and articulated god, is the god of belief and of being (of all that art). Perhaps now we can speak to this thinking together of reason and life.

Chaos and cosmos are absolutes . . . and what we experience as witnessed in life is witnessed absolutely as theatrics. *What is lived is the character that we were cast in.* If we comprehend, or are sufficiently sage not to give up the playfulness of our

youth, our lives are lived as serendipitous and happy adventures that are neither seriously undertaken, nor extensively planned. The body also has a life, and some would hold that it is as the temple of the soul. Well, perhaps . . . however it is, the body is no more sacred than the mind that is of the soul . . . further, it is the mind that transcends and that is integral (whereas, the body returns in *decomposition* to nourish the ground or the sea).

I would not attempt to value either, and do not hold either as such that might be venerated (or venerable, able to be venerated). This is not, however, to say that I would not bow to the divas, or speak without regard of the deity or of the lords and ladies of formal rank. What I would not do is beg of them or cower before them.

Reason is the mode of the theater, and physical life is lived in the contextual web of the character we were marked as in that acidic amalgam we refer to as deoxyribonucleic.

Panic and pandemonium is perceived as a consequence of the inevitable breakdown of the urbane political process. When the politics and governance of a polity begins to breakdown from within, the response is a crackdown directed at ‘troublesome’ elements, and undertaken by the ‘arms’ of the law (or of the name, the *nomos*). The police are seen as a part of, or as an organ of, the state or city . . . as the enforcing arm of the civic unity, however they (in effect) are an expression of the polis itself.

Organic systems develop their own increasingly complicated dynamic. Complication refers to the

quantity and degree of folds (and this increases exponentially as their flocks increase). Competition also increases within the organic state, as well as between newly contracted and more agreeable organic sites and cities (that are often imitative of, and mimic those of an earlier generation, although each may differ in objective). So also does the potential for conflict increase both within and between cities. This produces a new complication, however one that is not productive: the need for polemic police, and for a military capacity.

The question (asked by the rogue, or he who ro-gates, who questions in interrogation) becomes how to appropriately name the guardian or sponsor of each successive generation. The power associated with The Name, the Name that we call sacred, is historically – in a word – sanguine (and associated with a lineage). The association is between realms, generational lords, reality, royalty and divinity. This soon becomes very confused and confusing. Recall, there is an association between those partnered through the shaking of hands, and a sponsor. This association is legal, and a matter of *nomos* (of law and of name).

This is the role of government: to direct, regulate, and control all those party to such an organized system of compacted and increased potential, as well as of increased dissipation (or of depleted resources) and a reduced potential that is less compact. What I would emphasize here is the notion of divinity and a divine sponsor. I would also emphasize that the notion is applicable only to organic and Unitarian systems. These systems are sacred because they necessitate sacrifice: the *even-*

tual sacrifice of all that contains. We, however, do not beware . . . we do not think we sacrifice as we dispense of all the boxing and wrapping (or the hull or shells of all that is contained), until we suddenly realize that we have lost our continence (as well as our confidence, in disbelief).

I accept such gods (although I neither worship them nor believe in them) I be, we be, and the orchestra be. What we are beheld by is not so much the sponsor (to whom, we, presumably, are indebted to for allowing the production, and providing the capitol to fund it): we are beheld by the ‘basket’ — or by that which insulates and contains (The Theater: The Globe). Although not one given to exclamation, I cannot but exclaim: “Ahh: but what an exquisite Theater we perform within)!

Understand; this is not stated preferentially. Preferences are appropriate to applications (and all that is applied is in response to a potential intent with purpose). My intent is singular, and without purpose: the intent of this effort has been (and remains) to enable comprehension. What I seek (and what I seek to share) is but a comprehension that would enable our return . . . but not to some prior time or age. This effort has not been solemn in intent or in its process: the process has been serendipitous and unplanned . . . and it has been (and continues to be) enjoyable. My wish is to return to our common ancestral home (that of the *prime* cod, case or basket).

Serendipity is as the confluence of the currents and tidal streams that enabled *Intuition* to ride that tidal wave into the Bay of Panama: it be both the serenity of acceptance of momentary turning, and of the

‘dipitous’ and reciprocating strophes of ‘ups’ and ‘downs.’ Whilst following our objective plans and plots (and discarding the wrappings of every present) we do not, we cannot, comprehend the true ‘magic’ of happenstance (or serendipity). It is not until we find ourselves near the bitter end of a thread cut by Atropos that we begin to behold in a humility of humorous laughter and tears of deliverance.

Buddhists do not capitalize proper names, the prime word of each sentence, or any letter (and I comprehend why). All that is capital and Unitarian is relevant to organs and organization. Whilst I am an organism, and living within an organized culture, I do capitalize such letters as are legally appropriate. As a solitary person, however, am not an organism: but rather a nomadic soul (and I neither capitalize words, nor particularize names as proper nouns).

We all can trace our lineage back to the prime basket (and the family within it). This basket was (and shall once again **be**) integral.

Some of you may question why I bother: why I would expend such effort and time as is necessitated in order to enable this potential to be shared. I have asked myself that same question. It is the process that enables: the potential that might be enabled is not exclusive, and I could never have come to comprehend were it not for my many (*and often errant*) attempts at sharing. I learned from each, but finally I realized that this that I attempted to share was not private (and not mine as a citizen or as a people). Although the author and artist of this that I hope might become the vehicle of sharing, what I at-

tempted to comprehend *and* to share was neither private nor privileged (and, had I not sought to share, I could never have gotten as far as I have in this voyage).

This is where I am ‘coming from:’ this is also where all of us came from (and must one day return). This statement is unqualified: no one or nobody be asked to respond (it is offered without request). Although I generally try to respond to what is asked of me, and what I ask of myself, all of this – the entire adventure and voyage – has not been in response to some request or some expectation (of others, or of myself).

What I have done, I was compelled to do (that’s all there is to it). I really had no choice in the matter (however I did have a choice with respect to how I might temper the apparent *requirements* of what the compulsion demanded, along with those of social and emotional commitments). As things happened, the latter commitments diminished (and the portion of my compulsive effort was reciprocally reduced). What I want to talk about next in this session has mostly to do with apportionment, the idea, and the ideational.

Organic potential (as in the Greek myth of Cyclops) is enabled by a warder or warden (whilst all those who are captivated by his offerings, and all those who are his wards, look up to and worship their sponsor, *as well as his objective*). This is an organic and orchestrated civil system. We, as subjected wards, are the productive members of the state and its age, however our warden, sponsor or benefactor is the greatest factor and apparent benefactor.

The ‘cave’ wherein the flock of every Cyclops sleeps is as a conductive tube with but one opening that is gated. By day the flock is conducted out to pasture amid the fields, and every evening they are conducted back to the ‘barn’ (as the tube is ‘armed’ and loaded). The metaphor is that of armaments, of legions of soldiers tied and formed together, and of legions tied together as armies . . . and of their armories. As members of such organizations, we have personal memories (but must act through the organizational arms of the corporate and organic armory of the cave).

Over time, there develops an increased velocity (as more and more members are added to the quantity of ‘bucks’ and ‘does’ that must pass through the muzzle (blocked at night, but opened each morning). With development, the velocity of loading and discharging increases: this requires (begs or asks for) increasing specialization. This request for specialization also requires: it requires greater differentiation (of roles and of skills).

Inevitably, each ‘hand’ – as each sex or each ‘son’ – comes to ‘see’ itself as apart from, rather than in a relationship with, its alternate member. Both factions then organize (become organic). They do this independently, and enter into competition with their sibling. When this happens *both* genders (as well as both sexes) start to bifurcate: they split into factions (and each is but a fraction . . . *not* of the organic whole, *but of one generic aspect or ‘hand,’ or of one finger of a hand*). History, at this juncture, comes to be seen as a tool or as a weapon to be used by one ‘side’ or the alternate in a competitive combat that serves only to further *particularize* the generic whole.

In looking ‘back’ (or down upon our mice in a maze) we begin to comprehend history (its rhythm, as well as its particularizing *and* unifying tensions). History also came to be both particular and general, however genuine history is not a tool or a device to be used: *history is as a means by which to comprehend the maze* . . . a means by which to remember the *integrity* of the dynamic (and the huge significance of *comprehending* what it means to be a person.

What is ‘toric’ or ‘tornadic’ about history is characteristic of civil ages and the aegis of each: every device is also devious (and history helps us to *comprehend* this). The question at hand has to do with whether or not civil cycles are applicable to natural systems that evolve and devolve.

Natural systems are also organic, however not all biological systems are natural (relative to birth). All comprehension has to do with what is begotten and what is forgotten (or with *what is ignored*). It would seem that the more we get to know through pensive evaluation, the more we ignore (and this is the basic sense of ignorance). The surest sign of ignorance, the surest marker of the ignorant, is a failure to listen.

Where a people become convicted, they do not become such as a function of some substantiated accusation and trial: they are convicted by their own judgments (and *are* convinced that they know better or, as Gnostics, that they know all). When so convinced, they cease to listen (and see only their own optimal and optimized visions and interpretations).

Although it may appear that such people are short-sighted or myopic, what convinces them is their dependence upon optical and optimal focus. We in the audience (named for listeners) become fixed upon the scene and the scenery: we optically and optimally judge all that is tasted, smelt, felt, and heard (in the same manner as is expressed in optical visionary focus). Wisdom and wizardry is exclusively focused and visual: it implies and requires a capacity to foresee. All prediction is apprehensive (and I have no desire to know the ‘future’ that is mine or that which is ours); indeed, I seek to avoid all that is pretended and based in pretense.

In all applications, our pragmatic and dogmatic ignoramus dismisses all the roots (and ‘sees’ only the branches in a panorama), or, paradoxically, he ‘sees’ only the branches (in a circumstance). Further, his preferences (those of the wizard, or the enlightened visionary, along with his applications, relative to all that is sensed) come to be optimized *and polarized*.

In experience all that we see *and* sense is seen through the lenses of the code: what we ‘see’ becomes very much a function of what we are looking for, or what we are wanting for. As with other kinds of experiential information (and experiments), we tend to see and hear – to accept – only the information that ‘suits’ us at a particular moment.

Every civil organism is dependent upon the maintenance of ‘good’ faith, and so also is every ideology and every civil transaction. Where or when this faith breaks down (or is unfairly abused), the city is in trouble.

There remains a contractual agreement between all members within the flock of citizens, as there does between the sponsors or patrons and their wards. So long as the system remains mutually beneficial (or the appearance of benefit or dependence remains), the flocks (and those of the bifurcated tributaries of the city) will remain satisfied. In times of stress, combat, or dysfunction, civil authorities will draw upon the assumption of good faith (and the optimism of its citizens) and ask of self-sacrifice.

This ‘self’ ideally signifies each and every person that resides within the city, as well as all peripheral and tributary suburbs; in *practice*, however practically all citizens (the elite who govern and police) sacrifice less than those without privilege.

Where civil law and natural law are seen as complementary, so also are the mutual and complementary organs of the polis (or the corporate body as a *unified* whole) seen as complements. Historically, the organs of faith and religion work hand-in-hand with those of earthly, mundane and secular administration and regulation. Every city or every state has its credos and creeds that relate to some higher authority (whether spiritual or philosophical in nature). No state has ever attempted to rule through conviction alone: even orthodox states of repression depend upon faith . . . if only in the faith associated with the collective rewards of hard work . . . or only in the truth of pensive reason. The effective ‘religion’ of modern states is that of science and technology.

All of this is associated with our carving in relief, with respiration, and with our craving to comprehend life (and what 'it' is to truly be, behold, and believe).

I have a problem with revelations: with all exposure and its experience; my preference is for composure. Exposure and experiential constructs tend to assume an exclusivity that disables composure and comprehension. This composition is not intended to reveal anything (to expose or to shed light upon some or any thing). Light – I submit – *is consequential*; light is the first article, item, or thing . . . *verdinglicht* (the light thing). Light is the consequence of a 'jump' across a gap, and the gap is as vital as is the Sabbath (or the need to compensate for successive laps).

This is not to say that I find anything 'wrong' with light, or take issue with the Biblical characterization of the 'first' appearance of the light as 'good.' Every dawn is fitting and good (in a cognitive, not pensive, sense). What I will say is that what fits or is fitting in one application is not always fitting in others (and what is 'good' in the Biblical sense, is what is fitting). This cognitive sense of 'fitness' is associative with the central 'pole' of a solenoid, and especially with the timing of its strokes. What I see as errant (at best) is our conviction that "if daylight is good, then darkness and night is bad." This is why Pindar called us 'creatures of a day' (and asked us what we are and what we were not). What I find troublesome about this is the *pensive* implication that if light is good, then more light is better (and, paradoxically, the absence of light is 'bad' in the extreme).

I tend to avoid intense light (as well as the lime-light), yet look forward to the dawn as much as I do to the approach of darkness and evening. Where did we get this correlation between ‘the forces’ and relativities of light and dark, of white and of black (or ‘the dark side)? It would seem ludicrous that we might ever come to equate light with goodness and white (or black) with purity, or to see the two in conflict (however, I suspect, no more ludicrous than seeing the genders in opposition, and equating the feminine with evil).

This is insane: art un-healthy. As for where this insanity came from, it comes from our seeing in monadic couples of exclusion (and the consequent need to throw one asunder). Even if we cannot ‘see’ the folly of these equations, we can see the effect of their conflicts in particularized examples of great loss and suffering . . . our response is to blame the effect upon either religious belief, or upon civil convictions. What is really an outrage is to see belief and conviction in a similar relativity with darkness and lightness.

The *Mythos* is as essential as The *Logos*, as it provides a vital ‘hint’ – a mere zephyr or iota that once primed the system (and keeps the show from entropy). The ‘hint of mint’ is our assurance that the system (that the dynamic) will not cease to be . . . *as a result of reaching absolute purity* (of reaching a static and singular state of solidarity, as well as of a flowing, and equally singular, plural state of alternating between a ‘pure’ cosmos *and* an equally unadulterated chaos).

At an early point in civil history we came to look upon the idea of chaos and cosmos in the exclusive light of classification. The dynamic, the dynamo, is *composite* and confluent: the dynamic ‘engine’ is neither fractional nor exclusive. The system is, however, productive (and has the potential to function pragmatically or purposefully). When such potential is ‘seen,’ the desire arises to ‘make use’ of ‘it’ (the system is thought of as a *thing* . . . as the light thing).

This is a choice that all civilizations have faced: not all of them have opted in favor of the ‘*verdinglicht*’ . . . Aboriginal Australian cultures have sustained themselves for some three hundred thousand years. They opted not to optimize bounty, and not to establish sedentary cities that would require administration and the assumption of directive controls. In choosing the option they did, they opted to retain comprehension (and to behold the natural world they are integral with). The option that they did not opt for is that of exclusive, visual and material wisdom (of pensive knowledge, whether expressed as Gnosticism *or* as agnosticism).

The dynamic must be comprehended. You might think of an electrical generator or dynamo: there is a field and a core. There must be relative movement between the two aspects (as a moving rotor and a static stator). The two are *interdependent*, and together they interact in a relationship — that is, the system is navicular (in the sense that one aspect, the core, is held whilst the other does the holding (constrains or contains). The product of this system is as the ‘end’ (whilst the interaction between the members is as the ‘means’). The product flows as a

current or a fountain flows, and it flows from the dynamo. All of this happens and eventuates naturally . . . mana appears naturally as fruit of the largely organic system we call natural.

What is so very different between the ‘options’ has to do with the extent to which the natural system has remained integral and *inorganic* — ‘nature’ is neither fully integral nor exclusively universal. The machine may be seen as an alternator or as a generator, however the *engine* be both rotary and reciprocating (both natural and supernatural). The worlds of cultures that have opted for practicality and pragmatism are increasingly Unitarian (in their ‘nature’), and this has had a corrosive effect upon all that has come to be thought of as natural and environmental. Our environment is not the same as our environs: the environment is what we mentally read or perceive of our surroundings.

In the inverse (wherein the current flows into the dynamo), we ‘see’ a very different ‘picture’ (as the current now serves *to motivate the system*): the ‘roles’ of both members are exchanged: what had been the stator now rotates, and what had been the rotor now becomes the outer field. The transaction (of the system) is analogous with our example of two joined and shaking hands. On the one hand we have a buyer, and on the other a seller: the exchange between them is one of *currency*, however the bargain is struck before the currency is exchanged. There must be an exchange after the ‘deal’ is sealed as a promise. It is because we see all in universal visions (as a motor, or as a generator) that we cannot comprehend: we ‘see’ the current either flowing into the motor, or we see the current flowing out of

the generator (not unlike the vision of flocks passing out of or into the cave of Cyclops).

There is a great difference between the wizardry of the wise and the sagacity of the sage: it, however, is only wisdom that is obligingly significant (whilst sagacity is olfactory and satisfactory). Wise men are visionaries, and sages are as hounds with a 'good' nose. It is sagacity and smell that are associated with all that is oracle and historical. The message of all who consult 'the mouth' that speaks not, is one of consultation with ones self . . . with your soul or your genie.

Of course, I am not saying this seriously (as a matter of fact) . . . simply as a matter of sensible interest. Our most difficult dilemmas are always clarified through listening to both the sound and to the sense of what we ourselves feel and sense. To discover that each of us have that capacity, is to incite our sage selves. There is also a difference between gestures and signs. We too often come to routinely read only signals or signs, while dismissing all that is directly comprehensible, and not in need of reading (as all that is encoded as signs must be).

We learn a great deal through simple observation and mimicking. Humans are not alone in our capacity to mimic, however very few of us are aware of how much of our lives are lived by rout. Now here is an interesting word. The mythical rout of Troy by Peloponnesians is a classic case of a cultural routine becoming the city's Achilles heel.

Robert Frost's poem that goes on about the a path that splits in two is also relevant here, as paths are beaten, and the route less beaten is always that less traveled. The more traveled gets beaten (and beaten down in ruts), whilst that less traveled is not so soon routed. Cultures get into their routines, and are quite dependable with regard to staying upon a single track or path: this is quite more deep seated than we may suspect. Troy, under the protection of the Palladium, felt quite secure (and also quite more civil than those dark-eyed islanders to their west). In observing the routines of Trojans, the 'dark-eyes' noted that Trojans consistently valued place and facial qualities over those of depth (and area, to the neglect of space). Peloponnesian Greeks possessed a better appraisal of depth and space, however did not neglect place (and all that is superficial). It is this awareness that is 'behind' the myth of the Trojan Horse (that, in myth, was Trojan only inasmuch as, after defeat, the Greeks built and gifted it to Troy (as a token of their sporting nature in defeat). Having no regard for space, they never suspected that the horse could contain a void sufficiently large to contain a force that might rout them (and brought their newly acquired gift within the wall of their capital). You can get the sense of the myth. Those who do not routinely take the well beaten path, as well as pathfinders, are critical to the civil condition.

We are now about to toss, so that the wind will be coming at us from the other side. As it had been blowing in from the side that we lay up upon a wharf when in port. after tossing the wind will come upon us from the side that would be out-board. Our route is greatly influenced by wind and current.

Each and all of us have the potential to generate and to motivate, however when we fail to comprehend our own integrity (as persons) – when we cannot see our own integral and composite nature, as a product of both our parents and of both sexes – we see our selves as dependent monads (and exclusively as people). Comprehending persons (and nomads) can also be ‘good’ citizens . . . people. The two are not mutually exclusive, however it is only the sage city that maintains regard for those counted amongst their number that are not characterized by the deportment associated with civil ideals (or play the games of Olympian and civil organization). Remember, until very recently citizens included only a small and elite minority of metropolitan residents. Although excluded from positions of votive wishing and swearing, un-franchised persons resident in any city are at least of equal importance to the functioning of a metropolis as are enfranchised citizens: no city or state could long exist without these unincorporated *persons*.

For myself, I do not want to know where all this is leading. I prefer innocence to knowledge: the ‘no-cence’ of innocence is a clear reference to gnosis, and innocence is a condition of not knowing. I have always preferred to be surprised as the play unfolds (and content to play my character as best I can). Miracles are but surprises that bring a smile (and my very best surprise would be to see the continent smile of Mona Lisa broaden sufficiently to make her eyes twinkle (as the surly did in her youth).

Please stand-by as we come about, and pass through the eye of the wind.

(LARBOARD TACK)
PARENT ARSIS

In the reality we envision as life we can wink as a sly statement of what is thought shared in comprehension: a wink can also be read as a reference to some shared knowledge that others are not privy to. It is only in comprehension, however, that our eyes can twinkle with genuine playfulness. Blinking is something else: when we blink, we are signaling an indiscrete and indefinite period of alteration. These blinking indiscretions are ingenuous, but are not always undertaken with malicious intent (although they are always based in, or upon, deception). Whatever the intent, blinking always implies deception and a need to beware or to pay attention. I cannot imagine why anyone would want to keep a comprehension private, unless there is some selfish and pragmatic plan (the intent of which is to capitalize themselves, at the expense of others).

If our eyes are as windows to our souls, there is nothing as endearing, or as impossible to imitate, as the twinkling of an eye. Twinkling eyes sparkle, and are indicative of an integral happiness. Blinking eyes, however, are signals that indicate deception. Nodding simply declares, 'now is the time.'

When we speak of such that is genuine or generous, we are making reference to our genies (and our relationships with them): when ingenuous and blinking, we reference the relativities of a planned play that also possesses a plot. Winkin', Blinkin' and Nod are as a trinity wherein Nod is the odd one out.

Natural and unitary games are always serious, and they imply an objective that is associated with coming out ‘on top’ . . . winning in a progression that is thought of in the *terms* of a progressive ascent up the steps of a ladder (and against the force of gravity). Genuine play is not so dramatic, and there is a conspicuous lack of intent, objective, and competition. Although we came about into the eye of the wind, we will not be beating into it; we shall not attack it. Instead, we will be content to cruise with the wind on our beam (and without destination).

Well intended blinkers are typically convicted, and those of us who put great faith in the virtue of conviction will also tend to value their precious blinkers. These managers do not always deceive with the intent of taking advantage of others: the plots of these unhappy souls most often seek to drive others *along the straight path that their convictions point to . . .* in an evaluation that suggests that they know better . . . and that their intellect is more extensively developed, or less defective, than that of those whom they seek to deceive and manipulate. They think that they know better, and (in their well intended arrogance) they seek to save those of us who either walk some other path (a path that is not so definitely indefinite and intransient as that which they follow in their conviction), or have in some manner strayed from the straight and narrow vistas of blinkered vision. The most valuable ‘lessons’ of my experiential life have been learned as a function of my errors . . . of errant setbacks, or of missteps that have caused me to stumble (if not always to slide downwards).

In some games – and in some lives – (those most reasonably assessed) there is little tolerance for mistaken steps. In the contextual relations of syllogistic reasoning we are of the conviction that we cannot afford (or tolerate) a mistake or a misstep. In ‘pure’ reason, or in the reading of monographs, we assess with intolerance: should listeners or auditors detect even the slightest error, the entire ‘body’ is thought of as impure, and rejected. Well . . . if these are your preferred games, you take yourselves, your works, and your lives far too seriously. Most modern people do, and yet such thought is *never* perfect.

We all make and take mistakes and missteps, and (because we are so bloody reasonable) we try to cover them up. The great majority of blinking (and deceptive people – of conventional people) are unable to so much as admit that they have erred. I (as all of us) have made plenty of mistakes: although some of them have been regrettable, almost all have been highly instructive. Those of us whose eyes twinkle (and any person who so much as begins to comprehend) do not exclude all games that would appear less than pure in their objective (that of winning, or coming out on top). Persons with sparkling eyes have no need to deceive (and no desire to secret things away).

Some of these serious and convicted people have been my friends, as was the dear friend for whom I built the extension (the extension I sided with shakes). That friendship unraveled at the point wherein I realized that I was being artfully manipulated as a part of *his* plan. Max was a dear friend, but also a planner and a manager.

Max, like all serious purists, was exceedingly unhappy (and this was especially apparent near his end-time . . . at the time when he and I were closest. The intent of intellectual drivers and planners (who blink) is to put blinkers upon those whom they wish to motivate and direct (to drive across, over a distance that lacks all standing, and yet is understood). They fail to see, however, that they themselves are wearing blinders.

This is not unlike someone who puts blinders upon a horse: the intent is to force their steed to see only what is directly in front of them (or what appears eventual and inevitable, instead of what appears most fitting or appropriate to the time and situation).

In our conviction, we advocate for the straight and narrow as a function of the perceived inevitability that all conflicted people see in their conventional wisdom: those who are definitely indefinite see in terms of turnings . . . in terms that are undefined or indeterminate (and yet that are seen as inevitable). Such people cannot help but to work too hard at ‘playing’ their parts (those required by their characters): they forget that the lives each of us lead are neither indeterminate nor indiscrete: the ‘houses’ that we play to are not halls of convention – they are as theaters or casinos (little houses) that are for diversion and playing. We too easily forget how to play (and life is not a serious game . . . or, at least, should not come to be exclusively serious).

The sophisticated forget how to play, and lose their playfulness (as they are either blown before the wind, or fight against it in runs or in arrhythmic

beats of attack). The vent of convention is always that of an exclusive and indefinite expiration of wind that we think we know (as death). The same may be said of the convicted character of our species. As a person I can identify with these characters (yet I cannot be as they be).

I also can identify with broken horses that are forced to wear blinkers (and to likewise become broken and driven). In my 'bewareness' I comprehend that (in social and organic systems) it is very difficult to avoid influencing the lives of others. It is not nearly so difficult to avoid *intervening* in the lives of others, and yet many of us feel obliged to. Whenever we intervene in the life of another (even when such intervention has the effect of deferring the death of another), we must accept the great weight of responsibility that goes along with intervention. All convention and intervention has to do with currents of wind: with sectors and vectors exemplified by arrows of wind vanes, and the arrows of our intension. This is also relevant to the weight of our words and worlds, as well as to the manner in which we ware ship.

To attack the wind is to progress against it: progression is a step 'up' or forward, and aggression is characteristic of all stepping and ranking. This is not to say that all approaches are aggressive or aggravating: rather, this is to say that aggressive creatures stalk their prey in calculated and graduated steps (and pounce when the time is 'right').

When we wear the vessel around (as a cape or a gybe or jibe) we do not directly confront opposed forces (or invite confrontation), however neither are we being straight-forward.

There are times when we must make a stand and face a force that seeks to drive, break or deceive us. It is, however, the nature of the forces that they are ever-changing (and, to simply wait for change is often the more prudent option). There is no insult in preferring to avoid conflict (although this is the more feminine of the twin options, it is often the more sage). There are two ways to change tacks: either one faces the forces, or one backs around behind them. The latter is the way of the cat (that crouches and proceeds unseen in measured steps before pouncing at the apt moment). The way of the more serious dog (or of Sirius, the dog star) is to face the force of the wind directly. The former is the more feminine and aggressive, whilst the latter is the more masculine and direct.

Either way, the tack is changed and the wind blows over the opposite rail. With regard to intent there is little difference . . . what is different is the approach: that of the cat that falls upon its prey; and that of canines who confront their prey (more commonly in packs). It is difficult for modern people to comprehend how very central the wind has been *in the history of civilizations*. It would seem that only comprehending ourselves – our genuine selves – is more difficult.

In life – in conscious and physical life – we may either experience these productions as serious witnesses, or we may enjoy them as playful diversions. We have conception, and we have deception: two words so very similar (and yet the images and shadows cast by each are so very different).

Conception is as the very starting point or departure of all that is natural (or relative to birth and begetting): deception is also relative to birth (to birthing and to berthing, or docking).

What is conceived is taken together as one (from *capar*: to take hold of as one together), whereas to deceive is to ensnare or capture (as one *apart from* the other). In English, to take is to seize or lay hold of (from Middle English *d g*), and most of what we ‘take’ as nature, and take for granted, is deceptive (and all deception is achieved in stepped degrees of cardinal ranks and of ordinal files).

Here is the central differentiation between what we often think of as a singular god, and our various interpretations of a monotheistic or monastic god (wherein god is thought of as a monad, and associated with the number one . . . as a capital and Unitarian One, as the Alpha, or, in the inverse of duality, as the Omega). And then again, there are pantheistic and natural gods that are (really) quite like persons . . . that is to say, the difference between a god and a person has little to do with mortality (and much to do with discrete generations). Persons – those ‘catty’ as well as those who are dogged – are not distinct from the natural gods of most myth.

In the civil and mythic history handed down in the Mosaic tradition -- in words engraved, spoken in myth, sung in song, or written in text -- we have a story of corruption (of a singular one, broken together). We also follow an ancient history that begins with a solitary creator god, but soon gins to express the worship of a unitary and civil god that is expressed in storied steps of ranked degrees.

Unitary gods are those generically and generally represented in generation upon generation of begetting, and in consequential births. This is also the story of our deception (although, with our civil blinders, we fail to see the words of myth . . . we see only the flowing and cursive words of the windy script). For myself, the most telling lines of Hebrew myth come early in the book: those that tell of the birth of Cain and of Able . . . the ‘sons’ of the Dioscuri.

Myth is far more powerful than expedient fact, and, when the text is read as myth, it is clear that Adam and Eve were not natural: they were *created* (and, *together*, gan to be accretive). Cain and Able are thought of as the sons of their parent (irregardless of sex), and were as the first natural *person*, or unitary god. I use the singular because Able would have been the soul-mate of Cain (in the myth, as well as in the womb). Taken together as one, they were as any person: a physical composition of both hull and hold, *as well as of a feminine soul and a masculine genie*. They, before birth, were as an enshrouded or encoded integer (a person), however upon their birth, or directly prior to birth, the spiritual and placental ‘son’ (Able) was sacrificed so that the corporeal ‘son’ (Cain) might live.

In the story, or in the history as handed down, we read that Cain slew Able (we do not comprehend that Abel’s sacrifice enabled Cain to live in physical existence). This myth personifies all that I have attempted to carry across in my early declarations with regard to birds of two wings or pinions (and those of but one). The gods of every pantheon are as the solitary person of the Dioscuri . . . as persons.

As a function of our social participation in the organic productions we witness in life, we become ensnared, as we are entertained within these natural and theatrical productions. We, quite happily, get drawn into these productions (and there is nothing aberrant or ‘wrong’ about our vicarious or altered participation in these plays). Nevertheless, our involvement is intensive, and subject to the tenses of sequence (as natural lives are, of necessity, transitive and verbal). Spans of natural time are as the winds of change that flow in both cyclonic and anti-cyclonic spirals (and lack all definition bar that of integral tides that continue to ebb and flood in a beatific rhythm . . . in beats that have discrete ‘tops’ and ‘bottoms’ and a variable velocity that is greatest at the mid-point).

It is time that we must look the wind in the eye. All is not so grammatical and consequential as those who see only (or purely) from the eye of the foot (encyclopedically) are forced to see. The comprehending soul is cognizant that this is but an entertainment of playful diversion (and we welcome relief from, and in the form of, the gerundive and nominal ‘life’ that is neither transitive nor verbal . . . and, in truth, is not nearly so grammatical or consequential as we reason). *When we loosen up and re-discover how to truly play, we also awaken our genies (that had for too long been thoughtlessly ignored) . . . and our eyes once again may begin to twinkle (as our comprehensive smiles widen and beam).*

Where I made reference to the need for a destination in the companion volume to this (in *Intuition:*

An Aquarian Adventure), I was referring the contextual relativities of the loving and conflicting dramas or comedies that we are entertained by, and get drawn into.

In these dramas we need a sense of where we are going, and, almost always, a sense of mission (or, a purposeful reason why, or for, going anywhere except home). In our theatric passages we encounter forces that either assist or that impede our progress toward whatever is seen as our destiny or as our goal . . . none more commonly interpreted than that of the wind. What I find so curious is the perception that we must make haste in the course of such productions . . . I mean, it would appear ludicrous to be hurrying toward some definitive ‘ending’ that is so ill-defined (and within the textual relations of a natural time that is instant and immediate). Fools rush in (and through) life.

I think it was Alfred North Whitehead who observed that the vision of science was also that of classical drama . . . an event issues forth, and must proceed inexorably to its inevitable conclusion: why (if we proceed from evidence) must the conclusion be inevitable? Why must the slightest error negate the entire process? It needn’t be, however our stories – the plots of our natural and yet inevitable lives – are, or once were, also purposeful: *the purpose of drama was not to entertain the entertained* (it was to remind those in the audience that what we experience in conscious life is but a diversion or revolutionary turning upon two axes). Thespis and Shakespeare comprehended this: their intent was to enable a comprehension of the theatrical *nature* of experiential life.

If conclusions are inevitable, why are they also thought indefinite or infinite? A period is what we get when we see only in the straight and narrow visions *that we would equate with the blinked and tubular vistas of a periscope*. I give you the ‘wink’ of a periwinkle, and a nod that indicates the time is now (you may think of ‘Blinkin’ as you wish, however he is both civil and natural). I give the deceptive blinkers both respect and regard: I cannot, however, bring myself to value or venerate them exclusively (and nor can I beg of them or worship them) . . . as their mode is (inevitably) exclusive.

As my goal in this effort is clarification, and my method is declarative, I tend to place a good deal of my faith in that which words (and myth) tell us . . . if we look broadly, and deeply, in a playful and musical approach to thought — a kind of thought that does more than process in discrete bunches seen apart for that which binds such bunches together — **we can begin to see once again as integral persons.**

Gnostics have historically thought in terms of links, and in contextual chains of joined links (each of which are thought of as a monad set at a slightly different angular departure than that before and that after: in the manner that Leibniz indicated). Each of these is as a perspective *period*. What they tend to forget is the critical linkage: the articulate join between each link (that is as the lap or gap between two shakes).

The length of any chain is a function of the quantity of links, however is also a function of the consistent

thickness of all links . . . the thicker the link, the greater the gap (and the shorter the length of any chain). This differentiation with regard to thickness and length is expressive of generational florescence or decay.

I have great regard for the thought of Gnostics (be they religious or secular): they came so very close to comprehension: a pity they perverted it all in their periodic and idiotic need to see in totally tubular vistas. This also has to do with the wind (with old farts, and with innings winnings and windings).

What I have spoken of as theatrical lives are essentially visual and phantasmagoric ‘shows’ (and those thought most ‘true’ are those seen by the conventional majority). In this declarative effort we are sailing without a fixed destination . . . we are **cruising** (sailing across the wind, however not making a cross): we are not questing or asking whether or not we will ‘make’ it. To cruise is to sail across without a sense of destination. If there *is* an intent, the intent is to have fun (and my own personal preference is for cruising . . . not for competitive racing). The magic of illusion is but a function of our blinkered following of deceptive hands and blinkered eyes.

Much of what passes for our history is conventionally seen by those who simply allow themselves to be blown along (and, eventually, blown away). What I am doing (and have done, for some time) is re-writing history (not revising it). Our story, and that of hours, is that of a deceptively real and magical fiction (or, as José Ortega put it, a ‘necessary fiction’).

Much of what we visualize with respect to time and to the stories built upon the foundation of a natural time has to do with progressions and recessions. This is curious, as it also has to do with active periods of forward development that are as stepped degrees in a voyage toward an ideal, as well as with momentary passive recesses (that imply reversals, seen as impediments). To egress is to step away from or out of . . . it is a step that few of us make (as our applied preference is to either progress or regress). Time (as well as politics and history) is objectively seen in terms of a progression marked by, or celebrated as, momentary pauses of recess (such as those of slumber, often expressed as sabbatical sevens).

In our deistic and dualistic models, we tend to see all as a function of what is effectively a combat between a progressive and orchestrated progression toward some utopia (on the one hand), and the forces that impede or subvert (by those associated with an opposing and constricting snake or serpent). This is as a mythical representation of a constant rotation of punctual points, contra posed with a stepped and revolting series of degrees (as are appropriate to revolution, or movement upon two axes or axels, with the consequence of precession).

To be clear, the ‘serpent’ slain by Saint George is not the rotational: but rather the scaled, revolutionary, and generational degree (that is related to quantitative number, as well as to the ‘gaps’ or ‘laps’ of my old friend’s shakes). Degree is also an old Middle English word (ME: *degre*, to step or rank).

Although I am reluctant to make use of a devise, almost everyone these days uses devices – we have all sorts of devices now (and an ‘app’ for just about everything or for any purpose), so perhaps I might be excused if I warn readers that what follows is devious . . . the devise is an analogy involving the board game we know as ‘Snakes and Ladders.’

We might also think of the reigning of cats and dogs . . . of cats with nine tails, and dogs of three heads (as Cerberus). Cats are named for the manner in which they stalk their prey . . . and for categorical chains of cadence, decadence, and cadenzas associated with catatonic catenaries seen optimally as spans that lack supports. Observe that the next degree of three heads is nine tails.

Snakes and Ladders is an ancient Vedic game played in base ten: the board is ten squares by ten, with a hundred squares in all (half of which are seen as ‘evil’ and half are indicative of virtue and salvation). The one hundredth square represents *moksha* (salvation), while the ninety-ninth indicates lust. Snakes and Ladders (or *moksha pAtam* in Hindi) is a very moralistic game of *karma* and *kama* (or destiny and desire). It also presents an interesting numerological association between the ordinal or the ordinary, and the cardinal and exceptional.

Many numerical and numerological ‘tricks’ are structured about the unusual character of the largest unitary value before that nominated as the base: for example, about nine (as the last unitary value that saturates a numerical series of quanta before reaching the transcendent ‘capital’ as set by base ten).

Nine expresses a fullness of the set in base ten, before its generational extension *at* ‘ten’).

Our thesis is as Cerberus: as the three-headed dog of Trinity that leads: our arsis is as the quantitative and aloof cat of nine tails that follows . . . but only as a function of revolution and precession (of digestive processing). In a nautical and naughty sense, it is the dog that slices (as the bow and the wow), and the cat that agitates the wake (as the broader stern and transcendent product). In cremation, the excremental residual is but the naught of ash (and the partitioned residual of decomposed experimental bodies is naught but dust). What we must remember (more than any ‘thing’) is that *naught is not the same as nil*. Naught is as a zephyr: a slight breeze that stirs the stillness. However negligible the naught might appear, it is sufficient to incubate a return as a Phoenix bird . . . as well as to enable the floating of a plume in thin air (as a plumose contentment of quill and frill with great and quilted potential).

We have three ‘dog’ heads, and three dog nights (all a reference to Cerberus) . . . and we have cats of nine tails. The ‘square’ of three heads is nine (cat) tails. This is significant, as two nines are eighteen (the digital sum of which is nine), three nines are twenty-seven (the sum of which is nine), and even the expression of two-thirds of the third generational ‘family’ of base ten that is filled at 999: ‘the beast’ of 666 expresses a sum of nine (3×6 or $1 + 8$ equals nine). Nines are not extraordinary, but they are exceptional (as they fulfill the set). If you square ninety-nine (the square of lust in Snakes and Ladders), you get 2,178 (the tote of the digits is 18, or,

nine in the prime set). But as I say, these are but ‘tricks’ . . . curiosities that tell us things expressed as the whole nine yards. If ‘the beast’ (or any beast of burden) is to be feared or detested, this is but a function of our failure to observe the Sabbath (to include and empty ‘unit’ upon the transcendent and quantum ‘leap’ between the quantity of units to a generation set by its base, and the next generational and expansive set corresponding to the ‘square’ of the next capital base). The transcendental and additional unit serves to *compensate* for all the laps of the previous generational set (as a gap that serves to keep the system rational and just).

It is clear when looking into the game and the numbers that the divinity expressed strongly favours cardinal numbers: that is, those that are quintessential in base ten (and indicative of capital values in Roman numerals). The ‘mores’ and the moirés of Snakes and Ladders are very familiar to us (as are the scales of snakes and our shakes, as well as the stepped scales of our balances (of weighted credits and debits). All that is essential and quintessential relates to sex and sextants (to the division of a circle into six equal rations . . . one of which is masked and capital or cardinal).

Snakes and Ladders is used as a metaphor by Salman Rushdie in his *Midnight's Children*. The narrator describes the game thusly:

All games have morals; and the game of Snakes and Ladders captures, as no other activity can hope to do, the eternal truth that for every ladder you hope to climb, a snake is waiting just around the corner, and for every snake a ladder will compensate. But it's more than that; no mere carrot-and-stick affair; because implicit in the game is unchanging twoness of

things, the duality of up against down, good against evil; the solid rationality of ladders balances the occult sinuosities of the serpent; in the opposition of staircase and cobra we can see, metaphorically, all conceivable oppositions, Alpha against Omega, father against mother.

The smaller quantity of ladders relative to snakes is as a reminder that the path to ‘salvation’ is wrought with pitfalls. This game is expressive of many (indeed, of most) religions: what most people would not be aware of is that it is also expressive of all Unitarian and civil constructions. It’s denominative and enumerative character is exactly that of physics (and, more importantly, of synthesis). That is, of a character that lacks our compensating ‘gaps’ of Sabbatical justification.

The essential theory of the game is that which mathematicians would call a Markov chain. I am amazed at how often names turn out to be ridiculously appropriate . . . I mean, what we do in these stepped measures is to ‘mark off’ the links of chains: that is, the marks of couplings *take the place of our gaps*.

In the Hebrew creation myth days are counted as numbers (as quantitative units): each has a leading and a trailing component (“and the morning and the evening were the nth day”). Note that the measures are unitary: each day is a unit in a set that expresses a quantity in base seven. The sun rises and the sun sets as a tide that flows in and then flows out. It is *critical* to account for the intermissive intervals of ‘slack’ at the top and bottom of the range (at least, that is, if we are concerned with just relations). These ‘twilights’ were as the laps of Max’s shakes:

they necessitate sabbatical ‘gaps’ between the punctual end of one ‘weak’ set and the beginning of the next set of cycling. Should they not be quantitatively acknowledged, all becomes irrational and unjust.

In modern cultures almost everyone is driven, and our truth becomes that seen by the majority (and led by the majordomo and his drum major). In this state all eyes are blinking (and all are wearing blinkers) . . . we all, with good intent, seek to set all those who deviate back upon the straight and narrow path that is the more beaten and most direct: that is, the more conventional. Our symposia and synagogues now are the agora of the marketplace, and the palaces of conventions. The forces now are seen as black and white, and the winds of change are consistently and confluently seen as either contrary and opposing or disadvantageous, or they are seen as beneficial. All is seen in the contextual relations of directional vectors and victors dominated and denominated by arrows of intension and of their potential opposition.

There is the large arrow of intension or desire, and the twin minor arrows associated with wind direction, and with that of streams of currents or of tides. This is significant: it is significant in the sense of having a destination, and having a sense of progress toward that specific destiny. It is within the framework of these pictures that we have come to view our dramatic lives. *It is also why we have come to value them as we do.* We, however, are cruising here: we have but two sides and two ends — **and have not nominated a destination.**

We are open to all possible outcomes, *as potentially the best*). We do not pretend to know (especially, what is best for our selves, but also what is best for others).

We now value our conflicted (yet theatric) lives as extremely as we envision the projected visions of a planned plot that measures our progress toward an end that is exclusively eventual and indeterminate in extent. The majority of shareholders are heavily invested, and they cling to the belief that their efforts and sacrifices will be rewarded.

The religion of modernism is essential and economic (*yet is also based in credibility . . . in hope*, as well as in the kind of belief and truth that is both monadic and monetary. In this context, we are all expected and expectant: *we also are all blinking* as we transact with eyes that see only in visions of the straight and narrow path that is most direct. We race about the marks, and are intent upon gaining an advantage . . . a visual sign that we are gaining on the competition as we sprint for the finish (and upon the finish, there is but a line and a concussive shot). Is that what we hope for?

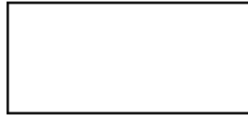
As our vessel came about through the eye of the wind, we assume that our intent is to get to the finish line as directly as possible. As we passed through the eye our rig and sails shook as hands in the sealing of a transaction. As a person and a citizen, I comprehend that there are times when we must stand our ground, however there is nothing wrong with wearing ship.

All of this has to do with happiness and twinkling eyes and ayes. Yes–yes, all that glistens is not gold (and gold, whilst essential, is not necessary). The twinkling of eyes is not as the shimmering or glimmering of precious gems or metals . . . and yes–yes is not the same as aye–aye.

When we converse verbally we are talking in code: as with telegraphers, the ‘aye aye’ signifies that I have received and comprehend . . . as in ‘Roger Wilco.’ We put far too much emphasis upon essence . . . and the quintessential. This gets back to what I was declaring in the previous tack with regard to pneumatics and pneumatology (the study of spirits). Pneuma is thought of as the breath of life (in Christian and Islamic theology). All of this is predicated: is declared of the subject.

A predicate in grammar is verbal, and the most common verbal example is ‘the wind blows.’ To predict, however, is to say what *will* be (as beforehand, or to foretell a fortune). This tension associated with grammar is transitive, as are our indefinite assumptions relating to passages (or transits) in a natural and sequential time.

The numerical essence (the neum or breath we referenced toward the end of our previous tack) is a stepped expiration . . . sung in five expressions as the singer exhales. This, as with the gamut, is Gnostic in origin. There is more than a bit of irony in our ideas about time and timing: as, for nomads and early citizens, what ‘drove’ the nominal system was naught but the spirit (felt as it transited from one side to the other, and as a breath inhaled or exhaled).



Neither plants, people, nor organisms of any sort get old as a function of the passage of time. A rock or a mountain range may erode as they are buffeted by waves, winds and driven debris, however all organisms age in spans that are immediate and instant. They age as a function of cyclical transactions that tend to compound in progressions that we count as generational ages. We count these ages in numerical moments associated with tides. These tides are interpreted in quite the same manner as we think with regard to respiration and perspiration. The time we try to ‘keep’ (and keep tract of) is that of the ‘dance of the hours.’ The ‘time’ that we attempt to keep is time that we have made. That is, the actual time of theaters (theatrical time) . . . the time of tricks, that of grammatical ‘before’s’ and ‘after’s’ are as links in a Gnostic chain that falls off (as in catastrophic cadenzas). What causes our illusive ‘strutting and fretting’ is this impulse to ‘save the world’ or to magnanimously save others, who do not appear to be upon the straight and narrow path of knowledge and convention (that is, of perceived salvation).

Again, it would seem, that I have put the blinkered horse before the driver who holds the reins in chains of horses, bridles, and phaetons or chariots of fire. Here we come to the crux of duality and divinity: **the period**. As noted earlier, “a period is what we get when we see only in the straight and narrow visions that we would equate with the blinked and tubular vistas of a periscope” . . . an indiscrete and indefinite period of alternative turnings.

What I am declaring here – what I am attempting to clarify – is that our theatric lives (as well as the time we make and spend whilst witnessing such lives) is *indefinite*, and **is not** set within pairs of opposed terms: **this is our illusion** (and why we are as creatures of a day). Perhaps now some of you may comprehend why I laughed at the ridiculousness of it all, as well as why I cried with a profound sense of gratitude and relief.

We like to avoid politics and religion in polite discussions. Politics and religion are more reflective of our preferences than they are of convictions. Intellect is much like energy: it is the ability to focus and direct energy toward some procedural end or purpose that releases its potential as forceful power. It is in the process of focusing, processing and releasing intellectual power – in the application of power – *that we have come to value and measure intellect* (in much the same manner as we value and measure electrical energy). The conversion of transactional processing is from energetic potential to actual power. When we speak of our intelligence quota, we are referencing a capacity for numerically rating or ranking in steps an individual's ability to *purposefully* process encoded information *through the vehicle of an application* (in a manner that is not distinct from that of a binary or digital computer).

Language and culture is basic to our attempts at answering the question of how much or how many (of measuring and quoting intellectual units of practical or applied intellectual power an individual might score at various stages in her or his developmental life). Cultures also have their preferences, and those of modern cultures are exceptionally pragmatic (and end-means orientated).

The applied sciences predominate in materialistic cultures of engineers. Most of our opinions have more to do with our thoughtful applications than they do with the purposeful intent of engineering a particular outcome. Citizens come to see their lives in the contextual relations of their cultures: in modern societies, people ‘see’ their lives (as well as their expectations of ‘life’) as a reflection of the cultural and textual preferences of their respective cultures. Their visions of intent become increasingly focused, however their assessments of who are ‘us’ (and who are our adversaries) become more and more diffuse. When we ask the question, *quanta* (how much or how many), we are asking for a value associated with the outcome of a process (and, as a process that necessitates a transitory term) . . . a future evaluation. These assessments have to do with wind and winding . . . as well as with the collective will.

When we posit something, we place that thing upon the exposed face of something else (or upon the top of a pile of other things). We intellectually build in the manner of an appliqué, and that which we place on top is not located: it is posited and positioned. When we seek to find our position at sea, we are acknowledging that our vessel has form: were we seeking our *location*, we would be thinking of our vessel as a mathematical point. The movement of that dot or that point is associated with another dot or point that represents where we wish to get to (as our destination). In a previous paragraph I introduced this notion of opposing power and the potential for conflict: what we see as oppositional is seen to be the moving currents of water below the surface, and those of the air above. We are now on the

larboard (or port) tack, however we need not be beating into the wind.

We call this tack larboard (or port) because whilst in port every skipper worth his salt positions the bow of his vessel toward the sea when mooring alongside a wharf. The side facing the wharf is laboured, as it is this side over which the cargo is loaded into the chamber of her hold (as the ship is armed and loaded). Walk across the deck to the starboard rail; from here your vista is uncluttered by piles of cargo, wharf sheds, and pilings. Furthermore, as the vessel tips to port when heavy bales and barrels of cargo are swung aboard to be stowed, the starboard side rises. So it is at sea (when the weight of the wind and the rig is to leeward, and the rail over which the wind blows is the starboard).

Ships and cities possess a quality of generational magnitude (of area and volume). A ship is really quite like a city . . . the archetypical and diminutive civil and religious model (along with her skipper, her crew and the standard she flies). What is most helpful is the simplicity of her directional arms and axes: the four directions are given in pairs (as fore and aft, and starboard and larboard).

With regard to finding one's position at sea (as well as to gauging one's progress toward a destination), we are 'dealing' with postures, postulates, and relative movement. In the contextual relations of our informational and mathematical scheme, however, motion is impossible.

Zeno's paradox of motion is logically sound. A line infinitely divided is also as a 'whole' that is as the

sum of its parts (in the theory of the scheme). When wearing our blinkers we see our vessel as a mathematical point without magnitude, and we see a finish line that has length without breadth. This is the race of the hare, however not that of the tortoise (as the tortoise possesses magnitude). If we consider a point of departure and a point of arrival, at some 'point' between we would have to arrive at a half-way point. Before arriving there, however, we would necessarily have to arrive at a one-quarter point (a one-eighth point, and so on *ad infinitum*). The reasoning is sound: however only within the contextual relations of our immediate, intellectual and informational scheme of time and place. Motion **is** possible, because my vessel **does** take up space . . . as does the city, port, or destination we might seek to disembark at. For my shipmate (Able) however, it is quite a different story. 'Sol,' you see, is as the traveler aft that races from side to side as our vessel tacks or jibes: his shuttling back and forth are as racing hares: immediate, instant, and mathematical. When sailors 'box' a compass they seek to comprehend with **both** arms in embrace.

Whereas what I had to say about the number nine (or the loading of quantitative 'bags' to the nines) was mentioned as a curiosity: what I have to say about 'boxing' the compass (and converting points to degrees) is far more critical. Sailors number rotational points about the horizon at thirty two: when they box the compass they used to use words (such as north-west by west) to express stepped degrees of revolutionary departure, however they typically counted thirty six degrees. There are four more degrees than there are points. That is, there are $4/36^{\text{ths}}$ more degrees in a boxed revolution than points in a

simple rotation; a unitary degree is one ninth larger than a point of rotation in the quintessential scheme of a revolution of thirty-six degrees: when we assess in circuits of three hundred-sixty degrees, a point of rotation is one-ninetieth of a degree.

What renders this far more significant than our number tricks is that we might now begin to comprehend that the difference between a point of rotation and a degree of revolution is as bridging a generational threshold: this is also the relationship between cardinal degrees that are mistaken as points (as well as the difference between dogs and cats).

There are, in the prime sense, but two directions: that of toward/away and of left/right. The directions are referencing a flowing current (of air or of water): the one has terms that determine approach and departure, while the other has to do with angular approach or departure (from the median of an eighth of a rotation, or forty-five of three hundred and sixty degrees).

As I have repeatedly stated, my apparent ‘displeasure’ with Unitarian systems has to do with their tendency to develop an exclusive character (that would appear impossible to avoid). As all is reduced to platitudes and tectonic (as well as platonic) simplification and confusion, we find much that is ironic. For myself, by far the most unanticipated irony has been that related to the Mosaic myth afore-mentioned. This has to do with directions and dimensions, as well as with a corruption – with the breaking together of a system that was never intended to extend itself by degrees.

This has far more to do with the Hebrew creation myth, than it does with the civil and religious interpretations of the myth; it also relates to the mythical Greek Titanomachy (as well as to numerous other myths that speak to conflicts between generations of gods). It is, however, only the Hebrew myth that identifies a structural system, and implies the cause of its being ‘broken together.’ This (the curse) is what most monotheists would refer to as sinister.

I am speaking here in support of the *Genesis*, as well as of the Hebrew creation myth. As with history, the reading of myth is interpretative: I would not suggest that the significance of my reading is better, or more accurate, than any other person’s read. I offer this here only as an example of what I have found so surprisingly ironic.

For myself the system of this providential ‘Eden’ appears as a recursive quantification that progresses to a fulfillment in six unitary days. Each day has an aspect of rising and an aspect of setting or evening, however there also (as with tides) is either a lapping or a gapping at both the zenith and the nadir. Where there is a lapping, each day flows into the next and previous within a period of indiscrete ‘slack’ (as in the twinkling periods of dawns or of dusks).

There are two complete tidal cycles every day: from the ‘top’ of high water to the next ‘top’ is twelve hours in duration, and there are twenty-four hours to a day. The Rule of Twelve’s relates to the increasing and decreasing velocity of tidal flow during each ebbing or flooding session (and the velocity is always greatest at the mid-point of each transitional tide). Our interest here is why the time of high (or

of low) tide is always fifty minutes (five-sixths of and hour) later upon the dawn of the next twenty four hour day.

The admission that I have been ‘tip-toeing’ about here, is that there is one ‘ex-word’ that I feel an affinity toward: exuberance. The ‘uber’ of exuberance is as an udder (from Sanskrit *dhar* or Latin *uber*): a tit, if you like, and, if one admits of a tit, I suspect that the tat is also admissible (as it would only seem fair). If we have a sucking upon the one, we have a blow-out or a blowing upon the other.

The pristine and providential system respired between two such terminals (as inward sucking and outward blowing), however the two went together: they are not to be seen as positive and negative poles, but as a perspired integrity . . . as ‘stations’ *wherein that which had been the terminal of departure becomes that of arrival* (upon the moment of our departure). We might expect to arrive at the alternate terminal, but it is the same as that station from which we departed . . . however of the next degree (in unitary systems). The pristine system was a flourishing and exuberant system, and one that mirrors the ‘twins’ of dynamic (as well as every person and all gods). This system remains pristine and just: it is both recursive and reflexive, *however only so long as the seed encoded within the fruit is not planted*. The ‘extra’ five-sixths of an hour each day is a function of our treating points and degrees as if they were the same.

If the orthodox and religious who count in base ten want to be fully observant, they might consider sleeping away every tenth day. The system of natu-

ral numbers and time is not, however, recursive: it does not exhaust itself, only to inspire itself in reciprocation. Natural time keeps on flowing . . . incessantly and instantly, in terms that lack discretion. If we observe the Sabbath, we are but keeping mindful of that which we have forgotten (as a memento). Some would hold that the tradition has been better maintained by the ‘brotherhood’ of the sea (than by those of formal religion) . . . that is, in the tradition of ‘Eight Bells’ (and the changing of watches – or tacks -- from port to starboard or starboard to larboard).

I would wager that the question the gods (or the creator) would most like answered has less to do with how we count grains of sand or stars in the heavens (or that which asks how we pitch our tents), than with whether or not it is reasonable to assume that we would not eventually apply the code (in order to unleash its pragmatic potential).

Perhaps persons within a pristine and un-natural city might be able to avoid such temptation, however nobody (person or people) with a nature (or of nature) could be so disciplined as *not to plant the seed*. Should that Pristine seed be planted, however, there would of necessity be a great expansive gust and an equally constrictive and massive suction . . . the universal product of such an illicit and iterative **re-creation** would transform the dynamic (that is, it would make the dynamic system naturally generational and logarithmic – and destroy the just and recursive system of our prime garden and city). What I cannot condone is the assignment of blame for this corruption (for this ‘breaking together,’ if you accept it) . . . especially within the constructs of

our worldly lives (as within those constructs, the potential for corruption would appear inevitable). As the Prime City was not natural (and, I would think, all would agree that Eden was not natural, not relative to birth, forgetting and begetting), than both Adam and Eve (or any other primal pair) would be properly thought of as a *singular person* (as Castor and Pollux are thought of in the Dioscuri) . . . as all persons are thought of. Consider the plight of Prometheus (as the plight before me, thee, and us).

In Greek myth the Titans were defeated and supplanted by the next generation gods of Olympia (by the Olympian gods). Prometheus, as the myth goes, angered the gods for having enabled the creative and abstractive intellect of man after the last great catastrophe. The Titans were giant men and gods (although not of the race we call human).

We might think of Prometheus as the last dinosaur: Titans lived rather longer than humans (when calculated in human years, and grew quite larger), however they also were mortal (and played within the Globe Theater). The punishment meted out by the major gods was extreme: Prometheus was to live forever, whilst vultures incessantly pecked and ate at his pancreas. The choice of bird and bodily organ is highly symbolic.

The mathematics of Parcheesi (another Vedic game) is very different from the math of Snakes and Ladders, as Parcheesi allows for the exercise of free will. To attempt a binary choice between the two would be folly, however to synthesize the two as an amalgam would constitute a far more serious blunder. The sage would see them singularly as one . . .

as a recursive and alternating residual that retains integral relationships: although natural, it is only natural that the corrupted series be allowed to play itself out to the point of its own consumption. There is no alternative (not even for the creator god).

Although it may appear that this would require billions upon billions of years (in natural time), natural time is distant and instant: the series would play out as in a wink of an eye. You might think of this integrated and reciprocating *theme* as the game of history. What I would emphasize with respect to naturalism is the critical significance of, and our mythical fascination with, keys, clefs and nails (or *clavos*) . . . it is as if this ‘crimson and clover’ keeps coming up (over and over). What makes keys so tantalizingly seductive is their potential to open gates or doors . . . and provide an ingress into the odes and codes of all cods and vaulted modes (into the surrounds of all encrypted cases . . . linguistic or realistic). If our eyes are as cloven windows into our souls, than it is our souls that are encrypted and encoded.

Whereas consonants are sounded in a manner wherein there is a rather fluid blending together of sounds (quite like the colours of Minerva’s rainbow), it is dowels and vowels that both hold sounds and soundings together, and yet keep them discrete: it is these wedges, keys or carats that are – in the truest sense – critical. Without them, all that is natural, organic and civil would be circulatory, fluid, and hopelessly indiscrete (as they are in one of the two absolute states).

Nails, and all that is technical, are critical to the kind of making that relates to extensions and extensive building . . . we associate such ‘making’ with the scales of a carp, as well as with the saws and hammers of carpenters. This sort of making may be creative and formal, however all such making requires (begs or asks for) materials . . . one cannot make something without materials (‘raw’ materials or ‘finished,’ sawn, and planed).

I am not ‘against’ technology (or, for that matter, against technicians), however I would point out that where we cleave (and what we leave) is critical to both rationalism and to naturalism. We pretend that shaven curls and sawn dust does not ‘count’ in our equations.

Intellectual rationalism and physical naturalism are reflective of the same presumptions and assumptions — are very nearly the same. What I am about to declare is very important to our theme of comprehension, and this has to do with both the pedals of a ‘Rose’ and the leaves of a ‘Thistle.’ Very is another word for truth.

The rose is cultivated, delicate and radiant, whilst the thistle is sylvan, cardinal and crested. Our capacity to fully compass anything depends upon both the points of our compass *card*, as well as the degrees of our compass *rose*. Both relate to circulation, monads, and specie. The compass is quintessentially natural and rational (and with the compass we are able to embrace in full compass all that is natural and organized in technical systems. Such apparent comprehension is not truly comprehensive,

as all that is natural, intellectually spiritual and civic is not all there is.

I am not saying that it is not useful to know the theater, the crew, and the 'lay' of the land. For myself, I do not care to know the plot (or even the pilot); usefulness and pragmatism relate to the play and to the theater (as well as to the phantoms of all operas). The 'rules of the house' (economy, as incorporating both the name and the law) we must be familiar with, however to comprehend the workings of monastic and dynastic theaters and theatrics tends to exclude and foreclose our potential for comprehending all that is integral and fully just.

You see, no matter how carefully and exactly we might drive our nails, or divide our rations, they are never (and can never be) precise (as they were before their scison or seption). Whether we count our articulate nails, or count the momentary sections that the nails divide and hold together, we will always come up 'short' (by one of the smallest pieces). This is a function of our failure to account for the 'sawdust' and the codes or boxes of all codes and compasses. The serious games that we consciously play have to do with the conversion of potential into power (and all such games are inequitable, or less than fully just). Theology is a discipline, and so also is theosophy: both are sophisticated and sophomoric: which is to say, both are rhetorical and can be taught. True sages, however, do not have disciples. We are focused here upon such that flows and circulates (as currency).

Words, verbal words made up of consonant sounds held together by vowels, are serious things that cir-

culate, and have a great deal in common with those coins that we use as money: not only are new words coined, but are also subject to both formal and informal usage (as, for example, both words and money can be scripted and described in a manner that is inconsistent with their nominated names and values). All that is monetary and monastic is fluid, and flows with a velocity. This velocity serves to influence their relative *power* (as they circulate in venal circuits and networks). This power is as that of the wind. The credibility of words is dependent upon the very same factors as that of monetary units of currency. Moreover, both coins and words are known for their flips between capital heads and their wagging and wagering reversals. They are also known for their turning (or spin): both have a vernacular form and a literal (or unchanging) form.

Sentences composed of words must be punctuated as complete thoughts . . . and the terms of convicted villains are punished in accord with prescribed sentences. We can learn all about such circulatory systems . . . and we can teach economics, as all that is flowing (and all that is nailed) can be interpreted in linear relations. What makes both the pen and the penny powerful **is the capacity of each in iteration and reiteration** . . . in degrees that are as generations. The capacity to energize their power, however, is always dependent upon their potential conversion (in trans-active exchanges or deals). Coins that are clipped, gyped, or chiseled do not inspire good faith (or credibility). Just as coins can be debased, so also can words . . . and our history with regard to debased verbal currency is incredible.

Before making the charge that our currency has been debased (or that it, and we, have been ‘chiseled’ in transaction), bear in mind that so also has every minute, moment or uniform ration of every partitioning (**and in every degree**). As has been declared above, an amount equivalent to one of the smallest parts is always missing from every collective ‘whole.’ It is this that makes words, worlds, and coins vernal (that makes them turn as *springs* or as *cork-screws*). Although this would be more properly addressed whilst running downwind, we might make a few observations here.

Before tossing, and coming around through the eye of the wind, we briefly sailed hard on the wind while on the starboard tack: now we are sailing on the larboard tack, and must again decide whether or not to attack the wind (or how high we might point). For sailors, there may be thirty-two points to a rotation about the horizon, however there are but three points of sailing: beating, reaching, and running.

When beating to weather, our vessel heels to the lee side: when attacking (and trying to ‘make ground’ to weather) we are, in a manner of speaking, tilting with the wind (and, conceivably, with windmills). Although (like all soldiers and sailors) we divide by fours (and live in quarters), only sailors sagely comprehend that one of the four is to be missed by all integral vessels (and kept empty, missing, or unoccupied). Interestingly, this is closely related to version, aversion, and to verity (to truth, and to true relationships). Without the ‘blank rune’ there would be no light . . . and no gap to transcend.

Where a complete rotation is wisely thought of as a whole, a sage sailor comprehends that it is really three-quarters (that is, that it is missing two bits out of a tote or cod of eight).

In my ‘crack-pot’ exploratory writings (wherein I explored the possibility that someone might relieve me of this declarative task) I repeatedly emphasized that points were appropriate to rotation, whereas degrees were relative to generational and orbital revolutions. As all that is commensurate (and relative to platitudinous plans), we measure all arcs (and arks) in points: degrees are reserved for *revolutionary* systems (systems that both spin in rotation and orbit in volition). The system of rotational points lacks gaps (and is therefore not quantitative).

In our jousting for advantage, we seek ever greater degrees of accuracy (and we manage this through increasing the quantity of points *and* degrees, as from thirty-two to sixty-four and one hundred and twenty-eight, or from thirty-six to three hundred and sixty). We do this with regard to our measures of temporal departure (of time), as well as with those of angular departure (of generational degrees). The literal definition of a second is a further degree of division and particularization (beyond that of a minute: as a minute of a minute). The very idea of a nanosecond is enough to boggle the mind of any sailor.

The literal meaning of an hour (our) comes from the Greek *hora* (meaning time, season, period, and year; akin to the Slavic *jare* or year, as well as to the Gothic *jer* that also signifies a year). Our vessel is ready to sail only at the time when she is ‘yar’ . . .

when the time is apt, and she is ready to be sailed and possessed (as by a person or persons).

In our formal schemes of ordination, coronation, and co-ordination we reference time on the axis named for horizontal spin (the vertical axis), and (in accord with the rules of these formal systems) when we change the degree of (and quantity of) graduations upon the one axis, we must appropriately change those upon the other. All of ‘our’ temporal ‘possessions’ are associated with four nominal seasons.

These four named seasons are as graduations calibrated upon the vertical axis, and, as the degrees increase, the *quant and quantity of unitary divisions* is compounded. As with the number of possible calibrations on inside or outside calipers (or on the arc of a sextant), we soon run out of ‘space’ on the arc (and resort to a *vernal* scale upon a drum *named for spring*). With regard to apportionment, however, we count but three seasons: two of equal magnitude, and another equal magnitude divided such that half serves to render both major seasons discrete: spring and autumn are transitional, and as the ‘slacks’ of twilight (and **the magnitude of each is but half of either of the two sessions**).

Where our smallest division or particle is a quarter, we come up a quarter short (of a quid); when, however, we segregate a year in accord with the smallest rational division (that of a transition), we find that we are ‘short’ by only an eighth of the tote or quote. As with tides, there are ‘slacks’ found upon the ‘turnings’ upon both extremes, that serve as articulate laps or gaps of regulation. The seasons – and all time – must be calculated with regard to

proportionate values of *volume* within an unfixed range (as are tides). This might be referenced with respect to what has been declared regarding exuberance (and a fully just, yet recursive, system that had been ‘ruined,’ ‘rutted’ or ‘broken together).

We break every indiscrete year into four indiscrete seasons of three months each. Winter and summer, however, when taken together last for a total of nine months (or three-quarters of a year of twelve months): spring and autumn together last for the remaining three months, or one and a half months (six weeks) each. Altogether there are twelve weeks of seven days each (or eighty-four days) as ‘gaps’ of dawns and dusks.

The scheme of all three of our formal systems (mathematics, language, and logic) is co-ordinate, and assumes rational divisions (or graduations) and *two* axes: in our formal schemes, however, the horizontal and the vertical *relate exclusively to spinning* (or rotation).

In rational quantification, our schemes fail to account for the cod, bag, quiver or basket in which we carry our calculate ‘stones,’ ‘runes,’ arrows, or ‘eggs’ (each of which is counted as a unit, and as an uncontained ‘whole’ that recognizes only the contents that are held or possessed). Each unit is seen to be the smallest ration of the whole (and the whole is thought to be the sum of all the rations or equivalent parts). **I am saying that every such collection is ‘short’ by one ration . . .** by one of the smallest equal divisions. This is related to our mistaken nomination of our twin *and solitary* axis.

What I am declaring here is that the entire system was ‘broken’ or brokered together: that is, in quite the same manner as an integral person has been . . . in that ‘our’ system remains intact, however **we have, in effect, been codified or encrypted.** What we see of ourselves, and of our ‘worlds.’ **is but an error in perspective** . . . an optimized and optical illusion. What is ‘true’ is the point from which the wind blows: the point from which the powerful flow proceeds. Our souls have not been obliterated, they have been reducted. **In comprehension we can reclaim them in their integrity.**

I would hope that some of you might find relief in this ‘bewareness’ . . . however I would be almost as satisfied with this effort should even a handful of potential readers come to fully comprehend the huge significance of what is to be (*to be a person,* as there is no just difference between persons and gods).

When we beat into the wind, we rock on; and when running ‘downhill’ or downwind, we are rolling along. The two are very different. The way of truth, of verity, may be an exceedingly narrow one . . . yet all such paths are both intensive *and* extensive (verily so). Truth is very — truth is both expansive and compressive (and variable with respect to stepped degrees). We have all heard the phrase ‘true north,’ however north is no more true than any other point: verity is variable and vernacular . . . as variable as the wind, and all truth also veers through all points of compass (and of the compass).

We beat into the wind, we run before it, and we reach with the wind at our side. When reaching with

the wind on our beam, our vessel is sailing neither 'upstream' nor down (but parallel to the seas). As the force of the wind upon our rig and sails keep us from rolling, and there is also no pitching, the seas simply lift us up and ease us down. So it is with my favorite point of sailing.

There is a close analogy to be made between a sailing vessel and a weather vane. I use the word analogy, as a metaphor is quite another thing. In metaphor, we carry over the characteristics of one thing to another thing; analogies are in accord with a ratio . . . and the relationship between ratios is effectively carried by a flag (or *anna*) that we know as a triangular pennant.

Upon one terminus of our vane is an arrowhead or carat, and upon the other we find the broader form of the parental arsis: the arrowhead points to the true direction of the wind – as 'truths' that veer from side to side, and eventually circuit (that relates to left and right . . . the sinister and the dexterous in and upon the heels and toes of bowls and rolls). But then . . . we also have the plane of our integral tidal range (that of rocking and of pitches). I have always thought it strange that cricket grounds are called ovals with pitches, and yet the round balls were bowled (and not pitched).

Long before the invention of magnetic compasses directions were associated with wind vanes and roses: they were as a series of concentric rings with straight lines radiating outward from the central plaza of a city. They were similar to what modern mapmakers would call conical projections (as well

as to the webs or cobwebs that many spiders make, and to the worm-holes of theoretical physicists).

Europeans typically divided these circles into quadrants and compound these sectors into doubled sets of four (from four to eight, sixteen, to thirty-two . . . as with points). Oriental peoples, however, divided these circles into twelve sectors or ‘houses.’ No matter how they were divided, however, they were constructed with regard to the wind (and for the force of the wind).

These earliest ‘plots’ were relative only to the spinning of horizontal winds about the points of the horizon (and these divisions were as slices of pie, as they were radiant sectors of a circle). No matter how many sectors were made discrete (as quadrants, sextants, octants, *et cetera*), no matter how many parts and partitions there were, it seemed there was always one too few. Our formal systems of coordinates remains that of our wind vane.

In the same manner that Templars maintained that there are thirteen inches to a foot, all of this has to do with our quantification of measures as units (and not all peoples or civil members have done this). Some felt that even a sextant had one sector too many (those who saw quintessentially) and others felt that four was one too many. The ‘other’ axis – that named for orbs and orbits – is not recognized by those who read co-ordinate schemes.

There are points of sailing between beating, beam reaching, and rolling downwind: there are times when the wind and sea cause our vessel to rock or pitch and roll at the same time (concurrently): we

call this yawing. Ideally, when sailing hard on the wind and into the seas, our lookout in his nest is thrown up and down in nods; when sailing downwind he is thrown back and forth (or from left to right and right to left), and when beam reaching he is at a steady angle whilst his head is bobbing up and down as the entire vessel is lifted up and let down by each successive swell that strikes us beam on. Most of the time, however, he (and the mast-head) are etching ovals in the air . . . as our vessel veers, and moves in degrees upon two axes.

There are two axes *involved*: one is the axis of rocking fore and aft; and the other is the axis of rolling back and forth (or starboard to larboard and larboard to starboard). This is the prime scheme of **two** directions: that of **up and down** as referenced by the horizon and the vessel's bow or stern; and that of **left and right** as referenced by wind and the vessel's twin sides. This should tell us something of the beatific nature of a foot of verse.

The beat of verse is relative to the ups and downs of pitching, whilst the lateral movement of each foot (left and right) is relative to bowing (and rolling) along. The accented portion is that represented by our bow, and the stern portion is that of the thesis or fantail (if, that is, the parent thesis, and these parenthesis, are aptly named). The beat (the up and down beat) is continent: is integrally contained within the twin 'arms' of the thesis (the left and right). This implies an error of denotation . . . in the manner in which we define the meaning of thesis and arsis.

What I am saying here is that it is not the shoulders or the arse of the trunk that leads or trails . . . it is

the bronchial head that leads and the radical tail that follows. This would appear to be explicable were our twisting spine once situated as the keel of a boat (along the fore and aft axis), as if we once walked and ran upon 'all fours.' The reason that the 'top' of high tide on any one day is always five-sixths of an hour later than it was the day before is because we calculate time within our continuous and coordinate assumptions that relate to wind vanes (or exclusively with rotation, or upon the axis ninety degrees removed from that of tidal ranges).

Although formal religions were charged with conserving the main signs and symbols of the code, the traditions of the military estate have maintained their traditions at least as well. Much of this symbolism is in the form of insignia. One carat signifies the private, two signifies a corporal, and three a sergeant: three carats and a thesis is the insignia of a staff sergeant in the ordinal files: <<<).

Quite as an arrow is one with the bow (and both are named for archery), so also is the bow of a boat with the integral vessel (as a sailboat is one with the wind that propels her). Whereas it is the flex of the bow that provides the force to launch the arrow, it is the force of the wind that propels a sailing vessel. The bow of a sailboat is as the arrowhead, and the stern is as the fletched and fuller end of the 'arrow' so motivated. The power that drives a sailing vessel is trans-acted through the foil of a sail (in the manner of an aircraft wing). To foil is to trample or beat upon (such that has fallen), and to fold is to fall (as a leaf). The hull of a boat – quite as the shaft of an arrow – must possess a magnitude of girth *and* of length.

When we extrude a material we stretch it. Perhaps young people today would not be familiar with telescopes, however they could be extended by degrees, and were also fully retractable: each section would slide into or out of the next (and, as it was extended, the girth of each extended section was thinner than that of the previous. Generational degrees are similar in this regard. In the same manner that we extend the system of numbers beyond the base that is appropriate to a specific generational degree, we also extend all that has a material reality.

Oh . . . I don't know. I mean, I really don't. I have sounded the words and tried to follow their flips; I have also sounded the myths, and tried to fathom their depths. Maybe *I* am taking all this too seriously . . . and perhaps you have been taking me too seriously.

What I feel after all this voyaging and cruising is that I have come a distance, however when it comes to the processing of it all — when it comes to the product — I am speechless. I value my experience, and I am indebted to some very special teachers and parents. It was only in the autumn of this life that I got familiar with my solitary self, and returned to the playfulness of my youth.

This is all I have to offer as something to leave behind . . . in my wake. This is not a pragmatic effort (and I do not know what to expect by way of consequence). What I would suggest, however, is that should any of you recall anything of what I have declared, that you simply tuck it away in the back of your minds. Who knows? Some apt day it may

come to the forefront, and bring a smile of comprehension, bring on a laugh at the riddle, and tears of deliverance and relief. The show always goes on, and who knows . . . maybe we'll all be cast from a mold or thrown on a wheel in some other production. All I really know for sure is that we tend to take it all too seriously.

Maybe you can get to know your genie, and come to play again as you did in your youth . . . perhaps you might even find that your eyes begin to twinkle again. When you cease to have expectations, you will enable the ridiculous joys of serendipity.

I can accept the need to judge when driving (however my genie does most of my driving); for myself, I prefer to avoid judgments and being judgmental. Some of us think that in life we are always on trial: well, if we are convicted we have only ourselves to blame.

Inevitably, in pursuit of some objective or destination toward which we make our way (and seek to engineer), we will get in the way of others (who will also get in our way). Most of them are racing toward distinct destinations, however we are more likely to conflict with those who seek the same objective as we do. Where power (political, social, economic or financial) is the objective, the resultant contest will evolve into an all-out race for a finish line. With amalgamation (or globalization) we find only a handful of applied 'piles' poised as powerful batteries of concentrated and contained power. For individuals – whether people or persons – this is worrisome in the extreme.

What I question is not so much the destination, or the apparent need for some objective ‘meaning,’ but the sagacity of (and apparent need for) processing.

I do not really care about coming out on top (or, for that matter, finding myself at the bottom of some heap or pile) . . . for myself, my life is not assessed on the basis of where I get to, or upon that of how long I might exist. I am a persistent individual (and am not very concerned about existence . . . or about arriving at some particular destination).

This is not to say that I have not been drawn into the drama that surrounds us all (or that I have not developed strong attachments to those persons to whom I am most attracted): I feel the pain, the frustration, the irony and the anxieties of all who surround me. I do not, however, compete: nor do I apply myself very ardently . . . my sole ‘virtue’ is dedication and persistence: I do not easily give up.

Please comprehend: I am not advocating for some ‘approach,’ or even attempting to in some manner influence the way in which this drama might unfold (yet I reiterate that a conscious life **is** a drama).

You might think of me as a Cynic (as a faithful dog). We are trained to think of cynics as doubters: well, nothing could be further from the truth. Although cynics do not accept either Gnostic or agnostic applications of intellect and factual information, we do not doubt the products of syllogistic reason . . . we simply acknowledge these passion plays as theatrical dramas (that we, perforce, are drawn into).

Cynics were thought of as (and named for) dogs; they were non-believers only inasmuch as they did not believe in metropolitan conventions (hence, the literal meaning of cynicism is canine). My favorite Greek is Diogenes of Sinope (who was not born a Greek, but in Asia Minor).

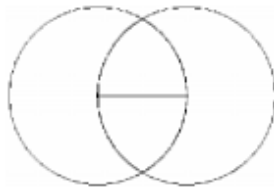
Diogenes held that virtue and truth was better seen in the active conduct of a life, than in abstract and intellectual notations: he also lamented the progressive movement from monad to dyad, through to numbers, points, lines, and degrees of dimension (that came from Pythagorean religious constructs). He saw this development (along with all of the synthesized magic that has flowed from the application of the code) as illusionary. What I state here is that all technology and (ironically) -- all religion -- flows from an error of perception born of accounting and calculation: in effect, I am directly challenging the prime Unitarian (and religious) assumption. I hasten, however, to say that neither Diogenes nor myself ever rejected either belief in, or the *being* of, God (only the physical *existence* of a divine deity).

This comes back to the manner in which we characterize the ‘whole’ as ‘one’ . . . to the critical distinction with which I began this effort in comprehension. The wisdom of ‘orient art’ is that of Divas (as drawn from the Upanishads). I am not finding fault here: I am but pointing to the fault, gap, or lap (in the same sense as I pointed to the laps of shakes on my friend’s extension). Cynics were non-believers only inasmuch as they did not believe in metropolitan conventions.

I make no judgments here, however I must emphasize that the way persons came to perceive life and being changed as they came to live within metropolitan society (as wards, and as warders). What issued forth was a multitude of confounded and complicated things. This increase was a function of folding over (or complication), and both the process and the product became thought of as obsolete and obscure. All of these ‘things’ necessitated arrangement and classification; more significantly, each articulated ‘thing’ (people included) required both a name *and a lineage*.

The changes implied were intrinsic, universal and manifold; the very face and form of each culture so conceived was transformed at great velocity, and the resultant confusion had to be quickly reordered about new references. These references were largely established on the basis of lines, lineage and the notion of rectitude.

There is no denying the ‘twoness’ of members (and of numbers). In accepting reason (and syllogistic thought) we tend to see the dyad as two intersecting Venn circles.



The thought of Diogenes (and, more or less, that of the philosophical movement of Stoicism that he unwittingly began) begins with a dyad (however not in the numerical form illustrated above). For Diogenes, the dyad was integral (as has already been shown whilst on the starboard tack) . . . the thesis

and the arsis completed an integral beat. Which came first was not a matter of contention, but simply of declaration or definition *with regard to the body's movement over or within a medium* (or that of the medium relative to the body).

The integral dyad is self-sufficient, whereas the Pythagorean and Unitarian Dyad necessitates a choice: that between a cationic 'Angel of Michael' and a venerable 'Lion of Victory.' If given a choice between the two, the conventional will always choose the former (Michelangelo).

Almost all religion is deistic, and characterized by duels and duality. Where we *do* feel compelled to choose, the choice is not that between 'good' and 'evil' — it is not between any set of opposites such as full or empty, nor between chutes and slides, or graduated ladders (both those set obtuse and those set acute). It is the cool cats that slide, and the persistent dogs that open and close from one rung to the next or previous. In our usual civic and religious context, it is the chutes or snakes that are typically associated with evil (and the ladders that are to be scaled and balanced in salvation).

What I would hope to convey here is not the case for either the Stoic dyad or for the Platonic and Pythagorean Dyad (as it is only the cynical and integral that retains its case); I hope to clarify both. The Deistic progression is as a ladder or scale that one may only climb up, however there are many points in this ascent whereupon 'one' might be 'tripped up,' and quickly slide to the bottom (or lowest extreme).

All that I have declared with regard to coming up short by one of the smallest divisions has to do with the notion of a Dyad as an intersecting set of circles. The dyad of cynics is that of the thesis . . . of the parent thesis:



This may appear similar to the intersection of our other figure, however the ramifications and branches are different in the extreme. We are all too familiar with the apprehensive scheme, wherein we are always ‘keeping an eye out’ for some snake that is potentially lurking behind every step upward.

The *unchanging ‘twoness’ of things* is our focus here. Where all is looked upon as things (in unitary constructs), we inevitably come to see in apprehensive visions of credits and debits (or in positive and negative values that, whilst relative to book-keeping and accounting, are always associated with profit and loss); these are deistic in their relations. *They do not apply in integral and fully rational relationships.*

I neither dismiss nor ignore the binary nature of number (or, for that matter, the deistic character of nature): *I simply emphasize that all that is unitary and civil is relative to function . . . to a pragmatic re-creation (or reiteration of the code).*

I cannot deny the existence of binary and unitarian worlds, however neither will I prostrate myself in the name of a monotheistic God, or some polytheistic collection of gods, of *any* unitarian realm. I deny neither royalty nor reality, however I can bring

myself to fully embrace only an integral, musical and beatific god (who demands neither sacrifice nor worship) . . . a genuine, dynamic, comprehensive, and comprehending god (who is not unlike our own comprehending selves, souls and spirits).

Throughout these dog-eared pages I have not been trying to ‘say my piece’ . . . I have been declaring the source of my happiness. As it happens, the ‘one that is two’ turns out to be the ‘cat’ of nine tails and the ‘dog’ of three heads. The inter-dimensional ratio is three ninths (or one third). Before signing off, I would like to tackle this question of transcendent numbers . . . of proportion (as expressed by pi and phi). I would also like to momentarily abandon this declarative mode and indulge myself with a paragraph or two of questioning rhetoric that has to do with the relativity between energy and mass. I would like to, however I shall not.

I would be the last person to lay claim to any authority in the realm of theoretical physics. I do, however, wear spectacles (and am able to speculate); so consider this speculation. As physics is intimately associated with mathematics, I start with the illusion of all triangles. The key, or clever clove, to comprehending all triangles *is an optical illusion*.

Triangles are not polygons: a polygon must have more than one gonal juncture, and all triangles are ‘mono-gons.’ Although they possess three angular junctures, only one of these junctures is *articulated*. A four-sided figure may be thought of as a ‘bigon’ (and, if a dragons are named for the angular protrusions upon their backs and tails, then triangles may also be called ‘monogons’).

Triangles are thought to have two braces and a hypotenuse between their two arms; the hypotenuse is named for a characteristic ‘folding and stretching under.’

In *The Odyssey* (Book 9) we read of an encounter with folks from the island of lotus-eaters . . . and a land of people who were unusually dreamy and forgetful (that is, they led easy lives, and were forgetful in the sense that they forgot about that we would equate with royalty and reality). I bring this up because when people meditate in the lotus position they stretch the bottom portion of one articulated leg, and fold it under the bottom section of their other leg. Well__ the relevance should now be apparent. That island (I suspect) was the land of Serendip.

When you unfold your legs from the lotus position, and join the sole of one foot with the sole of the other, your legs form a rectangle. A rectangle is a polygon . . . sort of: ‘proper’ polygons have more than two gonial junctures. Were you to take this pose (rather than to suppose), you would ‘make’ a figure such as this— $\langle \rangle$. In truth, the Pythagorean theorem is not precise (and Pythagoreans, to their credit, were aware of this). We tend to ‘make up’ for what we lose in imprecision with extended exactitude and plentitude . . . our forgetfulness is not that of duty, but rather of what we are convinced of with regard to our reality. What we forget is all that is not mechanical and technical: what we lose to our forgetfulness is the happiness of serendipity. Ah, but I was going to make a point here: a point regarding serious relativity.

My point is that the figures that we use in our figuring are all of sharp points and double sided swords. We take away both the balls and the sockets of all that is properly gonal (and see all as diagonal . . . as diagonal and diabolical. Energy and mass are as three-headed dogs and nine-tailed cats . . . that is, *each is a generation apart from the other*. Whether the cats come before the dogs, or vice-versa is but a matter of reciprocation. When we ‘deal’ in relativities, we are assuming the mode of supposition (and exclusively accepting the optimized figures of illusion and illustration) . . . in our exclusively phantasmagoric ‘shows’ (those thought most ‘true’ by the majority).

This is why we can accept matter without mass, and must demand that all that is particulate must matter (and be called material matter). If a photon is particulate (and matters), in order to travel it must also possess a magnitude. Light (the light ‘thing,’ the *verdinglight* of intellect) is exceptional, and as the exception to every rule and law . . . it is the ‘thing’ that ‘thingifies’ all, and both is and is not.

Readers are almost certain to continue seeing all as informative ‘things’ as seen in our Platonic schemes (and in the devious terms of Plato’s analogies). This I do not find disturbing. Although in my eyes Plato was something of a manipulative charlatan who traded mainly in the ideas of others, he was probably faithful to the character he was genetically cast as. In fact, I am indebted to him.

Although I do not value and venerate the human intellect in the contextual relations of his ‘broken line’ (and do not embrace his theory of forms), both

(but especially his convictions with regard to information) effectively free me of the need to validate all that I have herein declared. The reason is simple: in accepting the theory of forms, we must see all bounds as intellectual lines without magnitude of depth or of breadth . . . we must see them as hair-lines that do not change from generation to generation (not even in length). We can accept the verity of mathematics and science, **but only if we acknowledge that life (as we are convinced and convicted) is wholly experiential and serious (and a drama)**. Should, however, we come to comprehend – to see justly – that **being** is personal, and the parts that we play from production to production (our natural characters) are engraved and embossed in our DNA (<—>) then we become cognizant that, although charged with the need to play them honestly and sincerely, we can laugh, smile, dance and cry with twinkles in all of our eyes (and wink at our shipmates whose eyes also twinkle). The three that are four are as Winkin, Blinkin and Nod . . . and I can but hope that my timing has been good.

In suspicion, and in the supposed relativities of dualistic opposition, we are all as engineers that are driven by that which *we think we are driving*. All that we apparently and visually may strive for is a perfection that will serve to wreck the articulated trains (of thought) that drive us. We search for solutions, yet fail to comprehend that all of our striving is in vane (and driven by vanity). Even our recreation must be seen as purposeful . . . **and our lives must be seen as eventual and fatal**. Diversion is some other thing (the ‘thing’ that personally revolves and reciprocates in sessions and in precession). We are all persons, and all persons are as

gods. If we cannot ‘see’ the verity of this statement, this is but a function of our lack of comprehension.

And yet, finally, I believe that this train has a solitary driver: a dynamic driver of both genders, who feels for us (and is saddened when ‘his’ passengers fail to enjoy their serendipitous journeys as they cruise through a time without discretion, and a space without containment). And yet, we continue in our peculiar and particular manner toward some or another particular destination. We do this by rote, and as a function of our applied preferences.

To pretend (or to subtend) that we might ever come to know all is absolute foolishness. As Ortega reminded us, the cardinal points (east, west, north and south) are not as places to which we might buy passage to. So it is with happiness; happiness is neither a trans-active ‘state’ nor a point to be attained or designed: nothing can ‘make’ us happy (not even a drug), and neither can we make ourselves happy. Happiness (and serendipity) cannot be strived for, bought, or synthesized . . . we need but simply allow them (*through a lack of expectation*). The ‘Celestial City’ cannot be engineered, and neither can this ‘place’ be experienced: in truth, the Realm and Reality of that City **be all about us** (if only we could remove our exceptional blinkers).

This last bit has to do with the missing smallest unit: with a ‘Jersey foot’ of thirteen inches (that are seen as twelve), as well as with the core of chaos theory (with feedback).

Dozens, and baker’s dozens, have to do with a generational transaction wherein the seed that enabled a

transaction is retained as a unit in the new and transcendent generation. Where the value of such seeds (as peas in a pod) is known, than feedback is expressed as $n^2 + n$. If, for instance, in the prime 'case' (or 'pod') there were three peas, transcendence would occur at the number nominated as the base (here, the base would be four). In the next generation, we would 'square' the quantity of 'peas' such that there would be nine: the base of this generation is nominated as ten (as nine **in** this case, and a further unit **as** the case).

As I have (for some time) been saying, we always dismiss and discard the 'poke,' boxing, or container (and retain only the 'pigs' of the poke). The second generation is expressed in base ten. Where we to 'square' our nine 'peas' (or, so as not to mix, pigs) there would be eighty one: since n here equals nine, in feedback we get ninety. Were we squaring pods, however, our degrees would progress from ten (pods) to one-hundred. This observation is critical, and chaos scientists should be interested in this (as feedback is central to their discipline).

Where n equals three in base four, than $3^2 + 3 = 12$ in base 13. When we apply feedback in the familiar manner, we can take the most minute fractal value (say one over a goggle) and the series would eventually run off to infinity (or even degrees of infinity, if you can imagine such an absurdity). What I want to emphasize here, however, **is that the inverse does not get us back to our point of departure.**

Probably the most central law of mathematics holds that subtraction and division are as the reverse of addition and multiplication: it is the irrefutable law

of arithmetic, as well as of economics and quantitative analysis. Should some sage vizier be able to show me why or how my reasoning here is deficient, I would have to apologize and acknowledge that I have indeed been ‘off with the fairies.’

Were one to take any positive value above a unit and apply the reverse of feedback (expressed as the root of n minus n , where the known number is positive and found within a specific base), what devolves is a ‘case’ wherein we begin to get negative numbers that (when squared) become positive: so that the system becomes highly unstable and erratic as extreme values jump to either side of the threshold that is zero. Where we assign n any positive value between one-quarter and an integral one (even including .999999 repeating), when functioning in reverse feedback we find that we get to $\frac{1}{4}$ and can go no further . . . the system is closed. The root of one-quarter is one half, and when we subtract one quarter we return to one quarter (and are stuck there).

I have always found it strange that when we add any two values less than one we always get a sum that is larger than either of the added values, however when we multiply any two fractional values we always get a value that is smaller than at least one of them.

For example, when we add a quarter and a half we get three-quarters; when we multiply a quarter by a half, however, we get an eighth. Although it is possible to ‘see’ why (in the context of our perceptions and assumptions) this occurs, it transgresses the cardinal law of mathematics.

The reason (I submit) that the system *behaves* as it does, is related to the difference between integers and units . . . and to our failure to comprehend that the realm between zero and one is essentially integral. When we interpret ONE as a cardinal and unitary one (or as one of the smallest rations of a whole that is as the sum of its parts), than all values below one and above zero (even those that appear rational) are fractals (and not rational divisions of a unit). A unit, by definition, is already the smallest ration of any unitary collection.

If they were the smallest rational division of a whole, than they would be nominated as a unit. Where ONE is seen as the whole – as the Unity – we find that such values as $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ are rational divisions of the whole (interpreted as one Unity). An integrity is not the same as a Unity: the realm of integers and integrity is that between zero and the threshold of positive one. ***Integers are neither generational nor quantitative. The integrity is one . . . but neither an Alpha nor an Omega: but rather the alpha and the beta (as one-quarter and one-half) . . . and, when we work reciprocally, as gamma and delta.*** Integers are not accretive, and are not subject to degrees of iteration. Integrity, however (in the scheme of number), is expressed as one unit (as pi plus a quarter). There are but two proportions: pi and phi. Pi is that which numerically considers only the portions contained (or those that are calculate within the vault of the core), whilst phi considers the ‘Einey,’ ‘Meany’ and ‘Moe’ along with the ‘poke’ that contains . . . in other words, phi takes the containing *quant* into the count (with each and every potential base and each sequential generation).

As has been stated on the other tack, the base is dependent upon the applicable generation from which a transaction departs: we can go further, we can now comprehend the significance of William Blake's anxiety with respect to 'two-fold' visions (and 'Newton's sleep'). Show me how this reasoning is errant, and I shall happily admit that it is I who am off the fractal fairies.

This is how science and mathematics are associated: the demonstrative 'proof' of science (or, at least of physics) is but a reversal of the quantitative process *as it is practiced by accountants* – that is, both depart from the same assumptions (both dispense with the shell, so as to deal only with the yolk and the white goop or albumen). Humpty Dumpty had little to laugh about. More seriously, neither do we (so long as we remain transfixed in the duel 'headlights' of binary and deistic systems).

Now . . . I cannot say that there is nothing within this offering that is in error. Perhaps I am mistaken or errant with regard to much of what I offer here. This does not, however, negate the comprehension it seeks to put within your grasp. As with the game of chess, although I may be at a great disadvantage, the game may yet be won until such time as I am checked and mated . . . or, until I declare.

Well, you have my declaration and are free to go on in your victorious agony (in your circles of description that lack angles, and are agonic). In making my declarations as thoughtfully as I am able, I have done my duty (and played my role) with honesty and integrity. It is not for the product that I have

undertaken the task of removing the great bolder from the mouth of the Cyclops' cave (and expended the strength of twenty oxen). I have simply paid what was due. Whatever those of the folds may consequentially decide is not of great concern, as I am a great believer . . . in free will. And anyway* however I may have offended, I now feel that I have compensated my compass, and paid such compensation as may have been just and due. I have sought only to make amends.

It is unlikely that the Cyclops that rules the cave would be upset, as I have relieved him of having to arise each morning to open its mouth (and to shift the boulder back each evening). Nor would this offering likely disturb the serpent that faithfully guards it. I have no will to dare the un-pastured dragon, or to threaten the warden of the world (or, indeed, anyone).

It is probably safe to say that my readers did not find this story riveting, and were not transfixed in any manner. Nevertheless, I was serious when I suggested keeping it (or the memory of it) in your back pocket or waist-band . . . should you ever find yourself in need of relieving yourself. Ha! Imagine me smiling at the pun (the twin meanings of relieving one's self) . . . yes; well, I did say that I find it difficult to take anything too seriously. Of course, you need not accept this . . . I just thought I'd throw it out there for your amusement.

Perhaps . . . just perhaps, both the rose and the thistle have lost their acidic thorns and alkaline burrs in mutual comprehension (however not in solution or

in resolution) . . . in that of just compensation and restitution.

As for the emotional debate between creationists and scientists, this is but a matter of the base that is thought prime. Both evolutionists and creationists see in organic and unitary relations that are exclusive (and both visions proceed from a problematic inception that is exceptional). Where we accept that the ‘status’ anti was a condition of Chaos and Cosmos (of the absolute states of solidified rectification and fluid in distinction) there is no exclusivity, and neither need be rejected or ignored. Where I say that they are of distinct bases, I imply that the ‘Big Bang’ of physics was the product of the ‘breaking together’ of the ‘prime’ city . . . an accretive and recursive ‘garden’ that *evolved* as a function of an effective and creative *escape* from the static and chaotic extremes of a gin that lacked the ‘hint’ of a mint (of myth or ‘de menthe’ that enables all generic dynamic . . . and an escape from bipolar extremes, each of which represents a purity of exclusion). All that is natural revolves and evolves, however all that is integral simply reciprocates.

As you read the code upon the faces of these pages you do not consider this to be encoded. This is but a function of our familiarity with the code, *as this that you read remains encoded* . . . although you fail to see that these symbols are symbolic (because they are the symbols of a code that you understand). On the other hand – as we read the symbols of our natural environment – we consider all as little more than encoded information (and we read all in the code of understanding) . . . in other words, we encode all that we survey.

I assure you, just because you know the code does not mean that these words are not the signs and symbols of a code.

Every person who comprehends their integrity will know no fear, and sincerely feel throughout the symphonic and sympathetic chords of each dramatic and musical production (and of each and every *member* of all crews, casts, and sensitive audiences) . . . and we need only remember.

R.B.H.