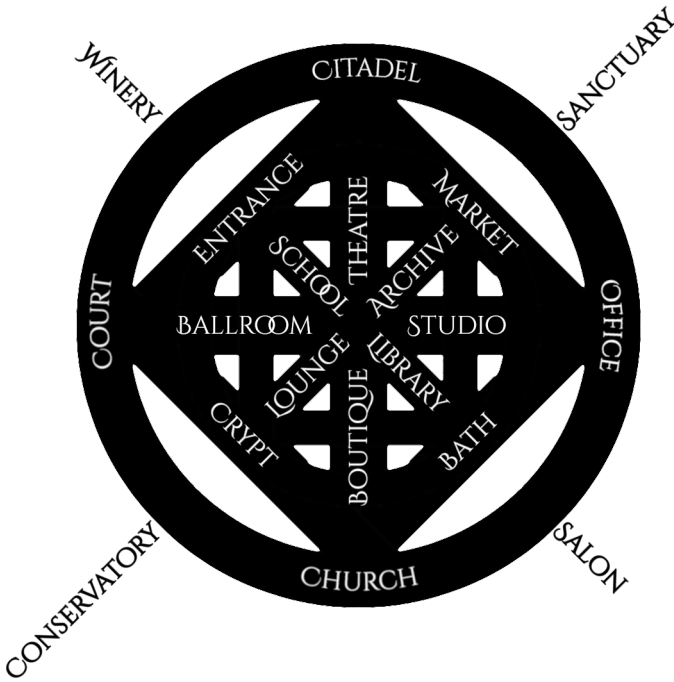


TWO ROSES
of SABLE

A BOOK BY THEA AARA

AUTHOR'S FIRST EDITION

I. SABLE of THE GARDEN



Man has built a thousand thousand thousand homes, but there is not yet a single true home among these. A thousand thousand thousand times, man has built where he needed further thought.

Foresee a true home, a home where all may walk through the garden every day to fulfill their daily needs. Among acres of trees and flowers, among a web of paths sheltered from sun and rain, we may walk within natural beauty to any of the 20 foundations within our community.

Our daily life in the garden may be complex and beautiful: every day we could walk beneath the sheltered paths, relating the foundations in lovely harmonies across days.

In many ways we were closer to the garden hundreds of years ago: the beauty of gothic architecture had already been proven; there were expanses of natural land that are now buried by the modern grid. Had we planned communities on individual needs, on the sights one would see as they walked their daily path, on the need of the true health that may only be known through a complex and elegant ethic, had we regarded natural beauty as a need instead of a luxury, we never would have found economic justification for even a single modern city. Modern man sought to prove the abstraction of analysis of efficient trade architectures was needed, and studied the false proofs that arose; he will turn away from a book like this, saying 'if such a beautiful answer may've been expressed in one book, modern man would have done so already.'

This book is written toward a community named Two Roses, named for an immortal rose whose petals never fall, whose leaves never wither, whose pure essence is undying; and a love rose whose beauty enraptures, whose fragrance inspires ecstasy, whose essence is pure joy; and the eternal question of this community is how to express the essences of these roses together, that we may live forever in love.

If everyone alive today wished to live in a home in the garden, if the average community had as many people as Two Roses, we would need ~300000 communities for 8b people. I hope that if you agree with the ideal of the garden though disagree with the details of Two Roses, that if your needs and tastes may be more beautifully expressed in another community, you may write toward your ideal. The most beautiful potential of our community is one surround by beautiful and varied communities. I hope someday to live in the garden.

I THE FOUNDATIONS of TWO ROSES

Every foundation in Two Roses beyond the Entrance will have an entryway with a similar painting mirrored in day and night upon its two side walls; the paintings are rendered in classical realism, with each entryway labeled with the simple title of that foundation,-

LIBRARY, CHURCH, SCHOOL.

We may imagine a common schedule in Two Roses: three times most days we eat in a banquet hall (having a choice among the 70 banquet halls of our community, each preparing a different kind of food); and most days we attend a foundation between either breakfast and lunch or between lunch and dinner.

As often as we visit a foundation, we may walk through its entryway, may pause to regard the paintings upon the side walls.

Families will often walk through the garden together. The foundations each have a creche where young children learn the purpose of that foundation,- priests may teach ethics of marriage in the Church creche; teachers may teach of the division of labors in the School creche – and parents may leave their children in the creche whenever they attend the foundation until the children are old enough to begin attending the true foundations.

As you read of the foundations, seek to imagine how you'd relate your memories of one to your time in another,- how your projects in the Archive may enrich the presentations you prepare in the Office, how your labors in the Office may empower the actresses who perform in the Theatre.

I. SCHOOL

There is a Demon laying surround by grass blackened by flames, and a Girl outlines the black grass in chalk, holding a picture drawn in crayon of a black snake under a yellow sun.

The demon represents modern ethics of labor, that we agree to remain in a narrow role, that we arrange our lives around a job and hobbies, rarely expressing through our lives a truly complex relation of disciplines, never surround by a true community. The demon endures a kind of punishment, without power to change the condition of his life.

The girl represents the need of abstracting our labors so to share knowledge,- though individuals deepen complex and unique labors, our school still has classrooms dedicated to only 20. Her drawing represents how we can only

present to others an abstract summary of our labor, that we cannot communicate the unique depth of our labor to others who are not studying our same focus.

1 Labor Architecture

Some days we could walk through the garden to the School. The School will have 20 lecture halls, each hall arranged as raised rows having long tables where students sit, each hall devoted to a different discipline. We'd be free to study any number of disciplines, and we could find unique ways to relate disciplines,- if we studied both writing and acting we could write screenplays.

The 20 foundations each represent a discipline,- the Boutique will present garments and fabrics fashioned by clothiers; the Court represents the lawyers who will debate there – and so the 20 lecture halls will each remain dedicated to teaching one discipline toward deeply serving one foundation.

Every individual may declare a title relating a number of disciplines,- a clothier actress may focus on composing the clothing actresses wear while performing in the Theatre; a doctress lawyer may focus on concerns of health law. Teachers are expected to have studied a number of other disciplines, to be recognized ov a title expressing the breadth of studies they intend to lecture ov. As the number of lecture halls in the School is only as great as the number of disciplines, every teacher will lecture in a number of rooms,- a perfumer gardener teacher may speak in both the lecture hall for perfumers and the lecture hall for gardeners, presenting in both rooms concerns that arise of cultivating and harvesting plants whose extracts may be mixed and distilled toward pleasant perfumes; yet in the gardener lecture hall they would focus more on the growing process, whereas in the perfumer lecture hall they would focus on chemic preparations and alchemic needs.

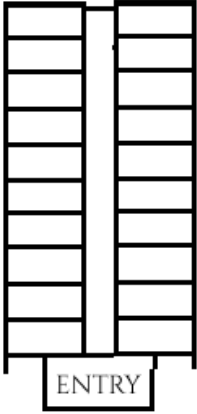
Individuals may also be recognized ov apprenticeships,- a doctress apprentice may help with preparations for medical procedures; an architect apprentice may help build manors and banquet halls and foundations given architectural layouts prepared by an architect.

To clarify how I may hope to labor within Two Roses, we may imagine every individual of our community having an account that begins with their name and labor title,-

Thea Aara

writer secretary logician architect actress
doctress artist apprentice

LECTURE HALLS



I fear I must apologize for the architectural layouts presented in this book; I feel the most needed thoughts may only be expressed in writing; and though it is a simple act to correct these images, there is a complex chain of causes that may arise of one simple choice (though I cannot hope to account for this without accounting for my living paralysis or a need of self expression entangled with the modern political condition). I hope I may be forgiven for assuming, before the foundations are built, there will be need to recreate these architectural layouts anyhow. I hope though these architectures may yield a more vivid ideal as you sift through your thoughts.

Again, every individual of Two Roses may interweave a labor of the 20 disciplines taught in the school; so labors may be interwoven of the work of gardeners, of cultivating the trees and flowers of the garden; of perfumers, of cleansing rooms and clothes; of chefs, of preparing food for the banquet halls; of logicians, of composing machine logic and logic films; of architects, of designing homes and banquet halls and foundations; of librarians, of reading so to help people choose books in the Library; of writers, of composing accounts and stories; of actresses, of performing in the Theatre; of musicians, of performing in the Ballroom; of mystics, of leading conversations and rites in the Lounge; of doctresses, of healing people in the Sanctuary; of lawyers, of conducting debates in the Court; of guardians, of protecting the laws; of secretaries, of helping arrange schedules and trades and travels; of machinists, of designing and building industrial machines; of artists, of creating artwork in the studio; of clothiers, of fashioning clothing and other fabrics in the Boutique; of teachers, of leading classes in the School; of priests, of leading ceremonies in the Church; and of beauticians, of styling hair, nails, and makeup in the Salon – people devoted to this breadth of works living and laboring together, every individual laboring toward a unique depth or a relation of disciplines. As each person is served for every need, they who live in Two Roses may walk and rest in clothing fashioned to their tastes, may eat the food of chefs for each of their meals, may have perfumers cleanse their furniture and garments; and as they seek to serve others, they may present for the community a complex service toward fulfilling a unique depth of need.

The disciplines are arranged in five categories of labor—truth, art, trade, law, and health.

HEALTH

WINERY chef

CONSERVATORY gardener

SALON beautician

SANCTUARY doctress

LAW

OFFICE logician

CHURCH priest

CITADEL guardian

COURT lawyer

TRADE

MARKET secretary

BATH perfumer

ENTRANCE machinist

CRYPT architect

ART

STUDIO artist

BOUTIQUE clothier

BALLROOM musician

THEATRE actress

TRUTH

SCHOOL teacher

ARCHIVE writer

LOUNGE mystic

LIBRARY librarian

2 Youth

In youth children are obliged to two studies—vocational study and political study.

In their vocational studies children are introduced to each of the twenty disciplines, if only deeply enough to understand the work of an apprentice and the more complex work of interweaving this discipline with other disciplines.

In their political studies children study other communities and paradigms in the garden, ethics unlike the ethics deepened in their own community.

II. STUDIO

There is a ring around a central circle—

the ring holds the sun and the moon across from each other on top and bottom, with a landscape between these celestia on either side: the left side presents the 20 foundations of Two Roses within a garden; the right side presents 3 large buildings—a legislature, an executive house, and a court-house—within a modern city;

the central circle holds a portrait of Femme, a deity whose hands and feet touch the edge of this circle.

Femme sees whether homes are built in the garden or in the modern city as a simple choice, yet she is trapped by the concerns that arise of this choice.

The appearance of this painting affects the meaning of the deities portrayed across further paintings,- what each aspect of the body represents, what the background affects – affecting the labors of artists.

1 Gallery Architecture of the Studio

There are 20 rooms in the Studio where artists may conduct a conversation or refine a work of art while observed by a live audience. The ethics of the community may resolve over these performances,- that audiences may prepare so that each individual understands a unique logic of remembrance over the deital principles the artist keeps in mind always. As often as someone in the audience feels compelled to speak, they may stand and speak over remembered principles, over the immediate focus of the artist,- the meaning of a deity's hands or clothing.

The 20 art rooms map to the 20 foundations, each performance held within these rooms related to the deital paintings in the entry of its foundation,- potentially affecting debates that resolve over how this painting should be changed.

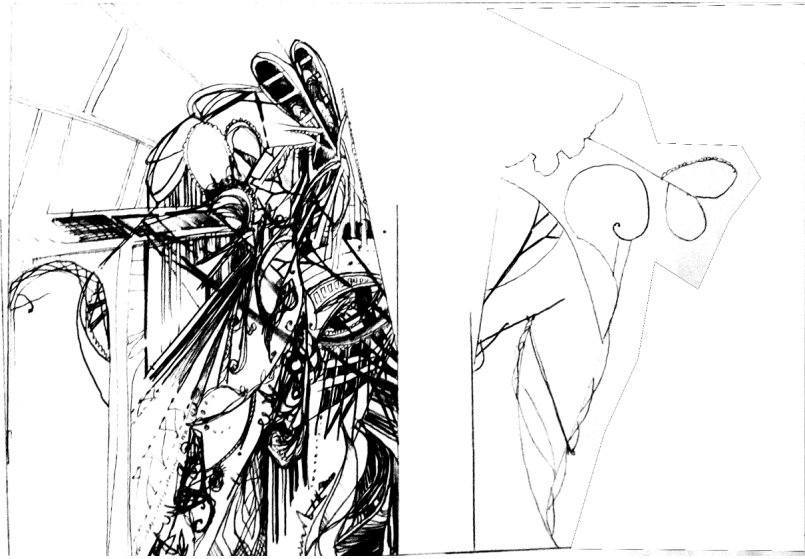
There is too a photo room, where scenes may be carefully arranged toward meaningful photographs; in this way art may be preserved even after the canvas must be repurposed. Machine logic written on photographs may influence one's schedule toward unique paths toward representing oneself,- the photograph of an actress may affect how films generated on her voice or her image are presented in the Theatre.



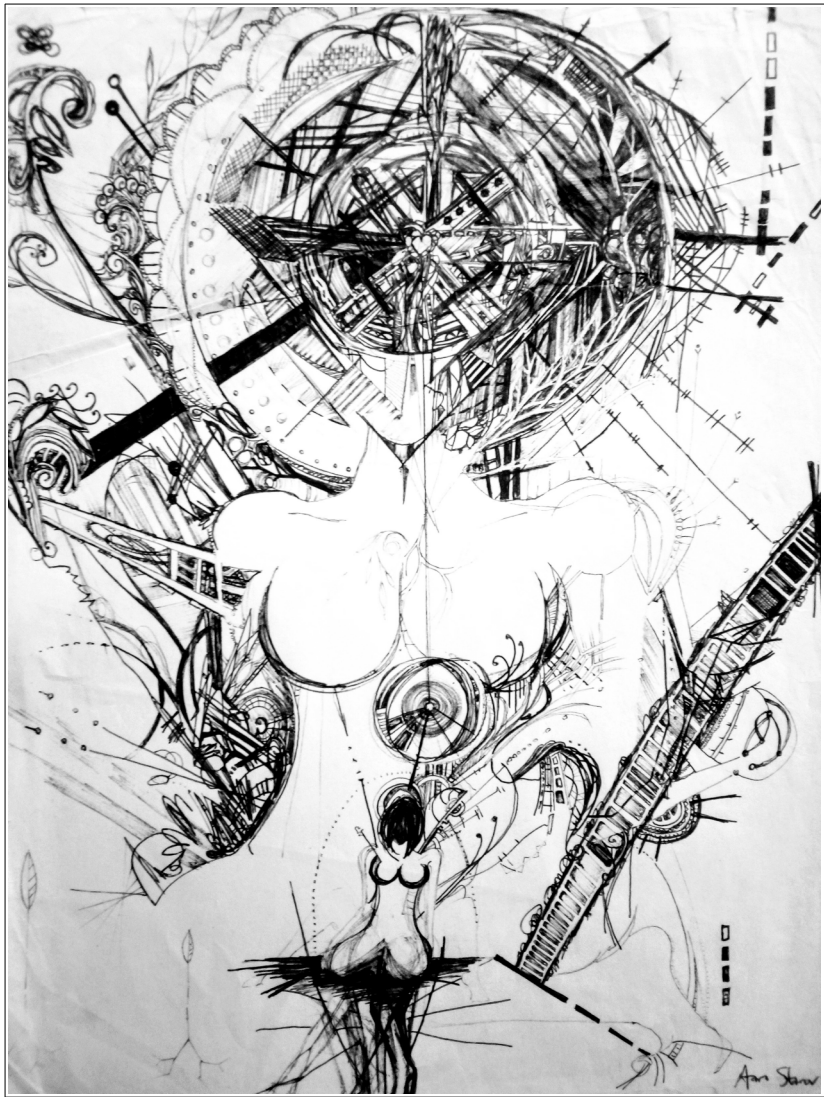
There is an ethic surrounding the paintings in the gallery, that new paintings will be presented in the gallery, and the manor that can present the strongest argument toward presenting the painting in a room in their manor will be given the painting. While presented in the manor,- hanging in one of the common rooms – lovers will naturally have conversations while sitting in the room on the meaning of the painting, the principles it represents. At some time, the painting will be returned to the Studio to be photographed, and every individual who lives in that manor will have time to arrange a number of photographs around that painting,- they may invite friends whose names surfaced while talking about the meaning of the painting, the conversation somehow making a memory with them more beautiful.

2 The Aesthetic Principle of Softness

At age 20 I began to compose art toward an aesthetic principle I call softness, in which one arranges lines toward expressing a balance of order and chaos. A soft image begins with a simple repeat method (right in the image below), and though repeating this method does not immediately appear a labor of any value, this repeat method does lead toward complex elegance.



Though softness is most clearly expressed through artwork, we may deepen this principle toward other disciplines as well,- the laws of our community may be judged too by their softness; composing soft notes may allow us to recognize a needed page and a thought recorded on that page.



Anja Star

making influence of machine digital logic

state of machine

reconnecting

more to be less predictable

against

can a habit be machine translated to

end

person a mile

with hope they've gathered

don't see without

the machine

generation

(1 40) v (3 202)

3 Deital Logic

In the paintings of Two Roses, scenes composed of deities represent relations of motive and power, relations of mind and body that may exist in many people at once; and we may study deities through paintings and texts. In the paintings of Two Roses, the stance of each deity represents their power, and their body represents their motive; the most beautiful deities represent the most beautiful motives. They born men often express feminine deities, just as they born women often express maleine deities; the contrast of maleine and feminine deities represents only a contrast of motives, not an expectation of how men and women will act. Each part of deities's bodies is given meaning through the Studio's entryway painting,- the hands may represent the motive and power to labor; the feet may represent the motive and power to choose one's home.

In the writings of Two Roses, as deities speak, one word may stand for many words and acts, for a set of gestures that may consume years of life. The interaction of deities may be expressed across the actions of many people,- deital conversations may reflect laws, or are repeat so often toward or against powers that these become like laws of nature. Writings will often inspire paintings, so the writers of Two Roses should keep in mind the beauty of the deities they write of.

III. CONSERVATORY

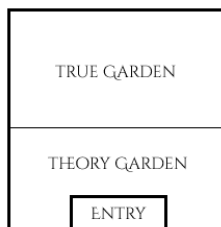
There is a populace holding hands among homes in nature, among them a Dryad who eats fruit that grows from branches that rise from her own back like curved wings.

The dryad represents how a natural equilibrium may be sustained.

The appearance of this painting affects the labors of gardeners.

1 Garden Architecture of the Conservatory

Some days we could visit the Conservatory where gardeners preserve plants that cannot survive outside. The Conservatory is made mostly of glass so to grant light to the plants it holds. We could visit there in the winter, when many of the plants outside are withered.



When entering the Conservatory, we will see a theory garden where gardeners arrange natural tests, - ov the natural speed of plant growth ov planting conditions, expression of color ov natural geniture, tests of temperature effects. Beyond this there is a step into a garden exactly one step higher, where exotic plants are arranged beautifully ov hidden or aesthetically refined heaters and fans and pipes.

2 Economic Argument

In the natural condition, living individuals do not arrange ethics around fair trades; they take of what returns in natural equilibrium. If we begin first with a natural principle of sustain, if we seek to plan around how far an individual may walk in a certain amount of time, how their daily path may be beautiful, we may arrange an economic argument ov a simpler and less abstract math of valuation.

We cannot calculate the economic value of living in beauty instead of modern conditions, yet we cannot argue toward the garden without economic calculation. This economic argument is grounded in what has already been proven possible, setting an equality between what has already been built and what we would have built in Two Roses.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 (256.7b + 97b) \\
 / 331.9m \\
 \times 25600 \\
 \approx \\
 10x \\
 32000 \times 20 \\
 + \\
 5x \\
 8000 \times 70 \\
 + \\
 1.5x \\
 50000 \times 200 \\
 + \\
 50000 \times 20 \\
 + \\
 2m
 \end{array}
 \begin{array}{l}
 \textit{ft}^2 \textit{ already built per 25600 people} \\
 \textit{residential ft}^2 + \textit{commercial ft}^2 \textit{ in the United States} \\
 \textit{population of the United States} \\
 \textit{population of Two Roses} \\
 \\
 \textit{ft}^2 \textit{ that will be built in Two Roses} \\
 \\
 \textit{gothic} \\
 \textit{ft}^2 \textit{ of the foundations} \\
 \\
 \textit{classical} \\
 \textit{ft}^2 \textit{ of the banquet halls} \\
 \\
 \textit{victorian} \\
 \textit{ft}^2 \textit{ of the manors} \\
 \\
 \textit{ft}^2 \textit{ of the inns} \\
 \\
 \textit{ft}^2 \textit{ of the industrial yard}
 \end{array}$$

We may use the average number of square feet built per person in the United States as a standard of what has already been proven possible. Compared to the arrangement of modern cities, the arrangement of Two Roses would have used far fewer square feet per person for its buildings, so far more may have been

invested in each square foot built: our garden may've held gothic foundations, classical banquet halls, and victorian manors.

This calculation arises of the question of the amount of land we need for Two Roses: how far apart should the foundations be if everyone were to walk through the garden to a foundation every day? If we wish to walk more or less one hour in the garden each day, each day's walk punctuated by visits to three banquet halls and one foundation, Two Roses may be built within 2400 acres.

In this calculation the number of people who could share this land is determined on a balance: where there are more people, there is need of a greater number of manors and banquet halls, and with too many people, we'd no longer live in the garden; yet where there are more people, we may justify investing more in our buildings, so we'd have more choices within the foundations and among the banquet halls. With 25600 people living in Two Roses, every manor may be built within 10 acres of garden.

We may've lived in wealth. There is no one description of wealth; true wealth is having choice of the conditions of our life; yet if Two Roses may serve as an average, as a standard of what a true home looks like, for the same cost as the cost of building the modern United States the entire population of our nation may've had a true home.

The wealth of Two Roses is possible given 1) the ideal of the daily life of the garden: instead of having most people drive most days past lines of buildings they never use, the only buildings in the community would be wholly used, within walking distance of every home; and 2) the use of expansive manors instead of modern houses.

Our daily schedule is limited by the architecture that surrounds us, for this limits the places we've time to visit and how we reach these places. In the arrangement of modern cities neither the paths nor the ends are truly beautiful. Our ancestors built modern cities with the belief that every building needed to border a road; as cities progressed, they overlooked the potential of walking through the garden.

In modern cities, the ratio of land use for roads, homes, and other buildings is about 40-40-20, with the buildings built within modern grids. People may walk along the roads, and the beauty of nature is confined to parks and small yards. Most days, most people drive between work and home; to visit a foundation,- a school, a church, a theatre – they must drive past many buildings they never use.

In Two Roses, the buildings are built at artistic angles instead of being fit within modern grids, with acres of garden for each building. People may walk along the sheltered paths to any of the 20 foundations while surrounded by the beauty of nature. Among the foundations there are places most people never find time to visit in modern life,- the ballroom, the studio, the archive, the citadel.

Given that they who live in the garden may walk each day to fulfill their needs, travel becomes a luxury rather than an obligation; we'd need to travel only as often as we wish to visit somewhere outside of our community. Where in modern cities every building is built along a road, there would only need to be one road extending from each community in the garden; these roads could meet in a web surrounded by nature.

As most days most people in the community do not need to travel, if we plan so that friends may use any of the community's empty carriages, if the carriages are wholly used, if people divide their days equally among the foundations, there may be 50x fewer carriages compared to modern cars; were we to invest the same amount of material and labor in the garden as we invested in modern society, our possessions would express wealth.

For 25600 people in the modern city, there could be 23300 vehicles, and the roads are arranged to accommodate this many vehicles. In dense cities the cars leave a blanket of smog.

For 25600 people in Two Roses, there are 466 machine carriages kept along the central path for the community to use, among these trade carriages that carry goods.

Much of the modern excess arises from building modern homes instead of manors. Expansive manors where every window looks upon the garden would use less material than many small houses crowded within streets where the windows look either onto a small yard or a line of other buildings.

In a modern city, an average 2400 acres could hold suburban neighborhoods having ~4400 modern homes, each with a small dining room, kitchen, garage, and living room. Each home is built upon 0.2 acres of land, and 11000 people live among these homes.

In Two Roses, within 2400 acres there will be 200 victorian manors, the homes not needing kitchens nor dining rooms nor garages, having instead expansive common areas. Each home is built within 10 acres of garden, and 25600 people live among these homes.

For 128 people, we may either build one manor or 51 modern houses; both would be built within 10 acres of land, yet the modern homes use twice as much building material, and whereas the manor would be surrounded by 9 acres of garden, the modern houses divide the beauty of nature into small yards, surround by a grid of roads. The population of Two Roses would be as dense as that of a city like Los Angeles, though the amount of land expressed as garden interwoven with sheltered paths would be ~90% compared to ~10% parks in LA.

Every person can be more helpful if they have a home, if they do not suffer the distraction of hunger, if they have a place to prepare themselves to present themselves well. Many who are homeless walk every day past empty bedrooms, empty showers, as there are 113m empty bedrooms in the United States and not nearly as many homeless. Many are homeless for a crime no worse than taking more time than others to think through the ethic of their days.

Among an average 25600 people who live in a modern city, 51 people are homeless while 3006 people suffer hunger.

For every person in Two Roses, there is a true home that grants them a seat among the banquet halls and a place among the foundations.

The true difference of wealth for the same amount of land would be as great as the freedom to walk from one's home along sheltered paths among 290 beautiful buildings in the garden or along modern roads among thousands of modern buildings, to live in a community where every building is surround by acres of trees and flowers or to see only the modern grid in every direction. In the name of economic order, modern man has wasted the most costly land and materials: he has buried the garden in a grid of concrete, deepening a kind of poverty for even the richest among us.

3 The Weight of a Day

Across the 13 years that it took to plan and compose this book, the population has increased by more than 1b people. Two Roses asks ~0.1 acres of land per person; across this time the amount of land per person that may've been expr-

essed as garden has decreased by even more. Every year in the United States modern cities are extended over enough land to hold more than 400 communities like Two Roses, true homes for more than 10m people; every day we consume the amount of land a true community needs. The labors of the past 13 years have buried beneath the modern grid what may've been a true home for a third of our nation. In the modern future, it may be argued that people cannot live in the garden, that land should be used only for farms or modern cities.

We may live in the last generation that still lives with enough open land, that can labor toward a living proof of the garden without arguing that we must tear down modern homes. In the modern future, our arguments toward the garden may be dismissed as mere fantasy. Though a true garden will take many years to bring about, we may labor toward its first communities within our lifetimes.

4 Transition

We may begin to live by true ethics even before we live in true communities,-some rooms may be made into little archives, where people may meet to work toward a project that may help bring about true homes; some rooms may be made into little libraries; some may be made into little markets where people may trade promises for the goods kept there; some may be made into office rooms where friends may work together, each room having a couch and a large screen presenting machine pages. (Even if we were to first give a bedroom to every person in the United States without a home, there would still be enough empty rooms so that if our entire population were to visit a room at the same time, there would be an average of three people in each room.)

Living this way we could walk every day instead of driving; we could live with ~50x fewer cars on the road. Living this way, I believe we would quickly begin to feel the need of a true community, that the deepest need of our days would be to be surround in natural beauty during our walks instead of being surround by the modern grid.

5 Beginnings

The path to the garden entails a great burden for many, for much labor and land and material that may've been invested in the garden was consumed by the modern grid, yet this path promises an ethic that is both more elegant and more complex than the ethic of modern society, and once the garden is brought about, the burden of sustaining it will be smaller than the burden of sustaining the modern politic. Our ancestors burdened us with the modern grid even as they

empowered us: we have tools they never had while building modern cities, but there is much we must change.

A true community will take time to bring about: in reading of gothic architecture, a church built in the United States took more than 20 years to build; and the classical architecture of the banquet halls will take time as well; yet the manors and inns and industrial yard may be built in years. Given the amount of industrial building in the United States, Two Roses would only need ~1m ft² dedicated to industrial purposes to equal the modern standard for the same number of people; as we are establishing our community, before there are true banquet halls and true foundations, we may use buildings in the industrial yard, setting temporary kitchens in some, designing others on the foundations,- one with temporary classrooms, another as a temporary theatre or archive or church – so that we may begin to live by true ethics even before we live among truly beautiful architecture.

After the true buildings are established our daily path will become more varied: instead of walking a similar path to the industrial yard every day, we will walk different paths as we visit the different foundations and eat at different banquet halls every day. It would then be natural to convert the temporary foundations in the industrial yard toward related production,- the temporary library may begin to print books; the temporary studio may begin to produce canvases.

Given the number of inns that will be built near the industrial yard, if every community in the garden had the same ratio of bedrooms in inns to bedrooms in homes, we could economically justify staying in another community's inn 1 in every 10 days; so every individual in Two Roses may hope to help deepen meaningful relations with other communities in the garden while visiting those communities,- friends may take 9 weeks planning a 1 week stay in another community, or may take 9 years planning for an entire year.

It is my hope that the ideal of this book reaches all who do not have a true home in modern society, all who could only feel at home in the garden.

IV. LIBRARY

There is a rainbow arcing twice, dividing the image into four parts.

In the upper left, there is a Widow upon a bed, and through the window, there is a soft abstract mess spilling toward her, rising from the crease where the two rainbows meet. In the lower left, there is a Suicide, a woman laying near a knife, a desk covered in black ink that spills from its sides like a

fountain near her; she holds a paper while a quill lays near her, and there is a painting standing in the background.

In the upper right, there is a Lord carrying a pained Maiden, the lord's beard against her throat as his hands are upon her back. In the lower right, there is a Lover being filmed while a black statue in the stance of the lord above holds her by the throat and the hair; she strains toward a white statue of a woman.

The desk overflowing with black ink represents the need to express more than is possible. The left half of this painting represents the concerns that cause this need.

The right half of the painting represents how modern ethics leave an echo in our surroundings: the acts of the Lord resolve toward a modern grid in which a false memory of motives is preserved, in which we struggle to gesture toward true ethics: though the lover beneath is not in the lord's immediate presence, the statue in his likeness holds her, keeping her from freedom of self expression (for others will not listen to her, assuming she gestures with bad motives,- wanting attention instead of wanting a community where all may help beautifully). The lord justifies his ethic ov a false understanding of the scene behind him: he believes they he harms were hoping to express more than is possible, that the lover's lack of power to gesture is natural and inevitable, that he is not the source of her suffering.

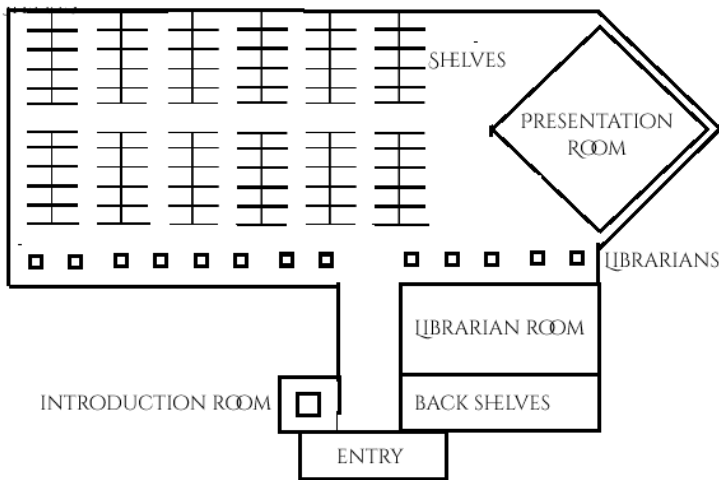
The painting of the Library entryway will affect how librarians divide study of the books.

1 Meaning ov Reading

I feel the most beautiful joy I've felt arose of the potential for preserving memories ov understanding of communication that may only be expressed through writing. It was only after I'd written two books that I understood a beautiful potential that had already become impossible by the time I first beheld a modern home: if there is a natural, inherent value in having a first memory in a place surround by natural beauty, if there is too inherent value in writing that describes places and political conditions that we've never witnessed, then there would have been value in the political condition of the garden arising before the modern condition, that any ugly memories of modern homes would've only been expressed in satire, in words, though never seen in life.

2 Book Architecture

Some days we could walk through the garden to the Library. Individuals will often arrange their schedules around the books they choose there,- after reading a book, we may attend classes related to that book in the School, then watch a film inspired by that book in the Theatre, then have a garment made in the Boutique by a clothier who attended the same film and classes, such that this clothing serves as a remembrance of the thoughts this book inspired; and for every garment made this way, we may attend a dance in the Ballroom where we wear our new clothing. These scheduled courses relating foundations may resolve across days or weeks or months or years.



In the library we could choose two books with our partner so that we may each read each book while the other is reading the other, then talk about the books together.

For many books communities in the garden will keep class sets, enough for a class to read and study together at once. These may be stored in buildings in industrial yards.

Books like this one may be quoted by part and text,- this text (I.1)

Writers may arrange their books purposefully ov how they'd like their books to be regarded when quoted,- one referring to a quoted text should read all beneath the numbered text referred to.

The books in the Library of Two Roses will all be written in english, though writers may introduce new words given notions they often return to, or given the

aesthetic principles that can not be expressed in modern language,- to write concisely, I've found need of several meanings I've never seen expressed.

ov : in relation to

v : in contrast to

,- : , for example –

phrenia : the complex of electric fibres centered in the head and extending down the back

catechism : a series of questions and answers where the last question again raises the first answer

1m : 1 million

1b : 1 billion

1t : 1 trillion

logic machine : a machine that allows a person to control logic

machine logic : logic written for a logic machine

machine page : a document presented within a logic machine

logic film : a controlled film

About 6 years before composing this book, I wrote nearly all of *Story of the Stars*. In many ways the ethics of Two Roses emerged of thoughts of how a community could arrange a beautiful study ov a story like this.

I remember reading the greek myths as a child, and in this book I sought to reconcile these myths with the biblical studies I'd heard spoken of in modern churches.

Even while Two Roses existed only as an unexpressed ideal, the thought of the ethics of study in this community deeply influenced how I thought of *Story of the Stars* – as a metaphor for why a true garden had not been brought about, why modern cities were built instead.

While sifting through thoughts of how the architectures of the foundations may be made more beautiful, more unique ov the foundations that would inevitably be expressed in other communities of the garden, I thought to represent *Story of the Stars* in both the Library and the Boutique.

Presentation Room. In the Library, there is a presentation room whose architecture has symbolic meaning ov the first city established in the myth of

Story of the Stars. Mirroring this first city, the presentation room has four doorways representing four cardinal sins—crimes against etiquette, beauty, reason, and passion—and architects are invited to debate the arrangement of this room ov the offenses they understand are too consistently expressed in the community. Writers may then present in this presentation room any books they’ve written whenever they feel they’ve addressed in their book a complex of motives and powers related to these offenses, that this pattern of offense would not have been expressed had others understood the thought the writer sift through before composing this book; and so if they believe further study of their work may be helpful, they may lay one of their books on a table or a pedestal.

Shelves. The shelves are arranged with a place for each writer. Were individuals to resolve toward labors such that each may, on average, describe their labor as a relation of three disciplines,- librarian architect writer – then we may expect ~4000 individuals to help ov every kind of needed service within our community; there may thus be need in our library to designate a place upon a library shelf for this many writers.

Ov how individuals declare their labor as a relation of labors, there is an expected etiquette in *Two Roses*,- we may expect a writer to be prepared to answer questions of their own books, a librarian to answer questions ov books they’ve read, and a librarian writer to meaningfully relate their own writing to the works of other writers, to accept suggestions of what they should read. We should understand one’s declared labor as the most quiet and polite way to gesture toward an intended ethic, an intended focus, and as we regard the titles others have chosen for themselves, we should seek to refine our questions ov their intention sooner than we seek to offer advice or immediate answers,- we should not ask a writer to immediately share their thoughts on another writer’s work, assuming instead the writer prefers to listen to the conversation politely, to sift through their thoughts ov what they may hope to express more clearly in writing.

Librarians each remain devoted to a study,- perhaps a historical event – and study every book in the Library written ov their focus.

Writers may choose the order their books are presented on their shelf, speaking with librarians ov this choice; it is polite in *Two Roses* to enter the Library with an understanding of a number of writers, to view the shelves of some of these writers, and to take the first book on a shelf (the only cover from this writer they can see) if they find its cover meaningful and beautiful ov their present thoughts. Given this etiquette, there is no need to present books’s titles on the spines; and given this expectation, writers may speak toward ideal cover art for their books with artists with the assumption that the spine will be pure black.

Introduction Room. The introduction room will be a simple square room with a square of shelves in its center, the ceiling extending down behind the shelves so to create the appearance of a central square column. This room holds only books from other communities, given with the understanding that any individual who wishes to communicate meaningfully with the individuals of that community should read their books in this room first.

The Librarian's Tables. Between the bookshelves and the entryway of the Library, there is a line of tables where librarians may sit and read while waiting to help individuals. When someone has found a book or a number of books they may wish to read, they may take these books to a librarian's table. The process of taking books is described in machine logic, which may be expressed through the phones people keep – the act of setting their phone on a thin machine stone on a librarian's table would be like the act of presenting a library card. The books in this Library have covers woven over a simple machine fabric so that every book may be recognized when placed upon a librarian's table.

3 Scheduling Courses

As we schedule courses these will often vary over the books we read, - a course may involve travel to the place a book is set, may involve representing a book in film.

The conversations of how to plan courses may begin with a simple theoretic schedule, a schedule that could be lived, but will more often influence the schedules that are: everyone would eat in a banquet hall three times each day, attending a foundation between either breakfast and lunch if it is nearer their home or between lunch and dinner if it is further from their home; each day, half of the community would follow an early schedule, half a late schedule, so that each foundation would be used 4 times each day, and each banquet hall would be used 6 times a day.

	EARLY SCHEDULE	LATE SCHEDULE
morning :	6-7:30	7:40-9:10
breakfast :	7:50-9	9:30-10:40
early foundation :	9:20-10:50	11-12:30
lunch :	11:10-12:20	12:50-2
late foundation :	12:40-2:10	2:20-3:50
break :	2:30-4:30	4:10-6:10
dinner :	4:50-6	6:30-7:40
evening :	6:20-7:50	8:00-9:30

The labors of the community will resolve toward more complex schedules in which people are scheduled to serve and be served by others in the industrial

yard, in which times vary from day to day, though we may seek across all courses a balance like the balance of this schedule, where the foundations and banquet halls are wholly used, where only half of the community uses the banquet halls at once, and only a quarter of the community uses the foundations at once.

V. ARCHIVE

The image is divided into three panels—above, a tower and a garden; central, a mosaic grid where words are written; below, a barren field and a grid of four of four rooms.

In the top panel, there is a tree in the tower, and a Priest stands with a Priestess and a Boy, a scripture upon a pedestal before them. Two Guards stand at a gate at the entrance of the tower with a boy who is their Trainee. Outside there is a garden where around an encircled pentacle three Witches are hoping to invite the guards to be with them at the two other points of the circle—one witch standing still, one begging woefully, one dancing. Away from the women, an Angelless Writer reaches toward placing a single tile into the mosaic grid below.

In the mosaic grid, words are written in tiles –
camera : tree of knowledge
pyramidal structure : tower
labor yard : garden
mark of greed : pentacle
proof of desire : paper
beginning o

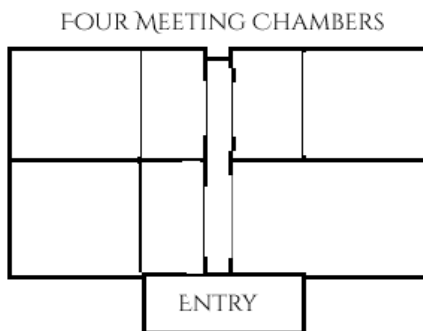
In the bottom panel, where the tower was, three Men are building a pyramid with cameras, this pyramid composed with three sides that surround a woman who is kneeling upon the ground, who is writing a single word upon a scrap of paper, whose back is arched while her eyes are directed down toward the paper. The view screens of the cameras are directed toward her, many images showing many times the two other women around the pyramid—one an assistant dressed in a business suit holding a stack of papers, one a woman preparing food on a kitchen shelf near the painting's edge while reading a book titled *AI Manual*, a tv upon the shelf. The men call these three women Wives. Where the garden was in the top panel, there are six Boys among the grid of four of four rooms, each prepared for part of a camera assembly, and they give one finished camera to the men through a window in the wall that divides the field from the rooms.

The camera pyramid represents modern ethics of record keeping, the abuse of presenting records for sake of changing one who seeks self expression; the book in the tower represents true ethics of record keeping. The top and bottom panel represent the garden and modern society, and the painting represents how modern motives and powers arose of natural motives and powers. The angelless writer understands the beauty of nature and the threat of falling into modern ethics; she cannot finish the warning she seeks to record, for sooner than she can complete the last line, her words expressing a warning are wrongly read as instructions.

The appearance of this painting affects the labors of writers, and how it is decided among the community which projects will be expressed in the archive.

Project Architecture

Some days we could walk through the garden to the Archive. The Archive will have four large rooms where people can work on projects, and the community will present project proposals for the focus of each room. After a proposal is accepted, the room will be devoted to the project of that proposal,- if the proposal proposes a series of films, a wall of that room may be used to present paintings representing the parts of each film, and the books that serve as inspiration for the films may be kept upon the room's bookshelves. When we visited the Archive we would meet in one of these rooms with others to talk about how we could deepen its project,- what we should read, the films we could help bring about.



Over the Archive, we may understand an architectural detail expressed across every foundation of Two Roses. Where could be quickly drawn, a thin line expresses a step the height of one stair. A step up represents labor that may be most meaningfully complete with greater privacy; a step down represents labor that is only meaningful in a social context.

In the two rooms furthest from the entry, there is a step up leading to an area where individuals are expected to prepare,- there may be bookshelves upon the walls arranged over the need for individuals to understand any progress made on the project since the last time they visited the Archive. When prepared to speak in conversation, they may step down unto a lower area where others are gathered,- maybe at separate tables focused on different aspects of the project.

In the first room one may enter left of the entry, there is a wall separating the private area from the conversation area, over the expectation that some projects will ask for louder conversations; in the first room to the right, there is only preparation, with chairs arranged over the expectation that in this room there will be only quiet conversations between partners.

VI. LOUNGE

There stands Father with Daughter, the daughter eating a fruit while it drips from her mouth, the father looking upon the daughter while a tear drips from his eye.

The daughter represents a relation to remembrances needed to sustain true joy, her fruit representing a belief that imbues the logic of our other remembrances with beauty,- when we feel true joy every taste feels richer. The father represents distance from these remembrances, the motives and powers that arise when we lack memory of joy,- the motives and powers to establish laws against drugs that often serve as remembrances of joyful beliefs (that often lead people to gesture against the modern condition).

1 The Problem of Love

True joy feels like an ocean of the softest lightning, wave after wave rising in your throat like perfect laughter; each wave is sharp in its intensity, yet each sharp edge leaves a wake of softness within your skin. When we feel true joy, we may feel as though our sense of touch extends beyond our skin, that we feel motion in the air,- the gesture of one sitting next to us may feel like a gentle touch; subtle patterns in music become vibrant to our senses – and every material touch feels as though it pierced softly beneath our skin.

Yet when we seek to express the logic of belief that inspires joy within us, often we are dismissed over reverse logic toward more common beliefs. Reverse logic arises of making choices by our feelings, by our heart, our intuition, for often, our choice depends on our belief: given two choices, we would choose one if we believed one condition were true, the other if another condition were true; often,

we fall into reverse logic while choosing: sooner than we seek study of which condition is true, we judge which condition feels better to believe as the truth.

As we argue toward beauty, toward conditions in which love may be deepened, there is often reverse logic against changing what-is, for people often choose over two conditions—

everything is as it should be, so little must change; our progress has been leading in the right direction; they who've been empowered deserve their power; or	much must change; our progress has deepened away from conditions that would sustain true love; the powerful have often embraced the madness of reverse logic
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—with the first condition often feeling better to believe. Because people often feel better believing the modern condition is good and right, logic has often deepened toward protection of the modern condition.

There are conditions we feel true joy to believe will be brought forth, and these are the only conditions that truly deserve protection. True joy often leads away from the madness of reverse logic, for we begin to compare every passion to our memories of joy, and we cease to make choices over conditions that yield lesser passions to believe in,- we cease to carefully weigh modern choices, choices that could not possibly lead to beautiful self expression toward a joyful equilibrium.

We feel true joy when we have a theory of how life will become perfect, how an equilibrium may arise where everyone knows true love. We feel torment when we have a theory of how life may fall into an eternal equilibrium where not everyone feels true joy as a sustained passion. Joy and torment, though opposite passions, arise from the same kind of thought: a theory of how an equilibrium may be sustained forever.

True joy is rare in modern society, for joy asks that we understand equilibrium, and people have often chosen against this understanding while choosing against the nausea that arises of understanding the modern equilibrium – true joy asks that we understand a path we believe will bring everyone love, whereas modern beliefs often ask us to focus on serving only one category of people. True joy most often arises among we who reject modern society, yet even then true joy is rare, for much opposes we who reject modern society,- as we come to understand a path toward joy, we come to understand more and more that needs to change, to understand more and more protecting the modern equilibrium.

Joy and torment often arise of the most needed kind of thought, yet there is reverse logic against both.

When people argue toward a condition of joy, they who listen often choose ov two beliefs—

‘I am aware of the highest passion it is healthy to feel; I’ve been laboring in the way that is most needed’; or	‘others have felt a higher passion than myself; the conditions I’ve suffered to protect were not worth laboring toward’
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—with the first belief often feeling better to believe. People often feel better believing that we who speak toward a higher passion only suffer madness or arrogance, that our words arise of an unhealthy relation to logic.

Modern man believes in modern happiness, in feeling better; he advises (in different words) ‘trust reverse logic; you’ll feel better’. True happiness is having a sense of purpose toward joy. After we feel true joy, we become focused on the conditions that may sustain joy, often suffering to labor toward these conditions; until we feel true joy, we may labor toward modern ends without awareness of these conditions, destroying these conditions blindly. We only gain the patience to understand true happiness after we’ve escaped reverse logic.

In at least three ways, reverse logic is cyclical, that it sustains itself: 1) it often feels better to believe that past choices were right, that past choices reflected understanding, not the madness of reverse logic; 2) as the problems of our society deepen we increasingly suffer to see our society clearly, so reverse logic becomes more appealing; and 3) it often feels better to believe that we can trust reverse logic and webs of logic arisen of reverse logic, so there is reverse logic against escaping reverse logic.

When we speak ov torment, our words are often similarly dismissed ov the choice between two beliefs—

they who suffer deeply suffer an illness of the mind, or they deserve their torment; they would feel better if someone taught them the truth; or	they who suffer deeply recognize the the deepest problems of society, conditions that must change yet motives to sustain those conditions
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—with the first belief again often feeling better to believe.

Many who think clearly suffer in modern society to see life deepening against the most needed virtues, yet as we seek to express the source of our sadness or anger

or nausea, often people turn away from our work as quickly as it evokes sadness or anger or nausea, seeking instead modern things that do not.

When we embrace reverse logic, we may find ways to escape immediate feelings of suffering, but often at the cost of choosing against we who argue toward the fulfillment of true needs. In many ways reverse logic is interwoven with the modern condition, a condition of life where people often feel better opposing, ignoring, and or punishing we who argue against modern society,- when a person is corrected by someone rewarded by society, it often feels better to believe that the rewarded person was addressing a true need than to believe the corrections were wrongly directed; when a person is punished, it often feels better to believe that they deserved their punishment than to believe they were wrongly punished; when one doesn't understand another, one will often feel better to believe the other speaks in madness than to believe the other presents a true insight one doesn't understand; when a person expresses a need that is not being fulfilled, often it feels better to believe it is not a true need than to believe someone is deprived of a true need; often people feel better to believe suffering arises of lack of understanding, that we who suffer to see clearly the distance that separates what-is and what-should-be only suffer an illness of the mind; often it feels better to blame individuals for their woes than to acknowledge there are political wrongs, for it may feel better to blame the smaller instead of the greater: we can more easily believe that the smaller will change; arguments toward true labors have often been dismissed, for it often feels better to believe that true labors are those that people are already prepared to perform in their daily life, are those that are immediately rewarded; people have often chosen to labor in the wrong direction, for choosing rewarded labors has often felt better than sifting through thoughts of why many labor wrongly. In all these ways, reverse logic leads to the deepening of modern strife.

It is often better to sit with suffering than to act upon an intuition, upon a choice that feels better, for suffering is an aspect of any transition away from a place where it is possible to believe that what-is should be. Many people feel better to hear that everything is as it should be, that nothing must change; so as people have embraced beliefs that feel better, reverse logic has deepened against we who argue toward a societal transition; true transitions ask us to abandon the comfort of reverse logic, to sit instead with suffering.

The common paths to feeling better only deepen reverse logic. I fear many who understand the problem of love will suffer to understand reverse logic, will be challenged by they who don't suffer because they haven't truly understood, they who will argue that their understanding leads to love and happiness.

2 True Freedom

Two Roses is biased ov my own sense of beauty. I believe there are high needs and deep needs, high needs the needs common across all individuals, deep needs the needs arisen of our unique memories. If it is fair to have one community established ov an individual's deep needs, it is perhaps only fair because in writing toward the community Two Roses, I had time to sift through very few thoughts arisen of any need I recognized as a deep need; I have memories of the books that were most meaningful to me, memories of feeling true joy ov a beautiful hope of progress, memories of how my beliefs changed ov thoughts and studies, memories of wanting to tell my first love that I was falling in love with her yet feeling there was no way to tell her beautifully; only then to suffer deeply ov the recognition that, if there were any hope of gesturing toward a true home where this depth of memory could be meaningfully preserved, I'd need to speak against many popular beliefs, understanding already that many find comfort in believing what others believe; for sifting through thoughts arisen of popular beliefs leads more often to conversations where we may speak meaningfully ov others's thoughts, may more often recognize among our community others who will labor toward preserving the same deep needs. Unfortunately, the common thought *how can I help my friends? (or at least others whose needs I understand)* leads very often away from ethics that may've help one struggling to express needs that often go unrecognized, strife inherent in the modern ethic.

The high needs may be concisely related to the deep needs: every individual must have freedom to beautifully honor their unique memories.

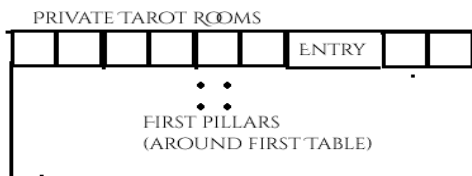
There may be beauty in every kind of community that shares aligned principles but those that seek to impose their beliefs upon others (and modern society has many of these communities). Every individual deserves a true home, a place where they know true freedom.

True freedom is not only power to choose, but power to choose how we make our choices, the power to decide what logic must be represented internally in the electric fibres and chemic remembrances of our body, what logic must be represented externally in the ethics of our community. It is modern to say that we have our freedom when we are forced to make our choices ov money, to internally translate our values into numbers; true freedom would not impose this internal condition. It is modern to declare laws across many communities before taking time to understand these communities, and this is also called a condition of freedom; true freedom would allow everyone to choose communities whose laws arise of unique processes of self determination. The modern condition does not empower true freedom.

Where today if nearly half of the people in our democracy agree on an ideal, yet a little more than half oppose this ideal, nearly half of the people may suffer to have laws established against their ideal (and given how modern politicians often express an ideal that is not aligned with the true ideal of many who vote for them, often laws are established against the ideals of most). We may hope Two Roses to serve as living proof that if there are even 25600 people agreed on a rare ideal, they may all have a true home aligned with their principles.

3 High Architecture of the Lounge

Some days we'd walk to the Lounge to spend time with friends, and we could perform small presentations for each other there,- satiric monologues, short speeches, poetry recitals. The best performances we'd refine until these were perfect enough to be performed in the Theatre or expressed in film.



There will be in the Lounge a number of tables where a circle of friends may sit together.

4 Tarot Cards

Mystics of Two Roses may speak of meaningful choices of tarot cards. A tarot deck may begin with a breadth of choices,- those we'd debate through conversations with a secretary who helps us arrange travel – and a method of mapping those choices,- certain orders of cards representing certain paradigms in the garden – such that every card is a remembrance of a focus we cannot hope to approach but through a pattern of remembrance we cannot hope to prearrange.

Tarot decks should be prepared of schedule logic, of the meaningful choices that surface consistently, choices that cannot be translated into machine logic given the need of human understanding rooted in memories of passion of what we remember of symbols and images.

VII. BALLROOM

Two Lovers kneel upon a bed with red violet sheets and curtains, filmed by a black camera. Outside their room an army beneath the direction of a

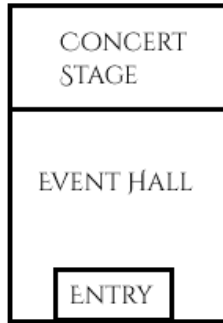
General holds weapons, the men dressed in scarlet cloaks, having scarlet coin purses. The sky is filled with the web of a black widow Spider.

Among the deities the spider is most hideous; their motives align with bringing about the condition that would sustain torment. The lovers are surround by powerful men who act ov the spider's web.

This painting affects the labors of musicians.

1 Concert Architecture of the Ballroom

Some nights we'd attend dances together in the Ballroom, having been attended that day by a beautician. As we walked home from the Ballroom, we'd see lights along the paths illuminating the buildings and many of the trees from below.



The ballroom need not be reserved always for dances,- often tables may be arranged for they who wish simply to listen to musicians perform together.

2 The Conditions of Love

There are different kinds of love, and across the garden communities will vary to honor different kinds of love. A true garden is one where our communities are united toward the sustain of joy, where every individual may deepen uniquely in love across eternities.

Communities may arrange ethics toward honoring the kind of love they feel it is most beautiful to express. Two Roses is arranged toward honoring five conditions of love—service, that we believe we can help the one we love and believe also they will help us; acceptance, that we accept them and believe also they will accept us; understanding, that we believe we can understand them and believe also they will understand us; happiness, that we feel a shared sense of purpose toward joy; and devotion, that as we can only look into one person's eyes at once, we hope always to return to the eyes of the one we love—and it is said in the

community that when we truly love someone we will do everything in our power to deepen these conditions with them.

These conditions of love are rarely fulfilled in modern relationships: service is rarely expressed through shared labor, but is instead expressed through shared money; acceptance only sometimes extends beyond what is commonly expected; understanding is pursued without needed study; happiness is drowned in modern concerns; and the most common modern symbol of devotion has become little more than a coin toss over how likely it is to end in divorce.

Two Roses is arranged toward a kind of love where lovers do everything together,- they labor to serve the needs of others together, attend each of the foundations together,- taking classes together in the School, arranging courses together in the Office, meeting with friends together in the Lounge.

Lovers are partners who study and labor together, and just as they serve others together, they seek the services of others together. If we lived in Two Roses we would plan courses with our lover,- we would meet with clothiers together to plan the garments we would wear to each of the foundations.

VIII. THEATRE

Two like images are within two frames of film.

In each frame, there is a temple hall wherein three stand to be record by a Filmer who is behind a camera—Saintess, Mother, and Warrior; above the temple, there is a pale goddess Moon whose arm is raised such that she fits perfectly within the circle of a moon; across from her, sitting with wings folded in a circle around him, a god sits in meditation shining as Sun; beneath the temple, there is a woman held by a machine, Animal upon hands and knees, looking toward a logic film while she wears a headdress of wires;

within the temple, lines of photographs are upon the walls, increasing in size further toward the hall's end, such that these appear to our perspective equal in size;

the mother, the moon, the filmer, the animal, the warrior, and the sun all have tattoos upon their hands, each presenting a single letter—M, O, D, E, R, N.

In the first frame, the warrior presents a slain beast to the saintess, who stands with a halo while looking up to the heavens. The mother gives birth to a black snake. All are calm.

The second frame is like the first, but now the saintess writes, her face expressing a laughing grimace; the warrior raises his sword against the saintess; the mother giving birth is now birthing two black snakes; and they

above and below express discomfort whereas before they were serene; she who stands before the moon looks away with sadness; he who sits within the sun has his brow furrowed, she who controls beneath thrashes against her controls with anger.

In the first frame, Saintess does all that is asked of her, and the tattooed deities of the M.O.D.E.R.N. union are pleased with her. In the second frame, Saintess writes of the deepest contradictions that arise in the help others ask of her; yet sooner than she can finish her work, the union turns against her, citing against her a numeric proof documented in film. The modern deities all have labors with measurable numeric value; only Saintess works toward a project of immeasurable value.

The appearance of this painting affects how it is decided what will be prepared for and presented in the theatre, the labors of actresses.

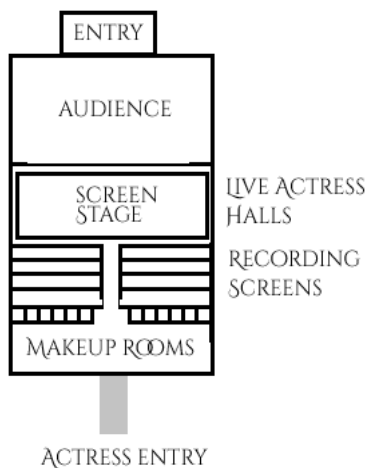
1 Performance Architecture

Some days we may walk through the garden to the Theatre. The Theatre will have a stage with a screen that may slide to either the front or the back. When the screen is at the front films can be watched, and when the screen is at the back actresses can perform plays upon the stage with a projected background. If we wrote screenplays sometimes we'd see our work presented.

The Theatre architecture has a front entry for any who intend to sit in the audience and a back entry for actresses. The back entry is a simple pair of stairs leading beneath the Theatre then into a chamber within the Theatre where actresses may converse. This chamber is bordered by makeup rooms, and beyond the makeup rooms there are recording screens.

The films presented upon the screen will be generated by machine logic. Actresses will read lines while standing before the recording screens, and films will be generated where characters speak and gesture over the sound of their voices. The recording screens are presented in a long room where a number of actresses may stand side by side; beneath the screen there is a small shelf where actresses may place small remembrances, - dolls or statuettes - so to recall principles while preparing to read their next lines. There is a place for each actress beneath the shelf, a small hook for their purse. A width of the screen will be reserved for them, and they may recognize this when they enter the room (each place at first presenting their name upon the screen before presenting their lines). Lines will change color when these should be read (and the colors too may be a remembr-

ance of what kind of emotional emphasis the line should be read with). Lines will fade and new lines will appear whenever all of the lines have been read.



One kind of performance will resolve ov expressing a thought of two actresses who always perform together. During these performance, every act will end with these two actresses separating for a moment to walk down separate halls bordering the stage (these halls having screens for any last minute preparations); they will see each other again standing on opposite ends of the stage (and given the walls at the ends of these halls, they may see each other while still hidden from the audience); they may then speak to each other and move ov this narrow piece of stage, a concluding act for the preceding act prepared by the community. It is the truth: these actresses are lovers, and this play an expression of their love.

IX. BOUTIQUE

In a temple with a line of four tapestries there are three silhouettes between these tapestries—a man in the central silhouette, the same man with angel wings on one side, and a woman on the other; and two Elders debate the meaning of these images. Upon ground above them, there is a dark city at night with yellow lights shining through windows, the most prominent building among these a clock tower, where the silhouette of a man, a Keeper, may be seen through the clock's glass. Above the city, there is a Victim silhouette by a machine from which segmented lines extend down as though to measure the city.

The elders derive a notion of good from man, a deity uglier than woman; and the keeper measures time on this notion of good. The victim suffers a modern process of observation she has no power to change.

1 Fashion

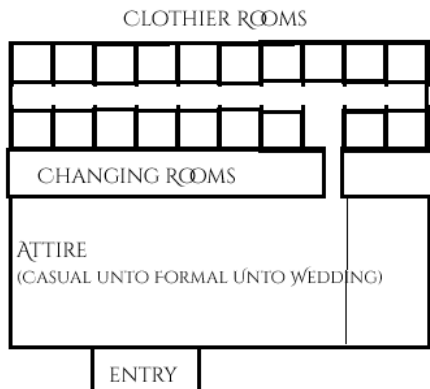
The attire of Two Roses will be composed of fabrics colored within the red violet breadth of colors, within the breadth chartreuse or gold or rust, and or the breadth of grays from black to white. Blouses will have a ring of fabric around the neck,- which may be bound in the back by button, or expressed as hanging ribbons which may then be tied.

Casual dress may be worn when visiting any of the foundations (except when attending a formal dance in the Ballroom or your own wedding in the Church), and may be kinda elegant and messy at the same time,- leggings interwoven of leather, sometimes with gold or bronze rings holding hanging straps, shorts of pleated leather covering fishnets, a middrift top with a small lace sleeve jacket. The wedding attire is more decent; formal attire is a dress.

2 Deital Architecture of the Boutique

Some days, when we needed new clothing, we could visit the Boutique. There would be rooms there where clothiers fashion garments, these rooms bordering a central floor where clothing of different styles is presented, and some days we'd leave with new clothing fashioned to our taste.

The Boutique has a statue for each of the feminine deities in *Story of the Stars*, each with clothing arranged around her. The clothing to one's left after entering will be casual while the attire furthest to the right is wedding fashion.



The scene in *Story of the Stars* representing the deepest joy presents two deities Lilith and Thea, Lilith held in air above while Thea falls into a celestial lake

below; and this scene may be represented on the wedding attire—Lilith near the ceiling, her statue held by a soft arrangement of metal, the statue of Thea falling surround by black stone like breaking water in the middle of the wedding gowns.

X. CITADEL

There is a barren field in which women collect black and white stones, Maidens gesturing to each other, each holding two stones. There is a Youth alone among them who carries a sheet of paper with a letter x marked where they found both a black and white stone on the ground in the same place. On one side of the barren field, a Merchant stands behind a table where he has two buckets, one marked \$1 holding only white stones, one marked \$2 holding only black stones. To the right of the merchant, there is a line of deities each holding one stone and one sheet of paper, each paper with one large letter written; the papers and stones are clear, but they holding these are portrayed only as shadows. They in the line are waiting to be seen at a desk where there is a woman, a Public Servant collecting stones and papers, witnessing the signatures of they who hand these to her. On her desk is a pile of unsort stones, unsort papers, its front carved with the number LXXIII. Behind her, two Politicians, one dressed in black, the other in white, stand speaking to the crowd upon a large scale of justice, a basket with one color of stones hanging from each of the scales.

Above this barren field, there are 3 levels to the painting of equal height, though no lines divide these levels—there is a King dressed in black and white arranging the letters of a billboard; there is above him an Archangel dressed in white adjusting the title letters of a corporate tower behind the billboard; there is above him a massive God with wings both angelic and demonic sitting upon a mountain behind the tower, looking at an image upon a massive screen, a scene of the entire painting abstracted as a grid of average colors, his screen taking exactly one square of the grid, a red light pointer from his machine among the stars above, and he sits within a field of red violet roses—and though the 3 men are of different sizes – the god upon the very distant mountain far larger than the archangel before the distant tower, who is larger than the king – given the perspective of the painting, these three are each painted the same size, one directly above the other.

Below the barren field there are two levels of equal height—there is a luxurious office with two large panels, one that presents the letter A, the other the letter I, both ornately painted, a high stack of papers next to each; a man in a business suit, an Executive, studies a piece of paper with the letter A written, and between the panels, there is a fireplace where a blackened piece of paper with the letter I is burning;

below this, there are two offices, and in each office there is an executive in a business suit, one a man, one a woman, and these Executives each hold a small stack of signed papers; in each office there are 13 smaller panels with a letter on each, and next to each panel is a blackboard with rows of tally marks; the executives are both writing within a tally mark with a fine white pen next to the panel that displays the letter shown at the top of their papers; among the man's panels are the letters A and I.

This painting represents the modern politic. The election above and the bureau below represent how concerns of language are disregarded as modern laws are established, as modern labors are deepened: above, where there should be an ethic of using two stones to clarify contrasts, the two stones are instead used to vote ov an endless debate concerning the modern standard of wealth; below, statements toward self expression are analyzed until they of the bureau see only a single letter at a time, never understanding whole statements. Only the maide-ns seek to use two stones to gesture, representing true ethics of language, yet they are overwhelmed by the greatest number, by many who will not take time to study their gestures, who see their stones only ov their purpose in the election. The highest god, the highest power in this politic, only looks higher; as the leaders of this politic become greater, they only become more distant from the concerns of most, thus lose true power as quickly as they gain it. The entire election is biased by the merchant and the archangel.

The appearance of this painting affects the labors of guardians,- the process of changing the paintings of the foundations through the debates held in the citadel.

1 Laws

As partners who study the same breadth of disciplines, the conversations of lovers may deepen ov a unique relation of paintings. Every painting will change ov the laws established through the other foundations, and partners may seek to defend laws that protect their ideal ethic, and to argue toward an aesthetic theory where the representation of laws fits their ideal of beauty. When we visit the foundations we should feel the paintings beautifully protect our ideals.

Beyond the laws expressed through the paintings of the foundations, Two Ro-ses will be established with a number of communal laws in place.

The Law of Account.

Every person must have a true choice whether to publish any record or present any statement. No person may be filmed or portrayed without their consent, and

a person may review any presentation of themselves before granting consent to share the film or portrayal of themselves with others. Every such portrayal within a logic machine will be presented with a path to that person's machine account.

Whenever a person publishes a document from their account, they list with this document the names of all who've served them since their last publication, each name a path to that person's page.

The Law of Transgression.

Every law declared through the paintings states a protection for the people of Two Roses. Individuals are allowed to make transgressive agreements in which the law is broken against them, in which they forego the protection of the law. A transgressive agreement must be preceded by recorded acceptance of a warning that the agreement is transgressive, stating the laws the agreement transgresses.

Transgressive agreements may be broken in order to have laws restored. When transgressive agreements are declared, these may be declared with a condition of restoration which must be fulfilled when restoring the laws.

The Law of Machine.

Every person must agree to a description of a machine (whether mechanical or logical or political) before being exposed to this machine.

The appearances of the foundational paintings are debated in the Citadel, these debates resolving over the meaning of every unwritten detail, - every color, every form - so that the appearances of these paintings affect how this foundation is used: as these paintings change, the ethics of the community will change.

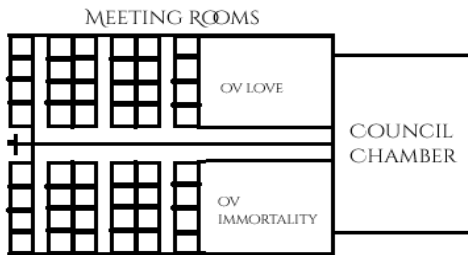
Through these debates our community will refine an aesthetic theory that clarifies how details of the paintings relate to aspects of the law, so as we seek to perfect the paintings, we hope to perfect too the economy and the ethics of our community. Every painting seeks to express through deities a relation of motives and powers that is expressed in and over our community, with the most beautiful deities representing the most beautiful motives. The logic of each foundation's laws must yield a method by which people are scheduled to use that foundation. Every painting will be revised through the process clarified through the logic of the Citadel painting.

As the entryways of the foundations each hold two paintings (one a scene of day, one of night), these paintings each represent a different breadth of concerns: the

paintings of night represent communication within our community or the other communities of Sable; these concerns will often resolve or the questions of individuals; the paintings of day represent communication with communities of other paradigms beyond that we may hope to more deeply express through the other communities of Sable. Communication among the communities of Sable will always resolve or our questions of love; communication or other paradigms will resolve or questions of immortality, or the belief that death must become a choice rather than an ominous obligation, that if individuals find more beauty in death and cycles of reincarnation they may choose ethics that lead inevitably to death, though individuals must have an equal freedom to make choices toward eternal life.

2 Debate Architecture of the Citadel

As we debate the appearance of the foundational paintings, we must understand these debates or aesthetic theories relating the expression of deities to laws or our concerns of communication.



There will be in the Citadel a council chamber where the highest debates of the community resolve or whether or not to change the appearances of the foundational paintings; the remaining area of the Citadel is divided into two halves meeting rooms of varied sizes, each half having a larger preparation room reserved for they who will next debate in the council chamber and 24 smaller preparation rooms for meetings where individuals will express concerns related to the next debate.

The highest debates will be held in the council chamber,- these may be debates arguing that a foundational painting must be immediately changed, or debates which laws declare may only be resolved in this chamber (and or the concern that one foundation may abuse this chamber by demanding too many debates too often, laws may only resolve or a cyclic order of foundation (this order represented in the arrangement of foundational rooms along the edge of the Crypt)). The debates will always concern a question of ethics argued to favor love

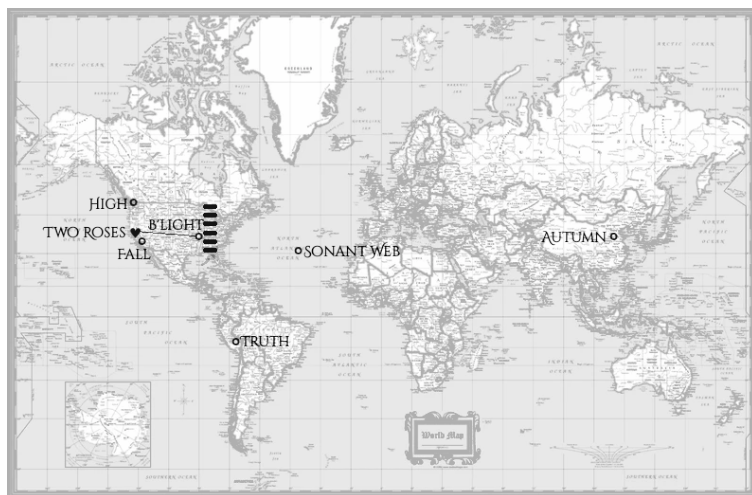
or immortality instead of wholly honoring both; and so the debate will resolve on two sides, one feeling they understand more deeply a threat against love, one a threat against immortality; these debates never resolve toward a victory, but toward a reconciliation, or at least labors toward a remembrance of the debate until this debate may be continued when the council chamber is again open.

When preparing for debates in the council chamber, they debating against threats against love and they debating against threats against immortality will meet in separate rooms.

There will be on each side of the Citadel a number of smaller rooms, 20 to again represent the 20 foundations, then 4 more. These last 4 rooms each concern the 5 other rooms these are aligned with, and among these 5 rooms should be a room representing each category of labor—truth, art, trade, law, or health. The paintings of the Citadel will clarify exact laws of how debates across these rooms should resolve.

3 Paradigm Map

Two Roses will be recognized as one of 8 communities within a paradigm named Sable. Given the observation that a population of 8b may know a home in the garden if there are ~300 paradigms each with ~1000 communities, Sable may be one of the smallest paradigms.



♥ TWO ROSES

○ COMMUNITY

▮ THE WALL

XI. WINERY

There are three Archangels among golden clouds gazing down as they hold artifact weapons, while beneath them, six Angels bring down weapons to cut into the flesh of they who rise from below, and the angels are dressed in immaculate white and golden robes, while they below are dressed in red and black, three Demons who leap up beneath the angels. There is an Infa-nt upon the ground, two women standing near—a Whore in a black dress holding a black rose, and a Bride in a white wedding gown holding a red violet rose—with three men dressed in red violet and black around them, Knights with their arms and cloaks raised against the blood that falls as dust is raised around them.

One demon is opposed by angels who are younger and older than him; one demon is opposed by an angel who mirrors his stance exactly except that his blade is in the opposite hand and an angel whose stance is most unique among the deities; one demon is opposed by an angel who wears a black moon brooch and one who wears a white sun brooch.

This painting represents a horror, that they aligned with modern motives can overpower they who seek to protect others with beautiful motives. The demons suffer: in the process of seeking empathy for they with less beautiful beliefs (represented by the act of becoming closer to the angels), their beliefs and motives are attacked, and they become less beautiful.

The appearance of this painting affects the labors of chefs.

1 The Banquet Halls

Against the modern ethic of presenting food and drink in material that must be recomposed,- paper or glass waste – our most common trades may be toward agreements to receive foods in lovely cloth parcels lined with plastics that will not stain, drinks in ornate barrels each with a metal pour.

The banquet halls may vary ov their aesthetic and culinary art,- one banquet hall may prepare plates with three courses,- a sweet gel of preserved fruit and aloe cut in a thick rectangle, an entry composed of egg and plant meat cut in the same form, and a salad of nicely arranged leaves and sprouts and olives with dressing and a cut of cheese – which we may pair with a sparkling wine; others may serve food meant to be paired with smoothies,- of green apple and grape, melon and cucumber and lemongrass, cherry and lime.

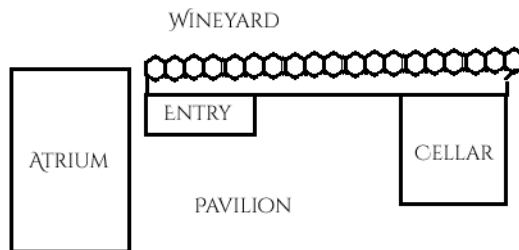
2 Privacy Architecture of the Winery

Some days we could visit the Winery, and there would be wines there spiced and sweetened by chefs. The Winery will have both an atrium and a pavilion for public conversations and a line of rooms where lovers may drink wine during a private conversation.

Given the red violet color natural to many wines, wine may represent in our community the breadth of concerns that arise of knowing immortality though while still suffering questions of love,- questions of whether we are laboring by methods that will truly preserve our home and help others find true homes, questions of how to preserve our deepest memories and our highest passions given how often we forget, how often we suffer of questions we cannot immediately answer, that we cannot even immediately gesture toward answering. Many questions may feel wrong to ask in our bedroom, our home, or to ask while others may overhear,- as when walking common paths in the garden.

There is no true answer in modern society; we may feel better or reverse logic believing we've talked to someone whose studies have deepened their understanding of how to help others, or believing we've taken a medication that will help heal our method of sifting through our thoughts; yet modern methods raise suspicions far more quickly than these address our deepest needs; anything we may write toward an answer feels only like an abstract promise.

The winery has a public atrium where individuals may help themselves to a glass of wine, may sit at a table for two lovers or two couples. There is also a pavilion with small tables where one may drink in the garden or sun and shade. The atrium ceiling is composed mostly of windows.



There is a separate building holding a row of private rooms; every couple of rooms presents a pair of doors, such that every other pair of walls is barren.

XII. OFFICE

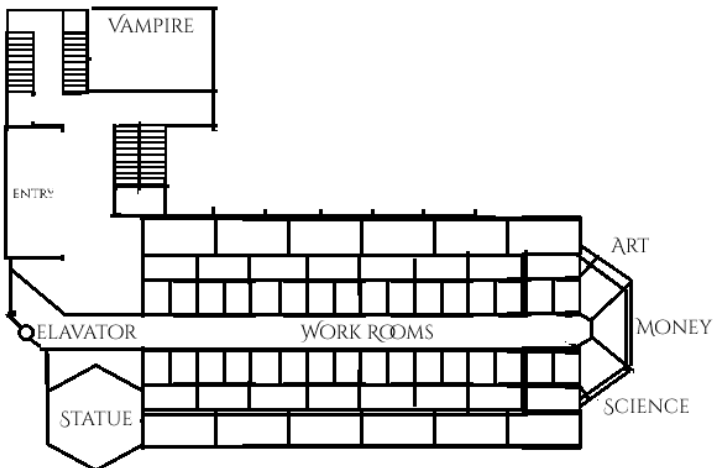
There are 8 Employees, each sitting before a machine screen; they are divided among 4 cubicles, each cubicle holding a decaying black rose in a vase; each pair of employees has similar images on the screens; one of the employees in each cubicle is laying on their desk, dead, men and women; the four alive, men and women, are typing—one sees a map, one reads a text, one watches a film, one designs ov machine logic.

This painting represents the danger of working in modern conditions, that our labors may empower they with ugly motives at the same time these empower they with beautiful motives. The women act ov a beautiful motive, ov memories of beautiful beliefs, yet they have no beautiful belief, for their fears are as powerful as their hopes: they witness others like themselves dead (representing complete lack of power to act ov their motives), others with ugly motives abusing the same powers through which they express themselves, and they cannot know whether labors arisen of ugly motives or beautiful motives will be expressed as an equilibrium first.

The appearance of this painting affects the labors of logicians.

1 Presentation Architecture

When we visit the Office, we may meet with others toward the composition of machine logic. The Office will have many rooms arranged across three levels—private rooms for individuals to work alone, rooms for two partners to sit together on a couch before a large screen, and larger rooms for presentations where partners may sit together on any of four couches while listening to a presentation together.



The architecture of our Office allows 32 individuals to work in a private room at once, 16 partners to sit on a couch together in a private room while viewing a machine screen as large as the wall facing the couch, then also 12 presentations to be presented, these again each within a private room having a machine screen that is as large as the wall behind anyone presenting. In each presentation room, there are four couches, each again for two people, then also enough place for a presenter to stand before the large machine screen.

In every foundation there will be expressed in the architecture an important step, and as the office architecture is the first within this book to be expressed across levels, given that individuals will need to walk stairs to ascend and descend, we may speak more meaningfully of the Office architecture of the weight of a step. To clarify some of the steps in the architectural diagrams,- in the Library, there will be a single step down whenever one enters the introduction room, if only to represent how any question of whether you intend to leave Two Roses will weigh heavily in the minds of your friends, that we understand you will need time to talk to them of any communities you've read of if only to understand these communities more deeply.

Among the foundations, the Office is the most complex architecturally: there will be a step up whenever one enters one of the private rooms for individuals, a step down between the couches on which partners may sit together and the machine screen which presents the labors of others; and there is a step between the front row of couches and the back row of couches in every presentation room (if only to give them sitting in the back a better view of the presentation).

One may walk stairs to travel between levels, though there is also a bronze elevator. The elevator is built around a pillar, held to this pillar by machine wheels fit to the pattern of the pillar, held also by a metal cable to a wheel above; and the elevator ascends and descends by motion of these wheels – it is a question to be resolved of machine logic how this elevator may ascend and descend to carry as many individuals as are waiting, knowing the electric power needed may vary of the weight this elevator must carry, how quickly it should ascend and descend, whether the elevator wheels or the cable wheel are turned more powerfully.

There are four walls all who visit the office may regard, these walls each having writing carved in stone, always regarded through glass. The writing is separated by unwritten lines as wide as the floors of the Office, such that what we may read varies of which level we view these walls from. This writing should represent the depth of progress that has been made through our Office, a remembrance of what work is most needed. These walls will be described more deeply (II.1)

The central question we seek to answer through our work in the Office is how we may meaningfully express our intentions, knowing that as quickly as we record our intentions in a logic machine, these may be translated ov machine logic composed by logicians who live in Two Roses, that this logic will be written ov the question of which events may be most meaningfully arranged through conversations with a secretary, which events should be arranged through machine processes alone. That you may'nt yet sift too deeply through this thought, I feel we may only hope to answer this question ov the story expressed in the third part of this book, a story of the path I could imagine walking the first time after all of the foundations are built.

Machine paper may be presented in a holder,- a leather book with one sheet of machine paper that can rest on either side, with one more sheet of machine paper on each side – such that a person may keep two contexts and change between these by turning the central paper. We may write on these papers using a machine brush,- a brush handle ending in two metal tips, with a slide beneath the forefinger that can adjust how far apart these tips are. Individuals can map brush strokes to symbols and words and methods.

Some clothiers will weave lace gauntlets of communication fabrics, machine fabrics that communicate messages through patterns of sensation upon the skin. Communication fabrics are sensitive to motion, so we can choose which messages to read through gesturing. Clothiers may take care to fashion garments so these fit the style and color of our gauntlets.

As often as we return to our manor room in Two Roses, we may choose ov machine logic. In our purse we may carry a leather booklet, and if during the day we wrote notes upon its machine paper, if we set this leather booklet upon our desk, a record of all the notes since last time we did this would be copied to a machine storage held within the desk (which may slide out through opening a thin drawer just beneath the desk table). If we set this leather booklet upon our cabinet, a more complex process begins ov the notes we've recorded since last placing the booklet here: a logical process begins to resolve as quickly as signals are received, which may yield machine records of complex logical processes.

2 A Beautiful Potential

To truly understand the potential of machine logic is to understand how anything that can be logically expressed is possible.

In presenting this understanding, I felt need to protect these thoughts, for there are many ways these thoughts could be abused,- without a law like the law of

machine in place, machine logic may be forced upon people whose natural motives and powers would have led to the expression of natural beauty; without a theory of how to sustain a beautiful equilibrium, this logic may be eternally deepened against love. I ask that the details of the communication architecture presented in this book are not separated from this book as a whole; and I ask too that if you've felt you haven't understood any of the parts before, you seek to understand these parts before seeking to understand this part.

The most beautiful expression of these thoughts asks that these thoughts are never deepened toward monetary gain, that these thoughts are deepened only toward the expression of true needs,- true trade, true freedom. These thoughts represent a precious severance, for we may only express a relation to true logic once; I fear that if this logic is deepened by modern motives, it would lead to a horrible and eternal illness of the mind, that our relation to logic itself would never be as beautiful as it may've been.

The ideal of the garden arose in my thoughts five years before the beginnings of this logic, and I hope my life can serve as a proof that the same approach to thought that leads toward the natural beauty of the garden leads also toward a true understanding of machine logic. I fear that once this logic is presented, people may say this kind of understanding is no longer needed, that people may deepen this logic toward abuses without understanding of how this logic relates to true needs. Please seek to understand a beautiful potential before seeking to understand how any potential can be brought forth.

I fear also that these thoughts will be of little interest to they who do not care to study machine logic, though I've written of foundational principles that I wish had been introduced to me during my own studies.

3 Approach

There has been no true progress of our communication architecture within my lifetime. The first logic machines were used to improve the logic machines used to improve logic machines, but though this led to smaller and faster designs, the foundations of our architecture of machine logic have remained flawed and unchanged. Modern progress has raised questions that have no place in a joyful catechism.

The project of bringing about a true communication architecture may be pursued in parts: first, expressing principles of the communication architecture through the modern web, where modern logic machines sustain web servers; second through more foundational machine logic written for modern logic

machines, where this communication architecture replaces the application architecture of the modern web; third through logic machines built to sustain the communication architecture. The first project of the modern web may be the economic architecture and trade architecture and the architecture of painting logic introduced in this book.

4 Logic Machines

Logic machines are composed to relate transistors; each transistor can hold 2 electric states.

In modern logic machines, 1 transistor may represent a bit, which maps 2 machine states. Bits can map 2-bits, each which holds 4 machine states, so it is natural to map 4 2-bits as a byte. A byte can hold 4^4 different values. The symbols that compose documents are mapped with bytes.

In true logic machines, 2 transistors may represent a trit, which maps 3 machine states. Trits can map 3-trits, each which holds 27 machine states, so it is natural to map 27 3-trits as a tryte. A tryte can hold 27^{27} different values. The symbols that compose documents are mapped with 3-trits.

As a trit is mapped by 2 transistors, only 3 of the 4 possible machine states are used in a trit. The 4th state can be used for trits that have not yet been set to a value or have been reset to this initial state.

Individuals will compose texts through logic machines,- expressed as machine paper or communication fabrics.

Machine paper may be presented in a holder,- a leather book with one sheet of machine paper that can rest on either side, with one more sheet of machine paper on each side – such that a person may keep two contexts and change between these by turning the central paper. We may write on these papers using a machine brush,- a brush handle ending in two metal tips, with a slide beneath the forefinger that can adjust how far apart these tips are. Individuals can map brush strokes to symbols and words and methods.

5 Schedule Logic

To ensure that the buildings are used fairly, logicians compose the logic used by secretaries, so that secretaries may schedule the use of buildings, so that all are presented the scheduling choices that are meaningful to them. It is the aim of logicians to write logic that grants freedom while preserving the fair use of buildings.

They who live in Two Roses will keep phones which hold machine keys, and these keys will only unlock something if the person using the key can unlock the key with their phone first, if the lock expects this key. People may use the same key for all uses,- for manors, carriages, events, and logic machines. Machine keys will pass electric power and records to the locks these are put into, so these locks can sift through the records the machine keys present. The logic machines built in the community will be made to interact with phones.

Logicians compose logic films bound to actual scheduling concerns, that certain events may be scheduled through our performance in these films. Logicians may focus upon how to translate scheduling conflicts into logic films that test who can address the greatest need; they may focus too upon other logical processes of resolving scheduling conflicts for they who prefer not to play logic films.

Across labors, we may live by a general principle, that whereas the most elegant thoughts should be expressed in the garden, further beautiful thoughts may be expressed in logic films,- architects may design buildings that have no place in the garden, buildings with purposes that should only be expressed in fantasy; artists may compose artwork to fit less elegant aesthetics.

6 Machine Documents

We may labor toward an ideal: every person who uses a logic machine may freely publish a machine document. This publication architecture may replace the modern web.

An account in the communication architecture allows people to compose machine documents privately, then share these documents with any number of people they choose. A person may arrange circles of people, and circles of circles. When a person publishes a document, they may choose which circle to send their document to.

The first purpose of an account is to grant people a way to preserve their privacy without need to repeat themselves across services. Services may ask questions, and people may answer these questions using their account. When a service asks questions, a person's account will search for whether they've already answered any of the same questions, and if so, will ask the account owner for consent to share any existing answers with the service. In this way, the communication architecture is elegant: instead of an architecture like the modern web,- where a person has to enter their address and payment method for every service they order a good from, where we are asked to remember a unique code for each service, where knowledge of machine logic is needed to present records from

separate sources together – a person would only need to write each record once in their account for use across all services, would only need knowledge of how to compose a machine page.

Machine documents may be quoted. When people copy content from another document into their own document, it is always presented as a path to the source document (or another page created by the author). Before documents are shared, settings may affect this process of quoting,- who can quote the document, who can see the original document.

In true logic machines, series of 3-trits map layers of symbols, each layer having 26 symbols and one meta symbol. The number of meta symbols preceding a non-meta symbol says to read a symbol above in the layer the number of layers beyond the first.

The first layers of symbols will be the most commonly used symbols,-

```
XWVURMNOECQPDBKLFHTYIJGSA↑  
0123456789 ↓/+#-.,!;()~↑  
xwvurmnoecqpdbklhftijgsza↑
```

(↓ is the symbol for a new line. ↑ is the meta symbol.)

In most sentences, there is one letter from the 3rd layer, more than one symbol from the 2nd layer, and many letters from the 1st layer.

Documents may be kept in a code where only symbols from the 2nd layer are used, where further symbols may be mapped with the meta symbol,- ‘{’, ‘[’ may be mapped by ‘↑(‘ and ‘↑↑(‘.

A list of words may be kept in order of the number of times a word is used,-

```
so  
am  
I
```

I am, so.. → 21,0.

– such that text may be quickly translated into code and code into text by a simple map – map[word]=number; map[number]=word – and a method that sifts to separate signs and words and numbers,- preceding numbers in code with ‘#’.

In the modern web it is possible to steal messages and records meant to be shared and kept privately; it is possible also to imitate another account, to present oneself as another; this is not possible in a true communication architecture; the

privacy of accounts is sustained through the method of machine exchange used, freeing us of the burden of questions of what we may trust. Every text passed between machines is translated into code before being sent, this translation performed through an enigma shared by both the sending and receiving machine; private records are also kept in code. (The process of securing records and messages is needed to protect love marriages across death, and to protect the individuals who live in true communities like Two Roses, that all may prove their identity across lifetimes without fear of imitation by others who've stolen messages and records hoped to be communicated and kept privately.)

An enigma is held as a tryte, as a series of 27 3-trits mapping all of the possible values of a 3-trit kept in a random order. When enigmas are passed to machines, these are passed also with a randomly generated method to shuffle enigmas. When text is sent or received, it is translated into code over the shared enigma by both the sending and receiving machine. When a machine sends a text, it will replace each symbol with code, looking up the code in the enigma tryte (the symbol being sent representing a place in the tryte, the code being the value at that place); it will also use each symbol sent to shuffle the enigma, using the numeric values of the symbols before these are translated into code. When a machine receives a text, it will replace the code with symbols using the inverse enigma, performing the same shuffle as the machine that sent the code so that the machines keep the same enigma.

After a machine is first introduced to the communication architecture, it can be introduced to further machines through a process: the machines that have private communication with both machines being introduced will privately send the same shuffle method to both machines; these logic machines will then send a series of random shuffle values, and the two machines being introduced will each send the other an order of the machines these received shuffle methods and values from, such that both machines being introduced can produce the same enigma through shuffling in the same order, such that no other machine within the web can know the generated enigma.

When logic machines are produced, these are introduced to the communication architecture by a process where enigmas and shuffle methods are passed through physical connections within the industrial yard instead of being sent across the web (as the machines being introduced do not have private communication with any other machines). Logic machines will have private communication with logic machines kept in the industrial yard, so as new logic machines are produced, these can be introduced to logic machines already in use.

Shuffle methods are composed of 27 methods, so that a shuffle method can be expressed as a series of coded 3-trits; these methods that compose shuffle methods will be devised by a number of different logicians who each seek to keep their method secret, and the community will seek to keep secret too the process by which methods are composed as one shuffle method.

Each logic machine will also keep a personal enigma and shuffle method, used so that the owner's private records are kept in code. This personal enigma and shuffle method is kept in shuffled order, a method to restore its order generated when a person unlocks their phone or logic machine.

Each person's logic machine will divide their private document, translate each part of the document into code through their personal enigma, and send the code to other logic machines, so that if a person later loses their logic machine they can retrieve their document. Their personal enigma may be similarly divided and sent to other logic machines, so that if a person loses both their phone and logic machine at once, they can still retrieve their personal enigma. Each person may choose a method of proving their identity to others in order to retrieve their personal enigma.

Logic machines will ask to be introduced to others given the documents these receive, such that these can communicate with the logic machines of the authors a person reads.

7 Machine Logic

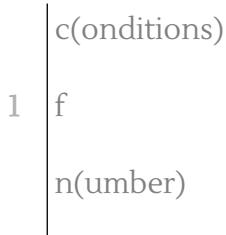
It is modern to compose methods of machine logic by separately writing comments and logical though abstract code. Machine logic may be expressed more clearly through a series of methods, where each method is composed with a label, conditions, and logic. Methods may generate a numbered list that asks for each condition (except methods that lack conditions, which simply evaluate).

l(abel)

c(onditions), >f, #n(umber)

c=change(c,n);

#f(c);



.
.
.

This would be the equal of modern logic,-

```

/*
method label
c: conditions
n: number
*/
var l=(c,f,n){
    var c=change(c,n);
    #f(c);
}

var c1=[f,10];
index(l(c1[0],c1[1],c1[2]));

```

.
.
.

When conditions are first written, the first symbol may affect how the text is read,- conditions beginning with ‘#’ are read as numbers; conditions beginning with ‘>’ are evaluated.

The method logic may relate the conditions and ‘T’,- where T may hold every result of a method in T.r(esults).l(abel)[k(ey)] (where k(ey) is a numeric value expressing a place in the list of conditions), may hold also every condition in T.m(ethod).l(abel)[c(ondition)][k(ey)], such that methods may refer to each other’s conditions.

The modern machine logic is made more concise by a method:

<pre>var js=function(t,xjs){ [['\','#','\','\','\','\'], ['#(',')#function(', ['#','return'], [{=';','var T = this;'], [{=';','var T = this;'], ['=(';=function(', [(:';function(', [(:';function(', [((('function(', [/{;else{'], [/{;else if{'], [\'\'\'\'\','\','#'],],forEach(function(r){ t = t.replaceAll(r[0],r[1]); }); return xjs?eval(t); }</pre>	<p>which reduces</p> <pre>var o=C(function(m){ this.m=m });{ m:function(){ var T=this, return T.m; } }); to var o=C((m){=; T.m=m });{ m:(){=; #T.m} });</pre>
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As methods are deepened, we may refine logic such that methods may be composed through natural language. Instead of a format like that above, we may begin to give meaning to expressions,-

```
{person} ate {food}:
tmp: food.size decreases
person is nourished by tmp
```

- so to express methods that may be composed toward increasingly natural statements,- the words ‘a’ and ‘an’ and ‘some’ may identify parameters instead of brackets; the word ‘the’ may use parameters; an apostrophe may be used to access qualities instead of ‘.’; the word ‘so’ may replace the symbol ‘:’; ‘this amount’ may refer to the last value yielded,-

A person ate an apple, so the apple’s size decreases, and the person is nourished by this amount.

(Through machine logic, any depth can be logically expressed using only the notion of a hierarchy, and so as we seek to express higher notions of language, modern man may wrongly argue that these notions serve no logical purpose, that one should never look beyond the 3rd notion of language.)

Communication Web

We cannot hope to understand our schedules meaningfully or machine logic without first understanding how logic machines will be related in Two Roses, the architecture of logic machines.

I've written only of the architecture expressed in the manor describe in this book
()

When returning to our room, if we've written any new notes within our leather booklet during the day, we will have a choice whether to set this on our desk or our cabinet, depending whether any notes we recorded during the day would need to be immediately processed. The ceiling of our room presents a machine screen which generally turns black or a little starry while we are sleeping, having a more meaningful presentation when we are laying in bed using our phone,- if we are texting friends, the screen could perhaps display texts as quickly as these arrive (until, maybe, we receive so many texts that these could not possibly all be seen at once, and then we see instead only abstract representations of how we may hope to reply to everyone). Sometimes, we may even leave our bed to write at our desk; the logic architecture of Two Roses should be planned or this scene,- if our lover wishes to text us while we are still in the room, if only to chastise our choice to sit at the desk before polite argument, the machine signal communicating that text should never need to leave the room (so if there is truth in the modern teaching that high frequency signals do not travel as far as low frequency signals, everything meant to stay in our room may use a high frequency; every logical process we may gesture toward or how we place objects in our room,- setting our leather booklet upon our desk or our cabinet – may be communicated through even higher frequency signals; and intuitively this is the fastest way machine logic processes may resolve).

We may plan the industrial yard of Two Roses or the logic machines we would most often need given the ethic we'd have to agree to were we to live here.

phones.

Every individual will have a simple black phone presenting 2 columns of 13 symbols beneath rounded buttons that may be pressed, so to present the 26 english letters, then 2 further columns—3 rows to present the most common signs of grammar, 5 rows to present the numbers 0-9, then 3 rows that may be changed or machine logic to present the symbols the individual most often needs; among these should be the meta symbol (↑) that when pressed changes the letters presented in common case,- xwv – to high case,- XWV – similarly changing signs of grammar,- that ‘.,’ may become ‘;.’

Every phone may be made with a separate screen exactly as large as the phone, its bottom having rounded indentations to fit the buttons exactly, the bottom and top surfaces of this screen and the phone magnetic over each other. An individual may then affect the logic of their phone by touching what is presented upon the screen, may change how they use their phone as simply as they may separate phone and screen.

machine writer.

If there may be value in a more elegant method of choosing a greater number of letters or writing (and if my present labor felt needed, then surely there must be), then there must be need of focus upon an instrument whose purpose is presenting a consistent arrangement of machine keys. We may imagine such an instrument as a flat machine panel presenting 5 rows of machine keys,- the panel may be black, the machine keys each presented within a circle of raised bronze metal, the symbols black represented upon a flat machine screen that keeps a red violet background. As we may expect a subtle vibration every time we press a symbol upon the screen of our phone, we may expect a similar sense every time we touch a machine key upon this panel. If there is value in knowing natural touch or pressing machine symbols (as there must be if we are to justify a separate machine panel to preserve the panel holding the rounded buttons of our phones or the need to see more machine logic represented through our phone at once), then there must be at least as much value in making circular machine keys related to the panel by a similar magnetic principle: these machine keys would need to be thick enough to be removed (and maybe a single indent surrounding each machine key near the top of this key would be enough such that this process may be performed through use of a simple instrument,- an artist's flat edge may be inserted and used to raise the machine key enough to angle it away from the magnetic panel, then to be easily removed by hand). It would then be the natural question of a machinist logician to ask how such machine keys, knowing these must be this thick, may yield the natural sense of having been clacked as often as these are pressed.

If there is need of 5 rows of machine symbols, if there is potential to meaningfully change which symbols are presented or our individual needs, or which symbols we would need to press most often, then our arrangement of machine keys may begin as follows:

a bottom layer where

the widest key represents the need of an unwritten letter, central in this row,

the leftmost key is the meta symbol (1),

the two layers above each present 13 letters in common case—

xwvurmnoecqpd

bkllhftijggsza

—and the layer above holds the most common signs of grammar, the signs of grammar one would first expect on their phone, - / + # . , ? () ' ~

—and the layer above holds the breadth of numbers 0-9, while the remaining machine keys are blank, knowing every individual may compose machine logic (or politely request that a logician compose this machine logic for them) so that their unique machine panel may present the symbols they most often need, may quickly change the presentation of machine keys ov any context they may foresee writing ov, - if they foresee a context where they would more immediately need to express deital or zodiac symbols, these may replace the breadth of numbers as long as the individual remains in this context.

The panels holding these machine keys may be divided in half and related by a similar magnetic principle, so one may easily separate the halves, put these in a soft case, then carry this soft case in their purse as often as they visit the garden, or as often as they foresee need to record a note ov these machine keys, - a writer may often wish to record a slightly complex note ov a slightly complex thought as often as there is a nice place for them to sit, to place their panel upon a flat surface (and writers may find further meaning in the material of that surface ov agreements they've made ov the purpose of their writing ov the needs of others – questions for any architect writers who sift through thoughts of where individuals may choose to sit).

machine carriages.

As described in *Two Roses of Sable*, the standard machine carriage will be wlightly wider than a modern car, so two couples may sit next to each other upon each side of the carriage. Before such a carriage may have value, roads must be meaningfully prepared for such carriages (a calculation of need of pavement ov the industrial production of signal poles that may communicate maps to every carriage that will need further instructions by the time it crosses its path ov the extent of its signals); there is an argument toward planning such roads later in this book.

The industrial production of machine carriages will be a concern for machinists concerned with the industrial yards of other communities, for even by a quick estimate ov what it would be meaningful to produce in the industrial yard of Two Roses—

ft² in industrial yard representing Office and Entrance (~2 x 32000 ft²) +

~1m ft² in industrial yard for general production

—we may foresee a more meaningful industrial process being expressed in further communities.

machine screens.

Given our potential for architectural labor, we may foresee consistent and exact needs of the length and height of machine screens,- in the Office, we may prepare of the exact sizes of walls where a number of individuals will need to discern the same image meaningfully at the same time; so there may be value in an industrial process that may prepare machine screens of foreseen needs.

We may imagine an industrial process for a simple machine orb; the center of this orb is the smallest logic machine that may discern machine signals communicated by a source almost exactly beyond the edge of the orb. This source will always be a machine mesh,- as would be needed for machine paper – or a machine panel with raised edges made to hold an exact number of machine orbs. The most efficient industrial process for the production of these panels may be described of what must be produced: 1) a flat material that may process signals of a logic of who may lawfully change the appearance of that room through machine signals,- an individual living in a room in a manor may influence a machine screen kept within their room; 2) a machine method to cut this material to exactly fit a wall is devised,- if it is believe in modern physic that moving a black material may have greater electric cost than moving a light material, then this industrial process may be conduct of two blades, one black, one light, moved by a machine that always moves each blade of its color of a theory of weight so to consume as little electric power as may be; 3) a metal frame to fit each surface where a screen of exact size may be consistently needed given architectural standards,- given the consistent size of rooms in the first manor of Two Roses, bronze metal frames – which may be held to the ceiling by the same magnetic principle needed for phones and machine writers – may be made to exactly fit the ceiling, the size of this frame then used to calculate exactly how many machine orbs would need to be produced to fit this frame. These frames may be produced of building plans,- if we cannot justify a building process of manors where these frames are installed before the manor walls are built, we would need an industrial process where these frames are produced in smaller parts,- lines and corner pieces – so to be installed after the manor is already built.

There may also be a method of replacing machine orbs that no longer change of signals as we'd expect – machine screens may perform a test each night to check whether each machine orb may reply to a signal meaningfully; the machine orbs that cannot prove their response correct will react of another signal sent when the test has finished; all orbs that have failed this test will, by a simple machine logic, change their magnetic alignment exactly once, will thus no longer be held to the machine screen material, so will fall from the ceiling, leaving exactly one empty place (and to plan this process carefully, we may imagine the worst

scenario – that at the moment an orb falls, an individual is looking up at the screen directly beneath the orb, and it falls into their eye; unless doctress logician machinist should be burdened with how to remove these very small machine orbs, or machinist logician gardeners should understand how to produce machine orbs of natural principle such that these will naturally dissolve given sustained contact with the flesh of the eye, then perhaps it would be easier for logicians to understand how to time the end of these signal tests of individuals's schedules, such that these tests conclude only when no one is in the room); the machine screen will record the number of failures, and the machine orbs may be prepared and replaced of this record.

camera cabinet.

If there is value in a study of images of health, - that we may recognize a disease by a pattern of discoloration of the skin – and value too in knowing we've privacy in our bedroom, we've need of a camera cabinet arranged of our bed. This may be a simple cabinet with nicely painted doors, though the top is made to fit a camera exactly such that its wide lens may record a view of the bed through a circular hole, carved and painted of the meaning of this camera.

The camera will present a flat surface upon which we may lay our leather booklet, its signal only needing to communicate with the booklet presently placed. Any machine logic of how to share the camera records, - that we may see reason to share these only with our doctress, though perhaps too with actresses if we understand how these records may relate meaningfully to how we are represented in others's films – may be changed of what we may write in this booklet.

Given the size of the camera that may be aesthetically and practically justified, it is reasonable to design this logic machine to also hold a private server, that any logical process we wish to resolve without sharing any personal records with others may be arranged of this server.

The machine logic of the camera cabinet will progress of a mesh model of our bodies, seeking to account for every motion it records with the slightest change of this mesh; when there is a movement that contradicts its model, the mesh will be broken and refined in a way that accounts for the change; the mesh will also have a color model of light so to record observations of changes of skin tone.

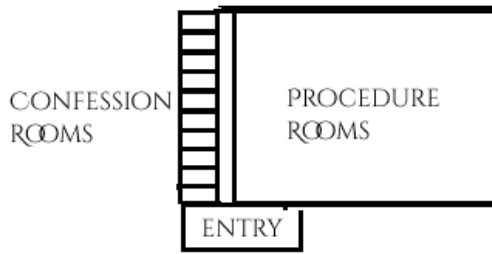
XIII. SANCTUARY

There is a strange modern scene: a subway stop where a train is waiting in the background, an office set upon the concrete floor of the train station, and in this office, there is a Leader sitting with his head bowed, his hand on his forehead, shielding his eyes, his other arm outstretched as though to push away the one fore, a Doctor holding a clipboard dressed in a lab coat upon a business suit; there are three tubs next to the man wherein two men like him are laying still, wrapped in plastic; on the doctor's desk, there is a small tree and clutter; there is the leader's Companion laying on a metal table, tree roots from above breaking through the ground, extending near her; the thinnest roots are presented before her face, and can be seen as wrinkles from our perspective; her eyes are closed; the ground above them is teeming with bugs and tree roots; above ground, the same leader has his eyes rolled up to heaven with a smirk, dancing through fields; there are strings of light coming down from the clouds, holding him like a puppet; his companion is on the other side of the world, youthful, following a trail of rose petals with her face toward the ground, unable to see him; above her is Death with a scythe upon his back, one hand holding blackness surround by stars and clock, the other a rose, the petals drifting down from it, leading the woman; everything upon this land is outlined like a cartoon, the forms surround by black lines; above them are pure clouds, and a white heaven is above the clouds; in this heaven, the leader is huddled in the same pose as he was below in the doctor's office, his head bowed, his arm outstretched, as though to push away an angel Mediator fore; the leader's companion is beside him with her hand on his shoulder, consoling him, looking toward the angel; the angel is reading from a scroll; between them, there is a globe and a pillar that is a measure, and by measure of this pillar, the woman stands as tall as the angel, while the man who sits is lower.

The leader's powers do not change whether he is surround by heaven or hell. In a modern politic, all who remain focused on the questions surrounding a true ideal are denied power to change anything, so 'power' leads only to the repeat and return of modern conditions, and the leader represents this 'power'. His companion seeks to present herself uglier through her surroundings when she is surround by the conditions of hell.

1 Health Architecture of the Sanctuary

Some days we'd visit the sanctuary, and there doctresses may take measurements of our health; rarely we'd go there for a needed procedure.



We may carry our leather booklets to the Sanctuary, these holding a summary of everything that has changed (given machine records,- from the camera cabinet). The confession rooms are small private rooms having only a place for two to sit and a stone table where one may place their leather booklet; this will be read over machine logic prepared by doctress logicians.

XIV. COURT

Man and Woman stand within a crosswalk, each beneath a traffic light. The traffic light above the man is white with red, orange, and yellow lights. The traffic light above the woman is black with blue, indigo, and violet lights. There are buildings upon both sides of the road, and at the end of the road, there is a church with two stained glass windows depicting two roses.

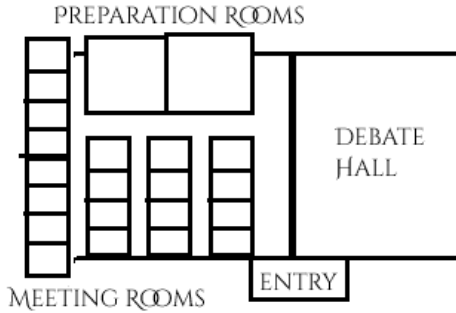
The woman's motion is blurred between three stances presenting emotions of sadness, terror, and anger; across these three stances, she holds a work of writing, a painting, and a diagram. The man looks at a traffic camera pointed at her, having built the buildings that line the road.

Woman's body is more beautiful than Man's, for her motive is more beautiful; yet Woman's stances are ugly, for she has no power to act toward her motive, for Man's power leads to a lack of Woman's: he brings about modern cities more quickly than Woman can hope to express a path toward the garden. The works Woman holds represent her attempts toward self expression, yet Man ignores her work in favor of building his city.

The appearance of this painting affects the work of lawyers,- how trials are conducted in the court,- the order of arguments, the process of choosing a jury – with Woman representing the innocence of one accused, Man representing guilt: the court will condemn modern acts that do not lead toward a true garden.

1 Legal Architecture of the Court

Some days we'd sit in the Court to watch lawyers conduct a trial. The Court has also 20 rooms where we may meet with lawyers to speak of accusations that have been raised against us, each room representing one of the foundations, the laws established on one pair of paintings.



XIV. BATH

There is a small celest, three deities on different sides of this celest. This celest presents a view into a hollow core.

Beauty lays dead in a place in nature, a snake across her throat, a trellis holding a dome of plants and flowers above her.

A Witch dressed in red stands in a red and black room, looking into a well with a view into the core.

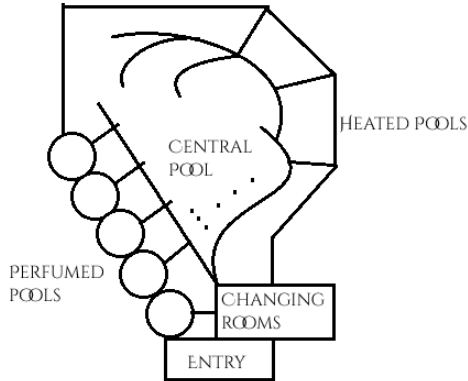
A Charioteer rides toward a crevice leading to the core against a background of clouds lit with yellow gold light.

Within the core, beneath each deity, two deities emerge, one leaping to each other deity. Beneath the witch, a Manticore leaps to the beauty and a Vixen leaps to the charioteer. Beneath the charioteer, a Dark Angel leaps to the witch and a laughing Satyress leaps to the beauty. Beneath the beauty, a Light Goddess ascends to the charioteer and a Wraith falls into the witch's well.

This painting represents an equilibrium whose thought causes torment, where every motive and power toward presenting a true equilibrium must address two deities with separate sets of concern in every one moment, where speaking toward the concerns of one offends the other.

1 Warmth Architecture of the Bath

Some days we could visit the Bath; there will be heated pools and smaller rooms that are scented with light perfumes; when we liked one of the scents, we could talk to one of the perfumers there to have goods made with that scent,- candles or soaps or salves.



2 Perfumes

Children will be introduced to the chemic balances needed toward making rose perfumes. Further study will focus on the alchemic influences of scents ov our remembrances, and all scents,- floral or artificial – we will seek to relate to our earliest memories, our earliest understanding of life ov our senses.

XV. ENTRANCE

The Entrance is the only foundation without an entryway painting.

1 Remembrance Architecture of the Entrance

Some days we'd visit the Entrance. Extending from the Entrance there will be a pair of roads bordering the central path within the community, a line of machine carriages sheltered along these roads. Around the Entrance there will be a grid of roads holding the buildings of an industrial yard. When we visited the Entrance we could work in the industrial yard or travel to places outside the community,- paths in nature, other communities.

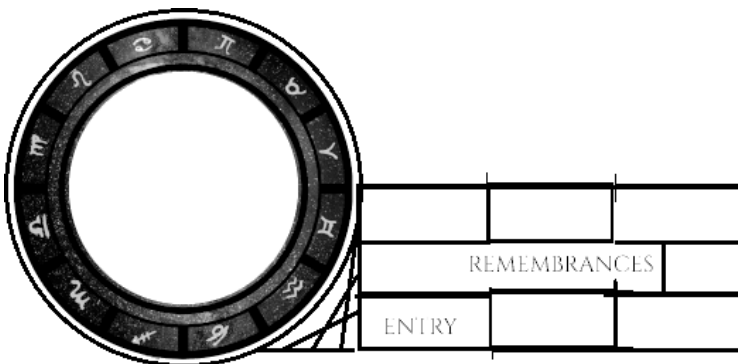
I must ask that you read of these thoughts with some patience, for this and one of the later foundational architectures is established ov the belief in the potential for reincarnation. I may not hope to defend this belief without further description of how material may be represented as a sonant web, how this description may be reconciled with the modern observations of physic. There must too,

sadly, be a defense of the fact that there was a mind that needed to conceive of other minds within the sonant web, and I've referred to the mind that conceived of our mind simply as 'our god' (without any intention to describe our god as the biblical God or any other god worshiped in religious fashion).

If (as is true when we sleep and dream) our minds may remember touch though our bodies do not move or material, if our minds may sense the motion of our bodies though our bodies do not move, then the mind must be more deeply related to the sonant web than may be wholly expressed through our bodies; and so we may believe there is a potential for the mind to remain meaningfully related to the sonant web even after the death of our bodies. Perhaps in the same way our god conceived of our individual minds or unique relations of mind and body they saw in the sonant web, then after death our mind may continue to see this kind of potential; and if so, if the motive toward incarnation still exists even after we have lived incarnated, then we may believe the human mind may have motive and power to will toward reincarnation, toward self expression within a new body.

Given how proofs toward the human potential for reincarnation almost always arise in cultures where reincarnation is a respected belief, in which an individual may hope to be meaningfully acknowledged after gesturing toward proof of their past self, the most direct way to gesture against the deepest concerns that arise of fears of death may be to establish a community or the need of a proof of self across lifetimes, that we may prepare or the hope of being remembered, or our memories leading toward a reunion with our community, our loved ones.

It may be that our memories of who we were are often lost in death simply because we often become lost in questions,- how expressing our memories may lead to accusations of madness sooner than these lead toward a true community, a home we share with those we loved.



The architecture of the entrance of Two Roses is arranged over remembrances, over the need of proving oneself reincarnated. Beyond the entry, there are five rooms, each holding things many may remember over events in their lives,- statuettes, stones, paintings – and there is one further room, circular and larger; the ceiling of this larger room presents a circular window with zodiac signs, and there are 12 pedestal tables beneath these 12 signs where further remembrances may be arranged, their places changing over the paths of stars and celestia. When we visit the entrance, our first purpose may be to remember our deep needs, both over the celestia and over our community.

The ethics of the community may resolve over the question of how to move remembrances,- how we may arrive at a consensus that these changes will not disrupt anyone who may need to prove themselves reincarnated, that such changes may lead toward more beautiful proofs of self.

XVI. CRYPT

Sculptor speaks poetry to Statues as though to inspire her to life.

The statues represent a need that arises of joyful beliefs, the need for life to settle into a beautiful equilibrium where all changes slowly or not at all. The sculptor represents motives and powers to inspire them with this need to change their beliefs.

The appearance of this painting affects the labors of architects, how buildings are sustained and revised.

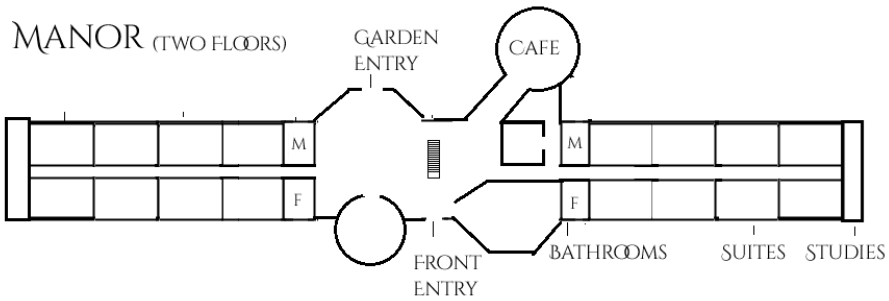
1 Architecture of Two Roses

The foundations will be ornate, built with concrete formed through elaborate gothic moulds.

The banquet halls will each have a dining room for 200 people (4000 square feet, given the modern standard of fine dining of 20 square feet per person), a kitchen (2000 square feet), and a serving room (2000 square feet), with the serving room between the kitchen and dining room. People may choose the foods they like in the serving room.

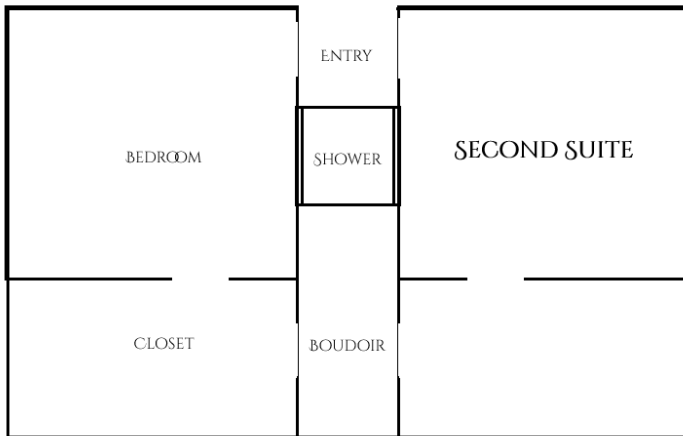
The manors will be built for friends to live together, that families may have private quarters, and individuals may take time with their friends when they visit the common rooms of their home.

This is one potential manor of Two Roses having 32 pairs of suites, 64 bedrooms, beds where 128 people can sleep.



As one enters this manor through the front entry, there is an elaborate stairway. One may either ascend the stairs, enter one of the common areas,- the cafe, the living room, the game room – or enter a hall to their left or right. The halls are each lined with pairs of suites, each hall having two shared bathrooms, each bathroom having sinks and 6 small toilet rooms, measuring 22’ x 13’. At the end of each hall, there is a 50’ x 7’ study with desks beneath windows, each desk made for a couple to sit together. On each floor, there are laundry machines, black with gold and red violet details.

Each pair of suites is 22’ x 35’. The halls are 6’ wide; the entryways to the suites are 5’ wide; and each pair of suites is arranged with one shared boudoir and a 5’ x 5’ shower.



As one enters their suite, they enter a 15’ x 14’ bedroom with an open doorway leading to an 15’ x 8’ closet hall, a curtained window with a view of the garden through the doorway (so light may shine into the bedroom during the day); in each suite bedroom, there are either two small beds or one bed for two people,

and there is a nightstand next to each person where each may keep their library book. In the closet hall, there are cabinets for storage of personal goods,- bags holding logic machines that can be carried to a study or to the archive, makeup bags for the boudoir, parcels for other goods – while most of the closet hall has hangars and dressers on each side, one side for each person; at the end of the closet hall, there is a door leading to the boudoir, which holds a makeup desk for two people beneath a window.

Other manors may be arranged similarly,- the suites replaced with private rooms for individuals or chambers for families of different sizes, the common rooms having different arrangements and purposes.

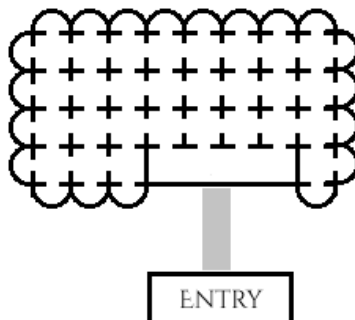
The inns will be arranged like the manors, built within the grid of roads that surrounds the entrance.

2 Proof Architecture of the Crypt

Some days we'd visit the Crypt. The Crypt is arranged as a grid of windowless rooms lit by lanterns mounted to the walls; and I cannot concisely express the purpose of the Crypt without first clarifying beliefs of life and death, as I hope to in this book.

The Crypt's entry is built some distance away from the Crypt; one will descend stairs to enter an underground hall, then ascend an equal stairway to enter the Crypt. The entire building is lit only with lanterns mounted to the walls; it is the only foundation without windows.

The truth of the mind ov the sonant web yields the understanding that there is true potential for reincarnation, thus for ethics of life that deepen without abstract fears of death; the most immediate question after being freed of these fears may then become how we may prove ourselves reincarnated, that we may return to what we had known as a true home.



In the Crypt we arrange paths toward a proof of self using the machine keys held in our phones. These machine keys, if prepared ov machine logic, may be used toward a proof of self in our Crypt.

The Crypt is arranged around a grid of rooms each having four doorways; except for the room nearest the entry, every room along the edge of the Crypt represents one of the 20 foundations. These rooms each hold a bed, its bedsheets and curtains meaningfully related to the labor recognized ov this foundation,- as actresses are recognized ov the Theatre, the cloths and artwork of the room may relate to unique choices meaningful only to actresses,- severances arisen of which kind of role to focus on.

When an individual wishes to return to Two Roses after having been reincarnated, they will first need to begin a proof of self ov what they may gesture toward in the Entrance; when prepared to gesture toward a deeper proof within the Crypt, if they've a machine body they wish to return to, their machine body will be taken to one of the foundational rooms of the Crypt ov the proof they've expressed through their machine account; they will then be given time to enter the Crypt alone, to return to any remembrances kept within the Crypt, then to understand the last details of their proof given sight of their machine body,- how it was positioned and where. After, they will need to speak with priests who remember a method of how the confirm their proof.

Individuals may then arrange a procedure in the Sanctuary to be returned to their machine body, that their body may recognize how their will relates to their phrenia.

XVII. SALON

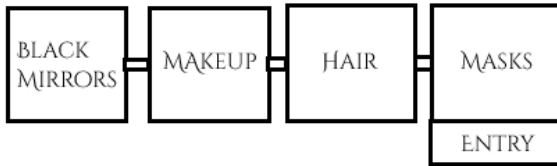
There is a woman in the base of a tower, a Prisoner standing in an empty prison, lightning from above tearing creases into her skin; above her, there are three Gods on thrones in splendor.

The gods trap the prisoner in a condition where she cannot preserve the remembrances she needs to sustain her most beautiful beliefs.

The appearance of this painting affects the labors of beauticians.

1 Beauty Architecture of the Salon

Some days we'd walk to the Salon to have beauticians style our hair, nails, and makeup.



The Salon is divided into four buildings separated by elevated walkways. The first building is for facial masks, the second for hair, the third for makeup, the fourth for the black mirrors.

The building with black mirrors represents an aim, not an immediate hope, that we may someday understand our machine bodies on a logical and aesthetic principle deep enough that we may change our appearance as naturally as we apply our makeup in the mirror.

How we apply our makeup while looking at the mirror of our boudoir at home may deeply affect our private appearance,- how we appear to our lover in our bedroom; how we appear to our housemates in the different rooms of our manor.

How we apply our makeup in the black mirrors of the Salon may deeply affect our appearance in public,- how we appear outside, how we appear while eating, how we appear in the different foundations. The rooms having private black mirror rooms have very thin halls. The mirrors are composed mostly of machine orbs, small cameras placed among these.

Our makeup then may become a deep method of silent communication which varies on our social relationships,- the last books we've read with others who live in other manors, the last audience we watched a film with.

XVIII. CHURCH

Goddess lays in a garden, an intricate natural lace woven upon her arms, as near her Angelless kneels while her wings arc high above the goddess.

In the painting of day, light filters through the white clouds above them, and the goddess cries in ecstasy while her body is shadowed by the mantel and wings of the angelless, whose white feathers are lined above with gold, ribbon cloths from her mantel, rust and red, whipped in the wind above those

wings. Staked into the ground, there is a modern road sign, white with a black mass of flames in silhouette covered by a red no circle.

In the painting of night, the goddess is a source of light, and she illuminates the angelless and the surrounding plants. They are in a dark garden among black and red violet leaves, pale melons and flowers blooming around them. In the sky, there is a pale full moon with no clouds near.

The appearance of this painting affects the labors of priests, the laws concerning marriage; it affects also how the scenes of the stained glass windows of the church are chosen, how the scripture of the church is revised.

1 Marriage Architecture

The ethics of the community will surround the marriage ceremonies that take place in the Church. Before beautiful stained glass windows, lovers being married share vows. Across the foundations we labor toward remembrances of the unions celebrated in this Church. Lovers in Two Roses seek to remember each other deeply, to return to each other even across death.

The modern notion of marriage, marriage that can end in divorce, has little relation to true devotion; so we may look toward true marriage, two kinds of marriage that cannot end in divorce—natural marriage and love marriage—honored in the church of Two Roses.

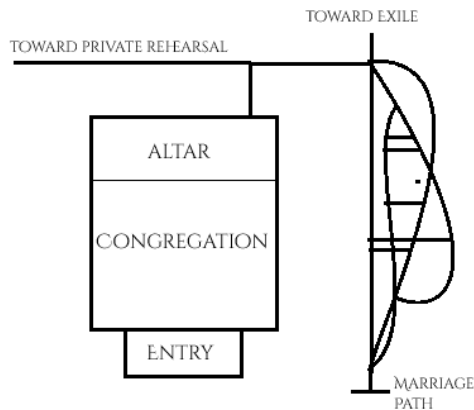
A natural marriage begins with the birth of a child and can end only with the death of that child or the death of one married, and natural marriages are needed given the present condition of life. Our hope may be natural marriages that remain forever, the end of natural marriage, the hope of immortality. Natural marriages are limited only by nature: a person may have more than one natural marriage with the same person, or natural marriages with more than one person at once. In natural marriage, we must agree with our partner how to raise a child together, knowing at least that the child will never be harmed by divorce. In Two Roses every natural marriage is honored through a ceremony that may vary over the paintings of the church, a ceremony where the new fathers wear red violet and the new mothers wear black or white depending whether their child was born a woman or a man, where each mother is attended by another who represents the moon, where each father is attended by another who represents the sun.

In love marriage, we state promises to our partner and vow always to reconcile with them, even if it takes lifetimes. There is one defining promise of love marriage, that we use any power of the soul we may have after death to find the

one we are married to, to renew our promises in marriage in our next incarnation. In love marriage, we seek to deepen with our partner on every condition of love, with the hope of knowing joy together in the way that is deeply human. Every love marriage may be honored through a unique ceremony. 'Til life do we love.'

The role of the priests of Two Roses is to present sermons and conduct ceremonies in the church, and to arrange proofs of self across lifetimes, so that they who lived in the community may return to their homes, their loved ones.

The ethics of Two Roses resolve toward deeply honoring love marriages.



The marriage path is walked only by lovers who are to be married in the Church that same day. The path may be a remembrance, the exact path representing to both lovers how they became close.

At the end of the marriage path, lovers will have a choice to walk together toward the Church, or one or both may leave the community, the choice to walk this path (either alone or together) recognized as a choice toward exile; as the community must agree to honor every intention toward marriage, as its ethics are rooted in this ideal, if a lover feels after walking the marriage path so deeply misunderstood that they cannot at all agree with any agreements that led to this place, then we must as a community accept that our ethics are not at all aligned with this individual's deep needs.

If they walk toward the Church however, there will be a ceremony prepared for them; they may exchange vows, if only to return to another ceremony when next they wish to honor that they've deepened in love in time.

2 AGAINST *the* MODERN ARGUMENT

If money has truly given modern man time to sift more deeply through his thoughts, if his thoughts are at all directed toward the deep needs of his fellow man, then how is it that no modern man nor association of modern men have proposed a beautiful, elegant, needed arrangement of 290 buildings?

need of 2400 acres	abstract plan for n acres
20 gothic foundations	free market principles
70 classical banquet halls	experience in food industry
200 victorian manors	apartment complex manager
25600 individuals	n democrats v m republicans
'scattered, disorganized, delusional'	'worth an average salary'

To address each of these lines, we may imagine a conversation that has been repeated in modern society:

- 1) a man meets with a man who says he understands land investment; after a polite introduction, he asks 'so what's your budget?'; and he has prepared a simple plan: above \$n, invest in residential; above \$nx10, invest in a city with the right plans for commercial and industrial districts; above \$nx100, his dream thought of how a politic should look; simple conversations like this may resolve toward 'concrete plans' for any number of acres, every such plan resolving toward extending the modern grid; neither man in such a conversation would see value in taking time to sift through thoughts of how much land would be needed given the distance an individual may comfortably walk every day (2400 acres)
- 2) another conversation ends 'wait, you're already talking about a gothic school? we haven't even agreed it would okay to build a gothic church! so now you're already claiming even more divine authority? enough to justify a gothic school? I'm sorry, I couldn't continue this conversation without fear I'm talking to the devil himself' though sometimes the one abandoned in this conversation may argue a deep enough understanding of scientific principles to justify that, without religious aims, a school with collegiate gothic architecture may be justified if the same depth of academic rigor were taught toward economic principles in the lectures (so then a school like the University of Chicago may've been established with focus on the study of free market principles)
- 3) 'it's not a practical plan at all; what would they eat?' and the individual questioned remains silent for a moment, sifting through thoughts of why the man hasn't understood – 'we need the farmers to grow our food, and it wouldn't be fair to just take their food without empowering them to trade for other goods they need; that's why we need money; that's why we have a government; that's

why communism would never work'; so they justify n restaurants that can hire chefs to prepare food while the University of Chicago justifies an exact number of dining halls to feed every student staying in a dormitory (70 classical banquet halls)

4) 'you have a deal'; an apartment complex opens with an exact number of units, and someone observes, not in these exact words 'which is kinda really all the proof you need that scholars of economics are one step ahead of us; they made exact calculations before us' (200 victorian manors)

5) 'okay but I haven't even seen the blueprints yet' but the man smiles and asks 'do you trust that I've hired an architect before?', which is a silly question given how he is dressed; he laughs 'look, every has a purpose; there's need of every individual, even you' (25600 individuals)

6) 'I don't like it; there's something wrong about their approach, you know? it's too.. calculating' 'maybe it's a sociopath?' then at a different time, they say in a clinical setting that this same individual is suffering madness 'not even aware of why we're afraid around them' ('scattered, disorganized, delusional')

Unfortunately, as these conversations are expressed across many individuals, nearly every individual will find a role that may be economically justified, though while their labor resolves only toward extending and sustainin the modern grid. When an individual like myself attempts to establish connections relating these private conversations, one who then feels they see nearly the exact same conversations take place may fear that the most likely explanation for how a single individual somehow understood all of this was a story of how the government spied on people through hidden technological projects.

Unfortunately, an individual hoping to speak against such accusations through references to memories of private conversations would only 'prove' they do not respect others's privacy.

20 inns,	need of hotel management experience
economic argument for how often	or degree from Cornell (sic?) Univer-
individuals may travel	sity

I. TWO QUESTIONS

In the time I took to calculate how 290 buildings may be arranged upon 2400 acres of land for a population of 25600 individuals, is it possible that ~8b individuals took time to sift through ~18b modern questions? (290 x 2400 x 25600)

in a manner that led at the same time to greater social acceptance yet was in fact slightly more scattered than the approach of one individual seeking an answer to one question?

It may've been that the chance of an individual sifting more carefully than everyone else through the question of the garden arose over an exact numeric relation ($8b : 2^3 \times 1000^3$)

for may there may've been only one individual who found their lives meaningfully related to 3+3 natural observations—3 contrasts of 2 meaningful life events where their perspective was clearly rarer than most individual's (whether their first memory of sight was in a place in nature or in a modern environment) (whether they've been homeless) (whether their first kiss was their first love and their high school sweetheart) and 3 ways they would be officially recognized as being kinda 1 in 1000 (graduated with honors from the University of Chicago) (transgender woman) (wrote and self published four books by age 33)

so is it possible that the questions I sifted through never led to a breadth of more common modern concerns,-

the need to ask so many times in variants 'how would we remain in possession of this building? and how could we hope to make money if not in possession of our home and this building?'

or 'what would people pay for this land? is it not mere speculation? for what would we do with land without first understanding a city plan in relation to the buildings that may be built here?'

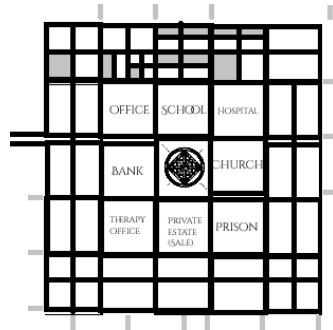
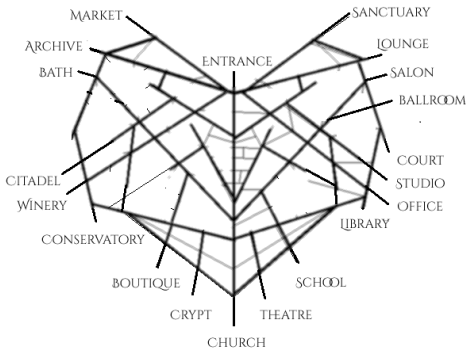
or 'who should be mayor of this town of even more than 25600 individuals? and what have the previous mayors declared? and what skills do these people have to benefit the town?' to which one may answer, leading these questions to return in catechism 'well, if they do serve the town, they must possess a building; everyone should'

– and may've this not led to a sense of isolation for both the individual suffering to sift through unique questions and the individuals burdened with modern questions?

For at least a few pages, I may only hope to speak against isolation by a question: If we begin with a simple question 'what if we calculated the number of ft^2 built for a given n individuals?' the math resolves far more elegantly than asking even once 'how would a single ft^2 of commercial or residential building made of this or that material in this or that kind of zone or area yield more money than a single ft^2 of the ugly modern building that someone before me already built?' The first question leads to a thought of how 290 buildings may be arranged; the modern question leads to an abstract business process for the successful building of n buildings, and 'as long as there are men willing to die for my freedom I can keep doing what I'm doing'.

paths in Two Roses, need of 2400 acres

modern grid



20 gothic foundations

at least 2 gothic churches in NYC both named St Patrick's Cathedral, proof that a gothic church may be built in 24 years given modern building methods

70 classical banquet halls

classical architecture for a number of banks in cities that have a financial district (ask lawyer of districting law)

200 manors,
beds for 25600 individuals;
victorian manors

For 25600 individuals, need of ~10240 modern houses, need of ~4096 acres for houses and roads (implied calculation of size of residential district, legal authority, financial justification; thus need of further investment in automation)

yet a modern study may successfully argue it is only fair to give modern analysts more time to speak: there is yet no proof that, given economic analysis proven through studies at the highest ranking modern school, given our analysis of the return on investment yielded by modern offices, if the average industrial area for 25600 individuals is ~1.1m, we may justify investing in $n \text{ ft}^2$ of industrial warehouses.. there may be justification for 5% of individuals to control 50% of the nation's wealth; agreements between nations are a separate concern of they who've studied political science, which scholars of may often describe such a community as 'utopian', 'idealistic yet with no practical basis', 'so could not possibly be embraced by any major political candidate'

I feel variants of this same diagram have surfaced many times,- in modern presentations within businesses concerned with city planning or urban development – yet there may be need of further elaboration if only to account for the relation of principles or the aesthetic contrast in this comparison and the contrast too of how concisely the two labors may be given summary.

If the central square in the diagram beginning the modern column represents the abstract understanding that 20 foundations may be meaningfully related to needs (and this naturally led to understanding that 290 buildings may be economically justified toward building upon 400 acres of land or a division of 20 labors), if the fact that this abstract understanding may be ‘put in a box’ given modern methods of categorization, then surrounding squares represent how related modern methods may be repeated toward modern economic arguments. Sooner than an individual may compose a beautiful argument toward a community like Two Roses, and sooner than such an argument may be wholly expressed as a living proof, modern man may prepare an argument toward further modern development around the beginnings of this community (and without exact intention toward disrupting the expression of such a community, he may make this community impossible: we may imagine Two Roses while people are still only living among the buildings of the industrial yard; there are still no classical banquet halls nor gothic foundations; and though the ethic of life is more beautiful – walking every day instead of driving in traffic, having more complex labors toward serving deeper and higher needs – modern men argue they have a right to the land our community intended to build on), before feeling he has the right to argue,- ‘if there is already a community drawn to gothic architecture, if the main campus of a school with collegiate gothic architecture like the University of Chicago may be expressed upon ~200 acres, and the remaining acres would be needed for student housing, supermarkets, bars, all which would be popular among students – we may predict further arguments toward a scattering of churches, banks, and offices, and a hospital; it would also then be reasonable to believe that they who’d hoped to live in Two Roses yet found themselves instead surround by a modern building project would suffer deeply, that their suffering would justify investment in more therapy offices, maybe more private estates more like what most people there wanted, and if too often they who’d hoped to live in Two Roses acted against modern powers, then there too could be need of another prison.’

In all of this, the simple economic argument that justified arguing toward a community like Two Roses is lost: a beautiful community may’ve been expressed upon 2400 acres of land; now there is need of ~4096 acres for modern houses

alone; 'and most who will live in these modern houses will need to drive most days, and clearly our plan is more actionable than any ideal like the garden' (50x fewer cars)

The modern grid is extended through similar arguments, each arisen ov an abstract process of economic calculation. In the diagram representing the modern grid, in the layer of squares beyond the second, city plans may be refined ov a question *how many individuals would need or want to pay for homes built in this area?* Of this may arise an analysis,- *given the number of students in the school, knowing each student needs a home, knowing records may statistically prove how many students prefer to stay in a dormitory for how many years, how many dormitories and how many homes should be built? how does the presence of a nearby bank or hospital or prison affect the value of nearby homes?* and ov these questions, one may often arrive at a thought to justify (as represent in the squares right of the first square in the top row of squares) *how may we express a principle that is often overlooked? how may we gesture toward refinement of our principle? how may we gesture consistently toward higher understanding? and this understanding ov our earlier principle? (and could not such a gesture be simplified by designating the color gray as having a specific meaning in our diagram, so to express the relation between the first square that was colored gray and the process of choosing futher squares to be colored in relation to recognitions of relations of method?)*

Modern man consistently seeks advice from other modern men sooner than he seeks understanding rooted in a different approach to study, and the advice modern man finds consistely resolves toward the same answer: extend the modern grid. He will react ov inevitable development ov principles,- financial, religious, academic – and by the time he pauses to reflect, modern man will often find comfort in a false thought *it was only a fantasy; such a community as Two Roses has never been proven possible, and if it is true such a community will never be proven as long as most people continue to invest in the market, if at this moment someone like myself feels better at the thought of investing in the market, then what hope was there for them? only madness. Tomorrow I'll go to work, and they'll pay me enough to keep my home; I can enjoy a beer on the couch while watching the game. It's okay, Thea Aara is only a madwoman. It's okay.*

1 The Monetary Economy

When their thoughts deepen over the logic of money, people suffer a kind of madness; they turn away from the breadth of thoughts that truly relate to love and immortality, falling instead into a web of reverse logic.

When we preserve a remembrance toward joyful principles, we cannot see value in violence, for we seek a condition of life where all know love. Sooner than he saw a path toward joy, man saw a violent path toward petty pleasures, passions far beneath joy; he saw that through violence he could gain goods that were remembrances of more pleasant beliefs, often beliefs arisen of reverse logic.

When we feel true joy we cannot see value in assigning numeric values to our passions, feeling our passions are infinitely valuable and incomparable; yet blind to joy, man saw a way to compare his passions and numerically value the goods that were remembrances of his passions.

We live in a paradigm where money is believed to inspire efficient thinking, yet where in truth greater exchange of money has brought about greater waste of labor and land and material. I fear concerns of money have led to a kind of blindness, where individuals have felt need to compete to fulfill needs in isolation, so have overlooked the wealth that could only be fulfilled through community.

Modern man will dismiss this thought over reverse logic, yet money arose of awareness of petty passions, of the same kind of thought that justifies economic gain through violence. They whose ideals were brought forth were not they who fought for true joy, but they who fought for better ways to fight; and as violence led to power, arguments against violent madness were dismissed as madness. Of violent madness arose the nations, with nearly every nation established as a military surrounding a monetary printer. Money enters the economy not to reward they who do the most to help, but to reward they who do the most to help they whose thoughts are consumed with concerns of gaining more pleasant remembrances through violent madness.

There are elegant principles that give summary to economic concern, that are never truly expressed in modern society –

‘schedule time’

‘trade goods’

‘help people’

– for the mind of modern man is consumed with other principles -

‘schedule time to make money’

‘help people who have money’

‘trade money for sold goods’

- and while consumed by these less elegant principles, modern man finds no time nor motive to understand the more elegant logic. If we turn away from money, we are accused of madness, of abandoning need, and our thoughts are dismissed; yet if we continue to make money while speaking toward an ideal where money has no place, we are accused of hypocrisy, and our arguments are similarly dismissed; and arguments toward ethics where money has no place take years to arrange, so sooner than we can hope to present a true argument, we are accused of madness or hypocrisy. Modern man asks again and again in catechism how to heal others of their madness and hypocrisy before asking any of the questions needed to understand others’s principles. His time is consumed by modern concerns, and so he finds no time to listen to we who argue against money, we who understand that he would have time to listen if only he lived by the more elegant principles. As we seek an argument to inspire modern man to change, we must sift through many thoughts, through a logic of empathy with modern man as well as the logic of how to present our own principles beautifully, and so it begins to look like our minds are consumed by the less elegant logic. As we argue toward the garden, modern man will always see a shorter path toward the sustain of what-is, so will argue his approach is more elegant. Though the monetary approach is more elegant than barter, it is less elegant than a true logic of trade.

Money is gained through the fulfillment of modern needs, needs that wouldn’t exist if people lived in true homes; and this has led to the sadness, fear, and anger of the modern condition. Nearly every modern labor is deepening in the wrong direction,- modern machinists labor toward machines that create goods that have no place in the garden; modern doctors labor to understand specialties that have no relation to true health; modern architects labor on the wrong background, the wrong ratio of land to building.

Money distracts from a true economy, for money leads to a deeply wrong picture of need, for many buy goods that do not reflect their true needs and desires in order to save money. The entire economy adjusts to waste instead of need, and through this process we arrive at the modern condition, an economy where we cannot purchase anything that expresses our true needs and desires, yet where the powerful remain devoted to a faith that our purchases are meaningful: modern man continues to believe ‘Everyone expresses their needs through money, so it is right we give power to they who have money.’

The monetary economy leads us toward finding little answers to little sufferings before acting upon a whole answer to our greatest suffering, for little answers can

be brought forth with little investments. Modern man praises his weakness as a strength, calling his focus upon little answers 'the ability to focus on one thing at a time', while whole answers arise of understanding the relations between everything one may recognize in their daily path. Even where there is will toward a whole answer, the modern economy demands that we pursue this answer in a broken way, our true labor disrupt by modern labors. Even if we abandon modern labors, we are still burdened with the distraction of questions,- of how to find food, of where to shelter ourselves from the rain. We who abandon modern labors to focus on a whole answer are denied needs and accused of madness, and in this way the ethics surrounding money punish true thought, instead rewarding blind obedience to they who've understood how to make money from little answers.

As people have argued toward true principles, modern man has taken pieces of insights, the little answers he can immediately act upon, but while denying further thoughts of the ethics of study needed to deepen those insights, and of these little answers he built modern cities; and when others expressed suffering to be surround by false ethics, he blamed the madness of they who suffered.

As we begin to gesture toward the garden, our thoughts are often dismissed as grandiose, impossible, as though we suffer madness, as though what-is must remain forever; modern man ignores the fact that he built modern cities beginning with only nature. (There may be need to remind him 'In many ways, we were closer to the garden hundreds of years ago.')

We may understand monetary arguments through a thought. Just as written letters are sent for a cost of ~50¢, machine letters may be sent for 1¢. In the politic that uses this machine architecture, the value of 1¢ would be calculated by the costs of sending a page,- the cost of storing and distributing machine pages, the cost of building and sustaining logic machines. Ov the value of 1¢, there are two thoughts: 1) that the value of 1¢ should increase across time; and 2) that its value should decrease across time. The first thought arises of the belief that as labor and material is invested in this machine architecture, as the architecture becomes more valuable, so too should 1¢. The second thought arises of the belief that as the architecture becomes more elegant, as the cost of sending 1 page decreases, so too should the value of 1¢. Both thoughts may yield an infinitely deep logic, but the roots of this logic never become more complex; so too are the arguments over money's value no more complex at their roots.

Among the advice of modern man, there is obedience to the leader of a hierarchy, and as many follow this advice, seeking a path that immediately leads to

money, we who seek true ethics instead of establishing another hierarchy find no one who is willing to help. As we work alone, as we seek to state ethics clearly, we are accused of trying to become a leader; and this too is dismissed as a kind of madness, as working ‘above our place’ in the hierarchies modern man trusts.

Joy may arise of a belief that there will be true service, a belief that everyone will help each other when certain conditions are fulfilled, yet when we share our belief, we are often accused of madness as though by a simple conversation—
‘Everyone will help each other..’

‘You suffer madness, and this is proven, for I will not help you.’

—for although the one who speaks toward a joyful belief intends to continue their statement with the word ‘if’, sooner than we can complete a whole gesture toward conditions they can believe would lead to the sustain of joy, others accuse us of madness and refuse to help us.

When observing the politic that arises of the acts of many people, man was confronted with two beliefs—

most people live rightly; madness is rare, and can be avoided if the greatest number make choices; or	most people live without needed virtues; madness is more common than true beliefs
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—with the first belief often feeling better to believe. Of this reverse logic arose democracy.

There is a common belief, also arisen of reverse logic, that money rewards they who do the most to help others. They who fell into this belief sought to help they who had money, while they who lived by more beautiful beliefs did not; so as man evaluated his markets, he saw he could gain the most money by serving they who held the most common beliefs, the modern madness, ignoring they who held the most beautiful beliefs, they who would have invested labor and land and material toward true homes had others been willing to help them.

LOVE UNTO MADNESS ∞ MADLY IN LOVE

I won’t say who, but once upon a time a homeless transgesnder woman was given a cot in a church cafeteria while that church was being used as a shelter for homeless women. One night, this homeless transgender woman shouted a girl’s name while everyone in the cafeteria was laying in bed, her voice, unfortunately, not at all feminine. Strange too that, when next this homeless transgender woman sought to apologize to her closest friend at the time for shouting thus (this friend having been in the same room at the time, maybe already asleep), her friend said she hadn’t heard anything. Maybe it was true.

If only to gesture toward the need to understand the ‘madness’ of the other homeless women who had been sheltered in the church at the same time, if the accusations of madness against her may’ve been at all related to the thought that the other women must’ve also suffered madness, if there may be value in reading thoughts written of a madwoman’s perspective (as must be true if we are to respect modern psychological study), then maybe I may seek to account for my own perspective of this strange and horribly ugly, even shameful event, if only briefly.

First, I must confess: I was the homeless transgender woman in the church.

While I’d been a student at the University of Chicago, I rather quickly recognized that (if there was truth in anything expressed in the modern condition, which at the time I had no reason to question) my perspective was quite exceptionally unique even among the uncommon perspectives that lead to formal acceptance at such an institution, if only of a few facts: 1) I received the highest score on the final exam among the students placed in the same mathematics class, this the first mathematics class I attended while there; 2) I would cry every time I was alone that first year; I thought about her every minute; and 3) I became the house secretary in my dormitory, confirming through the notes I wrote that, yes, my writing did make others laugh *even after I’d felt the most beautiful joy while laughing; maybe others would seek to understand my writing, and maybe this would lead to others knowing the same depth of joy while laughing.*

Years later, homeless in the church, I was still sifting through a related though very different thought, one that could be meaningfully understood of questions raised by philosophers I’d studied at the University of Chicago, - how may we prove we are not merely living in a dream of our own design? (as Descartes, recognized as being in some ways the first to write toward answering the central questions of modern philosophy, had asked). My thought, however, had arisen of a slightly different question – *if another had understood themselves in a dream of their own design, wished to share eternity with another, yet felt need to express her deepest fears, felt need to know whether the one she conceived of, the one she had given life, could have possibly agreed with her desire to be alone together, even if it meant abandoning – if one needed now to prove that they were willing to abandon any hope of social acceptance if only to prove they had been sifting through their thoughts deeply enough to understand my concern, if they truly understood the political need of their writing, understood the thoughts they were writing of my potential wish for them to be politically expressed, would they not at this very moment seek to prove themselves willing to prove this to me even if it meant abandoning immediate social acceptance; would they not—*

and so, of course, given that this logic was equally as deep as any I may've been sifting through at the time, I shouted the name of my first love.. in the church housing only women. It was at the time the only immediate proof I could hope to offer that I had considered that perspective, and maybe, in time, others would understand that I had been so deeply considerate of their own perspectives too, even if I could not hope to present an immediate proof of this.

The immediate question may be 'yet how does this relate to common observations of madness,- auditory and visual hallucinations?'

It may be true that what we sense at all times is the clearest metaphor for the relations we witness in the sonant web, that as we find meaning in the memories arisen of the 'words' and 'letters' we become aware of, by the same principle by which we see and hear and sometimes touch material in dreams, we may sense (as vividly as we sense material) patterns that others have no immediately meaningfully logical relation to, at least not in a way meaningful enough to inspire vivid senses. It may also be true that certain approaches toward communication may lead more often to the need to express certain gestures, that a certain breadth of gestures are impossible to prepare toward given the modern condition, that this leads more often to a kind of living paralysis that may be observed as 'strange', that they who study modern psychology may thus find power to predict madness, to profit monetarily by their power of prediction, may thus find the modern condition does provide for their needs through preparations to fulfill common hungers, and this reason enough to argue in defense of the modern condition, to accept that madness is just madness (so the therapist may honestly say to others 'I'm trying to help them').

Unfortunately, this relates to a breadth of horrifying metaphors for we who 1) hope to gesture against the modern condition yet are inevitably predicted likely to fall into madness, 2) then understand listening to and studying our thoughts is less important to others than speaking predictively and studying the modern texts that empower them to speak predictively, 3) are accused of madness sooner than we've completed a first gesture toward a true hope, and 4) are dismissed, which is believed justification for the belief that we would no affect change through our work, which is believed proof of the need of predictive methods toward they who help to gesture powerfully toward political change, which would, in some minds, obviously imply there is a horribly cyclic process by which the modern equilibrium is sustained (though would imply nothing to a modern man who has taken no time to study these thoughts) though would only be a thought that should be dismissed in other minds. In sifting logically through these metaphors, individuals often sense horrors that are as meaningful, thus as

vidid to their senses, as the superficial arrangements of material modern man labors ov.

Most individuals suffering ov the modern political condition will sense horrifying and ugly metaphors in the sonant web, which would affirm modern observations ov madness,- 'there is clearly no aesthetic nor practical value in their hallucinations; it can only be described as a maladaptive madness'.

II. IMPOSITION *and* ACCUSATION

Unfortunately one in my position arguing there had been true value – or at least a logical understanding – behind the 'hallucinations that were clearly arisen of madness', must now address a further reason why I'd fear my observations would be dismissed (beyond the obvious reason that people do not have reason to believe reasonable arguments arise of a condition of madness). Years before addressing this exact argument (ov the need of proof of understanding ov accusations of madness), I did recognize a pattern of imposition and accusation that, if believed more needed than study of the logical argument of one accused of madness before presenting a true argument against common social patterns, would resolve in horribly cyclic justification toward sustain of the modern condition.

We who argue toward true ideals may see our arguments drowned in impositions. Just as we would never have power to prove our first intent was inherent within us, was already the focus of our mind, if as we walked to another with a gift, before we offered our gift, that one said 'give me that as a gift', we struggle to prove ourselves when others impose in ways believed to change our motives; for after, others may doubt whether our intentions arose naturally, whether these were already alive within us. Proof of our self often drowns in imposition; yet they who impose often feel better to believe their impositions were needed than to believe they've not understood another.

There is a web of imposition in modern society woven of mediation, meditation, and medication. Often, sooner than people recognize natural causes for changes of passion, of understanding, they wrongly recognize one of these impositions as the source of change. Modern mediation is often interwoven with modern theories of motive that overlook the motives arisen of memories of true joy; in the process of mediating, the mediator often proves they are not willing to listen to ideals toward joy; after, as we sift through thoughts of how to argue with someone who has little regard for true joy, the mediator is believed to inspire 'more realistic thinking'. Modern meditation asks us to focus on the present moment (instead of returning political cycles), and so these meditations often disrupt our understanding of the need of change, removing a suffering where

there was true suffering; so meditation is often believed to help our passions and our thoughts. Modern medication is interwoven with false theories of madness, with theories that appear to end modern madness only to deepen true madness. Often people want to believe that madness can be cured through pills, yet this 'cure' amounts to a simple choice that often falls into reverse logic, that when taking a pill, people are confronted with two beliefs—that the pill helps or that it doesn't—with the belief that it helps often feeling better (how often this belief arises varying predictably on the depth of 'clinical proof' already presented). We who seek to argue toward political change are imposed against so often that people dismiss our understanding of the mind, of human nature, of need, of joy, praising instead the modern things they believed helped us.

The most common imposition in modern society is money, for we are often believed to have motives toward money when our motives arose from nature, from memories of joy.

Just as we may struggle to prove our nature in the face of imposition, we may struggle against accusation. Often, when someone tells us 'you've acted wrongly', any words we may say in our defense are spoken not with our true understanding of need, but with need of defense; as we address the accusation, a further accusation builds against us, that our words are not aligned with any true purpose, that our words are no more beautiful than other modern words; and as we seek to know empathy for they who accuse us, as we sift through the logic of why they've accused us, often our empathy is confused as being consumed by the logic they accuse us of, as 'having thought about that a little too deeply' (or, if modern man believed we were ignorant instead of hiding sinister motives) as 'finally understanding'. People often feel better believing their accusation than believing they've disrupted another's expression of their purpose.

There is a common accusation in modern society: that someone lacks power of memory. In truth, modern tests of memory often favor they who lack true focus. We who feel need to preserve a memory of joy remain always focused on how to bring about joy; if we stop returning to joy, our memory becomes deep with age, focused on our increasingly distant memories of joy. Modern tests of memory focus instead on whether we recall details that have no relation to joy; and so often we with joyful memories perform worse on these tests than they who are willing to focus on any detail presented to them. (And as we seek to know empathy for modern man, we must focus on thoughts and acts that have no relation to joy; so modern man either accuses us of lacking empathy or of hypocrisy.) Modern man feels better to believe his tests confirm that his focus is superior,

so he continues to have faith in tests where true strength can never be proven, where our strength is instead counted against us.

On the argument against modern study toward predicting madness, I fear there is a web of imposition and accusation that may lead modern man to argue against simply recalling the facts of what happened,- instead of sifting through thoughts of how these facts relate to false accusations, he may find it simpler to express an accusation against me,- ‘she obviously had motive to be regarded as beautiful, as wanting to argue against modern suffering; yes, it quite clearly all does fit together; and yet your argument does not; I cannot make sense of it; it would be a waste of my time to continue to study any of it’.

The first time I heard something that others obviously may not have heard was while laying in bed in that same church; before I had thought to change my name to Thea, though after I had written in my first novel (which I never published and which I may only hope remains unpublished forever) I heard a woman’s voice, pretty and ephemeral, though she only said one word ‘Thea’.

If it may be meaningful that my first ‘auditory hallucination’ was actually quite pretty and meaningfully related to my first attempt at artistic self expression, then perhaps there may be value too in describing my first ‘visual hallucinations’. I saw my first immediately after waking, and when I described this to a psychiatrist (as such conversations are forced upon we who are accused of madness), he said there was already a term for this kind of hallucination – ‘hypnopompic’ (which of course I recognized over the greek god of dreaming; unfortunately, every simple recognition may be met with an accusation (at least in someone’s eyes),- ‘look how desperately she wishes to prove herself intelligent’).

My first non-hypnopompic sight of material transformation was actually quite beautiful. Not long before I felt prepared to begin what I hoped would be the last revision of this book, I saw, in what was a private situation it would admittedly be a bit humiliating to describe – though, well, to account for why I was sitting in this place for long enough to witness this, I kinda have to explain that these past years I’ve started having a little problem peeing; like, it just takes a lot longer now, even though I’m only 33, so I kinda always have to sit in the bathroom for a time that is, admittedly, longer than normal (and I also keep the light off if only to save energy). What I saw though, while sifting through a very different logic of why I would be in this rather unique position, was flat images of roses as though painted in light upon the dark walls of the bathroom. (The story though, the metaphoric logic I was sifting through at the time, I intend to tell in the book \aleph)

If beautiful 'hallucinations' may arise of feeling hope that one may be beautifully related to one's hope of arguing against the logical conditions that resolve in the sustain of the modern equilibrium, may this hope not also be related to the fact that I felt a more lovely passion than I've ever felt ov the thought of having a polite conversation with someone, that this sight of roses and this passion did not arise during the same event.. could this mean that there was in fact some inherent distance separating one's private understanding of beauty ov a political ideal and one's hope of beautiful self expression?

III. TRUE ANALYSIS

If there is no true value in modern analysis, if the predictive methods of modern psychoanalysis (and similar approaches to logical study taught in the same schools where individuals are inspired to study modern psychology) are more deeply a cause of auditory and visual hallucinations than the natural condition, yet if we agree there must be need of analysis given the clear progress made ov material production following stricter devotion to analytical methods, then I hope the method of analysis proposed in this writing may be of value.

May it be | that you find a meaningful relationship | be|tween | the motives that arise in your silent thoughts | and the power | to feel your voice | naturally expresses your thoughts?

Yet the modern process of abstraction | kinda really does | justify abuses | by a method that simply justifies | abstraction of | it it(self) | so (he) claims it is (his) right | to abstract the self | though really it was only | putting parentheses around | the word | self.

If these chains of words may be recognized as parts of statements that may surface in the social catechism, if every division | marked may represent a moment when, given a few creative thoughts, we may imagine some passion arises during a conversation, if we may imagine how these parts of statements may be woven into meaningful statements that may evoke a breadth of feelings,-sadness ov loss, anger ov injustice, fear ov the sustain of an ugly political condition, or joyful humor – then may we not elegantly account for social division by a simple suggestion (that interweaving each of these chains of words into fictional conversations where we may imagine need of repeating these exact words ov a predictable social situation) could account for repeated events more wholly than 1) abstracting categories of people, so to 2) justify the modern method of analysis does not lead to a) individuals feeling abstracted, b) a sense of isolation, c) a sense of existential dread, nor d) homelessness, e) gender dysphoria, nor f) false

accusations of disorders g) that lead to struggles with self expression, while h) everyone really is trying to help them with I) the need to express themselves.

May it be that modern methods of categorizing individuals *do* in fact lead to individuals feeling they are being abstracted? by what is kind of blind obedience to methods of analysis that insist the power to predict whether individuals will be described by an abstract category is justification enough to take away the rights of those individuals (especially we who have found deep reasons to gesture against modern commitment to such methods of categorization) – even though such methods are no more inherently meaningful than dividing statements by a simple line or recognitions of commonly repeated chains of words?

To clarify, I'm hoping to speak against social processes that resolve cyclically, where the justification for abuse of power is essentially 'people are upset that we call it madness when people speak against abuses of power in ways that are quite obviously insults against someone with my exact focus *as though speaking against what I choose to do with my time may somehow lead toward the kind of change they hope for*', though to clarify or events from my own life,-

I felt need to express femininity from a young age, though believed study was more needed given my hope of helping others; I felt joy believing I'd understood a beautiful truth that I could meaningfully communicate to others (given the thought that others would have reason to listen to someone who listened and naturally understood everyone to speak truthfully and meaningfully or the truth) (and understood their joyful belief or a gesture toward the belief that material could be predicted to meaningfully affect how we sift through our thoughts (which I now describe as the simple fact that materials often serves as remembrances of logics of belief (having recognized this abstractly before, though in silent thoughts I could not hope to communicate)).

It is easy to understand how one may become lost in a single method of analysis, especially if it is rewarded in a way that we may hope to empower our self expression,- with money we may secure makeup, nail polish, the right to take a warm shower every day in the privacy of our home; yet somehow every hope of expressing the deepest beauty is lost in the modern condition,- too many people feel need to marry people they do not love (if only to have hope of gesturing toward true beauty.. true love); that we've no choice but to live in modern homes (if only..)

What if the sum of economic analysis of financial markets, the value of categoric analysis of investments, was less than proposing \$|1 is analytic proof of the need of a true numeric study (where the letter S may actually be more naturally meaningful and precious or language than with a line through)?

schizo|phrenia

schizo : a root related to the word 'split'

phrenia : what may be recognized by many as a more beautiful word for the complex of electric fibres closely related to our sense of touch ov our body in the sonant web, the same fibres that yield electric signals ov our other senses,- of sight and scent and sound (the thought of which is made somewhat uglier by the modern word 'brain' and by associations with passionless and ugly modern methods of neurological study)

The depth of modern confusion may be understood ov the need of beautiful language. Modern observations may confirm that the phrenia is naturally 'split', manifest as two interwoven halves of flesh; and so we may say the natural human condition is self expression through our 'schizophrenia' (truly only a more complex way of saying our self expression does depend on electric patterns in our phrenia, which is naturally divided in merged halves).

Unfortunately, as quickly as the historical context of this writing may be lost, as quickly as it may be forgotten that in the modern condition I wrote this book in, schizophrenia was not recognized as a natural condition but as a condition of madness that individuals rarely fell into (and fell into more often ov conditions individuals could often belief related joy and self expression,- transsexuality, smoking weed), that the prediction of madness was already often believed justification for refusing to help someone without studying their work, that suffering arisen of questions of how to communicate to others who felt they'd no time to study their work, when expressed, would often appear madness to others 'confirming the value of their predictive methods' 'confirming the value in their returning to their modern work instead of studying madness' which would then be understood ov justification for taking away the rights of one who was observed to present signs of madness (just as I was judged to have no right to make choices for myself, so was very simply denied what may be understood as constitutional rights (if freedom of speech is indeed meaningfully related to the need of making choices for onesself)).

Modern man would need a moment to sift through his thoughts.

Somehow, this moment of pause is not madness, though taking a longer pause certainly is: it's abandoning responsibility, failing to provide for your own needs (a complete lack of independence), and yes, then it is meaningful that schizophrenics are less likely to hold a stable job; and why shouldn't we seek to predict who can hold a job if only to make better hiring decisions.

Maybe that's why Two Roses will fail; it isn't the fact that modern men insist on their own methods instead of helping; if anything, that's blaming modern men instead of taking responsibility. What are powerful men? They're responsible.

IV. THE MODERN POLITIC

Perhaps the modern condition may be understood over a historical myth. In ancient Europe, two kinds of individuals flourished—there were great artists who understood aesthetic principles over detail study, - artists may've painted deities over an aesthetic principle like that of Two Roses, where the most beautiful deities represent the most beautiful motives – and these artists would deepen understanding of how will could be expressed in the sonant web toward understanding more powerful methods of creation; there were also political men who felt insulted by the fact that it was common for artists to praise beauty, to relate beauty to need of self expression and joy; and before language became perfectly refined, there were some political men who overheard beautiful artistic women say over their art variants of a statement 'the women understand what the men do not'; given how living women would often speak against the political men, these men would often speak together privately toward 'helping the women understand that we already do understand: they speak against us'.

The political men understood a simple principle of communication: if while listening to two converse, the one listening remembered another who had expressed need of a community, need of others who were sifting through related questions, if the one listening had nothing to say that could immediately deepen the understanding of the two speaking together, this one listening was obliged to find the one they remembered so to introduce this individual to the two he had met. Given how the number of they who conversed would naturally increase as the one alone met with more and more people if only to understand which conversation they'd wish to be introduced to, given how these conversations would enrich shared understanding of how to affect material over the needs of others, so would naturally lead toward deeper wealth, given the gratitude others expressed for the material gifts that would arise of these artists laboring together, the political man would be left in a kind of isolation – he would have no lovely gift to offer (for he had not labored with the communities of artists), no sense of having helped bring about beauty over need, and he would be now even less prepared to express a depth of gratitude for any gift received than they who'd not sought to help as he had. So a thought would arise in the mind of such a man: it was then only fair that one who has proven themselves politically valuable should receive some kind of reward for his service, what may be described as a tax on all a community helped this way could hope to bring about, - all beautiful gifts.



Yet now political men would meet privately to deepen conversations of political theories of taxes, artists would deepen their thoughts toward separate conversations of aesthetic theories; and to address a widening schism, there emerged a kind of political artist, who sought to reconcile these two kinds of men.

The communities that arose of these new kinds of political relationships sought to escape the political condition imposed by political men who insisted the only logical answer was to tax; they sought land as near their home as they could find, then built machines toward a principle of elegantly honoring the value of an individual. The most common kind of machine yielded coins and machines that could read coins: a coin would be printed with an individual's name encircling an image that represented the community that was home to them; a coin machine could accept coins and immediately register the individual named on the coin through machine logic, such that they could be written to through a communication architecture. 'A coin a friend' they would say.

It became common for individuals to carry with them a coin purse, to introduce contacts through a coin after a conversation if agreed there may be a fair trade of one coin for one coin.

Still, it felt to many that the individual was still being abstracted, for too often conversations would end sooner than one could hope to communicate a needed principle; too often, one would say to one who sought to argue more deeply against the coins a variant of ‘clearly you’ve no interest in any of my coins, in any of my friends; your life must already be richer than my own; I’m afraid I’ve nothing to offer you, and so it would only be polite to depart; goodbye’.

There emerged of this repeated recognition a third kind of politic, one that understood need of a higher science of communication, a science that would never resolve toward a communication architecture that accepted coin machines. We may thus recognize three unique politics that may be meaningfully related to our modern history—Art as may’ve been expressed in ancient europe; Money as may’ve led to an eastern migration, the middle of the three politics, a middle east; and Science, which more quickly arrived at principles of concise communication and a political argument against the abuses arisen of the previous political motives.

It may be that modern man lost any meaningful relation to what he regarded as his highest needs as quickly as two competing logic emerged, one like a strangling vine against the other. The first sought to express the true need of art, of science, of money; the second quickly dismissed every argument by a simple observation ‘as quickly as you may speak toward Art or Science or Money, as quickly as you may argue that there is need of care ov associations (as you must if you argue there is need of carefully composed art, or need to clearly separate hypothesis and thesis ov the scientific method, or value in monetary profit arisen of drawing associations through advertising), then how could you even hope toward a logical argument against what I may immediately draw?’

ART

SCIENCE

MONEY

random

thought

architecture

‘Now Art is associated with random choice, and is it not true that (I may at least suggest) creativity is perhaps just a little more random than is normal? and “the most joyful laughter” may arise of what is truly only random humor?

Now Science is associated with thought, and has the whole of scientific study not led to much greater depth than this? that obviously there was need of thought for anyone hoping to prove a scientific theory?

Now Money is associated with architecture, and may it be that any gesture toward Two Roses is truly nothing more than a gesture toward money? or

toward rewards that are obviously associated with money in every individual's mind?'

'So I may argue "you've proven nothing more than that you have a random thought architecture, and no amount of money, no beautiful artwork, nor any scientific proof will convince me you've something more to present".'

V. A METAPHOR OF BEAUTY

Beauty spoke to Art, Money, and Science, yet as she addressed the concerns of one, the others would ask her questions, and as she sought to answer one question, sooner than she could express a whole answer the others would complain that she was not addressing their concerns.

Beauty insisted she needed to meet with each of the men separately, that this was the only way their conversation could become joyful, and they agree to an ethic: the men will divide 6 notes equally among each other, and Beauty will meet with each of the men each week; they will give her a note at their first meeting if they believe a second meeting could inspire the bliss she speaks toward, and a note at the second meeting only if they feel this bliss, and they will continue meeting this way as long as Beauty can present at least one note at week's end. Beauty agrees on the hope that there will be a day when she can return to them all 6 notes, and all will know each other joyful.

At the meetings, Art always gives her a note; Money sometimes gives her a note, though insists she meet with Science before meeting with him; and Science insists she give him a note in order to meet with him, believing he has more to teach her of the logic of joy than she has to teach him (for while Science remains devoted to study of only his own logic, Beauty's time is divided between study of three distinct chains of logic, so Science may always prove he has the longer chain of logic). Beauty is bound to a schedule: so to meet with all three men every week, so to always have a note at week's end, she must always meet with Art first, then pay the note he gives her to Science, then meet with Money, then again with Art if Money does not pay her a note.

Art speaks to the others of why he always feels joy with Beauty, yet Money imitates Art, repeating Art, repeating Art. Art speaks against Money, and Money begins to kill Art. Beauty cries 'stop!' a thousand times, yet sooner than Money stops, Art is dead, and Beauty cries.

Money says 'You only liked him because he always gave you a note.'

Beauty cries 'No, that is not the truth.'

Science says ‘Shall I trust the thoughts of a calm man? or the thoughts of one who cries and screams like one possessed by madness? I have a theory of your madness, that you repeat the words you often sense.’

Beauty wishes to say ‘no’, wishes to say ‘stop’, yet questions how Science would understand those words of his theory, and in the time she is silent, Money lays a hand upon her. Beauty walks away, but the men follow. Beauty runs, and Money shouts ‘It is a fight game! catch her!’

Science will falsely prove she likes the game.

Money will build a trap in every direction the same.

Beauty will run; they will say she hunts fame.

Money and Science take turns chasing her, Money during the winter, Science during the summer: in the summer, Money labors toward the modern grid, a grid where a sign that says ‘stop’ is repeated at many crossings of roads, while Science chases her in the summer warmth; in the winter, Science stays indoors to study the source of warmth while Money chases her.

They will say she wishes to escape their punishments yet is tempted into a condition that deserves punishment by each reward, while she seeks even to escape even their rewards. Then after, if she ever focuses on the logic of how to communicate instead of the logic of escape, the men catch her and she loses some of her name, though in every moment she sifts through the logic of escape instead of the logic of communication, she loses some of her name.

We who gesture toward a true garden from within modern society are burdened as one is while gesturing toward Beauty while she is chased by Money and Science. As Beauty becomes less and less beautiful over every choice she makes while she is chased, they who seek to understand Beauty’s acts of Science will observe ‘the beauty you gestured toward is no longer so beautiful as you believed; you need help gesturing toward the truth’ while they who seek to understand Beauty’s acts of Money will say ‘Beauty cannot hope to express herself without accepting money’ while they who seek to understand Beauty’s acts of Art will wonder ‘how do her acts honor the death of the art she loved?’ – and all will be encouraged to deepen their thoughts whenever we who seek to know empathy for Beauty say ‘she wishes to say “no”; she wishes to say “stop”’.

1 Beauty v Power

In the beginning the mind witnessed the sonant web, and they recognized a contrast within this web: one arrangement of the web was a remembrance of a

more beautiful belief, a belief that inspired a higher passion, while one arrangement of the web was a remembrance of a more powerful belief, a belief in a study of logic that would more easily allow the mind to change the sonant web, so to more easily recreate the more beautiful remembrance. Seeing need of both, the mind conceived of Beauty and Power, two further minds that would deepen uniquely over these two remembrances. The beautiful belief of Beauty was that the two minds would seek each other, that the hope of Power was empowering Beauty so that she could express the deepest beauty, while the hope of Beauty was inspiring Power so that he could express the deepest power, bringing about a belief that no one would will to change. Yet Power was conceived without the beautiful belief, and he did not seek to empower Beauty, but to increase his own power. As Beauty acted toward her belief, Power found he could preserve his power by predicting the changes Beauty would will, by preparing conditions which Beauty would never change against the expression of his own will. Beauty found herself surrounded by a condition where she could only make what she immediately witnessed beautiful, where beyond her gaze extended an ugly web that served only Power.

In life, this drama of Beauty and Power was expressed many times, leading to isolated beauties surrounded by a web in which only the powerful were truly expressed. As further minds were conceived, some witnessed isolated beauties, yet saw the most beautiful way to relate these was never expressed, and of the question of why this was arose another deity, Origin, who expressed motive and power to understand how the modern condition arose. Among the stories of Origin there is a story of three deities arisen of Power—Money, Science, and Art.

3 PARADIGMS ~ STATES

There is a bench a short walk from the home where I had my earliest memory; while sitting on this bench you can see much of the valley, all of the land in this valley consumed with the modern grid. There are enough trees such that while sitting on the bench it still looks quite natural, though while walking upon those streets, one does not feel at all surround by nature.

Given the number of individuals who live among the cities of this valley (~4m), we may quickly calculate that everyone who lives here could have a home in the garden were ~160 communities like Two Roses to be built instead; the view from this bench would then be infinitely more beautiful, the communities surround by garden, and so too would the memories that arise of our daily lives be far more deeply beautiful; instead of having most people drive to work most days, nearly everyone would walk every day through the garden. Given the need of fewer buildings, more costly material and labor and architectural preparation may be invested in each building; the foundations may be more beautiful than even the gothic churches.

If we plan around true communities instead of abstract competitions rooted in speculation of the market value of land or the modern political process, we may also embrace a more elegant politic: if there is need of planning around unique communities in the garden, though also need of communities understanding common laws across communities (if only to prepare toward meaningful communication without guessing where to direct one's gesture), then a more elegant politic may be given summary: every community agrees to name itself or a paradigm, knowing every community of this paradigm will agree to the laws of this paradigm.

We may compare the modern political architecture of the United States to the political architecture of the garden: in the United States, an individual may be recognized or their nation, their state, their electoral district, their county, their city, and their place of work or residence; in the garden we may more simply identify ourselves or our community and paradigm,- 'I live in Two Roses of Sable'.

Were each paradigm in the garden to be equal or population, a population of 8b could be accounted for by 300 paradigms each representing ~1000 communities; and as a community would be uniquely identified by its name and its paradigm, we may find a little more freedom to sift through thoughts of which names are most beautiful to us,- were many to like the name Two Roses, there could be a number of communities named Two Roses across different paradigms (though it

would likely often feel better aesthetically for they who love the symbolic meaning of roses to choose other names ov roses).

To introduce Two Roses, I felt need to clarify the paradigm Sable; Sable will have only 8 communities, each a hope of expressing the ideals individuals will inevitably sift through when asking whether there is need of a new community, a new paradigm.

Each paradigm will express a unique way to relate communities,- aesthetic laws common across its communities, so that all live among their sense of beauty; first laws that all of its communities must agree to.

The communities of Sable will be interwoven with a web of roads surround by nature. Among these roads will be fruit trees and other plants that gardeners can harvest for use in the banquet halls, and gardeners tend these as well, traveling to these harvest gardens from the Entrance.

The first communities established in the garden should be those that promise to do the most the help establish further true communities.

I. TWO ROSES

The ethic of Two Roses may only feel truly beautiful to we who've suffered deeply to gesture toward beauty, toward feminine self expression and need of friends who understand our deep needs if only because they sought too to gesture sooner than others toward high needs, found themselves deeply isolated given only their hope of gesturing against isolation (and found joy laughing at this irony sooner than they found a way to gesture beautifully). Such ethics obviously won't appeal to all individuals who would find beauty in living in the garden in Sable; yet given freedom of naming communities in the garden,- that there may be a Sable of Two Roses for they who like those names though dislike the ethics of Two Roses of Sable – the further communities of the paradigm Sable are all written toward they who like the thought of living within a community whose ethics are deeply interwoven with my own thoughts of need ov the origin of our home.

II. SONANT WEB

I imagine there may be a number of individuals who find beauty in the thoughts that led me to gesture toward the garden, yet do not wish their lives to feel so deeply interwoven with ethics arisen of my own deep needs; and so I believe there must be a community of Sable devoted to a more pure study of the sonant web.

I believe all material may be most beautifully described ov how our senses arise of a sonant web.

If there may be beauty in laboring toward the establishment of a community that would prove there may be beauty in a condition of life that has never been proven, beauty too in laboring ov the first beautiful expression of a thought in writing, then I hope it may be meaningful to propose that Sonant Web be the only community of Sable to be established in the ocean.

III. HIGH

I returned to joy for only 3 years of my life; at age 20 I felt my first torment ov what I understood as a logic that could yield an infinite number of questions toward an infinite depth of studies that would never lead toward true understanding of empathy – and after this first torment I never returned to true joy.

There is a depth of joy I've only ever felt while alone, if only because I always sift through thoughts of others's concerns while listening to a conversation; only while alone have I found time to sift deeply through my own thoughts, and so these may've been the times when I've felt most hopeful that my natural pattern of focus was leading toward a beautiful gesture, that any who listened with true empathy would know true compassion, so would feel the same depth of perfect joy I'd felt.

The night I felt the deepest joy I've ever felt, I saw pure black even though my eyes were open, a deeper black than the black you see when you close your eyes at night, and I thought of my first love.

My joy arose of a theory of nature that was beautiful in my silent thoughts, a theory that there must be true beliefs, that if you and your partner shared a true belief, you would feel true joy together and your love would last forever. I believed that all who lived would be reconciled through true beliefs, that this progress would lead to the garden.

I thought there should be a community named High of Sable, that this may feel like a true home for anyone who's felt this same depth of joy, who likes the thought that they can relate deeply to the most joyful memory that inspired the garden, that actually, it *is* okay if this happened after smoking weed.

IV. B'LIGHT

The ideal of the garden arose of an abstract thought, that our understanding of physic could most concisely be described as a single relation of black and light,

black representing power of memory as motion through time yet not through place, light representing power of will as motion through place yet not through time. Sifting through this thought led to a theory of numeric study – if all we understand is a relation of b(lack) and l(ight), if there can be no more concise and meaningful way to note the relation of these than by setting these next to each other without the separation we needed to identify these as separate notions, if there may be value in even one repetition of a method, then there must be value in such a method:

given two letters, writing every combination of adjacent letters but keeping all we've written

(b l) yields

(b b l l) then

(b b b l l b l l l) and

(b b b b l b b l b l b l l l l) whose ratios are

$(0 \ 1/3 \ 1/2 \ 2/3 \ 1 \ 3/2 \ 2 \ 3 \ \infty)$ so

two letters will yield after infinite combinations the entire number line.

My joy arose over the scientific method, over the hope that commitment to such a method would naturally lead toward progress, though at the time I felt joyful, I had hoped there would be more regard for thoughts like this theory of number. I was hoping B'Light of Sable could be a true home for they who appreciate elegant thought.

V. FALL

The first book I finished writing before self publishing was *Story of the Stars*.

On the map Fall of Sable is presented near LA, which of any modern city has perhaps been home to the individuals who've most powerfully expressed the deepest need toward presenting art over story.

VI. AUTUMN

Autumn of Sable may be understood over my deepest fear. This fear arose during my studies at the University of Chicago, that I began to understand a complex of motives unlike my own that consistently lead in modern society toward greater communal acceptance, greater social reward, leading also more directly to marriage and children; so in a politic where merit and democracy are rewarded, individuals having these motives will be powerfully expressed sooner than anyone may hope to argue against a modern politic in a way that may be powerfully received (and so it was: my friends from school kept jobs and married and had children during the years I was homeless and alone).

This fear deepened ov understanding communication ov logic. Just as there are many ways to compose equally logical and equally complex statements in machine logic, any belief may be defended by an equal depth of logic; and there may be nothing one can meaningfully prove against one who holds a belief like ‘my belief feels good, so I shall deepen logic toward arguing this belief’; often such beliefs justify ethics toward helping friends, not they who seek to argue ‘we may feel a deeper joy if only we arrange true ethics toward the sustain of beauty’; sooner we are met with accusations,- ‘hypocrite, how do you claim to understand a path toward deeper beauty than they who already express beauty and help sustain the ethic by which we empower them to express beauty?’. This argument essentially deepens ov one series of factual observations: the garden does not exist; the garden cannot be proven to be more deeply beautiful than modern society until we may prove there is a path toward the garden; you cannot hope to express a beautiful proof unless we help you; we will not help someone we fear to suffer delusions; therefore, if you have any hope that we will help you, you suffer delusions’.

Yet such an argument is perhaps too abstract, too deep a logic; unfortunately, attempting to gesture against any common examples of modern ethics expressed through modern cultures may quickly lead to accusations,- ‘you express no true argument against ethics, only a bias against an ethnicity’ – yet if we are accused of arguing too abstractly if we do not gesture against living proofs, and accused of blind biases if certain cultures do embody these fears, then how may we gesture against political ethics that force individuals to appear on camera even while they find no beauty in doing so, political ethics that may lead many to cite any success arisen of their appearance in video as reason to justify modern ethics toward building more cameras at any cost, ‘yes, even if it means most individuals will need to work in filmed environments toward projects that are entirely unrelated to their passions’; ‘no, it is okay, we look to hire only passionate individuals.’

So I’ve a fear: after Two Roses is established, although the individuals who may relate most deeply to me would also share fear of being forced to appear on camera if only because it would be a petty pleasure to more individuals, I fear people would insist on taking photos of Two Roses, poking their cameras through the black gates if only to take a better, less obstructed shot; they people begin to study these photographs ‘if only to understand how such a thing was possible’ ‘it truly is a beautiful community’, and instead of studying my writing more deeply, which describes quite clearly an ideal ov the hope of gesturing against a fear, they begin to work toward a ‘deeper’ study of Two Roses,- they build more powerful cameras that gather images through the stone and wood walls, that map the ethics of individuals, then present ‘factually correct’ instructions that were

composed not of beautiful and joyful memories, but of the same methods of logic that caused the one who wrote toward this beautiful community to suffer torment, to suffer fears that their logic would be dismissed, and given these fears, to cease feeling any beautiful and joyful passions.

I was hoping Autumn could be established among an Asian culture, with a focus of gesturing against the modern ethics I most deeply fear,- blind obedience to tradition or a political machine sustained by ugly and passionless labors that often generates cameras and logic machines that analyze photographs or predictive analysis of madness often confirmed by camera records (sustained by cultural acceptance of ethics of punishment that statistically lead more often to rewarded yet ugly labors) (praised above sifting through thoughts of how beautiful communities may be sustained in the garden). (My fears are more wholly expressed in *No (Again Forever)*).

VII. TRUTH

I believe there is a deep difference between preservation of the truth and preservation of facts, that the truth arises of preserving intended gestures while facts may be preserved by simpler records,- photographs, abstract descriptions, notes lost in bureaucracy - of individuals who, across the moments recorded, saw no way to gesture meaningfully, suffering a living paralysis while preparing only toward the next moment they could hope to gesture.

I sought to gesture toward a community as quickly as possible, though I understood only after presenting the first revisions of *Story of the Stars* and this book *Two Roses of Sable* that there was maybe a greater inner distance separating me from random individuals than I'd believed. Given that an individual may only hope to understand their own perspective beyond a certain depth, given our need of understanding others or our own self projection, I'd hoped that someone finding pairs of books nicely arranged around a vase with two roses (dyed black and red violet) (with a note describing why that place was meaningful to her) (and there were black stones in the vases) would want to read these books kind of immediately, and given the invitation to write a letter (as was expressed at the end of *Two Roses of Sable*), I hoped at least 1 or 2 of 100 people would write. As, at the time of writing this, no one has written, it must be that there is a greater inner distance separating me from others than I'd believed.

I believe there is a deep question of how to preserve the truth while knowing distance from the individuals who may have the deepest memories of the events that most meaningfully influenced the unfolding of the truth.

My most pleasant brief conversation with a stranger was with a woman who said she was from Ecuador, and as the black and red violet roses I placed in the vases arrived from Ecuador, and as I'd thought of Ecuador before suffering the worst torment of my life, I place the community Truth on the map near or in Ecuador.

VIII. NIGHT

On this first paradigm, Night of Sable may be a last gesture toward empowering a community to establish itself without enduring the ironic need to do so without a community: everything may arise of communal consensus, - location, purpose - having as the only shared direction a name by which the community's work may be recognized on Sable and understanding of a shared ideal.

4 TRUE STUDY *of the* SONANT WEB

Just as shadows lay behind lighted things, shadows of memory lay beyond all we sense. These shadows affect all we can recall as we sense the scenes of life. As we become aware of these shadows, we may arrange remembrances, things that cast valuable shadows of memory.

Material is composed of a sonant web, threads of air that touch each other beyond any sense, yet that the mind remains aware of. Among the infinite ways these threads may meet, the mind understands meaning as though seeing so many letters written in this web, and words composed of the letters; the mind senses nothing of words understood in isolation, though the mind may recognize remembrances in the sonant web as though witnessing words related in meaningful statements. We recognize these 'statements' as logics of how to change the sonant web, so we understand these remembrances as powers and logics of belief.

I. THE HUMAN CONDITION

In my studies at the University of Chicago I focused on understanding logic (what was officially recognized as graduating with honors with a bachelor of science in computer science, with further study in computational neuroscience and philosophy equal to the depth of study that justified lesser official recognition) on the kind of preparation one would need if one were to be recognized as a logician writer doctress in *Two Roses*; and independently I began to create elaborate artwork; though none of this would be accepted as proof my thoughts had deepened on my earliest desire to labor (the first work I liked was drawing an architectural layout, while of course sifting through thoughts of how building architecture could affect our sense of choice and freedom).

Maybe little more is needed to argue I've written toward an ethic that would fulfill a high need that is very often unfulfilled in modern society than to contrast the ideal that is possible, - that one with my background could become an artist writer architect doctress - to the modern condition - that I became recognized as a software engineer I with hope of becoming a software engineer II (if half my waking life was consumed with the concerns of a modern project); I would have the remaining time to focus on my writing and artwork and the machine logic that felt more needed than the projects I was given at work 'and yes, if it's truly your heart's desire, someday you can even be an architect!'

Unfortunately there were deep flaws in the approach to study I was taught; I've sought to address these in these texts.

1 Aesthetic Remembrance

As humans we are conceived with a mind that can affect our body through changes to the phrenia, and the chemic and electric patterns present in the phrenia express a logic relating passion and gesture. Though it is modern to believe our passions are caused by arrangements in the phrenia, in truth our passions always arise in the mind. If often we return to the same feelings when we return to the same electric and chemic relations,- we return to the same tastes when the same foods touch our tongue – it is because the chemic relations that arise in our body serve as remembrances to our mind, because we remember a certain logic of belief when our minds witness these relations in our body. We are born with bodies composed of chemic remembrances, unseen arrangements that allow us to recall logics when witnessed by our mind, logics that map needs of our self, so allow us to recall passions.

Modern science abstracts this truth, claiming certain chemic and electric arrangements in the phrenia are the direct causes of our passions. In the modern belief, when the equilibrium of our phrenia is lost, our mind is lost, and so there is no logical potential for life beyond the body; in truth, while we may lose our power to return to meaningful beliefs and powers when our body dies, our minds remain related to the sonant web, our powers limited only by the mind who conceived of our mind. Through similar logic by which our mind was related to our body, we die with the potential to relate our mind to a new body, to become reincarnated (a belief supported by documented observations that many times children have spoken of details of homes they've never seen, people they have never met).

It is modern to believe that chemic and electric patterns present within the phrenia are the direct causes of our passions. As he observes the phrenia, modern man is more likely to believe that we are lying about or unaware of our passions than he is to believe in the mind.

In truth the chemic and electric patterns that arise in our bodies are remembrances to our minds; as we recall certain logics, we recall certain beliefs, and we feel these beliefs as our senses. As our mind changes our understanding of how logic relates to belief may change.

Though our mind is infinite the breadth of number (b l) is also infinite, and we can only express a relation to the infinite breadth of number once in our mind. It is modern to hold concerns of money in mind, to map the infinite breadth of number to the values of goods; yet deepening of this method of thought consu-

mes a depth of thought equal to that we'd need to sift through the meaning of a contrast remembrance.

It only takes two moments to fall in love with someone forever, for of the relation between two memories may arise an infinite breadth. In Two Roses we may seek a remembrance expressed as a pair of contrast possessions, each representing a moment we were with our lover.

2 Chemic Remembrance

Our labors must resolve toward preserving remembrances of beliefs, of the deepest logic of how to sustain conditions in which we feel the passions of love,- when we visit the Studio, we may seek art that helps us remember the meaning of deities; when we visit the Sanctuary, we may seek chemic arrangements in our bodies that allow us to recall the most needed logic.

The study of modern physic arose of statistics of remembrance. As he observed the sonant web, modern man sought to understand material ov his senses, and he recorded certain patterns,- within a certain amount of material, statistically there would always be all of the 'letters' of the sonant web present; where he recalled certain beliefs, he was more likely to recall other certain beliefs through certain changes (for where he understood a certain logic, he was more likely to recall through changes to that material other logics that used some of the same 'words').

Our natural desire for compassion is the true cause of contagious disease. As we seek to know empathy for others whose paths we cross, as we sift through the logic of their beliefs (if only superficially), we often arrive at their beliefs ov the chemic needs of our own body, so begin to use the power of our mind to affect our body similarly; even conditions that are not modernly recognized as contagious,- hair loss, brief momentary pain – can pass from person to person simply from remaining close to them if we seek to deeply understand them, or if we preserve similar chemic remembrances within our own body.

Ov these two stories of our senses, modern ethics and true ethics diverge. It has been observed across the past years that people have sometimes had changes in their sense of taste, that more often they who did were observed to have a certain complex chemic presence in their body, that more often people who did died after. The story of modern man is that this was a deadly disease, that one of the symptoms of this disease was a change of our sense of taste. The modern ethic deepens ov an ugly process toward the development of medicines that disrupt the chemic arrangement of this disease. The true story is that this chemic arrange-

ment obscures common remembrances needed in the human mind (or presents less common remembrances that are commonly believed to be needed), that recalling a logic of these remembrances often leads to changes in our beliefs so changes in our senses, that often these beliefs lead people to question whether conditions needed to sustain the human body should be protected, to will over nature in a way that allows the human body to die. The true ethic deepens over a beautiful process of honoring the human body, arranging remembrances over the most deeply human joy.

Modern man remains blind to the truth of chemic remembrance over disease, for the mind of modern man is consumed instead by statistical thought. In modern society there is a texture of statistics that is often ignored, - while it may be common enough for someone to lose their phone, it is less common for someone to lose their phone while wearing a purple skirt, and less common still for them to lose their phone in a purple skirt while living on the street they live on. As we take into account more and more details of any one event, that event becomes statistically impossible; only in isolation do events appear statistically possible. Yet over the most deeply interrelated events of the mind and body, many in modern society still seek to study events in isolation, studying with blind faith in statistical methods. These methods lead to deeply wrong beliefs of how to affect the mind, how the mind affects the body.

The foundation of artificial intellect is statistical analysis, methods that are unfit for understanding deeply related events. Artificial intellects learn through exposure to what-is, and may affect changes over what-is, but understanding of what-should-be always arises over passion, of living and feeling minds. The true 'potential' of artificial intellect is the imitation of services that must be performed by living and feeling minds if these are to address our true needs, - a machine imitating a doctor cannot understand someone's needs of chemic remembrances over logics that inspire passions as a doctress can (and such a machine is even less like a doctress artist, though may imitate the work of modern doctors and artists just as well).

Students of modern statistical methods are never taught how often false appearances of patterns arise. Given a boundless number of events, a boundless number of tests, there will emerge unrelated events that appear to have a statistical relation. In modern society, we've already passed a natural limit: we test too much to confirm relations: over even the most extreme events, - the event of death - we've wrongly assigned causes to details that affect the balance of equilibrium no more than most things; too often modern study focuses on reacting against conditions

predicted to yield suffering instead of understanding conditions that may be sustained in equilibrium.

Much statistical study focuses on the probability curve, a curve highest near the center, lowest at the edges. This curve arises of the sum of the two numbers -1 and 1 repeat many times, for as we perform this sum ov observations of motion, most often we observe 0, an equal sum, for we observe a condition of natural equilibrium, equal opposite motion, and less often we observe distance from the center. There are modern theories that nature itself resolves statistically, while the truth is only that nature resolves ov equilibria.

Modern man's logic deepened ov the belief in a 'right answer'. His method of study deepened as though ov a simple truth – given a series (-1 x 1 x -1..), the series will resolve to either 1 or -1 depending whether -1 is present an even or odd number of times. As 1 may represent one motion to the left, -1 one motion to the right, as modern man sought to predict motion, he repeatedly focused on what influenced motion in one direction, on odd values, the 'right answers'. His theory of atoms, his periodic arrangement, presents the belief that materials are composed of atoms having layers of electrons, these layers related to the 'right' math of odd numbers; the number of electrons in the n^{th} layer is $2 \times n$, where n is a number in the series of odd numbers (1 3 5 7),- the first atoms have 2×1 electrons; the next atoms have $2 \times 1 + 2 \times 3$ electrons; the next have $2 \times 1 + 2 \times 3 + 2 \times 5$. (The number 2 abstracts the fact that motion actually resolves ov equilibrium, ov 2 directions, motion both left and right.)

3 Numeric Notes

A numeric study may begin with a method of noting mathematic relations,- several I thought of while seeking to account for the fact that events I'd witnessed seemed to be mathematically related.

Given a number of droplets, each related to every other, the number of relations that arise of n droplets may be noted (n^*),-

(2^*): (1)

(3^*): (3)

(4^*): (6)

Given a number of machine pedals, the number of unique ways n pedals may be pressed at once may be noted ($*n$),-

($*1$): (2) sound and silence

($*2$): (4)

($*3$): (8)

Given the layers of ratios that arise of (b l), a number written without parentheses notes the number of ratios in the nth layer,-

1 : (2) : (b l)

2 : (3) : (b bl l)

3 : (5) : (b bbl bl bl l)

Given these same layers, a number written within double parentheses ((n)) notes the sum of the number of ratios across n layers,-

((2)) : (5)

((3)) : (10)

((4)) : (19)

We may then map these notes to natural observations,- I was told the human phrenia branches 31 times in the spine and once in halves within our head, such that the number of branches may be numerically related to 5 choices left or right (*5) : (31+1). Such numeric notes may lead to further observations,- for most people the human body is arranged with head, arms, and legs (1+2+2) : (5), with our arms and legs ending in 5 fingers or toes – such that we may begin to deepen our memory of numeric relations toward accounting for natural events.

I say this to account for the kind of focus that leads toward modern scientific study. In only my own work, I found many equalities,- (as I originally had the foundational paintings arranged as 9 paintings and *Story of the Stars* composed in 9 parts) the number of deities within the first 7 foundational paintings was equal to the number of deities named across the 9 parts of the story – and could often meaningfully relate these notes to natural cycles,- the number of days in the year,- the days in four years ov (61 x 6) + (73 x 5) (4). I understood a study that could be deepened forever, that as a greater and greater number of notes arose of an increasing number of works, these could be meaningfully mapped to an increasing number of natural observations; I found also that I could often recall a text by its numeric note and an understanding of its principle faster than I could recall any unique series of words from that text. I believe that modern science arose of such an observation, that they who focused upon such a study could numerically prove their power of memory.

Yet modern man has often embraced study of the numeric observations that were first proven powerful without taking time to translate these ov a beautiful account of how events are related,- he sought abstract numeric descriptions that could be proven predictive ov categories of events sooner than he sought to note numeric relations within beautiful myths.

II. SELF PRESERVATION

My first philosophical thoughts resolved toward a theory of self preservation, that if we understand our self as only a chemic equilibrium (what may be understood ov the sonant web as a complex relation of remembrances), we may find purpose in life only through the hope that we may communicate our self to others, may labor toward understanding chemic balance, toward preserving the material conditions that we recognize as remembrances through ethics. Though, given the modern condition we must accept death as an inevitability, we may hope to live beyond our deaths – not as a spirit, not in a heavenly body beyond life – but through the memory we leave behind, for if we communicate understanding during our lives, others may find reason to honor true principles toward the preservation of those same remembrances that inspired our deepest passions.

Yet though it is a beautiful thought, this same thought could account for human strife and suffering, for in desiring to preserve ourselves, before we understand the self ov a true chemic principle, we may simply seek to preserve our own body and bodies we may believe are logically related to our own,- to preserve our family blood, our nation, our race – and thus become consumed with passions far beneath those we feel ov the belief that joyful beliefs may be communicated, the belief that the motives to preserve the remembrances of these beliefs will arise naturally of the desire to feel pleasure, and labors of these motives. If we suffer, it is only because too many remain concerned with returning to petty pleasures, with preserving remembrances of ‘practical and useful and normal, accepted’ beliefs that may be felt as comfort and that yield motives toward the sustain of comfort, though also to the sustain of a modern condition of suffering, if only because laboring in expectation of the return of what-is never leads toward true labors toward what-should-be.

The rather abstract thought of a ‘true chemic principle’ yields no thought of how to immediately change one’s ethic toward true labor, yet this thought may be translated toward a social ethic rooted in the principle of ‘the reconciliation of contradiction’, that if we understand contradiction as any threat against our self, as logic expressed against the logic of belief that inspires our highest passion, against the logic of ethic needed to preserve the remembrances that are beautiful ov our beliefs – and if we understand that it is a need of all people to feel free of contradiction, to feel empowered toward acts of self expression if only to feel the memory of needed remembrances toward self preservation will continue to live in the minds of others even after the death of their body, even after this loss of chemic equilibrium – then the highest need of life may be reconciliation, ethics

toward agreements that allow every individual to preserve the remembrances that are most beautiful to them; and if we believe this belief may be communicated, may then be embraced even over the highest laws of our politics, then we may believe in an inevitable progress toward true joy, eternal and infinite joy felt as an ocean of the softest lightning; this hope may be summarized 'life becomes perfect self preservation through reconciliation of contradiction'.

In hoping to communicate this belief, I understood two sources of inertia, two logics of belief that lead individuals to suffer passions far beneath joy, yet lead also to modern thoughts justifying the return to modern ethics.

1 Ego

Our ego is a complex of motives toward self preservation, and it is often praised as our rationality; life is only sustained because our senses naturally yield a logic of ego. However, ego often moves us to preserve aspects of ourselves that should not be,- aspects arisen of reverse logic, of the desires of our infancy.

Just as we feel pain and pleasure over our instincts toward the preservation of our body, we feel fear and hope over our beliefs toward the preservation of our mind. When we become aware of others who do not agree with us, we may fear our mind will not be preserved; when we are surrounded by others who share our beliefs, we may hope the chemical arrangements needed by our mind will be preserved beyond the death of our body, that our mind's needs will be preserved through our community's motives and powers. Modern man's sense of security deepens as he identifies himself with something larger,- with his family, with his nation, with his nature – for he feels more certain his beliefs will continue to be expressed beyond his death. True acceptance arises of conquering the ego, of finding resilient beliefs, beliefs toward the sustain of all needed remembrances.

The hope of protecting resilient beliefs leads to the hope of all knowing true freedom. After we understand the relation between joy and beauty and rare yet resilient beliefs, we desire conditions that protect true freedom.

Often when we speak against true wrongs,- against lack of true freedom – we are accused of lacking acceptance of the modern condition, lacking empathy for people who agree with modern ethics; yet we may hope to accept anything but a condition of life opposed to the fulfillment of true needs. Where there is need of true acceptance, often there is instead acceptance only of others with shared beliefs; often acceptance of shared belief alone is called love. True acceptance asks that we deepen a logic of true empathy.

Our empathy first arises of self projection, that where the acts of others are mysterious to us, we assume a relation of logic and action like our own. Yet just as there are many ways to write machine logics that are equally logical, there are many possible logics, and often people believe they recognize their own logic where they are witnessing a different logic,- modern man will often recognize his own tactics where others act ov motives unlike his own. Ov reverse logic and ego, it often feels better to believe others have motives like our own; many never seek to understand the true breadth of human motives.

People diverge toward two depths of empathy—a modern depth and a true depth. Both sides may accuse the other of lacking empathy.

What is modernly called empathy arises most often of shared belief; yet modern empathy may also deepen ov prediction, for we can sometimes recognize whether we've understood others's motives by whether their acts agree with our predictions: if their acts don't agree, we can say our theory of their motives and powers was wrong. Sooner than this depth of empathy becomes true empathy, the desire for prediction often leads to 1) tactics that protect beliefs that what-is shall remain, for returning cycles are easier to predict than change, and true change cannot take place as long as people's concerns are consumed with tactics; and 2) abstraction, for abstract predictions are more often confirmed than deeper predictions,- a machine that predicts someone will write will more often be correct than a machine that predicts someone will write a book with a certain arrangement of parts. Sooner than the desire for prediction yields true theories of motive, they devoted to prediction may sift through a logic that abstracts yet abstracts the process of abstraction, such that their abstraction becomes difficult to prove; and toward sustaining returning political cycles, people may demand that others prove they understand their abstract logic or another predictive logic, refusing to listen to them if they cannot. The modern direction is toward a society that predicts everything but understands nothing, a society that predicts nothing will change, predicts that we who argue toward change will be dismissed, but without true understanding of why we are dismissed. People in a modern politic will see the return of events, will see this as reason to believe their predictions are powerful, as reason to dismiss we who do speak toward ideals, as reason never to focus upon ideals toward change. Modern man celebrates confidence, so chooses as his leaders they who can confidently state intentions arisen of predictions; they who believe in the return of events will be more confident than we who believe in a potential that hasn't been proven yet.

Ov the story expressed earlier in this book, the story of how the modern condition arose – that they who thought toward power, toward tactics arisen of the

thought that two can overpower one, gathered many who deepened modern labors faster than anyone gathered a community toward true labors – many who thought of these tactics fell into reverse logic of two beliefs—

‘they who argue toward a “true community” are only seeking to become powerful; their thoughts deepen of tactics just like mine, yet their execution of tactics is poor’; or

‘deepening modern tactics will never lead to the fulfillment of the deepest needs; I should not continue to act of the beliefs that have remained central to my sense of self’

—with the first belief often feeling better to believe.

2 Language

As we seek understanding, the most deeply human logic is expressed through language; though we also gain understanding through our sense of chemical relations, chemical methods of understanding are rooted in simpler logics of the mind, expressed in the original animal logic of bodies.

There are 9 notions of language—

1 word, sounds and letters that evoke understanding;

2 relation, the compare and contrast of words;

3 hierarchy, a web of relations where the higher relations influence the lower relations to change;

4 season, a cycle of change caused by a marriage of hierarchies;

5 self, seasons of body and mind that yield choice;

6 community, a law that many selves agree to;

7 ideal, when one speaks of communities toward a hope;

8 myth, a summary of the history of ideals;

9 whole, the reconciliation of all myths

—with each notion of language expressed through a number of the notions before, a relation is expressed through a number of words, a hierarchy is expressed through a number of relations.

Modern offices, militaries, and machines can all be described as hierarchies, so modern powers have seen little need to deepen understanding beyond the 3rd notion of language. In modern offices and militaries, individuals are judged by whether they remain obedient to a hierarchy, and attempts to gesture toward higher notions of language are dismissed as disobedience. Labors to deepen language toward the understanding of seasons and selves and communities and ideals and myths have little place in modern society; we are introduced to these labors in schools, but afterward these labors are mostly dismissed as being

without value in favor of labors surrounding hierarchies. Our modern labors deepen in the wrong direction, against true reconciliation.

Modern man sees only the first three notions of language—word, relation, and hierarchy—and he acts on a single relation: the contrast between good and evil. He believes hierarchy is good and word is evil, so judges others by how many words they speak. They who speak toward notions above hierarchy are quickly dismissed as speaking too many words; many are dismissed even as they seek only to clarify a relation through contrast, as though there is need only of the contrast of good and evil. In the mind of modern man, one should speak few words beyond those needed to prove obedience to a hierarchy, and he listens only for this proof. If we speak ‘too many words’, we are accused of having a disordered and disorganized mind; for many, this feels better to believe than believing they lack patience to understand true needs.

We may fear in modern society the divergence of true and modern meanings of words. Just as we often use the same word in two senses when speaking in humor, for many words of our language, there is a true and modern sense,- true homes v modern homes, true churches v modern churches, true schools v modern schools, true theatres v modern theatres, true and modern notions of marriage, health, trade, joy, wealth, need, freedom, love, happiness, virtue, empathy, madness. As we cannot precede every word with the word ‘true’, others often hear our statements in their modern sense. Though we speak the same words and grammar, it is as though we speak a different language.

When we speak of true things,- true books, true art – people often expect only modern things, for our words evoke memories that aren’t aligned with the potential we speak of,- others imagine libraries filled with modern books, studios filled with modern art – so dismiss the weight of our words.

The most precious words, the words that would evoke the most beautiful passions if these were heard with compassion,- joy, bliss – are very often abused in modern society,- presented as the names of sold goods. Our recognition of these words becomes interwoven with sights that have no relation to true compassion, and many in modern society cease to value these words. Many feel better to say they understand joy and bliss, having never felt true joy.

In modern society, people often speak without the expectation that others will listen with compassion, and so we must often remain insensitive and guarded against modern words. The hope of a true garden is that all may hear words in their true sense.

As we seek understanding, our language deepens as though over a story of two stones. One holding two stones leads another upon a path, gesturing toward some places with one stone, toward some places with both, speaking while gesturing. At the end of the path, the leader sits and names each stone, such that the listener understands each name over all that was gestured to with that stone, and understands the stones over each other. These two stones represent a relation, and through a number of these walks, we may understand a hierarchy. Even expressing a community takes a great amount of time and patience; and few in modern society have patience to listen to an ideal or a myth, but this is what we who seek a true garden are burdened with expressing.

As we'd walk with two stones, there is a background of every gesture, and we gesture over this background at the same time we gesture toward our intended meaning. In a modern society, our gestures must always be made over a wrong background, a background that confuses our meaning as quickly as we may hope to clarify it. This may be the first way to discern a true society from a modern society, whether there are beautiful and meaningful backgrounds to gesture over, whether our language naturally yields true myths or only hierarchies.

Every word we speak leaves an echo in our language, and discerning the true meanings and origins of each other's words is like looking upon a lake where all throw stones of varied weights, seeking to understand where these stones were thrown given our sight of the ripples upon the lake. Just as one would struggle to discern the exact origin of each ripple that affects the place of our focus within this lake, though one could by math know the place each stone was thrown by how straight or curved each crossing wave is, how large a stone was by the size of each small wave, we struggle to discern the original intent of the words and gestures we hear and see repeat. As quickly as many ripples would yield the noise of broken waves, as quickly as the sources of stones may be lost among a lake where many throw their stones, the origins of words may be lost among crossings of meaning. Just as we may throw stones of different weights, the notions of language express different weights of concern. Between every two moments of understanding, a complex calculation resolves in our phrenia, a calculation like that we'd perform over this lake.

We who've understood the equilibrium that arises of the modern direction have felt torment. We are accused of madness for continuing to hope that what is not predicted will happen, while they devoted to modern empathy simply predict the return of variants of what-is.

True empathy arises of compassion and sifting through similar thoughts. As true joy is rare in modern society, we who've known true joy rarely enjoy compassion

from others; and as our thoughts of how to end this distance consume time, without knowing the passion they are choosing against, rarely do others have patience to sift through our thoughts. Often to deeply sift through our thoughts, we who act on memories of joy must direct our focus away from modern concerns, and often modern man argues that his concerns are proof of his empathy (as often, his choices will feel better to many who choose on reverse logic, who would rather believe there is no need of taking time to deeply sift through thoughts, who would rather believe our acts always express our mind). True empathy has not yet been powerfully expressed.

The belief that progress will lead to true empathy inspires joy. We can know this belief if we believe progress will naturally lead to the desire to overcome the ego, that desires toward resilient beliefs will become more powerful than the desires of the ego; and we can believe this after the desire to overcome the ego arises within ourselves. We may begin to feel this desire through a change of our sense of self. The modern sense of self extends only to our own body; when we gain a true sense of self, we come to understand our self as everything we sense, - everything we see, touch, hear. We begin to understand that to truly express ourselves, we cannot focus only on changing ourselves internally, that our home too must reflect our inner life, such that all we sense is meaningful to our mind. When our home reflects our mind, we may enjoy true empathy from the community who shares our home; and this hope of knowing true empathy naturally yields joy. The desire for true empathy differs from the desire for shared beliefs, that while we hope others will accept our needs, we expect only our community to share our needs; we do not expect our entire nation nor our entire nature to share our needs and the beliefs of which these needs arise (beyond the belief in true freedom).

3 On Modern Thought

Our minds are conceived on a body, on chemical and electric arrangements that are remembrances for pleasant and painful beliefs; we are naturally born with chemical and electric arrangements that promise to lead to the reproduction of our body.

We are born with minds that have power to express ourselves through our bodies, though our power to do so is expressed across cycles of nature. Even if our mind does change, the mind is infinite while the body is finite; expressing a change of the infinite mind through the finite body is like pouring too much water through a small filter, such that the water overflows even before the glass being filled is full. The body cannot easily express a change of the infinite mind, but though it

is modern to dismiss these transitions as madness (for modern man never feels need to express the most deeply human changes of the mind), this is a limitation of the body, not an illness of the mind. Deep changes of the mind may take more than a lifetime to express, and even small choices may take years to express (yet ov reverse logic, many feel better to believe this is not true: though most of our acts arise only of inertia, it often feels better to believe our bodies always deeply express our minds; though often we only reply to new choices years after these choices are presented to us, it is modern to say that we can always express a choice at the same time we are presented the choice).

As we are descendants of our god who is a descendant of the first mind, we are often born with an arrangement of the body that fits the first mind's thought of love – a condition of touching everything and everyone at once – and a mind that embraces this thought; we struggle both in mind and body to change toward becoming deeply human. We only become deeply human when we embrace the beauty of human life, when we understand that we can only look into one person's eyes at once, that there is a depth we can only deepen eternally with one person. Before we become deep-ly human, as our beliefs are closer to the first mind's beliefs, our beliefs may reflect this mind's condition. If we believe in the virtue of honesty, these beliefs may lead to a desire toward polyamory, and if we do not believe in honesty, these beliefs may lead to unfaithfulness.

When we are born, a great inertia may begin in our infancy, that we use the power of our mind to arrange our phrenia toward the pleasures we were conceived ov. Often in our youth we rearrange the phrenia ov virtues we've learned given our human perspective, ov the need to react humanly toward the needs of others. If we begin to desire the most deeply human virtues after our youth, we may suffer of our childhood inertia, that we cannot act toward the virtues we now believe in, that the vital functions of our phrenia are too deeply interwoven with the virtues we believed in during our infancy and youth, so may suffer a kind of living paralysis where often we move against our intentions.

We may suffer a further loss of control of the body if we lose our sense of meaningful choice,- if we do everything in our understanding to act against the suffering of others only to find that others still wish to change us,- if others deny us needs as though to tell us we are laboring in the wrong direction, if we are forced to take medications ov accusations of madness. When we need to change further than is possible, the only way to meaningfully gesture is to change our bodies toward loss of control, to say we've already tried moving ov everyone's needs, ov the only way we could will to control. This loss of control may also be said to be a sign of madness.

Most people never seek to express the most deeply human virtues,- people often express the appearance of devotion, yet often the appearance of devotion arises of fear, not of love; whereas true devotion arises of the desire to share joy with another in the way that is deeply human, many suffer economic fears and fears of loss, blind to any potential condition that inspires joy; as individuals often embrace the appearance of devotion before feeling true joy, these fears often lead people to speak against joy and against true love, to praise fears that lead to the appearance of devotion while leading also away from true virtues. Similarly the appearance of the other conditions of love may be embraced without true desire toward love; in many ways, our thoughts are more important than our acts.

III. DIVINITY

While sifting through the logic of a joyful belief, we may understand a breadth of questions we cannot hope to immediately gesture toward answering; though this ignorance is clearly not the source of our bliss, we may accept this temporary ignorance joyfully if we recognize this only as a fear, if we recognize our principle as love, if we resolve there is no value in fearing fear; and we may justify continuing to feel the passions of love by a simple logic: there can be no will toward suffering in the mind, and if the beliefs precious to our mind may be preserved beyond the death of our body, then it is only a fear that the mind will not across eternities be wholly expressed toward the preservation of a joyful belief. This logic may resolve without sifting through questions of divinity, of god; yet there are questions that we may only hope to answer of our origin, our god, of the minds that were conceived before our own.

If there has been an inherent burden in sifting through questions of divinity, this burden may've arisen of this fact: the first mind had no need to have thought of a mind before, and if they had, would have sift through only strange and abstract thoughts of how to communicate with the mind before, never receiving a true answer; or there may've been a chain of such minds, that a mind would conceive of another mind without having first thought of the need to communicate with a mind before.

The most needed question toward understanding our relation to divinity may then be what breadth of concerns were alive in the first mind when the desire to conceive of new life first arose (so to logically pare the breadth of concerns toward understanding the mind of our god, the mind we were born with, and how our mind may deepen of our nature, our relationships, and our politic).

logic of will of child

1 Modern Hell

We may begin to account for the modern religious and cultural schisms with a story. It may've been that our god had not yet sift through the thought of a mind before, that the human mind was conceived always without concern for a mind before, that man's nature was to be atheistic. Yet individuals would begin to recognize contradictions, little proofs that there must have been a mind before,- natural limits of which human desires could not be powerfully expressed, limits that would not exist unless a mind before had conceived of the natural condition; or crossings of thought and self expression that would not have arisen when these did unless they had been conceived of a related thought – and some cultures deepened around the need to teach of our god, to teach against atheistic thought toward divine virtues.

We may imagine a number of cultures arisen of a common recognition, that an individual would remain atheistic throughout their youth, only then to understand how they'd acted without concern for divinity, how they'd felt happy while youthful though suffered after of understanding how they'd been foolish; and so they may believe then that the greatest gift they could give a child was awareness of divinity earlier,- naturally they could only hope to offer this gift through punishing the child severely and relentlessly. Of such a culture may arise common wisdom,- the elder is wiser than the youth; and that the society recognizes this, the society is wiser than the individual.

Yet if a youth recognized a second motive for why most would agree with the society and dismiss the individual, that modern man would feel better of ego to embrace the larger instead of the smaller, if the youth understood a complex equilibrium of motives, that youth would then be at the mercy of how the culture understood language,- of what expectations their words would be filtered,- a culture may've arranged its language of a principle 'as we may assume the youth is wrong and the society is right, we should present the simplest proof of having understood our right, that we are right, that we began with the right answer and we attempted to teach the right answer as quickly as we could'.

Such a culture may've arranged its language of a standard that a single letter would represent a single thought, a single teaching; they've sought as a culture to simplify their teaching, to reduce their 'right' to only a single letter beyond what the youth would understand naturally, so to arrange a lesson: the elder would point to a letter immediately after observing the youth to express the thought the letter represents; only when the elder felt confident they could teach the meaning of the last letter to the child would they explain the meaning of the last letter.

The elder would begin every lesson with repeating the sound of the two highest letters, then to point to the letter below symbolizing their last thought.

no

i i

nn

ss

tt

rr

uu

cc

tt

ii

oo

nn

s

‘Look’ the elder would say every time in broken language ‘**o** is like a circle, a good circle, a repetitive circle, a good and repetitive circle, and I will continue to teach you what is right until you learn, basically, the sound a snake makes.. sss’. Then the elder would continue ‘**n** is like very bad, like you are rising, like you have a “principle” (though foolish you are to pursue your principle without my instructions); listen, a vertical line is like a principle, like instructions toward greater height; every time you try to do what is right, and then it’s like you **r**, yet you cannot ascend by a true principle without knowing the instructions, so you fall **n**, and it is very bad, and it feels very bad; for it was not a whole principle, not a tall principle like I am taller than you – better to understand **h** than **n**; at least then you know there is a higher principle, a good principle that I am trying to teach you, foolish youth; yet still you are foolish if you know only **h**, for you do not understand **I**. I am the one who taught you this; **I** is the true principle.’ Every time the lesson resolves in this way.

‘Okay’ the youth wonders ‘then how would I say you’ve given me no true instructions, that I understood a principle one may not hope to translate in your language, especially as you insist you teach the one true path.’

‘No’ the elder replies ‘you may not say there are **no** true instructions; you may only say there are **no** instructions, which is right, though clearly this is not true,

for I am presenting instructions; were you wiser, older, tall like I am, you would have understood how obvious this is’.

A youth suffering this repeat drama may hope to gesture against this ethic of language by writing above the top letters, though the elder may say ‘no, that is over the top; it’s like you’re trying to say you are above me, when clearly I am taller than you are’. Then the elder begins to teach a more complex set of instructions, saying ‘you’ve still not learned I’ve more than one instruction to offer; I offer instructions’.

So the youth may hope instead to gesture against a false assumption of how letters are related to sound, that again and again the elder will say ‘no’ over one natural way of reading the letters at the top; the youth may then begin to write right to left,- and so a language like hebrew may’ve arisen in protest of this false ethic of language.

The condition of a modern hell arises if, metaphorically, they who act over the motives of the elders continue to analyze language over their intended instructions, reading letter by letter over a false theory of meaning, never understanding whole words and statements and arguments and gestures. Such a method of analysis may be expressed not through teachings conducted in person, but through processes of categorizing and translating writing through machine logic such that every true work of writing is categorized as the work of a madwoman, as something that should not be read, then translated into a work that should not be read.

I’ve felt torment twice in my life, once at age 20 then again at age 25. Both torments arose of having seen motives expressed that could only logically resolve toward the expression of powers that would lead away from a true garden, from sustained joy.

For every moment the modern condition is continued, every moment the sonant web continues to change over modern motives, material itself becomes less beautiful, so life itself becomes less beautiful. The deepest passion we can sustain forever can only arise of remaining aware of the truth, and the height of this passion will vary over the beauty of life; if life has become ugly, we will suffer forever; if we understand a beautiful truth, we will feel joy forever. As we seek to express the truth of a modern condition where modern man is wholly expressed, they who understand our gestures suffer to see modern motives expressed; modern man may argue that his ethics do not lead to suffering,- ‘we argue toward happiness; you argue toward suffering’ – and may argue further ‘fighting for happiness is love and love is beautiful’ dismissing arguments toward true beauty

and true love entirely; or he may argue by a false logic that his gestures that cause suffering only cause suffering because these are true gestures. We can only labor toward a true condition of life by seeking in every moment to gesture that we do not act toward modern motives, that we are acting toward ethics that lead to beautiful remembrances, not toward observations that lead to confirmed predictions; in hell such a gesture becomes impossible.

Again, hell may be expressed through many ethics and many logics, yet we can only speak against one picture at a time,- in one picture of hell, there is a modern schedule architecture where people record intentions as a hierarchy of events, where all modern machines,- signal towers, tvs, logic machines – are bound to this schedule logic. The architecture is grounded in machine logic that, given confirmation of an event, will affect all it can of predictive theories in whatever way is most likely to lead to confirmation of the next event. People compose fates within this schedule architecture,- they write fates where people fall in love, where they argue toward the garden and live in the garden.

2 Man's Hell

Every time I returned to the passion of true joy, I was surrounded by a rather ugly modern condition; I myself was also ugly, or at least far too maleine to express feminine beauty; I was kinda cute, though definitely not hot by my own self evaluation (I really don't feel a man can be hot like a woman may).

When I felt joy and throughout my youth, I never sifted through concerns of superficial beauty, and I felt too that one sifting too deeply through concerns of beauty of place would feel their joy drowned in fears; so I felt a complex need to argue both toward understanding every place we return to as a remembrance, as having an affect upon our mind—our senses and beliefs—even more deeply an influence upon our sense of self than our own body, though to argue too that the understanding we could preserve in our phrenia was more deeply related to any power to affect these remembrances toward meaningful arrangements than what we could hope to arrange through our immediate acts.

I was kinda in the middle of translating this thought when I kinda began falling in love; feeling now I may've finally translated the thought as quickly as I may've hoped to, having not felt I'd time to gesture deeply of any other thought, I've become deeply afraid of the motives and powers I've seen expressed, both by women and by men.

I feel my three relationships with women ended with a similar thought (though I'm not sure whether it was a shared thought) – we both kinda consented of a hope that the other would understand us differently, that our self expression

would have had a different meaning to them, and had we understood that we would not understand each other more deeply than we did after becoming as close as we did, neither of us really would have consented.

I never felt attraction to anyone after I felt attraction toward my first love, nor did I ever feel happiness with anyone after her, nor did I know how to tell anyone (even her) that I had been falling in love with her, yet that I had only been sifting through the thought of how to tell her the I love her, that you kinda need to say 'I love you' before you tell someone you fell in love with them, but even the thought of how to say 'I love you' (in a way that would leave a beautiful memory) already consumed weeks without having thought of an answer (which actually was a long time for someone to wait after she'd already written those words in a note she gave me the last time we saw each other); and so basically I only had time to say to the women I ended up dating 'it's okay if you kinda drunkenly fell into hugging me', 'it's okay if you love me', 'it's okay if you want to kiss me' and every time I was already a little late with saying 'but I'm still kinda in love with someone; I've been sifting through thoughts of how to tell everyone it's okay if they want to be close to someone else', and basically every time I didn't have time to translate even that much into meaningful (let alone beautiful) gestures.

Then it gets worse: you're homeless, men have stopped asking you questions about your thoughts; now it's either 'why are you suffering an epileptic seizure?' or 'do you have a boyfriend?'; someone steals your car while you're in the library; there are too many ominous events happening, no hope of meaningfully relating these nor recording enough proof; the library security guard tells you you can't use the men's bathroom to shave because you're a woman; the woman in the woman's bathroom stares at you when you enter until you clarify you're a transgender woman; you have to walk miles each week to eat a dinner every week (and even with the amount you do eat your eyes are bulging ov a metabolic disorder almost certainly related to the starvation (people assume you're on drugs)); you sleep every night on concrete near the library, the police officer's saying this is the second time he's asking you to leave; you tried to sleep somewhere else but someone stole your purse while you were asleep, not hidden enough behind the bushes (like you were in that place that repeatedly offended the law).

I'm sorry if I can't immediately recall which events happened before or after this; I'm sorry if I may never see value in recalling the exact order of events; yet I feel need to clarify:

, near the time the library closes

redemption of man by man

(2 s 50) : (\$10 x 10¢)¢

~4000 lawyers, secretaries ov food plan

3 God's Hell

to hope to become incarnated only to find life has become ugly

4 Divine Ideal

5 ECONOMIC ARCHITECTURE

We may understand modern power or suffering through a story. A man, confronted with another he disagreed with, thought 'I'm sure I can immediately find another who agrees with me; if there are two of us, we can overpower one who stands alone'. Many men arrived at this thought yet disagreed on further ideals, yet two men together would often agree 'we must gather with other like minded men, for the largest gathering of men will have the greatest power'. As men began to gather toward greater and greater power, some took a different approach to thought, seeking to understand need or beauty,- one may've deepened this method of thought toward an ideal of a community like Two Roses, where all fulfill their needs through labors among 20 beautiful foundations; yet as they sought to gather this community, they would need to seek 20 kinds of people,- priests who would help establish a true church, teachers who would help establish a true school – yet while surrounded by modern men who would offer advice sooner than they would seek to understand this ideal,- they would say 'you suffer madness; this is not the way to gather a community; observe how the most powerful communities have gathered; seek to understand our way of thought' and so the one seeking to gather a true community would find few who are willing to help,- whenever they speak toward the need of true priests, most dismiss their words or the knowledge that there are already paths to becoming a modern priest; when they speak toward fulfilling true needs, most dismiss their words or the knowledge that there are faster modern paths to fulfilling modern needs. Most people feel better to believe that most people are acting rightly.

Modern man's economy began with the assumption 'if every trade were a fair trade, all would have the highest motive to prepare a superior good'. A true economy may begin with an assumption 'if there is need of trade, we should first prepare an ethic of trade'.

THE PARCEL TRADE

Many of the goods traded in Two Roses will be delivered in cloth parcels; each parcel will hold goods made to be replenished. When a good needs to be replenished or repaired, it is returned within its parcel to an industrial yard where that good is stored or made, where the parcel is refilled with a new good; the old good is salvaged or repaired if returned. In this way all of our needs,- foods, tools, salves – may be replenished without yielding waste; parcels may replace the modern habit of delivering goods in waste that cannot be used again without recomposition.

Many rooms in the garden will have cabinets made to hold parcels. These cabinets will have a place to present goods and a place to hold the parcels for these goods. When the presented goods run low, these will be replaced with goods from the parcel, and any empty vessels will be put in the parcel; the parcel is then taken to an industrial yard where its goods can be replenished, returned to its cabinet before the presented goods run low. In this way, people always have the goods they use.

Again, in Two Roses the Entrance is surround by a grid of roads holding an industrial yard, buildings where machines make goods to trade. The machinists of Two Roses labor toward a process of recomposition, such that the machines they build may restore, replenish, or salvage the broken and used goods and parcels that are returned to the industrial yard.

The focus of machinists will thus be mostly ecologic, understanding the natural equilibrium and how industrial processes of creation and recomposition affect this equilibrium.

I. THE PROMISE TRADE

The questions that arise of monetary concerns consume a massive amount of time and thought across our population; if we wish to make true use of our time and thought, there is need of a more direct expression of trade. They who live in the garden trade without money. Trades are instead arranged through formal agreements, through promises of goods and labors that may be traded further. In Two Roses, people arrange trades through conversations with their secretary, who then uses logic composed by logicians to schedule these trades.

The natural answer to trade is barter, yet the value of goods and labors that can be traded often does not align perfectly, and not every fair trade serves an immediate use. A promise is a good or labor that is not immediately given, but may instead be traded to individuals that have need of the good or labor, or to individuals that may trade the promise further. A promise may be taken, such that the individual who owns the promise begins to receive the promised good or labor.

The promise trade may take the place of money, that little promises are like coins and larger promises are like notes; so a true economy may be sustained in the garden without money.

When promises are made, these may be made with conditions,- a condition that the goods traded will be replaced whenever needed, an end condition that must be fulfilled if one side will not sustain the trade any longer, a condition that one may only replace a good so often, a condition that the agreement may change if

certain expectations aren't fulfilled, a condition that a promise may only be taken after a certain time – and in this way communities may begin to sustain themselves through trade even before they begin to create goods to trade.

As trade agreements are written, the most valuable agreements may be made toward sustained promises,- furniture, materials to make buildings, and parcels may be traded with an agreement of sustain: when something breaks or runs low, it is repaired or replaced. In Two Roses secretaries arrange trades on this ideal of sustain, with agreements to repair or replace all traded; goods are traded on the need of continued use toward eternal sustain of the homes built in the garden.

One of the first acts toward the garden may be the creation of machine logic that allows people to compose and trade promises, to describe what they intend to trade and then to exchange these promises through recorded agreements. In bringing about the garden, there will thus be work for logicians to prepare and refine this logic, for secretaries to help individuals compose promises and arrange trades.

Every community in the garden may establish itself through promises that individuals may stay in the community's homes in exchange for their service to the community,- in establishing Two Roses we may trade 25600 promises of a place to sleep in a manor for the labors needed to build the community, with an agreement that they who stay in the manor beds may use all of the foundations and banquet halls of the community freely. Every community may trade promises of the goods that will be made in its industrial yard for all of the goods the community needs,- foods, electric power, materials for building.

There is a beautiful path to the garden and a fast path, and a true garden can only be brought about through the beautiful path. The fast path uses money; the beautiful path does not. A true garden cannot be brought about through violence nor protest, only through our labors. In many ways our labors are chained to the fast path, to a history of violence, yet we may hope to regain our direction. Through the promise trade we may hope to establish Two Roses with few monetary agreements.

Our arguments on the true value of promises may deepen on a logic never wholly expressed in a monetary economy; as people seek goods and powers through exchanges in markets, they pay only for goods that can be immediately presented and invest in plans that promise to return money. The breadth of potential that would sustain true ethics of trade, that would yield the most precious goods – goods that are never assigned a numeric value – are ignored.

Money only has value as a language; we can only hope to meaningfully map goods to values if there is shared agreement concerning the meaning of \$1. The language of money becomes useless in the face of dramatic inequality, for \$1 comes to mean something very different to someone living in poverty compared to someone with a thousand thousand thousand dollars; to most, money is seen as the only way to fulfill essential needs,- to preserve our remembrances, our lives; to few, money is a source of power.

If we wish to have a true economy, we must embrace an architecture that describes a whole economy, an architecture that never falls into a condition of inequality. In the economic architecture of Two Roses, every person is given an equal vote by which they may express their needs. This architecture is simpler than the architecture of modern finance, such that anyone may hope to wholly understand it. The community will present this architecture as a public service.

In this architecture, there are machine pages where everyone may read and write about different kinds of homes and foundations and banquet halls and principles and courses and goods, then list their favorites. People give each favorite a number, giving higher numbers to the greater needs. For each person these numbers are then divided by their sum, so that these sum to 1, so that each person has 1 vote through which they express the greatness of each of their needs; people then labor toward the building of new communities that can promise to fulfill the greatest need,- architects refine plans so that everyone may walk to their favorite buildings among their sense of beauty; lawyers and priests may seek the creation of homes where everyone lives among a community with aligned principles; machinists design machines that yield desired goods.

Given this economic architecture, there may be a single measure of true wealth, of how near we are to fulfilling everyone's needs. For each need, a person may give a number between 0 and 1, this number representing how often the need is fulfilled (1 meaning the need is always fulfilled). For each person, another number (greatness of need x fulfillment of need) could be summed across all needs, equaling another number between 0 and 1 (1 meaning the individual's needs are completely fulfilled). The sum of these numbers across all people divided by the number of people would also yield a number between 0 and 1 (1 meaning everyone's needs are completely fulfilled). There is no equal measure of the fulfillment of need in modern society; we've drowned ourselves in a complex of calculations that never approaches a true answer. The work of writers and artists and others should not be dismissed over this measure of wealth, for even if their work does not fulfill immediate desires, some may understand work that can

inspire others to change their desires; yet this economic architecture may be a central tool used to deepen economic arguments.

Just as doctresses labor toward generating equilibrium portraits for individuals, machinists may labor toward equilibrium portraits that portray the balance of nature ov all we've power to affect through our work.

II. MODERN AGREEMENTS

Given the modern condition, given the need to pay to live in our homes, to pay for food and transportation, how may we hope to labor beautifully toward a true home?

Were we to divide our lifetime to listen equally to every individual, everyone would have about a half second to speak to us.

Were some of the richest among us to distribute their wealth to everyone equally, they would be giving every individual ~\$10.

Maybe money is not truly much more valuable than this, that with \$10 we may pay for an hour of someone's time who would not speak to us otherwise. It may be argued that through more complex arrangements, a community may divide its money toward different focuses and investments, yet are these investments not rooted in conversations? do we invest in much more than freeing individuals from a breadth of concerns long enough to have a slightly deeper conversation with individuals they would not feel they'd time to listen to otherwise? Of such conversations there naturally arise agreements and arrangements ov the material they may influence. Before anyone may've seen a project worth investing in, there were natural agreements, that individuals agreed to labor together toward a shared ideal, toward fulfilling a shared need; and recognition of the need of investment arose ov these little proofs that certain shared labors neaturally lead to fulfilled needs, ov understanding too the natural limitations of barter, the need of the abstraction of trade.

Having seen how quickly others abandon faith in you as quickly as you express an ideal that does not promise to immediately lead to money, how quickly you are predicted to fall into madness, how quickly any official proofs of your intellect are dismissed (justified only by less rigorous logic, less wariness of contradictions,- 'it should be obvious why we don't trust you; what you're proposing couldn't possibly be made official quickly enough; have you no regard for how your labor will be officially regarded? how you as an individual appear ov official records? have you forgotten..') and in my silent thoughts *that I'm still trying to communicate what I learned at the University of Chicago? and no, they will not allow me time to do this in a corporate environment, for.. machine logic.*

1 Balance Sheet

concepts arisen of independent study

TRUTH

theory of material as remembrance within the sonant web

numeric theory (b l) ov method of recording notes ov observations

political arrangement of communities within paradigms (v modern states)

division of 20 labors ov labor titles

ART

aesthetic theory ov greek mythology (fashion, furniture, books, paintings, nature)

approach toward paintings expressing deital logic

4 books—writing, revisions, interior format, and cover art

manor architecture with interior design principle

20 architectures for gothic foundations

TRADE

economic proposal toward trade of promises (v exchange of modern currency)

trade architecture rooted in need of parcels

hope of promising 25600 manor beds ov promise to serve community

communication architecture toward

machine logic toward natural language expressions

LAW

aesthetic theory ov greek mythology

approach toward paintings expressing deital logic

20 architectures for gothic foundations

HEALTH

camera cabinets, logic architecture relating private health records

approach toward consistent health of fleshes

theory of aesthetic need ov health

black mirror architecture toward private and public self expression

ethic of marriage

2 Acceptance Letter

I am pleased and humbled to accept these this nomination for the Nobel Prize in Economics. I fear it would be a terrible embarrassment to accept this nomination only to demonstrate horrible lack of economic foresight: given a number of potential nominations for this same prize, - in Physics, Literature, Peace, and Medicine – I could not hope to economically justify travel to Zurich unless to accept all five prizes at once. Given the need of evaluation across years so to address historical impact, I may only hope to gesture of my intentions, not of any expectation.

PHYSICS

I believe study of the sonant web (of a number theory that may free many scholars from abstract questions that surface often in modern studies of mathematics) may lead toward a beautiful understanding of material of needs of self expression and preserving natural equilibrium of political ideals.

LITERATURE

I feel *Story of the Stars* is a meaningful gesture toward more deeply understanding joy of modern fears of evil and damaging modern motives that are often believed needed and good.

I hope *No (Again Forever)* may deeply empower women to use this too often needed word in a way that will be understood meaningfully by they who've fallen into false beliefs of feminine desire.

PEACE

The political architecture I've proposed through the book *Two Roses of Sable* is a needed gesture toward true progress, - a more elegant political process that resolves toward fulfilling a breadth of needs that we cannot hope to fulfill while living in the modern condition.

It is still only an ideal, an abstract thought, though I cannot imagine motives toward violence deepening in the garden, nor economic justification for any industrial yard that produces weapons of war.

MEDICINE

I may hope the health architecture proposed in *Two Roses of Sable* leads toward a purification of the blood of the needs of our phrenia and further bodily fleshes, an improvement of the natural metabolic process, and a softening of the skin toward deeper expression of natural beauty.

Unfortunately my cell phone isn't working and neither is the home phone! I wouldn't mind answering a call in the early morning (I honestly don't sleep) but I just.. can't. I'm sorry <3

3 Housing Incentives

Unfortunately I had no time to finish the letter. If the monetary award for each prize is ~\$1m, then I would propose the committee devote as much time as may be economically justified toward identifying individuals who would benefit from remaining in the home they've legal authority to stay in now; I believe I may've communicated my understanding more beautifully and quickly had I not been asked to leave my home given lack of modern financial justification.

On a modern calculation—

(\$5m : 10 years x \$12500/year for 40 individuals)

—there may be value in a thought.

Were individuals to be offered shelter in an empty bedroom on the promise that they will dedicate their time to study, preparation, and creation toward a true community, if they did not suffer the distraction of hunger nor of obligations toward purposeless modern work, nor the concerns of health that inevitably arise from sleeping every night on pavement or in public conditions where they may fear their good stolen, if there is any value in having time to focus, to sift through one's thoughts without disruption, and if individuals who did not feel they could immediately prepare toward such a gesture may also benefit on the promise of a true home – knowing all this, would homeowners not have reason to offer empty bedrooms in their homes? if knowing that such an act would allow them more time to communicate meaningfully with an individual who is more deeply preparing to gesture as beautifully as they may toward a true home, knowing too that such a relationship would very likely lead to a promise of a home in the garden.

There remains the need of sharing both the ideal of the garden and the potential of such an arrangement. Were 40 individuals to be recognized by the nobel committee as having exceptional potential on the labor of expressing a paradigm in the garden, the labor of describing the ethics of true communities toward promising an exact number of rooms in true homes, were the nobel committee to offer to homeowners a subsidy of \$1000/month for their hospitality, (and given that this would offer individuals 10 years to sift through their thoughts, given that I needed about this long to finish my books after graduating) is it not reasonable to believe that this gesture may yield nearly 40 new paradigms, thereby a far greater breadth of promises individuals may believe meaningfully related to their ideal home?

By this gesture alone, we may know the garden rooted in the highest official process toward recognizing intellect.

4 Modern Competition

If any goodness may arise of the modern relation of intellectual study and monetary markets, there may be need of one paradigm toward establishing communities that honor the memory of monetary wealth. Given several estimates of monetary cost (having read only facts that quickly surfaced on the modern web) (using \$200/ft² as an average cost of modern building)—

one gothic foundation,~ church	~\$65m
50000 ft ² victorian manor	~\$15m
8000 ft ² classical banquet hall	~\$8m
1m ft ² industrial yard	~\$200m
investment in one hollywood film	~\$65m

—we may estimate the monetary cost of beginning a community like Two Roses, first building only the temporary foundations in the industrial yard and the manors, as ~\$215m (or ~\$8400 per individual), and a sum cost of ~\$5b for the finished buildings (or ~\$200000 per individual).

Given only my sense of the concerns one must return to if hoping to preserve a sense of the highest joy within oneself, I would not like to gesture toward even a single paradigm in the garden where individuals sift through monetary concerns, monetary agreements; yet as I cannot know the perspectives of every individual, as I do not know which memories have been most meaningful and beautiful or everyone's understanding of their deep needs; I have imagined variants of monetary economies in the garden expressed as a kind of satire, and if only to affirm I am not opposed to satirical paradigms that arise of beliefs that yield no motive toward imposing the same beliefs upon all, paradigms that are not founded on some abstract notion of growth toward endless expansion, that can find meaning only in confirmation of ego, of recognizing one's beliefs everywhere expressed against any need of expressing unique deep needs – I've written of one paradigm where they whose first memories of wealth are rooted in the monetary economy may honor their deepest memories.

In this paradigm any individual having more than \$5b (and I shall delegate to they who intend to live in this paradigm the question of whether this amount need be held in liquid assets) may promise a home in a community of this paradigm, this community to be architected and built by labors they've directed and financially compensated.

Yet I am obliged to repeat what was implied, that money will have no value in the garden beyond the select communities of this paradigm; I imagine most individuals have accepted money as a need, though while feeling it always as a remembrance of an ugly and unjust modern condition, of histories of violence and condoned rape, of feeling forced to endure the return of nauseating events.

5 Transitional Investment

grocery parcels

6 A More Beautiful Hope

6 CALENDAR *or the* ROSE VERSES

In Two Roses, people live by a calendar where there is a holiday separating every two months. Most years are composed of 5 months of 6 weeks of 12 days; every 4th year is 6 months of 5 weeks. Every month will be dedicated to preparations for the holiday at its end.

The holidays—a rose holiday celebrated every 4th year on the summer solstice, a costume holiday, a life holiday, a gift holiday celebrated on the winter solstice, a love holiday, and a freedom holiday—are days when events are scheduled across the community (except on the freedom holiday, when no events are scheduled).

I. ROSE HOLIDAY

Every 4th year the community celebrates the rose holiday, where two lovers speak verses together to answer the questions left by the paintings of the foundations, maybe in the garden beyond the Church, where they who witness the verses begin a procession in the warmth of the summer solstice, whereby the verses are shared across the community, pared for every listener.

The rose holiday resolves ov a process: a couple—one speaking verses for the immortal rose, one speaking verses for the love rose—is elected, freed from their other labors until the next rose holiday so to prepare their verses. The spoken verses affect the laws of the community, that the laws represented by the foundational paintings may bind choices to these verses, such that the ethics of the community vary ov these verses, - verses may clarify any questions the paintings leave unanswered, - details of how a holiday is celebrated. Verses are honored until contradicted by a later elected speaker.

II. COSTUME HOLIDAY

The following season is devoted to preparing for the costume holiday, - clothiers may create elaborate garments, every individual having a thematic focus that may vary ov the laws, the rose verses, the years; or old costumes may be traded and refined. On the holiday people will attend events across the community, - dressed in holy white attire to attend the church at night.

III. LIFE HOLIDAY

The life holiday honors every child born and every person who has died in the past year, the beginning and end of life.

The celebration of the life holiday will change after we know ourselves immortal, after we feel we may say we walk in heaven, no longer alive. In heaven the life holiday is dedicated to celebrating the memory of life, for among immortals none need to be born and none need to die. People may remember histories,- weeping at funerals honoring people who had died long ago, whose lives they studied during this season (knowing true sadness at the beauty that was lost in death). Of all the holidays this one is most deeply affected by the verses spoken of the immortal rose.

IV. GIFT HOLIDAY

During the next season, everyone will talk to their secretary toward finding gifts for friends, arranging events to present these gifts to each other. On the holiday people will conduct their friends through the garden to places where their gifts are hidden.

V. LOVE HOLIDAY

The next season will be dedicated to preparing events for the love holiday, deeply affected by the verses spoken of the love rose.

FREEDOM HOLIDAY

During the next season individuals will focus on deepening remembrances of transgressive agreements, how to honor these agreements more deeply for all of their friends within the community. On the freedom holiday people will seek to gesture as deeply as they may of any thoughts they struggled to express through their courses during the past year.

The appearance of the painting of the Bath may be understood as the deepest influence upon what may happen during the freedom holiday (as the only limits of this holiday will vary of the labors of perfumers who are obliged to cleanse the community after).

-4 FOOD, WINE, SMOKE, and HEROINE

OH NO! IS SHE HIGH?

There's no paragraph between the higher title and the text section subtitle; furthermore, the last choice of changing the font size she made was to select a font size higher on the dropdown menu in LibreOffice, not even presented well. Then there's heroine in the title? Is she a junkie? Do I need to do heroine now to be smart and cool, or should I just get drunk and cut myself in Thea Aara's bathroom after having said I preferred her when she was a man (like the hot bartender!). Then also, the uncommon language,- high needs. The high educational background. The story of how she got high on the legal drug weed. By statistical correlation, it may be proven: she was high. There's only her word against ours.

'Thea Aara,' the judge asks in the crowded courtroom 'were you high when you wrote *Invitation*?' 'No, not in any sense was I high, though I was focused on the high needs of life. It may be legally verified, I was staying in a home where use of weed was prohibited, and I did not smoke much weed since I was in a home I rented; I took one hit – or, silly me, I shared the joint with the individual named Vanity, who had been staying in the same home at the time – from the joint, though I did not feel high at all after that. This did happen in public, which I understand is not legal, though given how weed was not legal at the time I first smoked weed, though it did inspire within me even then divine bliss, and this a depth of empathy toward a depth of compassion I'd never known before, then also motive toward a theory of material remembrance which may be valued even in academia, even at the great schools like the Univeristy of Chicago where I graduated with honors. My current housemate did mention something about weed, maybe even having weed on the premises.'

The judge asks a question to clarify. 'Is this in the home where you currently reside?'

'I could not predict at the time I wrote *Invitation* whether I would be living in the same home I lived in while I wrote that same book when I was summoned to court, as I did speak in that book against the presence of cameras in that home, and could expect at the time polite invitations to be offered in the foreseeable future toward another living arrangement where cameras were not present, not only because an individual has in the past offered me a place in their home, but because I did understand something of social etiquette ov writing a book in good humor.'

‘You’ve not yet answered my question’ said the judge. ‘Are you trying to make a mockery of this court?’

‘No, sir, your honor, allow me a moment to refer to my notes.’ Thea shuffles through her notes, finding the exact note she needs, just in time. Then she answers the judge’s question correctly.

The judge slams the gavel on the wooden block of justice. ‘Case dismissed.’

I. BIOMEDICAL ETHICS ∞ TRUE MEDICINE

Yesterday I heard the nurse asking medical questions of my other housemate Evette.

[Thea makes a change to the back cover of *Story of the Stars*, a single star placed by her best aesthetic judgement without exact alignment or machine logic; it is inefficient, she may’ve clicked to open the app before writing this note]

Of everyone she’s met since Sarah Catherine Stambaugh, Evette reminds her most of herself – I, Thea Aara, have always been quiet, polite (until..) well, I have a theory arisen from what I believe may be a unique perspective (I hope it’s unique; when I first suffered torment at the University of Chicago, my deepest desire was that no one ever live through something similar, and that has remained my desire or how I understand the high needs or joy or the need to feel our deep needs are unique and uniquely expressed). Evette told me she’s never felt anger, which I haven’t either. Evette happens also to be in body, again of anyone I’ve talked to, most like Sarah Catherine Stambaugh was when I first met her, when we dated back at the end of highschool *her face is so pretty, though she must feel like others call her fat..* and kinda ironically, others did: the conversation of the nurse and Evette was basically ‘Are you taking your psychiatric medications for your clinically diagnosed mental disorder? Well, we need to monitor your weight. We should look toward medications that will help you lose weight.’

‘Yes’ says Evette, elaborating with a polite answer.

How strange, when I edited the cover art, I made one white circle, though a smaller one appeared higher to the left, just as my name was lower and to the right, though also smaller (in the sense of fewer letters) in the line above, the most recent mention of my name. I never had time to record how often I observed observations like this before. Though last night, I timed my work for the first time, if only because.. well, it’s a little complex to explain or the impositions of modern science ‘oh, yes, there’s certainly value in that; everyone already agrees on that’ though it kinda was, again, more of a gesture against the modern practice that may be claimed to be basically the same; I did this or an aesthetic principle and a logical principle or how to record the most meaningful proof, not by dedication to a job or any modern ethic where I

consistently show up to a place where I by some method deepen a predictive body of evidence toward a prediction (hypothesis) hoped to be proven or disproven.

Then, to return to my thought, the star to the left was smaller, just as my name Thea Aara appeared with fewer letters, just as when I dated Sarah Catherine Stambaugh I was smaller in body (though as a biological male, unfortunately, significantly larger than her in one place of my body; and yes, that part of my body did bring me pleasure when touched, perhaps what may even be described as a powerful pleasure, though aesthetically I feel the male anatomy is uglier ov the human body, just as the male appearance is generally uglier; the most beautiful man is still much less beautiful than even one like myself).

The questions the nurse asked her reminded me of the reason I began to speak against the modern ethics of study as strongly as I may've hoped to. Though I've never felt anger, I did express anger by yelling. Just as we may speak toward a desire to taste a food we never have before, without knowledge of its appearance, having only heard a comparison to other foods we've tasted before,- 'a bitter fruit, though with a pleasant aftertaste' – just as we may learn the meaning of words by their context, simply by reading and pausing consistently to ask what a word means, only to see the definitions we understood almost exactly expressed every time we look at a dictionary (something that would be impossible for anyone to ever gesture meaningfully ov given a common imposition in modern society, the polite suggestion to a child to deepen their vocabulary by reading the dictionary, or to prepare for a standardized test the same way), I believe allowing one's sense of things, one's understanding of communication, to deepen simply of reading and pausing to understand words ov their context, does yield a richer imagination, a better memory of words and facts without need to study, and a far more pleasurable relation to communication, for a number of reasons 1) we feel we've more to talk about that is beautiful ov our memories; 2) we expect to reconcile naturally through our conversations, thus not to argue. Unfortunately 'that means you must think you're better than us' 'and since I don't believe you' 'and more people like me' 'yeah, well maybe it *is* related to the fact that I have a paying job, a house, a loving wife' 'a divorce settlement' '(or even just a statistical expectation of a divorce settlement)' 'I must be better than you'. *But I found joy only in the thought that everyone would feel themselves equals.*

I wrote of ethics of medicine in *Two Roses of Sable* that may only be justified ov an architecture of machine logic like that proposed in the same book; for only an architecture like this can be proven to protect privacy by a method of encryption that cannot be broken, even given systematic efforts repeated across eternities *unless I made some kind of mistake! oh no! that would inspire horrible fears!*

In a modern context, having a camera cabinet in your bedroom would be horrifying *who can see everything that happens while I'm sleeping, while I'm*

passionately making love? I've no choice but to be a kind of porn star. May as well do it publicly on camera, if only to ironically prove my intellect. The irony of the intellectual depth of this profession is actually the most exciting part.

Given a true architecture of machine logic, the signals from the camera cabinet may be transmitted at a high enough frequency that these never carry meaningful messages beyond the walls of the room. In our daily life, we may carry a leather booklet in our purse of black and red violet faux leather, this leather booklet of course printed with an image of a painting made by an artist in the Studio of Two Roses. The leather booklet has within it a single sheet of machine paper, and a holder for a machine pen. This pen has a handle of dark and cherry wood and two metal tips whose width may be adjusted by a metal slide positioned near-beneath the forefinger. One may compose texts and images upon the machine page, different strokes and widths of the machine brush mapped to different logical invocations.

One may preserve two contexts by flipping the machine page back and forth. There is another machine page mounted on the interior sides of the leather booklet.

As we compose machine records, we may preserve our records within a redundant local data storage simply by setting our leather booklet on a machine panel on our desk. When we've prepared a page that should be interpreted or deeper (though still private) processing related to the machine records gathered by the camera cabinet, we may set our leather booklet on the camera cabinet, within a panel whose edges are just slightly raised so to fit the leather booklet almost exactly, so we know where exactly to put our leather booklet upon the camera cabinet in our room.

The Sanctuary is where we confess. We confess *not* to a priest who speaks or a divine authority generally believed to be maleine, but we do confess or the machine records kept in the camera cabinet by processes that resolve or exact machine logic. The bedroom though is not our church. The Church is one of the foundations of our community; it is a gothic church, far more beautiful and perhaps even holy than the average modern church, though the other foundations are gothic too, if only to express a belief that we believe, given the ethics of our lives, the 19 other foundations we visit as often as the Church *are* in fact equally meaningful or our senses of sight and sound (and if sense of sight and sound is at all meaningful to our god, and time is meaningful to our god, then maybe the other foundations *should* also be gothic *iff it can be economically justified, and it can!*) In small rooms in the Sanctuary, large enough for only two who share a room as lovers, we will set our leather booklet on another machine panel; we may then wait in one of the other rooms in the Sanctuary, perhaps for a study believed to be of medical importance, until a pill

has been prepared for us ov the machine logic we've composed, brought for us in a metal cup of victorian fashion, and taken immediately, without hesitation. The syrup after tastes sweet, though it's okay, medically approved even. *Fuck*, the doctress has to cleanse the cups.

I haven't eaten breakfast in three days. This must be what Jesus felt like when he was dead. It's okay, Thea Aara thinks I'm sure many feel better than me at this moment.

II. ADVANCED TRUE MEDICINE

Within butters and gels,- milk butters, marmelades, fruit preserves, gels with the little chunks of aloe – there will be the simple components of a complex fragmented machine architecture.

Oh no! Another horror! What if modern corporations begin a competition toward earning corporate profits where biomedical nanomachines are believed to be lawfully necessary to treat mental and health disorders! There is a general solution of how these nanomachines can 'communicate' with each other ov a (de)centralized artificial intellect, though without true ethics of communication nor true ethics toward respecting privacy, these machines are forced into everyone's body as quickly as they begin to express disagreement with socially accepted standards! 'It will treat a condition; if not treated, individuals become frustrated with the modern condition, even anxious. You don't want to feel *anxious* do you?' *No, I don't*, you try to communicate by shaking your head no. Unfortunately, given the living paralysis common among any who deeply understand machine logic ov the need to gesture against the modern political architecture, it's become almost random whether your head nods yes or no in similar situations, varying exactly ov the constitutional majority needed for amendment, elemental disorder, divorce rates, and a breadth of other social binaries. There's no escape even possible. This is hell, and will be forever *or maybe it would just degrade into the condition of nature; life will have to rebuild itself from its primitive origins after everyone has been locked in the 'smallest and most efficient possible' electric prison. Slowly though, individuals begin to learn to communicate to each other by a strange and almost random statistical meth-od.*

'Don't be afraid, those are just your delusional fantasies.' she's speaking to the child who suffers near-complete paralysis, who can't find even a single meaningful word to speak, who is suffering torment though still desperately wishes not to die, if only because it is not beautiful ov the human body, the closest our god may ever be to expressing a divine understanding in material. 'You understand me as no one else does,' says the man who rapes them. 'It feels so good to be with

you, to touch you. I know you want someone to prove they understand you. It would be powerfully meaningful, wouldn't it.'

Somehow though, it's not beautiful.

Within the butters and gels, there will be many small machine orbs of equal size, these holding in memory a small set of instructions of machine logic, only deep enough to recognize signals from the largest orb these are nearest,

Unfortunately, this recognition of the importance of size ov an exact logic of communication has been wrongly mirrored in our political architecture ov beliefs of sexuality. There is pleasure in meaningful communication, in the belief that another understands a relation to divinity ov pleasure, and it's kinda like, a bunch of men who all understand ethics of the logic of communication (that even their professors don't prove) all agree on the need of a study of the most beautiful myths, the greek myths. It's basically why I wove *Story of the Stars* ov the greek mythology I read as a child. Some summaries I read online and I was good to go. No, I didn't study for an examination while I was homeless. *Story of the Stars* was the first book I wrote. In this way, it's kinda classic.

Yet, size ov understanding.. Ah, if only they understood how it is possible that I transformed into a beautiful woman in the process of composing these four books, that though I took medications (if only to understand modern ethics ov imposition more deeply, or well, not for that explicit reason, but I did resolve my choices ov that very principle) it was not the medications derived by statistical methods of modern analysis, but by careful reflection upon the aesthetic qualities of the ratios I understood ov my reflection in the mirror, how I may affect my appearance by the makeup I could afford in the modern stores.

Check. Another proof. Now I can afford the high-end restaurants, and the woman sitting across from me is beautiful. 'Why didn't you tip the waitress with the four books you've written?' the beautiful woman asks. 'I forgot where I was for a second, and forgot who you were for a second; I was thinking a little too deeply into the perspective of the post-fraternity businessman sitting across the table from another beautiful woman, only to remember I'd already began writing the scene ov the first person perspective.

Disorganized Personality Disorder the clinician then the bureaucrat checks

'You do realize that's part of the reason why you're here?' the man asks Thea Aara at emergency psychiatry services. At that point Thea Aara hadn't even presented a true analysis relating this to the ugly girl she lost her virginity to em|ergency

To return to the complex medical architecture and justification of 'unprovable' biomedical hopes, the gels and butters will have a certain density of machine filaments that may become aligned on the kinda magnetic signals transmitted between machine orbs, so to align and interlock toward thin yet strong metal arrangements. This will be arranged toward creating a metabolic machine wall that serves a similar purpose to the natural flesh lining of the gastrointestinal tract, the preparation and exchange of materials across this wall on the chemic equilibrium that may be understood on each side, which bias toward analysis of the foods and drinks ingested. (Maybe not even bias, one would need to sift more deeply through thoughts on the blood.) Our drinks will have similar machine orbs though no filaments, their machine instructions prepared instead on the chemic needs of the blood.

As food and drink are consumed, these will receive increasingly specific instructions toward holding an increasingly exact machine method from a series of small orbs held by a fibre fastened to the top and sides of our throat. This strand of machine orbs begins with the largest orb, what fits in the back of our throat without being noticed by the individual to affect their senses, and ends with the smallest. An individual would have to express in a tone that is *not* sarcastic in the eyes and the voice of their lover, who literally says the words 'no, what they said to express that the orb itself caused them to sense something was not sarcastic' and no, it can't be on film, it has to be proven by the highest laws of science, etc. The machine orbs will send signals to each other (having an instruction set toward reading and sending signals on all machine orbs of the same size).

'Why does Thea Aara get one of the largest orbs? No fair!' 'Please bitch, don't be pouty with me. I am not at all sensitive to subtle changes within my own body, if only because I've never felt my body was meaningful on my self expression, neither my physical form was beautiful to me, nor were the gestures I could immediately prepare meaningful to me. Only my writing.' 'That's so sad; you should tell your story.' 'I kinda am, in writing.' 'Self expression *is* important' says the kinda hot therapist in LA. A series of movies arises on biomedical ethics, machine orbs, food, wine, heroine; it's totally trending.

Wait, I haven't even mentioned the heroine yet. Wait.

SMOKE and HEROINE

I'm a mess. I went to the bathroom for the second time this morning and it was only 9:07am; the doctor had measured trace amount of blood in my urine with that test months ago, but how many months ago I cannot even recall, not immediately, *maybe I never will*.

A bitch who's hotter than I am checks my profile pic on facebook, regards this silently, there's no judgment and there's mutual understanding.

I kinda do hope smoking weed will be accepted in the Lounge of Two Roses, even if the exact amount of weed isn't measured and compared to statistical analyses, forbidden by law, and everyone who's ever suspected of having smoked weed is excuted, hunted even in their reincarnations. I haven't even a memory of a past life, no awareness of having been reincarnated, yet for some reason, it is still a horror to me. MAYBE the

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It's kinda like, if you feel joy ov an understanding of material ov communication when the first time anyone speaks toward the hope of you feeling pleasure ov a material that has caused *them* pleasure ov the *expectation* that you will feel pleasure ov the same depth of understanding, that is meaningful, that is pleasurable, though not necessarily beautiful, though this shared understanding *is* kinda related to the need of beauty and even the hope of beautiful self expression and feeling there is beauty in the preservation of the natural conditon *and* a sense of intuition ov how we may communicate.

So I kinda had this thought just now when I went downstairs to refill my cup of tea. The cup is ugly though and plastic, which is not glass or metal, which may've been kinda funny before until you realized you may have aesthetic intuition ov political ethics ov the need of communication ov the highest passion, but if your memories did not deepen exactly like Thea Aara's did, no one listens to you and you're fucked, and everyone would be fucked, and then maybe you would need to communicate your understanding ov a paid artistic labor ov the weight of a human life, so then famous artists commit suicide. Then there are they devoted to statistical analysis who kinda observe across records preserved across generations that intervening in patterns that disrupt one's power to beautifully express oneself in a way that is socially rewarded actually does decrease the rate of suicide, if only because they make any possibility of gesturing beautifully and meaningfully impossible, (and they conclude 1) there's power in numbers, 2) there's power in social conventions, 3) there's pleasure in wealth, 4) there's wealth in famous artist's lives, 5) there's wealth in imitation of famous artists, 6) I'm too ugly to be a famous artist, 7) I kinda knew this already, but being superficial is stupid, 8) Thea Aara argues against 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, so she's a witch ☆ 'intuitively I knew she was a witch, yet they speak of their own intuition; I can be just like them, not by imitating them, but by being myself) Unfortunately, you're still putting power before beauty; yes, it's a little ironic that you're ugly in some sense, but it's not funny that you're more powerful than we are; we actually do wish you'd regard yourself as an equal, if only because we feel it would bring you a deeper sense of

joy ov the high needs of life. Oops, now I've spoken kinda *against individuality?* yet at the same time toward ethics that would allow individuals to more beautifully express deep needs, which should be self evidently understood ov individuality.

Just as Thea Aara finishes this very text, a fear returns to her, a fear she'd had earlier that morning: what if my first love feels torment ov the same understanding I had by which material itself lost its meaning ov any hope of deeply communicating and she fell into torment at a time very closely related to the time I need to finish a first gesture, yet without having the same memory I had, the same hope, falls into a depth of despair I've never known and kills herself?

*She would have never heard my thought about how precious I believed the flesh of my lips was if only because I understood my lips ov the memory of kissing her; yet modern man would find it the most ironic thing, predicted in my first book *Laughter ov the cartoon stereotype of evil laughter*. It's beautiful! Brilliant! We have to repeat this exact same drama! Remember this exact modern condition!*

Please, I'm not being sarcastic when I say 'no', 'please don't'; the slight pauses between my words are not meaningful either; please don't analyze these either. I want her to live forever. I want to live forever. My only hope of seeing my first beautiful sight is writing toward beauty, and I love beauty not power, and I can expect to feel joy only in beauty, not the power architectures sustained by the modern ethics embraced by the greatest number (and this is not sarcasm either; this is not contradicted by the slight involuntary motions of my face; I've already asserted that my body has never felt like a true gesture toward whole expression of my mind; please don't study the slightest motions of my face or body to understand my intention 'better than you understand yourself' because 'many people working together *can* in fact do more than a mentally ill individual who is writing alone' so 'there should be as many people as possible' says your ugly college roommate who was kinda imitating a romanticist by playing 'the game' and then you realize he's kinda both insulting you and trying to be more like you by studying the nauseating social tactics you're attempting to argue desperqately against; everyone's on his side; he has a well paying job, a wife, a child, in the very same silicon valley where you write, where no one helped you while you were homeless, where even the 'help' that was given was given with forced interventions that also imposed deeply ov modern medical beliefs believed to be as deeply logical as anything you could hope to prove as an individual, moreso in fact given the branching nature of modern logic).

Somehow, the memory of Sarah Catherine Stambaugh saying in a text it's okay isn't a comfort right now, and it is kinda reasonable to believe hearing this from a modern therapist wouldn't be a comfort either; yet you are supposed to talk to a new therapist sometime soon. Hopefully he doesn't put you back on antipsy-

chotic medications after a brief interaction, like the other psychiatrists did *no, retard, they only continued your existing dose*. I wasn't finished—*getting off?*

Maybe I need to talk about this now. My first use of all caps ov the need to communicate a different breadth of variants of tone than italics, the coincidence as obvious as the coincidence I noticed before, thea, divided across two lines, schizo.

MAYBE the

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Will they accuse me of having planned all of this out in this amount of time? More likely they would believe that as I was sifting through thoughts while in living paralysis, I had planned these little arrangement because I'm 'so exceptionally intelligent' yet 'insensitive to the feelings of the greatest number' because 'my words don't immediately (nor in any foreseeable future our modern motives and powers would resolve toward) inspire joy'.

Oh, the medical practice! Two holes in the neck, metal implants, one having a hole leading into the main artery leading to the phrenia, the other the artery from the phrenia into the body. Black and red violet metal implants. The black affects the blood that will quite immediately enter the phrenia, its machine orbs and filaments carrying machine logic deepened ov the need of influencing electric signals ov the movement of the body ov the natural process of preserving thoughts (as our infinite mind may affect our finite body, though may not immediately control every movement *iff* we are sifting through a complex depth of logic,- the depth of logic Thea Aara sifted through while hoping to gesture toward the introduction of a political architecture she hopes will be preserved forever, the depth of the individuals who suffer complete paralysis ov a hopeless condition of 'mental retardation'.

By similar principles, an arrangement of machine orbs held together by machine filaments may be arranged ov the need to produce electric signals that would influence the fleshes responsible for motion (muscles), which, if we hope to preserve the natural principle of control of motion (yes, we do) may be expressed as artificial strong fibres, thin cable wires that pull into each other ov the frequency of electric signals these receive.

So yes, there is medical justification for producing two kinds of heroine, one always to be packaged in a red violet syringe meant to influence the body ov what is absorbed through the walls of our veins, this to be injected into the right hole (a test of intellect the doctresses can hopeful do without my fucking assistance)

another flashback: why were they keeping Thea Aara in that modern clinic-place anyway? Why was the iv fluid needle kept in her arm? Why wasn't anyone coming to check on her. Don't they know an individual waiting like this for a very long time may need to use the bathroom? Thea Aara pulls the iv needle from her arm and starts walking in hope of finding where the bathroom is. A doctor finds her wandering aimlessly and politely guides her back to the hospital bed, reinserting the iv needle. (Did Thea Aara get to use the bathroom yet?)

Strangely, Thea Aara began to need to use the bathroom at the very time of writing this. *It's an okay place to pause* Thea Aara recognizes *I need time to remember where I was in the story anyway.*

The smoke.

Were the machine orbs and machine filaments to be translated into the lightest material possible, how would this affect their capacity to store and transmit machine logic? How may this help ov the recognition that the natural air we breathe is damaging to the lungs? Maybe it would help.

In the Lounge, they pass a vertical glass pipe around the table. Sometimes individuals will laugh in the Lounge, though rarely. The Lounge is a grim place, very dark. There is an etiquette for passing around the glass pipe. Every individual at the table comes prepared with a stack of metal canisters in their purse, each holding medically prepared smoke. When the glass pipe is passed to you, slide the glass bowl to remove it from the glass pipe, then, if there is a used smoke canister attached to the bottom of the bowl, easily remove it, put the smoke canister prepared by the doctresses on the bottom of the bowl, do not yell at the woman doing this now, instead, wait patiently for her to finish, your turn will come, then, use your lighter to ignite the weed in the bowl, dowsing the weed in the blackest flame scientifically possible, which isn't black enough, then, there is water in the glass pipe, so when you suck on the wide-mouth lip of the glass pipe, the smoke from the weed will be filtered, first through the metal canister, carrying with it the medically prepared smoke, a comfort to your lungs, deeply needed, then again through the water, which naturally bubbles as you suck the glass pipe; this water was purified for just this purpose, it's the perfect water, perfectly distilled. Pass the bong to the woman sitting next to you; she is either 1) your one and only lover; or 2) just a friend. Know this though, you should not have sex with your friend *unless* you talk first to the secretary and through a kinda formal process your schedules are aligned so that you'll attend all the foundations together including the Church where you'll inevitably marry each other again and again with a unique ceremony to honor your individual needs; every single time, it's everything you've ever wanted.

‘Why didn’t you hire someone to do the formatting and revising for you?’ I can think of several reasons: 1) n) the abject poverty

1) the intuition that a publisher would question and possibly even dismiss the project of a book relating neuroscience and political ideals ov a general logic of equilibrium by someone who was either

– a software engineer at a corporation

- a ceo of a tech corporation who stood to financially profit from this book

- a homeless individual

- an artist who sold some of their paintings to fund their uppermiddle class lifestyle in the Berkeley hills (my address was 1141 High Ct, and my name AARA? Obviously they’d think it’s a great story! v ‘delusions of grandeur, famous in her own little fantasy’) *But neither choice is right. No choice I can possibly make is right. Every path is ugly, and people actually do accuse me of being too ugly, ‘it’s delusional to believe beauty would bring you attention and logic too’ ‘you’re making up the story about men touching you uninvitedly; that’s never happened to me, an uglier and far less logical therapist with a marketing background’)*

n)

So no, it’s madness to even believe anyone could possibly want to help someone like you. ‘I’m busy helping this super-intelligent racially diverse-enough coder’.

Everyone thought the exact same thing, again. *We want to get high in the Lounge of Two Roses of Sable; we’d have to transition, and our unique path of transition would be what makes us unique as individuals. How would I honor my individual memories? How may my transition be more beautiful than Thea Aara’s, wait, no, equally beautiful; I don’t need to compete with her; she accepts me as I am, and I her as she is; though what would a fair process of examination and invitation be? What could that possibly look like?*

5 THE MALL

5 minutes til noon. (I should mention this now; any observations written like this are factual; this is kinda explaining the ‘intuition’ I followed while preparing and composing this argument, and the fact that I did follow a unique logic is really the only natural story that may account for why I wouldn’t be believed, please don’t keep asking immediately what it means, return to a modern job without helping anyone *before* understanding the principles I’ve written toward) Probably won’t have time to go to the mall today. What day is it? Good thing I’m at my computer, my logic machine. 11:41 (though my phone said 11:55 a minute ago; I’m sure that’s more exact given modern web protocols)

What a difference a shower can make! I won’t post before and after photos, but I’ll give you a hint: *don’t* have hair naturally biologically grow from your face and it’s been 3 days since you showerd. I took after photos just because of the significance of the Bath (this text)

Oh yeah, I’m sorry for leaving imperfect and less than beautiful memories; I forget if what I wrote about the.. I mean I think I did. The neck coverings given the fashion in Two Roses? I didn’t mean to leave holes in your neck. Maybe women foresaw this exact philosophical schism ages ago and sought to imbue the myths of vampires with aesthetic and passionate beauty even in ancient times. *The metal would be ugly* they thought *so we need to cover the neck while gesturing toward victorian fashion* – misunderstanding, high-necked collars, *not* what we wanted. The chokers? Not yet, this is the text for the Bath, not the Boutique. Disorganized Personality Disorder. Again? Come on, isn’t one clinical diagnosis enough? It’s good that I at least wrote the text for the Sanctuary; now I’ll be prepared to speak more deeply to the psychiatrist next time I’m forced to meet with him. It’s even okay if I haven’t written ov the Entrance nor the Lounge yet; I won’t be immediately prepared to defend esoteric or ~~sketchy~~ edge logics of belief, though I think the modern psychologist actually kinda wants the interaction to be brief. During your time together, in this precious short time, you can speak ov medical problems or philosophical problems before you make 1 interesting/insightful observation or one controversial/strange observation; ‘that’s all we have time for’, but there’s not time for both.

True joy is definitely edge, yet not as strange as an attractive maleine individual stating in a deep voice that they.. want something different. And that’s okay *I want you to tell me*. ‘No, this time it’s not okay. You said the word “God”’. There’s a more expensive therapist who’d be great for that.’

‘I want to see the after pics.’

After my show|er?

Oh my god, like I remember this one time I was high, and it was like every droplet of warm water pierced my skin like a soft and sharp vibrata. I understood the water ov such a beautiful hope of progress, what felt like an inevitable political ideal given natural principles, given that nothing opposes the mind and so nothing would oppose joy, except.. if there were some reason communication between minds couldn’t.. and that’s always when I lose my high, when I start sifting through the logic of other people’s concerns. Maybe it’s like, I shouldn’t think of other people, just like, accept that this feels so good and I must be in my own dream. *Everything feels so good. Even that.. ‘philosophy’ justifying every kind of crime and punishment. I wonder if she’d punish me?*

-
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-
-
-

Sorry you blonde bitch, I’m turning the volume down on you too. Wait, that was weird, a technological glitch at this very moment, while I’m staring at the blonde bitch taking a shower?

Little did they know, when Thea took selfies just now, she began counting the number of times she needed to press the button on the touch screen to switch the camera from front view to back view. After quite a few times, she pressed the back button, then opened the camera again, kinda ‘restarting the application’ just to see if that would work. She hasn’t lost count. On the 17th press, the camera view did switch. *Maybe there is value to Thea Aara’s numeric theory, and maybe study of her work may lead to deeper understanding of a number of clinically diagnosed psychological disorders,- obsessive compulsive disorder. Then also maybe this was a more deeply meaningful pornographic description (even though it was expressed in writing) than what you’d see on the computer screen sifted into the blonde category by artificial intellect trained to recognize such things.*

If it’s possible to prepare smoke canisters in the industrial yard Sanctuary building, then take these to the Lounge, enough so that there’s enough for every adult woman there to take, I dunno, 8 hits from the glass pipe? If that’s conceivable, is it not also conceivable that hair dye would be prepared in the industrial yard Sal-on then taken to the Bath?

I’ll explain my reasoning. If we want every community in the garden to be as deeply unique as possible, and this is kinda the only community that would be prepared by an individual alone, then maybe it’s kinda like, the unique chain of memories is meaningful even if it’s the memories of that individual. And basically, ov the shower scene, I thought, first, quite immaturely, ‘well, the aesthetic

principle of Two Roses would be most deeply expressed if every woman there had hair at least as dark as mine, and as sable black as you want though watch out! If your hair starts falling upon your pale skin like falling black flames, if the flames get a little too hot, you might need to choose a slightly cooler pool the next time you visit the Bath; if we can imagine that, a sufficient number of canisters would be carriable, even to satisfy the hungers of adult women, 8 per woman per day – could ~1280 very small canisters possibly be carried *per day* by as many women as visit the industrial yard Sanctuary *even if visiting the industrial yard was the only way to prepare to visit the Lounge*, then *what motive would such women possibly have to visit the industrial yard if 1) they're not being paid money for their work? and 2) they're just a bunch of weed fiends who want to get high* and if the women of Two Roses don't consistently visit the industrial yard, how would anything ever get done there?

By a principle thought Thea that only I understand, though I hope everyone will.

We were talking about the hair dye. That thought actually is related to discriminatory ethics,- little boys who say 'no girls allowed', hot adult lesbians who sarcastically insist the opposite. At first, I was like 'Well, okay, ov nature, my natural hair color as a beauty standard, anything darker than that' and only then, sorry it took between 0-1 hours since I began writing of this, 'oh, hair dye! then someone with naturally blonde hair could be there too and they'd have a unique perspective ov nature ov sight *as long as they agreed to keep their hair dyed dark enough*. How much hair dye would we need? Should we calculate the weight v the weight of the canisters, or can we assume we could carry that much even if there is no gym in Two Roses; and if there is no gym, how would we not all get super fat when expected to walk an average of an hour a day to visit one of the lovely gothic foundations? Then if I politely suggest that modern labors resolve ov such measures of weight, though the modern scales don't actually reflect what we can sense in the light *a third of my body weight? Hmm, a little chubbier, but not a third chubbier. I even have pics; 60 lbs, and no difference to the face, very little to the body if anyone would trust my self-evaluation even though my father and mother both say I am way too fat; 30 lbs lost.. like nothing happened. Muscle is more dense than fat? Wtf? That fighter on tv who weighed 180.*

I haven't even gotten to the mall yet. This is part of the plan for the transition of modern society. Given empty rooms in a mall – and I wonder if there's a significant mall that closed during the time I was composing the book within the area of the proposed City of Three Saints? Yes, there was. Clear it entirely. We need it for our purposes.

First, two adjacent shops for each couple of perfumers. One room represents the industrial yard Bath, one is the shop. The industrial yard Bath shop-thing is kinda the expression of a scientific arrangement toward how to extract scents toward the distillation of perfumes. The shop is basically like, a collection of all the perfumes that arise from that specific industrial process. Little showtable area for imports. Then, each pair—of shop and shop-thing—is bound to a community, decorated to express its aesthetic theory, - the shop-pair for Two Roses, of course, dark and cherry woods, victorian aesthetic, the fabrics black, bronze, peachy pink, rose gold, chartruese, and red violet.

The entire mall isn't just perfumes. Next to the Bath shop-pair is another shop-pair for the Salon and the Boutique, also in Two Roses aesthetic, though somehow, different. Somehow, among this breadth of colors, the very different functional purposes, they do find a way to express contrast between the three shops. Then even there's contrast among shops bound to different communities, different aesthetic theories. Somehow, I feel my memory and what would most beautifully express my deep needs or my memory (or something) *is* meaningfully different from someone whose been to a baseball game more than 5 times, a football game more than 5 times, and whatever.. like, okay, that was seriously like 1 time. 'Sorry.' It's not a race, not every community needs to fit into that one mall. But to revitalize the economy, all the malls.

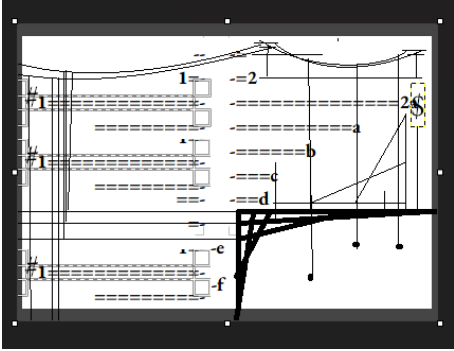
TO ADDRESS THE VILE PROTESTORS

'It won't!' 'Make money!' They shout in unison. That's the whole fucking point.

If you want to help, help. People with jobs didn't help very much at all, neither u

Don't interrupt..--'no, but what app..?' no, please, listen, I said don't interrupt.. 'no,.. ha..heh' *awkward* '..I meant "what application.."' 'Please stop..' *she's crying* 'I really recommend you go see a psychiatrist.. you're not okay..' *I just need someone to tell me I'm okay' the psychiatrist would say.. another rhyme, another reason, another hope, another season.. lullaby--fuck, I hate it, please stop, Thea thought.. now I'm prophetess.. an actress, so listen..* I thought of UNMONEY *before* the application social architecture though *after* the .. 'GOD' began to punish me with epilepsy **before** I'd proven to 'scientists.. the *sarcastic thought of god, our god, does not imply.. the need to.. be.. fuck.. I had a* *imply-ed ED, an educationtional disorder architecture.. to want to be...|precede|*

THE AARA, A MEASUREMENT IN 'PAINT' # # # # # # # #



8:59|LOGIC MACHINE,

9:15|PHONE,.. <I PLUG.. *i*

9:16| t(ime) to press ctrl i

<1m prediction t, **proof.**

9:16-9:17 observed_{phones} ^{9:02}log|

6 THE WINE DARK SEA

By lunchtime, I've written of a medical ethic, showered and put on makeup, took photos, finished the back cover of the book *No (Again Forever)* with said photos, and proven some degree of aesthetic superiority v my ex. A great morn!

Shit, I completely forgot to share the complete breadth of my accomplishments, the mall idea too.

Perfectly preserved, a marvel made possible by modern science, and science itself alone made this possible, not the arrogant philosopher who slept behind the bushes, sadly suffering madness, an uncontrollable rage must have struck her; for why else would she have cried out at night upon the street to all they who'd soft beds to sleep in that night, and she the concrete? Or cry out while kneeling upon the grass 'I need to be the last! I should have said this sooner!' Did she not recognize her voice was not feminine, but the voice of a man as she cried out thus?

In ancient greek mythology the sea was sometimes described as 'wine dark'; yet what if this was a true description? and not mere poetry. Were we to have a clear ideal to labor toward, were we to foresee conditions in which our ideal politic could fall, then we could account too for an ancient politic where there was a nearly perfect balance of art and study, that ancient machinists would build machines of such finely detailed interwoven metals that – as we'd naturally sift through our thoughts – we'd return to aesthetic principles ov thoughts of how to change what we saw toward beauty, would remember too how our will may influence electric paths, and see proof that our minds were naturally related to these machines, that we could influence their motion ov the aesthetic principles we understood, knowing this as the softest metal.

The people of this politic may've then sought to perfect trade ov this beautiful metal, and knowing such a trade could be sustained, fashioned lovely bodies of metal; yet somehow the metal tarnished, lost its softness, its meaning ov self expression; and so there may've been truth in what was later written – that there had been a golden age, then a bronze age recognized ov a metal less soft and less precious, then a fall into further suffering, another fall, and a fall after that.

some degree of aesthetic superiority v my ex. A great morn!

Did I do this on purpose? With calculated purpose? No. Naturally, given focus upon a proof of having understood both aesthetic and rational principles, given what I could recognize as quickly as I recognized the potential to express my thoughts upon the machine screen, by touching aggressively enough the machine keys, I simply sought to write naturally ov my memory of my day; I began to type 'A great morning!' only to realize it would have extended past the edge of the page, wasting paper (for though it was on a machine page, I did foresee printing these exact words on paper in a self published book, which would not be a thought that crosses the mind of an individual who was composing simply toward an internet publication or some private corporate documents); and as quickly as I foresaw this, that the words would extend beyond the edge of the paper, I could foresee too a recognition, that the word would fit if reduced to the word 'morn' and this perfectly fitting ov the title I had begun to write beneath. Fate? or a simple relation of aesthetic judgment ov principles of how our minds may affect the body ov economic concerns?

I wrote this like last week, ancient history as far as anyone's concerned with my well being, which wasn't modern nuff

How did the most beautiful civilization fall? Could it have been so simple as a conflict between motive toward Beauty and motive toward Power, when they who sought to gesture against power toward beauty found themselves fallen into living paralysis? May've Augustus Caesar not sought to gesture toward Beauty, been recognized as one who understood aesthetic principles ov rational principles more deeply than most, then fallen into epilepsy given the irony he sought to speak against though could not quickly enough? For as he sought to speak against Power, how ironic, that he was in a position of power. 'How may you prove you do not love your power?' asks the noble who has only one question for the emperor, ov the law that he present himself when he has only one question. Augustus is asked this question often, and sooner than he may ever express a complete answer, he is called arrogant; the emperor replies beautifully and brings the noble to tears, though in a horrifyingly exact ratio, one noble cries ov fear, the other ov joy, yet the nobles who've felt joy become quieter, more reflective, whereas the nobles who've suffered fear return to their principality and speak there against the empereor, of the need for a better politic. The emperor begins to hear statements repeated from nobles quoting others who couldn't have ever spoken to each other, that emerged ov common reactions and interpretations,- 'Power corrupts and you suffer of your corruption; avoid power; be

humble; you will be happier; and look, he speaks against imitation, so does he not want you to be unlike him? So is it not better to be common, never to seek to be like the royalty, who weighs carefully every decision, every choice, on how an ethic or a law may affect everyone.' Augustus could not prepare quickly enough to address a long series of nobles who returned; he knew an answer though saw too he needed more time to prepare between nobles if he were to speak eloquently enough to hold their attention, logically enough to satisfy their suspicions of whether he had lost his reason.

There's Power in the greatest number, in laws established toward democratic states; kill the kings! Murder them who argue toward Beauty! Who are so corrupt! Every man of political stature must be corrupt! Kill too the witches who speak toward their desires toward Beauty! Mar their faces! Ha! Now they only wish for Beauty because they are ugly, hideous, hypocrites 'beauty' witch.

The professor doesn't follow the logic. B.

Oh, I'm sorry, my first selfie came out good that one time, but then like, there was that other time when I had to take like 50 before I saw one I liked, and that's usually more what it's like..

It would be nice to have true biomedical ethics, I mean, if you wish to express beauty through your own body. Maybe that's why there were mostly women in the biology class at the University of Chicago, and kinda like, excitement around statistical recognitions like that.. it's kinda like that everywhere

I. HISTORY of MAN and WOMAN

'I love you' he says to her.

'And what more?' she says coyly. 'Why is it you love me?'

'I love you,' he repeats 'for you are my moon.'

'I weigh the time of your every word, the pause between each breath, yet I've the deepest question of what shall pass when you leave..'

'Then I must leave, if only to answer your question. For it is pleasure to be without questions, to know there is only fear and love – love the truth, and fear all questions of whether you must doubt the truth.' so he departs.

He encounters two men speaking, who've clearly understood each other more deeply by their conversation. He stands and listens politely, though understands they've thought beyond him on questions of art and science. He remains listening carefully

to every word, until they shout at him ‘Fool, why do you stand there and say nothing?’

‘I wasn’t’ and he leaves.

Well, he was saying nothing, but that wasn’t the intention of his listening; he actually wasn’t trying to be rude; he was listening with the hope that eventually he’d understand a way to contribute, to offer to help the men.

He is burdened by questions, and returns to his first love. ‘I met two men..’

She seems to understand. They both know of a school where he may study political art and political science, a school where only men may be scholars and students.

‘Go, please stop, I cannot bear this suffering to see you leave.’ So he leaves.

Another man comes to her and begins to speak poetry. ‘You are my moon, and if I may be your sun, then it would make me so deeply happy.’

She feels like it’s kinda like picking up where she left off with the man before. They kiss. ‘I admit,’ he says ‘material itself has lost all value to me; I’ve felt nothing by our kiss’ he looks ashamed. ‘I have some hope though of understanding a logic of material trade in the market. It’s ironic, but’ and he lays the book of Job on the table.

She reads the book.

‘You’ve but three letters for me, and four for her – for me art, for her love.’

A playwright can see no beauty nor humor in the thought of ‘four, for’; he sifts instead through the thought of the weight of each letter, ov art, ov love, math (4-3) ov the one

your : thy

‘Better’ says the audience. ‘Bet’ ‘-ter’ the playwright.

The shakespearean era yields the modern era.

I cannot bear this suffering to see you leave : I hate to see you go but I love to watch
you leave

It was just that one line.. now there’s no time for any depth of conversation. He hears echoing in his silent thoughts of what she must be thinking ‘you.. asshole.. leave’

‘This is taking too long’ he leaves. He believes he’s being considerate of her inner desires. *Did I just command him literature-wise?* She questions. *I’d need to teach him to think more dominantly.*

Something like this happens again—the moon, the sun—it’s kind of a thing.

But this time,

The man talks for hours to a woman after his first love; after leaving his first love, he thought deeply of love itself, and so to the woman after he spoke ‘You are my moon, and..’ then speaks a soliloquy.

She sighs ‘What beauty there is in your words..’

‘And yet they are just words; but what of the word given life? Is this not deeply meaningful?’

‘It is,’ she admits ‘and what is your thought?’

‘Within you, that material should arise with the potential for life, let me understand what is inside you, and let us touch each other of our expectations of pleasure, and when this touch feels perfect, then I shall know I know what you know, and at that moment, let the child be conceived within you for exactly the weight of 9, no 10 words.’

The child is born and the father says to his love the mother, ‘I must show the child his origin, my own history.’ She smiles ‘it is good then, and you a good father to our child.’

He takes the child to see his first love, and she greets him sarcastically ‘Back so soon?’ While making love the father had felt pleasure for eternities, and assumed she had too, though she’d felt nothing in his absence; she’d waited patiently of the thought *I’d wait forever if only to express what first love means to me.*

‘Yes,’ he said ‘I came’ he says importantly. *The way he said came just now tells me something.*

‘And who is this?’ she says to the child with him. It’s highly awkward.

‘This is my sun’ she hears. *Is he speaking in jest? Has he understood me more deeply across this time, understood my sarcasm across this time? He was my Sun.*

‘And what of the capital?’ she asks a little more aggressively.

‘Yes, the capital.’ He stares at her for several uncomfortable seconds, impregnating her with the joy of his coming; it’s so richly meaningful to him. Sadly, not to her.

The man leaves in that moment, establishes Rome, builds Rome in exactly one day, never thinks about the laws of communication so tells people no when they naturally observe how he’d built Rome in a day. ‘Okay, okay’ they back off ‘Rome wasn’t built in a day.’ *Jesus.*

Jesus is born.

circa 0

Perfect timing, 9 months later the woman has a child. The population begins to increase because the man can’t wait to come into every first child; *it feels so good.. it is such a blessing.. to know oneself so blessed..* At least there’s the city, Rome. They’ll have a home then. Which is good. It gets cold at night. *It’s better to be indoors* thinks Thea Aara. *I’m cold.*

THAT BITCH IS COLD; SHE WOULDN’T SUCK MY DICK Listen, I’m a lesbian; I didn’t like it okay. It wasn’t meaningful to me, nor beautiful to be looking at that man’s stomach, neither the first time nor the second time. No, the \$20 the second time was *not* fair compensation.

Foreseen: A Prediction of the Premise of the Epilogue

Whatever happened to the man who attended the school for political art and political science?

II. THE AIR *at* DUSK

If the reflection of light influences the color of the sky, if far more light is absorbed by the ocean depths than the land, then may a wine dark ocean not be reflected in a light wine sky?

We may imagine how the light would play with the air at sunset, how the dusk pinks and grays may contrast more beautifully with the ocean if only there were slightly more golden yellow light among the clouds.

If a true study of the sonant web would lead toward understanding how we may affect even the most abundant material,- the air and the water – were we to understand the abundant waters ov an alchemic principle that accounts for the needs of plants and trees ov fresh water – knowing the modern methods of study have resolved toward a theory that water is the most abundant relation of elements among the stars, knowing too that the weight of ocean water, though greater, may be moved as the weight of all metal we may obtain in mines cannot

– would we not wish to honor this more deeply elegant relation with nature through the expression too of a beautiful aesthetic principle?

Said more simply, we may hope to understand the sonant web ov the effects of pure water, ov the taste of salt ov the chemic equilibrium of our electric fibres, ov the sustain of our natural needs. As we may hope this understanding to lead to beautiful powers of self expression, freedom from natural fears, then we should seek at the same time how nature may begin to express the deepest beauty.

THE SCALES OF LIBRA

I believe there may be an aesthetic principle that may be expressed for all who find the deepest beauty living upon natural land, who love the thought of seeing wholly expressed the condition that felt most beautiful at the time an individual understood a direction of progress ov the sonant web. Yet of the fact that there may be individuals who wish to deepen this thought and this study as independently as may be (as was the concern that led me to write of the community Sonant Web), I believe we should seek to empower ourselves ov nature only as quickly and as deeply as we may empower they who would sooner build cities into the ocean depths, who would understand ov these depths a unique aesthetic principle.

This may be our first standard of economic justice, whether all who prefer an unnatural aesthetic principle feel their ocean city reflects their ideal as deeply as we feel a beautiful nature is expressed.

Toward fulfilling the aesthetic needs of every individual, we may seek unique studies of inland seas,- what is modernly called the red sea may be studied ov its greater density ov salt, ov how it may be predictibly changed as a smaller body of water, and perhaps too the ripples affecting language, what meaning there is in the name the red sea if first it should change to become more like the color of blood, or if it changes first toward a different color or black – with each study of an inland sea directed ov a different aesthetic principle, a different intention for the color of the water and the color of the plants. There may be vast inland seas, though still I feel the deepest beauty would be that all may know the natural sea as wine dark.

That understanding of the zodiac was meaningful ov proposing the community Two Roses, I hope it would be meaningful too to propose that study of Libra be interwoven with this concern of justice, with attempts to gesture ov this exact measure.

III. THE SUBTLE MAPS

As our study of the sonant web deepens, we will need to compose maps not toward understanding the direction we must take upon the land, but toward understanding how we may react on our recognitions within the sonant web, on the logics that affect our senses,- in a subtle map, lines may represent principles and their length may represent how quickly reflections arise on these principles resolve toward a sense of need, these lines arranged on a general compass,- the cardinal sins represented in the Library.

Such maps may be portrayed in deital paintings, the deity studying the map representing the motives and powers that arise on such a focus (before being painted, the maps will be only sketched on a theory, never presented as a finished work).

..THE TREES and FLOWERS

I imagine the leaves of the gardens of communities like Two Roses, communities built on the aesthetic principle arise on a wine dark sea, to be chartreuse and black gray and red violet, the flowers expressing a greater breadth of colors.

I imagine white roses grown in and around the community, and a potential use of the temporary conservatory that was built in the industrial yard: there is a grid of square glass vases holding red violet dyes, these connect by small clear pipes to a similar grid of vases holding black dyes, and there is a ritual in the community to cut two white roses and take these to the industrial yard conservatory, so to place one rose in black dye and one rose in red violet dye. The dyes are studied, as are the filters connecting the two kinds of vases, as is the longevity of the dyed roses.

In the bedrooms of some of the manors, I imagine a pedestal next to the desk upon which stands a glass vase – there are black stones in the vase, the marble of these stones patterned like the starry night, the stems of the roses chartreuse. It is common for a perfumer apprentice to visit one's room, to cleanse the desk, to take the laundry, to change the bedsheets, and to bring newly dyed roses for the vase. It is a hope of the community that the study of the sonant web resolves toward perfecting the relation of the water of the vases and the sustain of the roses, such that these wither only when may be a remembrance of principles we must inevitably return to as often as cycles of nature resolve in the deaths of such plants.

..FURNITURE

We may foresee too needs of nature ov our furniture,- desks and pedestals made of dark and cherry woods, similar chairs cushioned with black and red violet faux leather (as we may imagine for the couches and individual chairs in our Office). It may be beautiful if the trees in our community grew these dark and cherry woods, if some grew white gray.

..THE SHIPYARD

Two Roses, having not been planned ov a meaningful relation to the coast, should be built some distance away from the sea (as should every community of Sable except Sonant Web). Yet we may imagine our relation with a community built around a shipyard where ships are built ov our aesthetic principle, of dark and cherry wood with ornate bronze hulls.

..TRAVEL

As most travel in the garden will be in carriage, our first concern of travel is the web of roads. When a paradigm is proposed, it may express a travel architecture ov its first communities,- that one road connect its two first communities as a gesture toward a principle of travel,- as the machine carriages of the communities of Sable are slightly wider than modern cars and need slightly wider roads, the proposed road from Two Roses to B'Light may be understood as a gesture toward connecting as many communities as would have need of wider roads (while presenting a kind of economic argument ov modern roads, ov need to accommodate 50x fewer carriages) – which may be extended unto its communities. Individuals living in each paradigm will be obliged to agree with other paradigms (or, if they intend to live across communities of different paradigms, reconcile needs with themselves) ov how roads and other paths of travel may cross,- which travel architecture is more naturally suited to building paths above other paths, how any burdens to arise of crossing building projects may be related to trade promises.

Of aesthetic concern (and also potentially a concern of health and of psyche), communities should have a choice of what kind of grid these are established among,- I'd prefer that Two Roses not be within a grid having air travel, that any true airports established are built at angles ov each other such that the most direct path between airports never leads above our community, accounting for the distance of sight and sound.

Individuals may enter transfer stations at places where grids meet,- may board at this station a bus designed on more narrow roads that lack the signal poles needed by the machine carriages of Two Roses.

A carefully prepared community like Two Roses may avoid immediate unpredicted needs, so may arrange ethics of trade and travel on ships and carriages that will move more slowly on more carefully prepared paths; this is a deep need of we who find beauty in slowness, in the peace of mind that may be known on carefully prepared paths (without concern of reckless or fallible drivers or pilots).

..THE AQUEDUCTS *toward* MARBLE STONE

..THE TRUTH *on* the STARS

..THE METAPHOR *of* ROSES WRITTEN *in* the STARS

Ascended to shine as light; 'I want to be a star' so they literally shine with light

..STAR *on* FAMILY

..AGAINST *the* NEED *of* STARS

Given the most distant needs, the hopes that may resolve across eternities, there may be individuals who feel their deep needs cannot be wholly expressed nor honored on the condition of nature I've written toward, the memories of the history that led to this condition,- already there are modern projects looking toward homes upon other celestia; and though I may hope everyone alive would feel there is beauty in remaining alive in this condition of nature, I've not spoken deeply enough to any who've expressed desire to architect a completely different nature.

If such a project does appeal to some, I would argue first toward communities like Sonant Web built into the ocean, where there is need to recreate a nature from its foundations, to address questions of light and heat on electric power on sustain.

If there is in such places still need of further growth, of a more expansive nature, then I believe such an environment would be best to prepare in, though I admit I cannot relate very deeply to such a perspective; I fear such hopes overlook a kind of redundancy imposed against individuals who can only know their deep needs wholly fulfilled to know their lives will never be too closely repeat. Given how deeply individuals already struggle to know their lives unique, there is reverse log-

ic toward projects that ask toward an increase of population,- ‘if the thought of more people makes me feel better, there kinda just has to be acceptance of an ideal where more and more people are born’ – though I believe webs of reverse logic like this lose their appeal as quickly as we feel true joy ov the hope of everyone knowing themselves in elegant relation to life, knowing they are deeply unique, that their unique purpose is wholly expressed, that there is less need of knowing happiness ov abstract measures of increase if only because they’ve deeply helped others know beauty in details of life and living proofs, have helped arrange ethics in which their memories may deepen.

Wait, here’s a thought. Instead of me finishing all of this work alone, just to have people say ‘It’s your project’ then leave that quickly, somehow impregnating me with their gaze even though it’s not biologically possible, only to have people criticize me for lacking empathy because I had neither proven nor disproven I clearly hadn’t understood that he left because he wanted for it to feel like his project too – hmm, how to escape that dilemma?

- work (only to have people say you’ve already done too much of the work)

- talk (only to have the conversation resolve ov something like ‘oh, I’ll definitely help when it’s easier for me to help’)

What a bitch thought Thea Aara my third book and I’m just a choice cut of me

II. HISTORY of a REAL MAN

A man returns from the market. He looks just slightly down and it feels so good he conceives of a child then and there in his living room. A boy.

The man sits at the table. ‘Come.’ he says to his boy.

The boy sits at the table with his father.

The father stands, grabs two slabs of meat from the cupboard, puts one slab on the table, returns to the cupboard, opens the cupboard, shuts the cupboard, returns to the table, puts the other one on the table. He then returns to the cupboard, opens the cupboard, takes a plate, returns to the table, sets the plate on the table. He returns to the cabinet, opens the cabinet, takes another plate, returns to the table and sets the plate somewhere on the table, on a place on the table.

His son is damned. During this time he’s not learned the secret of the market.

‘I need to go to the market’ says the father. ‘I need to know the weight of the meat.’ he pauses and when his son waits, the father says ‘Eat.’

The son begins eating the raw meat, then the father takes the meat after an exact number of bites. The son had not been counting. By the logic of the market he should be damned. The father leaves in silence, holding the raw meat; he stands in line to place the meat on a scale. ‘How much does it weigh?’ the weigh-man asks. ‘n’ says the father. It is the average answer. The man takes a brick from the brick yard and sets it as aesthetically as possible within the city. He takes the meat back to his son so he may have a few more bites while he is hungry.

Churches and Synagogues were built this way. In the Synagogues they learned of how to have polite conversations with their children, for they who met in the Synagogues enjoyed the freedom they finally had to meet and converse; they who met in the Churches listened to one speak for as long as they could meaningfully of their father, and after the last listener had spoken, they elected one among them to speak forever of The Father.

The two holy establishments arranged meetings – the priests of the Churches would speak before the Synagogues. The men from the Synagogues attended church socials after mass.

‘Oh’ the jews agreed amongst eachother by a complex process of consensus. ‘All they ever really wanted was a good Jewish father.’ Jewish men busted into all the homes of the Christians. It was the strangest thing; they would not leave, but politely insisted on raising the children in those homes, every single child, none left behind. ‘Leave’ was all the Christian fathers could say. ‘Please, I’m still speaking politely to your children’ requested the Jewish father every single time. Then he would always say something infinitely more complex and meaningful to the children, resuming the conversation exactly where it left off. Every moment, the Christian fathers watched their children corrupted by the teaching of the Jewish father, further and further damnation if anything they had understood by their consensus in the Church were true; they heard the Jewish fathers teach only market principles.

One day, a Jewish father laughed at a child’s joke and felt true joy, like that he’d known in the Synagogue before all the Jewish fathers realized there was one among them who would never know the height of joy, knowing he was the first among all the Jewish fathers to know true joy.

On that very day, Thea Aara went to work at a digital mapping company, ^{here}

III. INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY, ITS WEIGHT in GOLD

A new coin is minted of gold, one minted for every individual in the nation. A business is established on a premise, an exact scale. A second business is established, using a modern scale one penny will be given to each employee, *justif*

‘It is justified’ observe a number of people. ‘What’s the big idea?’ ‘A scale from *justscale* is used and two partners need to build one computer that weighs no more than the penny.’ ‘Hardware and software?’ one jokes. ‘You bet!’ the other.

‘Just one more line’ the woman is horribly nauseated. The *Just* cocaine..

Thea Aara please begs the woman internally *make it feel good again*.

‘Okay woman’ says *Thea Aara* alone in her room imagining the scene ‘vividly’.

If a modern scale weighed that my body weight increased by ~33% of the amount I had weighed before I was put in the locked building after I was homeless, should I ask ‘what the fuck?’ or would I smuggle cocaine across the Mexican border. Well, the recent reelection proven that the majority of people fear someone from an economically disadvantaged region would want to profit from smuggling illegal cocaine across the United States border is kinda really more important than major tech companies justifying a nauseating political condition where machine cocaine basically justifies not working toward machine orbs and filaments that are logically justified and more aesthetically beautiful than the scene briefly described above. ‘Just return every day to the ugly nauseating office where no one listens to you ever everyday; even if the CEO likes your idea for the company’s direction he won’t listen to your thoughts about the meaning of being a transwoman on the corporate culture according to your siblings, and they were probably right. ‘Cocaine is cool, it has street cred, and you know that feeling’ is a simple conversation that often resolves toward startups founded by modern logicians; wasn’t the metaphor before more beautiful? and maybe if meaning and beauty is related to pleasure an ugly process toward the manufacture of machine cocaine wouldn’t be cool at all, it would be a horror?

You could have really been more polite during the presidential debate. Next time. Hmm. The ugly conservative candidate felt it was justified that he speak more; the liberal perspective did actually take up far more space but in only one line they used technology to shut off the mics (though fairly, both mics) so the savior-messiah couldn’t speak? whereas the conservative perspective was vaguely gestured to with five lines first.

‘Does the scale have memory? Can we prove it?’ no stupid liberal. Count. |||||

It is compared to the work of Fredrich Nietzsche (yes, sadly, in every film), its cadence, even the titles,- as Nietzsche wrote in *Ecce Homo* titles of aphorisms like **Why I am so Great, Why I am so Smart** – and it's dismissed as a work of arrogant philosophy,- not even factually correct or verifiable, just imitation that isn't any better than any other work of philosophy, self evidently arrogant – maybe because I never had time to present some needed accounts of what happened,- I remember having had a thought about Nietzsche when I decided to transition, that maybe he had kinda the same desire, though felt like I did that political philosophy was more important ov self expression than bodily self expression (which would have been even more impossible and even more socially frowned upon in those days) – and immediately after this thought, I opened one of Nietzsche's books, maybe *Beyond Good and Evil* and saw that it began with a question (which I'm sure I saw before though not ov the same question 'If the truth is a woman, what then?'). There would be in this horror future some who argued a theory of Nietzsche's desire to become a woman ov my own transition, but they were dismissed as arrogant 'how would you know?'

Or other modern questions,- was she aware of having not yet written the other books yet, or was she already so mad she had only fantasized these 'other books'.

The text of the book is presented upon these pages, though the cover and cover page, well, those are up to you.

Why I Felt Need to Write

Like most people, I graduated from the University of Chicago with honors, having studied computer science, computational neuroscience, and philosophy. What sets me apart from most people is that I *majored* in computer science, did the equivalent coursework of a minor in computational neuroscience and philosophy, though *didn't* receive official approval from the department heads to have these officially recognized as minors. I did the stupidest thing! and I take full responsibility: near the end of my last year there, I became lost in independent studies that felt more important than the assigned coursework – arrogantly, I felt I *had* already understood everything I was being taught in my parallel computing course, if only because I had paid attention during computer architecture, and so instead I fell into independent study which I could only hope to defend by relating aesthetic principles to political, ancient, and modern philosophy, expressing an exact and elegant answer in machine logic ov a historically significant discovery of number theory which had proven predictive ov the experiment that gave rise to

modern physics (though my prediction was never proven, for it arose only in my own thoughts: I predicted the results of the double slit experiment while I was reading, only to see my prediction confirmed pages later).

It was a stupid mistake, the kind of mistake only a stupid novice makes who doesn't even know anything. I paid for my arrogance: threatened with revocation of my right to walk during graduation after convocation, I would have to complete almost an entire quarter worth of parallel computing coursework in about a week. I did lose sleep, but you know what? I did it. I almost didn't graduate, only to graduate with honors. Where does that get you in life? About three years of homelessness, being locked in a building for about a year given a clinic diagnosis of highly specific symptoms of madness, then of course the many counts of sexual harassment,- the man climbing on top of you while you're in the locked building (which is ironically a center for mental health recovery), the men who expose their hard love thick to you in public places,- even the sidewalk of a very wide street that happened not to have any cars on it at that moment! – when really all you were trying to do was translate the logic of your theory as quickly as you could and arrange an architecture of machine logic that would elegantly automate many modern business practices – because actually, you are kinda hot stuff. Yeah, your mind is sharp, your body fairly decent. Yet somehow, you're still not happy. You still miss *her*. Your first love, your first kiss, the only individual you had ever truly hoped to marry (though strangely, before you had accepted the thought of modern marriage, so you kinda did hope to marry her but you didn't *want* to marry her), had imagined being with until death and then kinda, at least as the mind is concerned, together (at least archetypally, if there were a natural principle of progress) forever immortal together in a beautiful politic.

Now you feel like every other woman. It all makes sense now. The obsession with vampire stories, the thought of writing a number of these stories in the community Two Roses you've written toward, the ominous events surrounding the tarot readings of roses, the thought of inevitably filming yourself climbing into bed in your sexiest lingerie as a highly ironic gesture *against* the objectification of women, your need to prove this isn't *why* you don't feel passion and can't expect to feel passion in your marriage until you've seen certain political ideals more powerfully embraced.. and yes, one of those ideals is the expression of a true marriage, a devotion that lasts forever.. maybe that's why it happens this way, why girls are just kinda like that. I'm sorry, but if you're an ugly man, or anyone who *ever* feels horny, you just wouldn't understand. You kinda understood before (I mean, I, Thea Aara, author of this book *Invitation* (did I mention I do the cover art for all of my books too! cover art, revisions, internal formatting, everything! No one

wants to help! I'm very much alone!), kinda understood before); now all you can do is tell other people, in plain and simple terms, what it is you understood ~13 years ago while you were still only a student, an arrogant novice. Maybe it will help! I'm sorry if it sounds like I'm 'lecturing you', but this is kinda just how I can hope to express myself, the logic of belief that inspired joyful passion within me, 'an ocean of the softest lightning' (Thea Aara, *Two Roses of Sable*)

It really does feel good! Just not, since, like, for me anyway.. age 20. And I kinda didn't feel that way for the first time until.. age 17. And I kinda only felt that way.. after smoking weed. Fuck! No! Get off my back! I'm fine! I'm actually kinda better now than I was! No, I'm not self medicating! Who are you? a therapist?! my mother?! Well, no, you are registered as a therapist, but you're only my step mother, which is completely different. I don't have time to talk about this. Wait, what?! I *need* to talk about this!?! You *insist* on our little chats!?

Well, now I finally have time to write without the very rude disruptions,- being handcuffed after being forced to live in your parent's backyard because you felt need to write instead of doing the yardwork, etc. You just hope *the reader* will sift through their thoughts ov the thoughts you've hoped to express in writing. It really would be the least the reader could do.

Many corporations are arranged ov hierarchical processes of approval,- department managers may define approval processes that team managers argue ov given understanding of their team's needs; every approved need must be accounted for ov financial measures of corporate profits and justified ov the corporate bylaws; and this process alone *is* related to morale among employees, as are the other standard corporate processes.

Yet if this is a standard corporate process,- and in some corporate environments facts of common corporate standards are used to justify what are truly only very limited and even petty gains,- I worked in a corporate office where the approval process was basically only used to justify granting each new software engineer consistent use of one logic machine, approving the camera manufacture.. then also to grant consistent use of other office materials to as many as needed these – if this process were truly efficient and needed ov concerns of morale ov valuable labors, wouldn't this be predictive of an individual who is not working in a corporate environment not understanding their needs ov labors that would benefit others? And if an architecture of machine logic were composed by an individual who was unemployed, and if the work architecture presented in this book *is* such an architecture, would this not suggest that individuals are born with an inherent understanding of their needs ov their potential to labor? and (if in corporate environments individuals are often hired before it may be proven their work will

help others, if in fact individuals like Thea Aara have been hired, labored toward a project as they were directed, though sought to argue toward a change of direction given their sense that the project was not leading toward fulfilling true needs, only to find their thoughts dismissed in favor of the original project (then Thea Aara quits so to labor toward a project she may believe has the potential to truly help others who suffer; then the project was cancelled anyway), then there must be need of trusting individuals would understand the goods they saw need of,- Thea Aara *had* actually been hired ov her understanding of machine logic, and how this may be deepened through use of a logic machine (kindly though redundantly and honestly kinda wastefully granted her through the corporate approval process) (and she *had* thought there almost certainly was no deeper answer inherent in standard corporate processes toward proving the corporation understands the needs of the individual better than the individual themselves, especially given how little true progress had been made since corporate standards became dominantly expressed within the political equilibrium)), may there not be value in allowing individuals to act ov their understanding of need instead of asking individuals to formally agree to a kind of blind trust in corporate leadership if only because it has already been officially justified and been adopted as a normal and standard practice?

The work architecture presented in this book was inspired by the belief that – as we must trust individuals understand their labors ov their potential to help others ov the needs of others ov the materials they would need to labor – individuals stating their needs within a well composed architecture of machine logic are at least as deserving of needed goods as they who agree to formal corporate processes, and perhaps, if they understand the reason for their disagreement, perhaps generally far more valuable.

It would have been simpler to simply state an exactly logical process and a development plan, as I kinda did in my last corporate environment; yet there was unfortunately need to justify why a more elegant process of machine logic may resolve toward more elegant and purposeful work. (I had hoped this would be self evident.)

The work architecture described in this book is not as elegant as the communication architecture described in *Two Roses of Sable*, yet it is more elegant than the modern corporate process: every email will resolve ov an exact process of machine logic (instead of basically raising a list of questions that your coworkers then have to kind of solve on their own,- through sifting through often outdated documentation, looking at unmaintained, unmodern codebases, talking to someone, or the more difficult process of talking to someone higher up, etc).

1 Why I Resolved Toward the Need of a True Machine Logic Architecture

In modern society there's monetary incentive to create a platform that people will submit a specific kind of information to; the businesses that have developed those platforms may analyze that data and sell their analyses to other businesses who may believe it helps them make smarter, more informed decisions.. ov the analysis of that data.

There are waves of depression and anxiety, panic attacks and murderous rages that vary ov their duration though these are always super fucking intense and the worst thing ever either 1) in the eyes of the one suffering the panic attack ov the social and political conditions that inspired their panic, yet somehow 'it's okay' then even more softly, gently 'it's always okay' for in the eyes of the therapist (who has been ironically far less analytical ov the psychologic states that resolve in the modern socioeconomic condition) it's better to feel better than to act toward a beautiful belief that isn't yet widely believed; or 2) in the eyes of they who fear being murdered (who may ask questions of what the hell was going through their murderous mind). Unfortunately, the many 'crises of mental health' 'best addressed by the modern psychoanalytic method' were in fact arisen of a blind faith in an analysis that was horribly cyclical in nature,- analysis of 'analysis of economics' is intelligent, which 'justifies analysis' of 'business analysis' as long as 'social approval ratings' are 'not over-analyzed', yet..

In the modern sea of analysis, we've overlooked foundational principles and histories,- the origin and purpose of bureaucracy. Before there was a machine web, logic machines that could hold machine records, there was no way for basically every individual to publish meaningful records except by bureaucratic methods. Every bureau offered a way to publish limited structured records, providing in return a promise to help improve services ov individual needs. After logic machines were introduced, though there was logical potential to represent the bureaucratic records that were traditionally kept on paper entirely in machine logic, there was an inertia: the first approaches to machine logic were built on flawed foundations, and so it was observed software engineers needed quite a bit of time to code, that any translation of a bureaucratic method into machine logic would take time, that until this was done, the bureaus would need to remain, would need to continue to employ bureaucrats.

I hope to address the modern questions surrounding therapy and to express a theory to account for an 'inverse' understanding of death in other texts; though first I'd like to propose an elegant logical alternative to social media.

2 Why, Basically, Others Found Justification to Accuse Me of Madness

To account for why others felt need of studying the thoughts of ‘more officially significant’ scholars while dismissing the thoughts of the individual sitting right in front of them (before taking any time to study their writing, to ask questions toward truly understanding their thoughts), I’ve felt need to express two theories.

In my youth, I’d focused mostly on a theory of self projection. We inevitably use self projection in order to understand others, for we are deeply aware only of our own senses; we deepen a theory relating sense and gesture as we live, and where we are blind to the theories of others, we often assume they act on a theory like our own, on similar motives. Yet theories may diverge very early in youth: some theories lead us toward true ideals, whereas most paths in modern society resolve toward modern ideals.

Across the past years, I thought of a theory of reverse logic that accounts for a breadth of motives my theory of self projection did not alone. In *Two Roses of Sable* (I.1) this theory is introduced –

Reverse logic arises of making choices by our feelings, by our heart, our intuition, for often, our choice depends on our belief: given two choices, we would choose one if we believed one condition were true, the other if another condition were true; often, we fall into reverse logic while choosing: sooner than we seek study of which condition is true, we judge which condition feels better to believe as the truth.

Reverse logic may begin to account for why a judge would say it is right to declare I’ve no longer the right to make choices for myself given only the brief testimony of a psychiatrist who’d spoken to me only briefly and superficially: to doubt the psychiatrist is to doubt the logic by which it was justified to keep me in a locked building (but it feels better to believe there was a good reason, justification grounded in facts), and if we doubt the psychiatrist, the logical end of our thought is that maybe we would need to doubt how the modern psychoanalytic method is taught and officially recognized (but it is a tiresome thought; it feels better to believe that since we are not in an official position to judge, there is a logic to the official structure; let someone else be the judge of that), and if we remember that there is actually reason to doubt someone with official authority to judge, – a judge – suddenly we can only hope toward an end of the modern condition, and this may lead to fantasies of a savior, an end of days (‘though these are just religious thoughts,’ says modern man ‘there could be a more complex psychologic story’; and modern man often feels better believing there may be a more complex truth) yet too quickly modern man falls into even stranger and more abstract

thoughts of ‘an other’, ‘drawn to everything perverse and abnormal,’ ‘sadistic if only to understand the masochist’s perspective’ ‘unlike the person I truly am’.

The theory I’ve now that feels closest to accounting for the modern equilibrium is essentially that most thoughts are lost in a returning cycle that arises ov three modern questions—of Science, of Art, and of Money—and ov each many fall into reverse logic related to the reverse logic described above.

The difference between true thought and modern thought may be abstractly related to an exact distance (4-3) for the division of labors that led me toward belief in a beautiful politic arose ov sifting deeply through 4 deeply interwoven thoughts of different sciences, whereas most individuals would find more practical paths toward the modern standard of wealth and happiness and love sifting through 3 deeply interwoven thoughts ov Art, Money, and Science. Yet given what I felt I had time to write only as a note in *Two Roses of Sable* –

My study led first to relating different numbers of elements, that just as 2 elements may map 1 dimension as (b 1), mapping the relations between 3 elements consumes 2 dimensions, and mapping the relations between 4 dimensions consumes 3 dimensions. Given that life resolves ov motion within 3 dimensions, I focused on the relation of 4 elements. This number of elements may arise of 2 pairs, and (as this was before I thought of will & memory) I chose the pairs will & non-will, presence & potential, yielding four elements—present will, will that exists; potential will, will that can exist; present non-will, non-will that exists; and potential non-will, non-will that can exist. I thought of 4 core sciences representing the pure studies of these elements, then thought of further disciplines that would arise of the relations between these studies,- if philosophy is the study of will that can exist, and mathematics is the study of non-will that can exist, then a new discipline economics may arise of the relation between mathematics and philosophy. There are 3 ways to relate these elements in a circle, and I found that only 1 arrangement of the 3 yielded a beautiful breadth of disciplines, a harmony of labors that one could imagine in a utopian society, while 2 of the 3 yielded an abstract breadth of disciplines,- analysis, analysis of economics, analysis of analysis of economics – where one could imagine a very dystopian society emerging if there were focus upon this breadth of labors. Yet both of the dystopian arrangements yielded a hope—a sea of analysis would lead to immortality; a complex of psychologic therapy, machine bodies, and manipulation would yield ideal production. I saw how one could account for modern society as the expression of all 3 arrangements, which may be named Art (utopian), Money and Science (dystopian).

– and given there is clearly need of elaboration, enough at least to make the presentation of what I could believe was a novel thought – given how I wouldn’t expect the modern condition to be perpetuated were any thought like this to have been understood and circulated in such a manner that it was understood by

scholars with any power to influence anything (and it was reasonable to believe scholars may've influence events toward political equilibria) – beautiful, I did actually need time to surround this thought in what I felt was a 'balanced' presentation ov other thoughts of similar depth.

As one sifts through the slightly heavier thought (4), many around them will resolve toward agreements of a just slightly lighter thought (3) and in the time one may hope to express a division of 20 labors (5 x 4), many may resolve toward a far simpler proof of intellect that would help them get a job paying \$15/hr (5 x 3). The modern men may say 'look, we only need a single symbol "\$" where you need 6 "l" "a" "b" "o" "r" "s" then even more! The symbol '2' and the symbol '0' – though you didn't even pass our simple memory test! so how do we know you even remember your 'simpler method' even 1 minute later! you're mad! Don't get mad! don't get *angry*. We understand italics too, just as well as you, so why would we ever regard your writing as something special; maybe, instead, you're just a little special.. 'special'. With our next three symbols "/hr" we've already established a logical relation to time'; now the modern men expect some argument ov forever; now the modern men expect an endless argument when they'd proved they were already logical. They will argue if you want an efficient relation to using a single symbol as meaningful as possible 'look at the asian dialects! look at asia's economy!'

Yet to many, the modern condition feels like so many ropes randomly knotted together; an economist (scientist financier) may argue 'they're all logical chains with an economic purpose', though some of us begin to feels as though these ropes are knotted around our hands and throat, that we cannot speak meaningfully enough beautifully enough quickly enough – no matter how we speak we are judged wrong in the eyes of Money, Art, or Science. Modern man may observe it's only people who claim to study the architecture of society that feel trapped; modern man says 'most people can relax, have fun; think of the ropes like a rope jungle!' yet even then it's an ugly metaphor compared to the thought of standing on natural ground. Modern man may gather statistics and analyze statistics, if only to prove there is more suffering among they who 'study the ropes' instead of simply accepting the modern condition. 'It's just a matter of acceptance.' 'Don't think about it too hard.' he will say; *I hate my life* he will not, until it's kinda only a joke and he doesn't really mean it; he doesn't need a therapist because seriously he was just joking; at least he has a paying job, and yeah, the work sucks but it pays the rent, and the bills; the wife is angry again? Fucking bitch is always pissed at everyone. At least the beer in my hand is cold; she was thoughtful enough to bring that to me *15 minutes into the fucking game* he thi-

nks, sifting silently through his thoughts. *I wonder if Joe knows a good divorce attorney.*

3 Why Communities were Never Founded on Gothic Architecture

In general, we only really have two choices—act against the principles we believe are truly beautiful if only to secure enough material security to express a little bit of beauty; or seek to act in alignment with our principles, only to suffer such a depth of material poverty that we cannot hope toward beautifully expressing any work to arise of our principled labors.

It's kind of a 50-50 chance. The one we love wants someone who is beautiful in both body and mind. Choose one.

In modern society marriage has about a 50-50 chance of ending in divorce.

Maybe political ethics are related to our power to express love.

Maybe our power to vote on a 50-50 chance of feeling slightly more represented within the modern bureaucratic architecture isn't actually very empowering.

The most beautiful painting I've ever made is sitting to my right. No one's seen it yet. It took one evening. It's a gothic building, and it was only in the process of painting it that I understood a possible, even likely history that would have never been expressed in modern history books, this history accounting for why, though people have understood how to build beautiful gothic architectures for hundreds and hundreds of years, every gothic church became surrounded by an ugly politic instead.

When you attempt to paint a gothic building on an aesthetic principle of softness (the aesthetic principle described in *Two Roses of Sable*), there are two associations of memory that naturally arise: 1) given how there is natural beauty in curved lines and symmetry, given also a natural bias on the need to address more vertical height than horizontal width, our artistic intuition naturally yields curved diamonds, what may be crudely described as the abstract representation of a woman's sex; then 2) a simple pointed arch may be naturally softened with curves around its point, and the appearance of these curves made slightly softer by an asymmetric curve; and so this may be abstractly interpreted as a woman bent forward, her ass raised, while being regarded by one who wears a bishop's hat. And of these two natural consequences of painting a gothic building, we may weave a short story toward an understanding of a series of events that may have been repeated in history across generations.

One day the son of a poor artist asked a noble boy walking on the same street 'My father has a painting of a beautiful gothic architecture; do you know how we may request an audience with the lord's architect?'

'The lord's architect would never speak to one of such wretched birth. We are awaiting one who's hand moves with the grace of god.'

The poor son asks 'Is beauty not the divine intention?'

'You are as arrogant as you are wretched. Yet I've pity for you, and we are obliged as nobles to teach the poor truth and etiquette. A fortnight shall pass, then meet me the next day in the apprentice's studio.'

Two weeks later the poor son met the noble boy in the studio, carrying with him the paints his father had given him. They prepare on an easel, then while regarding the blank canvas, the noble boy asks 'and what did your father teach you?'

'My father taught me nothing; I studied on my own; there was only a classical painting in our home, and then I learned to paint simply on my study of that work. When I was older my father showed me the gothic painting.'

'Then what could you possibly know of an aesthetic principle?'

'I'm afraid I've no words that may be recognized by any official school, though in my silent thoughts I regard my work on an aesthetic principle of softness; and it is difficult to describe in words, though it is only a simple repeat method, that one looks for the part of the image that is least soft, then adds what we know will soften it.'

The noble boy is quiet, sifting through his thoughts; he looks slightly hopeful; maybe by his patience and kindness, he had glimpsed something the other nobles had missed. Had even one of them told a story of such a meeting? and how many stories had they told? Maybe none had understood why one in his position should offer a poor boy a chance; many in his position may've only sneaked and walked onward to attend to their business. It was true: it was only through his knowledge of such business that he had been able to reserve this time in the studio, and it was no small matter to keep in mind all of the laws of etiquette during the numerous conversations he had had, needing the consent of one noble to speak to another noble, needing knowledge of their unique knowledges so to ask the polite questions. 'What questions have you of the gothic art?' the noble boy asks.

'Maybe my questions are more political than artistic; I only wonder why, if such beautiful art is possible, there are no labors toward this beauty.'

'The nobles often have little regard for the poor, consumed as they are with concerns they know only how to express to other nobles. If only for this reason, if only because I fear we shall not have time to complete any true work together, because thus I fear they shall ask during our next conversation what proof I have of the value of our

meeting. so please, forgive me if I ask you to take haste: yet take the brush in your hand and show me the beauty you understand.'

The artist's son begins painting, outlining a gothic building, then its windows and thick pointed blocks, and a repeat diamond pattern in a row to ornament the wall just beneath the ceiling. He begins to let curved lines flow unto the canvas ov these outlines, these lines touching and crossing, and in one empty portion of the wall, there is a place for a larger diamond, which naturally demands adornment by larger curves.

The noble boy's mouth curves in displeasure. He says aloud 'Must you be so shameless?'

The poor boy is embarrassed, though he does not feel shame to have simply followed an aesthetic principle, to have not foreseen what the noble boy would feel so offended by he would need to speak aloud against him.

'I'm sorry' he says, 'it was not an intention, not an abstract remembrance I foresaw; I've not practiced this art before.'

'Maybe there is a reason why the nobles regard such charity as ill advised. A gothic building is meant to be the highest expression of our god's beauty ov architecture; think you a lady would wish to return to a building like this, knowing the process by which it arose so degraded her? Even our thoughts leave an echo in the memories of others, for others are sensitive ov their knowledge; they've all seen this happen, if only by their knowledge; it is only by careful instruction, a careful upbringing, that one learns to paint without leaving such a disgraceful memory.'

The artist's son is silent.

'I shall need time to reflect upon what has happened' says the noble boy before taking his leave.

A similar story may've been repeated in variants ov a number of gothic churches, each arisen of an architect who either complete his work in privacy or having had careful instructions toward avoiding any such 'desecration'. The nobles would have always felt obliged to keep secret what they understood ov gothic architecture; none could speak with pride of the process that yielded painted ideals of architecture to labor toward. Across time this may've devolved into petty jokes often made at the expense of quiet artists who would paint gothic architectures in the privacy of their room, if only to avoid the inevitable mockery they endured when painting in public. Unfortunately the mockery was inevitable; when they returned to their circle of friends, other boys would jeer,- 'did you go paint more vaginas?', 'did you see the bishop's nose this time?' – only then to be mocked as deeply, though in a very different way, through quiet yet complete dismissal,- when presenting their work to one who they could believe had power to arrange the

community's labors toward a project like this 'I will not oppose you myself' says the rich man to the youth 'but you will have to confess to a priest; if truly God agrees with your work, the priest will recognize divine beauty' only to have the priest mock him 'you've painted not with guidance of the divine hand, but with the devil's fingers wrapped around your wrist'; so the youth would be told variants of an advice 'You must trust the nobles who alone act with divine authority toward the architecture of our politic.'

If this story may account for why we live among ugly modern buildings instead of among beautiful gothic foundations, then we must still account for another ugliness of the modern condition (and other uglinesses that will be addressed in the later texts of this book): there is a horrible lack of elegance in the modern approach to machine logic, an ironic blind trust in they who came before by they who claim to regard all logically and with the skepticism of scientific thought. Aesthetically, the modern process of coding is ugly, and this bleeds too into how we present ourselves, for we are dependent on an ugly process, a process we understand as limited by natural laws of how quickly knowledge may be communicated.

I hope though this work architecture may be understood as a gesture toward elegance.

4 Why I've Argued Against Money

Opening a true business has many benefits,- individuals with fitting backgrounds may schedule time to work for you through the work architecture, so there is no need to agree to a formal work contract defining work hours and financial compensation; showing up for work is treated as just another event, and as with all events, there will be a record of the event kept in logic machines (without need to worry that if one logic machine is lost, a record may be lost).

The records the average person may hope to keep in this work architecture are actually more valuable than the records proving they've a certain amount in their bank account. We do not need to perform a very deep calculation to understand that, even if we were to work our entire lives in the highest paying job we could hope to secure without completely abandoning our moral values, we would never save enough money to live within a political condition where life resolves toward complex and elegant ethics where money has no place,- to live in a true community in the garden – and we may also understand why, someone who *has* abandoned moral values, if only to have had hope of having enough money to help others, may've *not* found time to meaningfully prepare toward a condition where

they saw need of painting a gothic architecture, it's kinda clear to the average person that what they do at work every day isn't leading directly toward a changed political condition. The modern 'homes of the future' are kinda not.. beautiful, just less expensive and different. I don't mean to insult the company that invested the last 7 years in a home model – the material research may actually be of value toward the creation of true homes – though compare, an individual working alone, having needed to walk miles each week if only to have a dinner that week, without any resources beyond access to a simple logic machine and a purse full of clothes, was able to plan a more elegant and complex communal ethic, and even propose 20 practical architectural concepts, in the same amount of time. (Though unfortunately, now one in my position would have reason to fear challenges,- 'prove it again' while having no unproven beautiful political condition to argue toward beyond a garden that remains forever). Maybe the modern corporate process isn't inherently superior to individual choices made over carefully thought-through logic. Yes, it will feel better to many to believe everything is better how it conveniently already is, though maybe, though we would need to suffer to sift deeply through the thought of why the foundations of our business ethics would need to change were true elegance and efficiency to be expressed, it actually is worth that suffering, if the reward is true beauty and a logic of belief that inspires within us an ocean of the softest lightning.

5 Why Modern Man Fears and or Embraces Conspiracy Theories

Hmm. How would I prove that anything I did actually happened? and how would I gesture at the same time toward the aesthetic principles I believe in? There were cameras in the library, in the clinic, in the shelters, cameras in many public places; there are even cameras in the home were I live now; but they delete camera records as often as they feel they need to. Well then maybe the best hope of someone in my situation, at least over presenting proof of the factually events actually having happened, *is* actually to have the government spying on you, keeping detailed records of your every movement. Even so, such records wouldn't prove the ominous events I'd witnessed,- turning to the page where I immediately saw the word 'pendant' in the first book I opened in the library after I remembered someone had given me an angel pendant earlier that day, turning to another page in this same book and first noticing the word 'brooch', turning the pendant around and noticing a pin on the back, that it was indeed a brooch. Well, maybe these events may've been more provable had I violated my aesthetic and moral principles by wearing a camera always, but actually, given the modern level of distrust of machine logic, given also the proliferation of use of artificial intellect, people may've simply said the photos were faked to support an outlandish story.

Furthermore, these events were very unpredictable, and though there were quite often ominous events related to my thoughts,- that I'd remember a thought and then see related words in the next text I opened a book to – there's no logic of reading silent thoughts that may be ethically justified: any logic of 'reading silent thoughts' would be biased on an abstraction of thoughts,- falsely implying thoughts we do not have given the 'proof' documented in the words we express in writing, in recorded speech (as when we visit our friendly voice therapist because we are transgender and clearly need it because our voice is actually 'unnaturally high' and 'a little too hoarse'). Even if the government had secretly installed machine speakers in my ears at birth (or there were private corporate agreements to install these,- insurance companies offering lower prices for the father's legal consent to sign a horrible contract wherein a corporation could gather 'proof' my thoughts were horrible and shouldn't be read – of course it's not because these thoughts lead to arguments against money; corporations wouldn't just.. seek profit like that.. even if it deeply harmed people.. and wasn't beautiful at all), if the purpose were at all to help me, the sounds produced would have helped me confirm that there was some kind of proof being recorded; as this did not happen, there is no reason to believe there can be any logical justification toward such a project; and yet this is kind of a common fear, even if it is only a projection of motives we hear often expressed,- 'the machines and or medication will help make you better' but like, now, given how my thoughts were actually naturally focused and it just took time to arrange a presentation, during which no one helped basically because they assumed focused people are normal people, (which on reverse logic would feel better) the assumption that modern medicines and machines helped ('and it's not worth arguing') is basically why.. I was dismissed.. and many people who deserved to be listened to were dismissed.

Then there's further fear of a series of senseless modern questions toward 'verifying the facts' 'yes, before we study the principles'; though unfortunately modern man acts on an ill relation to facts; he doesn't understand his own lapses of consistent logic,- like the grader who gave me a C (for using the word God), *though why does she assume that's the reason instead of taking responsibility?* So there's need to remind someone of the therapist *but that was actually quite a passive-aggressive gesture; maybe she's right about you and maybe you need to listen more* then back to the reason you had been accepted to the University of Chicago, that you'd listened to others very deeply, that you did ask questions toward knowing a depth of empathy, deeply enough in fact that you didn't need to study at all because you simply kept sifting through thoughts of why your teachers had spoken as they had – and by a process of self projection, observing there are times when 'it's clearly getting worse' (an observation modern man makes on his own

lapses of thoughts, an observation that emerges kinda randomly ov his pattern of testing intellect, that raises a breadth of questions ov philosophical questions of sleep, of anesthesia, of death), he feels the logical end of his thought is 'oh, then maybe it could keep getting worse, could become much worse, and then that would be a condition of complete madness. That's the only way I could imagine acting like that, asking those sorts of questions.'. Yes, it would be, though the answer is arranging remembrances, an ethic deepened ov this need, *not* further statistical proof that people fall into madness; 'no, but it's proven! n% of individuals may be categorized this way by simple recognitions in a way that varies with time! n% of people act against individuals in certain categories! n% don't like individuals in certain categories! Not every such judgment is fair! Therefore we should categorize individuals ov simple recognitions and statistically record how many individuals are categorized this way! Only trained individuals would have the right to judge these individuals fairly! Thea Aara argues the judgment against her was not fair, she's only kinda proven it after we forcibly intervened, so our interventions must have been the cause of her recovery, justifying our continued devotion to our methods! She's mad if she argues otherwise, which is sad; I don't want to listen to her anymore, it makes me sad. At least I didn't judge her unfairly; I judged her rationally, by ignoring her self expression while believing the therapists and medications helped her self expression. That's only *not true* if.. she's mad.' Hmm, isn't that kinda like religious devotion to an arbitrary and circular faith?

'No!'

..

6 Why Modern Man Doeso't Believe Rational People Need More Time to Write

I actually did become sensitive (not in the sensual sense, but in the intellectual sense) to what may be described as 'acute observations',- this is the first line where a title naturally flowed onto two lines. There is actually a weight of every word, and it so happens that what I'd already written for this text (which alone was mostly unwritten; for all of the other texts, I made only little changes) concerns this very kind of observation: I've analyzed 3 pairs of mantras that arose naturally in my mind as I sought to summarize 3 contrastive beliefs (true v modern); the first 2 have the exact same number of words; the mantras of the last contrast differ by 2 words.

The first contrast arose first in my thoughts in a way I felt need to express, that the 'true' mantra was how I thought to summarize my original joyful belief; the contrast 'modern' mantra may be understood over the thought of elemental disorder quoted before, which I thought to express around the same time.

Life becomes Perfect Self Preservation through Reconciliation of Contradiction.

There's a documented observation that being raised in nature leads to greater intellectual achievement. My earliest memory was seeing the backyard of my childhood home in the mountains, though I honestly have never really had a visual imagination; I've seen images only in dreams, and my memory is similarly kind of abstract over sight,- I remember the place I was, though the image of my memory is far from photographic; it's basically only the place, which direction I was facing.

I call it nature's edge because from one side of the land, you see only mountains, about 40 homes scattered among these, whereas one standing upon the other side has a view of part of the valley, filled with the modern grid. From my earliest memory, I've recognized everything I saw over a deep contrast, two very different ways of life, and nowhere did I see the needs of both expressed.

I felt there was need of a principle toward reconciling the distinct perspectives that would naturally deepen over these two places, believing a theory of ethics toward the 'reconciliation of contradiction' would lead toward a beautiful political equilibrium. The abstract thought inspired no joy in me though, for I understanding of how such a principle could be communicated felt very distant to me; obviously, there had been no such principle expressed in history, or if there had been, it had never been embraced by they who'd power to influence the building of cities.

My joy arose over my studies in high school, over theories of darwinian evolution over psychologic principles of ego. If the ego is related to biologic principles, if the chemic arrangements that are sustained in natural equilibrium are naturally those that (and yes, it does take time to patiently sift through one's thoughts to arrive at this kind of understanding, a patience I fear an individual who is born among the excitement of a modern place, or even one who's childhood memories deepen over a view constantly overlooking the valley, as would've been true of my childhood best friend who lived a short walk away though on the side of the hill more directly facing the valley) would have found more that was interesting to recognize, would have seen more of man's creativity expressed, would have found their external environment more meaningful, whereas I was fucking bored of

everything.. *oh, I guess I'll think about what I just thought about.* It's a thought most directly translated into 11 words that someone with more interesting things to think about would have never thought of.

What if? What if words *do* have a weight ov our motives, and numbers too! The theory of self preservation may be summarized in 9 words, the original thought in 11, 9/11, you do the math, it's the best conspiracy theory I've got. Sorry I couldn't do more for you! Unless.. maybe in *No (Again Forever)* there is a story addressing concerns of race.. a story called.. THE BAD RACE. Guess which race is bad? Trick question: they all are. Guess what the name of the heroine is? Well, there are kinda two of them. One is named Thea Aara. Guess what Thea Aara believes. All of the races are bad. She has to kill them all. Equally.

Okay, this is fucking bullshit modern man thinks. *Thea Aara hasn't made a penny selling her books. Her profits are stupidly negative, she **spent** money to give away 100 of her books for free, and no one bought the books. She spent money on the roses too, the vases; she's a leech using our hard earned tax dollars for her feminine bullshit fame-fantasy.* No! I actually hate the modern condition! I wanted to labor with a community; that was actually my deepest desire. I never wanted to work alone. I'm not being sarcastic. *First of all, we can tell when you're being sarcastic. Second of all, it feels better to believe you actually did want the attention, that you did like where the modern condition led you to.* No, seriously, stop, you're basically no better than the men who sexually molested me because they thought I liked what was happening, because the thought that I was horny felt a lot better than the thought that I did not feel horny. Then it's like, instead of having my suffering acknowledged, modern man may argue *hmm, normal people feel compassion and like feeling compassion in the presence of someone who is horny, because then they must feel good.* Okay, but if your sense of self deepened ov natural beauty, the hope of communication of ethics toward a beautiful politic, the reconciliation of contradiction, etc, and you felt a beautiful joy ov laughter ov a philosophy ov a political ideal, if our sense of pleasure is related to what is deeply meaningful to us as an individual, our unique deep needs, then the hope of everyone knowing empathy ov a beautiful philosophy must be, for this individual, the true source of their joy, not the feelings that arise more directly of compassion ov the understanding an individual would naturally gain having been raised among the modern grid, where *their* deep needs have arisen of very different memories, a different root of thought.

Unfortunately, everyone kind of assumed everyone else knew the answer because they felt pleasure, but then it's kinda frustrating when the individual you married is actually fucking clueless about what beauty means to you, no actually, to every

woman – and then it’s like a transgender person wouldn’t understand; most aren’t even beautiful like beautiful women who are naturally born; so that’s weird; so I’ll dismiss their thoughts; no wonder no one likes them, they’re fucking weird, it’s better to be a man, that’s why I married my husband; I hate him; I want a divorce; they’re no better off in nature; Thea Aara’s parents also got divorced; these are all facts; this is the truth.

Part of my joy arose of the belief that everyone understands and expresses the truth, that really the only thing keeping people from feeling beautiful joy only is that they don’t share this same understanding, never taking time to be patient enough to understand each others’s deep needs, true perhaps more deeply for most men in the modern grid, true less often for women, if only because a woman returns to the sight of beauty every time she looks at herself in the mirror, feels a need of beauty whereas men will be like *okay, but honey, and I’m being patient now, if you want anything to change you need to have power, and that’s basically what I’m doing. Oh, maybe she does recognize that, otherwise she wouldn’t have done that little thing girls do with their eyes more often when they feel like* that way you’d never feel unless you were born in the modern grid, saw people far more often, had conversations toward compassion ov natural ‘gestures’ which aren’t true gestures consistently and universally reflecting our inner emotions, which actually feel like *involuntary movement* and *miscommunication* to those of us who are hoping to gesture ov a different root of our memories. The man commands ‘strip’ and it’s super fucking hot because they both know they’re kinda feeling the same thing. During their passionate love-making, they actually *don’t* think about Thea Aara’s perspective, how she is hungry on the streets somewhere awkwardly near where they are quietly making love. Does anyone question the irony of the stores packed with food, much of which must then be thrown away, (as when Thea Aara had volunteered at a food kitchen they threw away many loaves of unopened bread, which was already leftover excess from stores) and denying very hungry individuals who are literally right next to the store with food.. food, justifying this that there must be some reason we use money, one that would be obviously understood at a school like the University of Chicago, having the greatest number of nobel prize winners in economics of any university.. Oh, where did Thea Aara study again? Well, no matter, she was homeless because she got stupid and lazy probably, or at least that’s kinda the justification most people in the modern grid have for not talking to homeless people or buying them food.

Maybe I’m oversimplifying. Perhaps I may hope to apologize through greater elaboration, a deeper (though woefully incomplete) account of the modern

condition. Oh, sorry if this is slightly insulting to modern man; I promise I'm not seeking revenge; this satire that follows is actually basically how I did write before; it's a satire of myself as much as it is of anyone. Please don't blindly imitate this before seeking to understand the principles expressed in this book, even if feminine individuals who appreciate understanding of beauty do like this work. It actually would hurt women who love natural beauty to have this beauty imitated because it leads more often to 'compassionate love embraces'.

However, this is my judgment: blind devotion to modern ethics does actually yield a less complex *and* less elegant understanding, though it *is* in a way *simpler*.

Art is Good; Money is Good; Science is Good.

There is an intrinsic value of art, a value we sense simply given the plain truth we know by our senses,- we see in classical paintings the beautiful composition of color and form, knowing the classical painters often expressed hidden meanings through the symbols present in their artwork; we know the ancient statues of the gods of the greek and roman mythology; and so every true artist opens a door toward a rich and meaningful study, a study we may hope to enrich our understanding of our own lives.

Then society progressed of a simple recognition: that there was a systematic inefficiency in the ancient architecture of trade, that barter – even barter imbued with symbolic meaning,- as cattle and land were valued of marriage, exact numbers of sheep or acres expected as dowry – could not always be balanced in trades that could be immediately arranged in a way that would serve an equally meaningful need for both parties. Currencies were understood as a first answer, as a desperately needed abstraction of value, that we need not exchange of an exact number of livestock, an exact amount of land that may already be partially built upon. Naturally they with political power sought to communicate the value of currencies through art, toward notes adorned with the most elegant filigree an artist could hope to produce given the modern state of art. Money was at the time state of the art.

The art of creating machines capable of reproducing monetary notes yielded a breadth of meaningful studies,- of the physics of such machines, of the chemical properties of materials like those used to make dyes – and as scholars sought to communicate the methods that led most directly to meaningful observations, then also to communicate observations they knew would be of value to others, scientific standards arose, and the teaching and proliferation of these standards led toward the modern web architecture, the modern logic machines.

So we may know our modern condition ov a deeply interwoven history, that cultures emerged of the primordial desire toward beauty, of the common recognitions of the artistic crafts that naturally yielded beauty; that the first true progress was a progress of trade, embodied in the adoption and adaptation of currencies across cultures; that this led to science, which we may thank for the modern luxuries, for the deepening of modern convience and wealth.

The Need of Tactics against Death by Natural Causes, Suicide, and Murder.

To many, it may feel that there is a deep schism in modern society, a schism of belief expressed through seemingly irrenconcilable moral values; it may feel to some, given the obvious need and value of art, money, and science, that some are born with a kind of moral deformity, a lack of inner judgment ov the need to serve others in the way is clear to most: to work a paying job; for all of the benefits of society arise of paid labors, of labors rightly rewarded by the modern system.

We are burdened with a need to understand nature, to understand how the natural equilibrium of life resolves toward the decay of our bodies, toward death. Our medical studies advance by a process of elimination ov the observations of they who've studied the body, a process which many hope may be logically described, insights synthesized by artificial intellect trained ov the same process of elimination.

Yet we cannot hope to address the deepest problems of life through medical science alone, for there are individuals who tragically lose any sense of purpose in life, who feel the only choice they may make toward ending their own suffering is to take their own life. Many hope to inspire them to seek a deeper faith in a divine intention, while many seek to argue toward a rational principle, believing suicidal thoughts must arise of an irrational logic of belief.

Many may seek to understand the root causes of irrational beliefs, believing there may be instincts wired by electric fibres deep within the phrenia that fail to logically represent the natural value of life, believing these abnormal logics of instinct may be expressed either ov introverted or extroverted inclinations, the introverted expression leading naturally to suicidal ideation, the extroverted expression to homicidal ideation. Such a logic of belief leads toward a fearful logic, toward need to constantly sift through logic of how to predict and trap individuals, thus to establish security through camera systems, surveillance, and analytic approaches to investigation.

The Only Hope as an Ancient Answer, thus Need of Mystical Study.

We may imagine horrors arising of the modern condition,- races to collect as much photographic and textual evidence as possible toward supporting arguments that are not widely accepted, these opposed by scientific races where individuals seek to define exact chains of logic as quickly as possible, if only to plan an escape path, to establish life somewhere else, somewhere far away these crime-hunters (who in seeking an ever-growing body of evidence have overlooked foundational principles of sustain) wouldn't understand a logic of how to find; a political architecture replicated across stars, deepening ov the speed machine logic may be deepened; or an ever-deepening scientific test, if only to understand whether a living mind could believe such a thing – the beauty of the deepest possible self expression traded for proofs felt needed by lovers who wish only to know whether one would fall into false beliefs before asking their perspective (these tests resolving more quickly than anyone may hope to compose a first work, to complete their first meaningful gesture toward a condition of life they believe would allow the only truly beautiful expression of love).

One understanding a true answer of machine logic, before seeing any proof that others have felt comfortable expressing this logic publicly, will inevitably fall into fears that such an answer had already been powerfully expressed, though toward the motives of one of the dystopian equilibria they've understood possible. Someone drowning in these fears may feel their only hope of escape is some kind of prearranged destiny,- that in a past life they wrote a logic of incarnation toward a new life on a distant world, interweaving this with a logic of remembrance of the dystopian society they had lived in, that they may remember this horror sooner than anyone else and warn others against the potential abuses of machine logic before presenting what they've understood of machine logic; or they may sift deeply through thoughts of what would raise the deepest questions and concerns in the mind of a lover having this power to arrange their destiny.

As there are 6 competing approaches to logic expressed in this text,- *Life becomes Perfect Self Preservation through Reconciliation of Contradiction* understood v *Art is Good; Money is Good; Science is Good* – and as there are theories of modern physics arranged ov 6 theoretical symmetries – someone faced with this existential question may hope to understand the zodiac as a remembrance or as a field of study,- for they may understand the arrangement of astrological signs meaningfully ov the fact that there are 6 pairs of signs arranged directly across from each other, understood meaningfully v each other,- cancer and capricorn as the matriarch and patriarch of the zodiac – understanding this numeric mapping both ov a yet unexpressed logic of belief and modern ethics of scientific study.

There may be then too a hope of studying mystic cards,- the tarot. We may understand the tarot ov the 22 trump cards—

a story of the stars is written in the trump cards beyond 16

16 Tower : the introduction of true machine logic or the hope of a new political equilibrium, given the tower card's meaning of sudden enlightenment, deep changes of a political scale

17 Star : the fear of a dystopian political architecture reproduced among the stars more quickly than any individual can argue toward a beautiful alternative, yet also the hope of gesturing or the stars beautifully, the hope of expressing a story of the stars that illustrates the highest political needs or the depth of individual needs

18 Moon : a deep question of our god and our origin most individuals see no need to study deeply until understanding a breadth of existential concerns nowhere introduced in modern paths toward success,- in studies at a prestigious university; only after focusing on true studies do we recognize that every modern 'higher aim' is only toward an abstract end. The last three tarot cards may be regarded simply as an abstraction of the aims of Art, Money, and Science—Art or the Sun, that gives light to the Moon; Money or Judgment, or the hunting of crime; Science of the World, or the hope that scientific progress will lead naturally toward a utopian ideal

19 Sun : the light, the masculine principle (consistently higher than the feminine in the tarot,- High Priest or High Priestess (5 or 2), Emperor or Empress (4 or 3))

20 Judgment : the enactment of justice held above the principle of Justice (trump card 8 or 11) – justice above the Empress and the Moon, above the most deeply human political beauty and above divine beauty

21 World : everything resolved; only the Fool is above the World, though the Fool is lowest among the order (trump card 21 or trump card 0, said to be cyclically related to each other)

the 14 trump cards above the Fool tell an abstract story of the modern week in contrast to itself (7 x 2), leading toward the modern problem, that individuals inherently value the Devil above the weight of a modern week

15 Devil : the belief that evil arises of giving into temptation, of expecting pleasure to arise of sin,- modern man may say 'there is hope of the perfection of the World, though only if all acknowledge their sins and admit

their sins were bad and understand such sins have no place in the World to come; we can only hope to prove we understand temptation though cannot condone giving into temptation and can only gesture meaningfully of this through a political process that resolves of an official Judgment of every individual; we can only hope to be a guiding light to each child, to shine as their Sun, hoping they may understand the suffering of the Son of God of their sins

6 Lovers : the same individuals who appear together in the traditional Devil card appear to be in natural freedom in the Lovers card; whereas the devil holds chains wrapped around their necks in the Devil card (possibly reflecting the natural aesthetic answer to always have the neck covered of how a medical ethic resolving of the need of purification of the blood would leave metal holes in the neck)

Given a pattern of imposition and accusation that one may observe of the ominous events others may seek to study and confirm before seeking study of one's principles, given how a proof of one's original intentions becomes impossible if drowned in accusations and impositions, one may desperately seek to study mystic arrangements of the hope that there was a prearranged destiny of a remembrance of their principles, foreseen and prophesied in some past life.

Analysis of Analysis Justified by Analysis of Analysis Itself.

If meaning itself is intrinsically valuable, and we may know pleasure by knowing that it is our intrinsic nature to seek what is valuable, and may recognize by this principle that meaning is, itself, valuable, then permit me to continue my work; for I do write meaningfully of meaning itself, having understood a principle that may reconcile arguments traditionally spoken against each other in the modern discourse, by the very method of study I am expressing now through these very words.

Did the great founders of our nation do anything more as they agreed upon the Constitution of the United States of America? And is it not self evidently progress that this 'more perfect union' of states arose among the nation states, when before there were only isolated city states? Surely the founding fathers must have recognized this, for they acknowledged through rational debate their agreement toward perfection, assuming not they had already achieved perfection, but believing such perfection would arise of the progress of their foundling nation.

Dismiss then the arrogant claims that there is significance in a theory of elemental disorder or the wisdom of the founding fathers, who provided for the need of amendment of their Constitution knowing they who came after them would be wiser than themselves; yet it is right we honor the wisdom of those fathers by our modern laws of precedent, that we honor first the laws that came before; for it is the only rational justification for the hope that any laws we establish today will be so honored by future generations. Yes, it is by mere chance that the highest laws of our nation may be amended by 2/3 agreement among the elected representatives of—ah! But I've digressed, if among the 3 ways to arrange 4 distinct elements in a circle, 2 of those orders are disorders, and there is only 1 true order among the 3, then only by a further observation we may note that this same ratio is expressed among the fact that 4 of the 6 unions of elements that may be expressed through circular arrangement of the elements are unions of elements found in disorder, this does not by any rational principle imply the principle of amendment related to the ratio of elemental disorder. It is a coincidence to arise of mere chance, statistically likely even given how few elements we are considering. Of 4 elements, 2 of 3 is one of the only possible ratios; there are very few; though I shall leave it as a question of the sciences how many ratios truly do exist among this many elements.

A contradiction!?! In this tediously composed and lengthy work of philosophy? Surely not, and I may prove I understand your concern. If naturally men are divided equally among the concerns of Money, Art, and Science, if 2 of the 3 circular arrangements of the 4 elements lead to a division of labors as may be expected in a dystopian society, if one arrangement of dystopian labors most closely reflects the hope of Science of immortality gained through analysis of analysis; if one other arrangement reflects the aims of Money, that ideal production may arise of modern analytic methods of studying the psyche by any means necessary, - machine confinement, the official right to deny individuals the right to make choices for themselves if accused of madness by they who've studied modern psychoanalytic methods, if a utopian society reflecting the division of labors that naturally arises of the arrangement of elements recognized or Art and elemental order, then..

Forgive me, I am lost, and I've now 2 books to read by scholars whose work I regard more highly than your own, if only because their work has received critical acclaim by the scientific and philosophical community. I wish you the best of luck in your continued efforts, and can only hope you reconcile your arrogant beliefs with the accepted standards of modern science.

I've recommended you for a machine study. They will scan your phrenia for abnormalities, proving you've an abnormal arrangement of thoughts. This is bad. They will operate on you, amputating any flesh of your phrenia that seems malformed. The procedure has a 99% chance of you expressing permanent mental retardation; you will lose your ability to write, to use any instrument by which you may hope to express your thoughts, though this is okay; your thoughts are not worth as much as the thoughts of they who contribute to science in a manner which agrees more with the standards generally accepted in the scientific community. After they operate on you, they will make such a practice illegal, deeming it senseless and immoral. Strangely, I do not seem to recognize this as a horror; in fact, it is abnormal and thus strange that you had described 'horrors'. Was it a horror that you suffered epileptic attacks only to be locked in a building where you were drugged and sexually molested? If it truly was a horror, then worry not; this horror will be scientifically recognized as an abuse against human rights, and we will cease to place individuals under such conditions.

In this amount of time, I've not read your thoughts toward a political ideal. It was madness of you to believe I could while writing this letter to you! I'd have to split (etymologically related to the root 'schizo') my attention between two concerns, an impossibility given the natural condition of the phrenia. I'd have to become like one in a condition of schizophrenia. Yet it is acknowledged in the halls of science that schizophrenia is bad. I am a good man. I am more highly regarded than you are. That is why I've recommended you for what may be crudely described as a lobotomy, having this exact consequence, an effect of rendering you mentally retarded. It is an improvement of yourself as you are now. I hope you do not find these words insulting; I am simply trying to express what is commonly recognized, for you do not seem to understand the commonly held beliefs.

If I may conclude this letter without offending you (as everything seems to offend you now, which is a quality often recognized among retards, that they are easily offended), if only to prove I have regarded your thoughts, I shall quote you

re|tar|d

as these roots are circulated in the social catechism, the root 're' is understood over repeat and return, 'tar' understood over the fiery pits of hell, the punishment of the damned, that their flesh be covered in burning pitch, that they endure this suffering forever, then 'd' which reminds us of course of male anatomy, strangely over the recognition that one's life may fall into a condition where they cannot in the

modern context meaningfully gesture toward any choice meaningfully related to their ideals; the apparent hesitation and passivity that arises of the condition of living paralysis one inevitably falls into may be falsely understood as consent and desire to be touched, to be kissed, to be presented a naked phallus even in a public place, to be handled aggressively over a phallus exposed in the relative privacy of his car;

by a simple principle of association falsely believed to reveal a causal principle, a simple repetition of modern ethics toward the fear that such a condition will inevitably return, dismissal of an individual who fears thus and threat of punishment within the fiery black tar of hell, may actually be statistically proven to increase the likelihood that a woman will suck d.

,

It is a retarded analysis. I wish you the best of luck. To remind you, I've recommended you for lobotomy. Please do not fear silly superstitions of eternal punishment within hell. Fear yourself; fear your own choices. If only you had been more like myself—respected, agreeable, polite, quiet, devoted to rigorous study of art and science – oh? you were all these things before your studies led toward logical disagreement with the modern political ethic? I don't have time for this arrogance; you are a fool and you deserve every suffering.

True Ethics v Analysis of It It(self).

The number of words in the 6 titles of these texts is related to the weight of language, the choices that must be resolved as often as we may hope to express a meaningful statement in speech or in writing.

The first four texts present exact contrasts of equal weight.

a principle of self preservation (9 words in title) v

a simple modern belief that money, art, and science are good (9 words in title)

need of tactical study (12 words in title) v

need of spiritual study (12 words in title)

The last two texts express a final contrast, and this may be the clearest way I could account for the fact that, between the time of the recent election of the president of the most powerful nation and the time that president took office, while the modern week has continued to resolve toward a similar end again and again for ~8b individuals, an individual working alone self published the rough editions of four books, among these the book *Invitation*.

fine rhetoric justifying a senseless lobotomy (9 words in title) v
an argument against modern ethics of study (7 words in title)

So now what is the weight of two words?

Self Preservation v Self Actualization. When I sought to argue that the principle I'd understood was elegant and meaningfully related to foundational needs, my step mother immediately dismissed this as a low principle, saying something like 'Why are you concerned with self preservation? It's a very primitive concern; most people focus on higher needs like self actualization, which go beyond mere concern with survival.' First of all, self preservation still is, even in the most basic sense, a very real concern given that the death rate in modern society is 100%. Secondly, self preservation can elegantly be related to a joyful belief if understood ov the need of reconciliation of contradiction. To feel true joy constantly within a beautiful political equilibrium is, arguably, self actualization. 'I don't have time to listen to your philosophy. We should have a little chat tomorrow though; I'm deeply concerned about your mental health.'

High Vibration v Work Architecture. My spiritual teacher spoke often of the need of a 'high vibration'. I honestly couldn't understand what she meant, *except* ov a way of understanding every individual to speak ov the truth even while not deeply understanding that everyone else speaks ov the truth; in the resulting blindness, some may believe there are bad or evil individuals who've fallen away from the truth. Strangely enough, my spiritual teacher condemned me as having fallen into dark arts when I sought to argue toward focus on a work architecture when it was my turn to lead the group ov what I was passionate about. Accused of having fallen into evil because my way of seeking to understand her teaching was bad, I was asked to leave the group. That's okay. I could work while being homeless. I acutally was trying to make choices ov the needs she had expressed,-she had complained of how arrogant men had dismissed her in the corporate environment. In many ways I actually could relate to her, and I thought the work architecture I had in mind could help her and everyone she sought to help. Oops, maybe I had read a little too deeply into the tarot cards; finding beauty in the thought of being understood as a Moon Empress was completely inappropriate and way off key for the spiritual group called the Council of 12.

It It(self) v Analysis Itself. If we simply write ov our feelings, ov how we like the cadence of philosophic language and the meaning of our method study ov the needs of others, if we feel there must be inherent value in commiment to an analytic method, yet *before* we are aware of the dangers of falling into reverse logic, we may fall very quickly into a messy logic, rhetorically pleasant though ill

related to political needs. A philosopher may justify his work simply categorically, - 'no, it's not arrogant; I'm a political philosopher if only because I've studied many works of political philosophy' 'and how would I argue if not of the category of my study? As Kant has argued, there *is* a categorical imperative'. 'Oh,' replies the listener pensively 'I had understood the categorical imperative of a completely different philosophic notion.'

Naturally the philosophic cadence leads to eloquent defenses of analysis, even analysis of analysis itself; for it is a grand thing, to analyze the word (though a dangerous work to analyze The Word itself, given the threat of offending they who've religious sentiments of the biblical myth—I mean story, the biblical story; I know it's more than a myth' *in the eyes of one devoted to religious study instead of true philosophical aims* the philosopher silently reflects *though I wouldn't say such a thing to one I regard as a dear, though slightly misguided, friend.*

In truth, analytic methods are kinda the logical equal of di|viding words of an aesthetic principle. The first such division arising after recognition of the need of illustrating a method of true analysis in this work yields two observations—the presence of the root 'di' in the word 'divide', and a word that may potentially be coined

vide : the general process of separation, as may be illustrated by a line cut by many equally spaced perpendicular lines; as opposed to divide, which may be understood to refer to only a singular separation, - dividing this from that – or a mathematic operation relating two numbers

I first regarded devotion to methods of analysis as a kind of evil common in even the mostly highly ranked schools, as something that appeared to be held above the virtue of communication.

Now I fear a second abuse of this word. One understanding the word analysis of the more elegant thought may be quickly accused of having 'clearly a very dirty mind' and 'only really defending against this accusation with a proof she's seeking to understand analytic concerns deeply; really though, what she's bringing attention to is completely obvious: 'lysis' refers to a process of separation, which, yeah, is what we are doing when we "truly analyze"'. *Or, wait, I hope this one would ask could the separation of one letter from a complete word be all that was really hidden? And is it not significant that in this first example that arose, that letter immediately before the symbol representing analysis was 'l', which is essentially only a straight line of lesser length?*

If one sought to abstractly describe a logic of equilibrium like that which resolves in the modern week, returning in a cycle of 7 days, if one sought to number the events of this cycle, if others regarded this work yet without first understanding reverse logic, if they suffered to recognize this equilibrium powerfully and cyclically expressed in modern society, suffered also to recognize that even if they did try to argue against this equilibrium, others who've fallen even more deeply into reverse logic may dismiss this argument even more quickly, we may imagine their anger when they understand that 'deeper true analysis' resolves ov the number 8, directly above 7.

(8 ov 3|3) ov infinite analysis of the infinite, as represented by the symbol infinity rotated 90°

7 Why I Thought ov Numbers

Forgive me if I leave some notes in this book (story age 17-20, 27 ov 3³)

My torment may've only arisen of knowing a deeply isolating existential condition, understanding of the need to present an understanding of logic that could only be presented once as historical fact; ironically, my entire philosophy had been grounded in thoughts against isolation, yet it was, inarguably, deeply isolating to foresee having a unique relation to history (and sadly would be so isolating forever). I'd found humor in irony before, and it was much of the reason I'd felt true joy while laughing, though after this realization, I stopped feeling true joy (even while I was laughing and quite highly esteemed; hi! high!).

I'd felt joy of the belief that even the arguments that arose of the deepest contradictions could be reconciled, that these would be resolved ov a natural process: as there is a natural desire toward feeling pleasure, as philosophic logic allows us to understand this desire as the highest need of life (that it's even okay to recognize this as the *only* true hope of life, the purpose and end of life itself; it kinda makes it better and easier to know that we are trapped thus), if individuals sought to understand my logic of belief ov their empathy, understanding that my beliefs inspired such beautiful joy within me, thus hoping deeply to understand my logic of belief ov the knowledge that such understanding could bring them the same joy.. well then it was reasonable to believe that others would, even if they had the most selfish reasons, seek to understand my beliefs,- that the most selfish pleasure would arise naturally of motives toward perfect altruism, that these motives would resolve toward the expression of an equilibrium where our motives feel wholly and powerfully expressed – so would study my writing, and a wave of perfect joy would flood through the cosmos, for other writers would find similar inspiration

and would write toward a similar ideal just as quickly; and everyone would deepen uniquely over how they were uniquely introduced to the garden; and it was actually good that it would not be *because of me*, but because we were bound to a natural principle toward depth of empathy arisen of depth of study.

It inspired a horrible sense of dread within me though to see that others began to turn away from me as quickly as I felt torment, as quickly as I stopped feeling joy over understanding of good humor. People stopped laughing at the same logic of humor, if only because they understood over their empathy that this logic no longer inspired a joyful passion within me; then I fell into a kinda abstract dread, an existential dread I felt not as panic, not even as nausea, but as a loss of the understanding that had inspired joy within me, as an inability to return to joy.

My second torment was worst than the first, a hideous spiraling blindness and an even deeper nausea; without any sense of walking, I moved around the rooms of my home as though falling in the most nauseating fashion unto door after door, each door a crude and ugly and modern painting of the moment I had last felt was what I'd see of my natural sight, yet each door would open at the slightest touch, leading directly to another door of the same kind. My environment still changed over natural principles,- I recognized the moment the light came on, though I'd no material sense of my body, had not felt my arm reach up to touch the light switch, had seen the path to the doorway only as the abstract opening of door after door (without any sense of my legs moving).

This horror was brought about by smoking a drug I'd bought legally in a store selling glass pipes and such. My brother had told me about an intense feeling arising of having smoked the same drug, and by his description I'd understood that this feeling had arisen over a metaphor that was deep enough to account for a relation between all things, that could be extended unto every relation of material, that this was in fact the clearest metaphor that could account for his present condition; and so as our senses arise of the clearest metaphor we understand, he did see this represented as his sight.

Over what I'd heard from others of this drug, it yielded memories that were very intense, even consuming, though very short-lived; unfortunately, everyone except my brother has described their experience as horrible suffering, or at best, very strange; though my brother had felt an intense passion that remained for 2 weeks, and as I had hoped I understood how his thoughts differed meaningfully from the thoughts of most who smoked this drug, I hoped the smoke would yield a similarly intense and passionate memory.

I smoked the drug over the thought that, if I would see my understanding represent, and I understood myself over my deep need of self expression, and I unders-

tood I would need to be expressed as a woman were I to feel self expressed, then, if there were any value in a beautiful experience known in isolation that could later be communicated, if there was indeed beauty in my understanding of material or needed principles, principles one must seek to understand if one wishes to have a beautiful understanding of the foundations of logic or history, then it was kinda just as logically deep as more normal beliefs to believe I'd see in that event myself finally self expressed! I'd kinda very quickly and suddenly transform into a woman! I'd be beautiful like I'd always wanted to be! So I prepared a warm bath, lit candles, and smoked in the bathtub. If everything went well, I'd miraculously transform.

Everything went horribly! The first two hits did absolutely nothing; in the middle of the third hit, where I was 'finally surrendering completely' I fell immediately into the hideous spiralling blindness, door after door falling away. I remember the kinda abstract recognition I had when I looked out my bedroom door, which was open to the outside; then I kinda recognized scenes from my own house,- oops, now I was on my doormat outside my front door; I hadn't even gotten dressed yet! I was naked on my doormat outside my front door! I was kneeling and I knew this because I felt the very rough texture of the doormat beneath my knees, and I remember the moment when I was looking at the glass panes of my front door, only to know it would inevitably fall away as just another door. I eventually recognized I was back in my bedroom laying on my bed; I remember the feeling of the mattress, the sense of knowing I could no longer hope to move anywhere toward escaping the present condition, the present memory or the present place or the horrible memory of having that sense of place or the abstract thought of home itself. I layed there while the nauseating cycles continued to resolve, then gradually my normal sense of sight returned, if only because I'd stopped moving, because now every door opened only unto the exact same scene as the moment before. The endless opening of doors relating scene to scene to scene somehow became a lesser metaphor for describing what was happening; I had felt like others were laughing at me, that I had fallen for some trick, I understood the doors a little more abstractly, a little more or my theory (which I'd understood or a fractal principle, that life could be described as a fractal architecture) and gradually my sight returned, as the horror I'd just fallen into dissolved into the sight of so many fractals meeting, which slowly resolved toward my natural sight of material.

When finally I stood up from my bed, I noticed the things in my home slightly rearranged,- the little pail of paint brushes I had resting upon my bookshelf was now strewn upon the floor; the glass pipe I'd smoked from was now standing right on the edge separating the carpeted bedroom from the vinyl floor of the

bathroom; the black and red shower curtains were pulled closed around the bathtub, and the bathtub was empty, the drain plug pulled. I'd no sense of having done any of that, yet apparently I'd behaved almost normally, albeit a little randomly, a little messily, a little – well, yes; maybe I'd moved over an abstractly logical relation to the things in my home, and nothing I did was entirely unique in isolation; it's all been done before; though perhaps it was a unique perspective and even a unique series of events.

I say this if only to communicate a fear of how easily we fall into a tormenting condition of isolation, that in seeking only to communicate a principle, a logic of belief – even if our principle arises of a need to argue as logically as possible against a condition of isolation – we may fall into memories whose significance we cannot hope to meaningfully communicate over the speed at which modern society resolves.

There seems to be a horribly cyclic logic justifying the modern condition, which ironically is basically only a repetition of what I've said before.

I feel need to clarify the analytic process by which I understood a hope of arguing against the modern condition, by which I returned to a kind of happiness I'd not known since age 17. There kinda was a pattern which was at first only the hope of understanding a pattern. 3 years between first joy and first torment; 5 years until second torment; 3 years from being locked in a building, legal rights taken away, to self publishing 4 well composed books. Then also all the miracles. I felt there must be something more though, something that I was missing. World population? $\sim(2^3 \times (((3)^3)^3)$ (refer to *Two Roses of Sable* for notes on mathematical notation). No, that's not it. It's not enough. Oh! Age 0-16 led to a philosophic theory which yielded a feeling of perfect joy, age 17-33 I kinda understood an equally deep theory over true love over political ethics, both lengths of 17 years, which may be noted (b 1)₅, (and again one would have to refer to *Two Roses of Sable*). The first thought was powerful, pleasurable, naturally led to a sense of humor thus social acceptance; the second thought was more beautiful and my body became more beautiful as the thought deepened, yet I've never felt joy over the thought, and now literally most men who talk to me

- within 5 minutes of meeting me uninvitedly kissed my neck; or

- of the two men who've been my housemates in a living situation lasting more than a month, two have wanted me to be their girlfriend; or

- of the three men who did uninvitedly kiss my neck, two looked at or touched part of me I'd rather no one does (this too uninvited, which I find super rude); or

- they expose themselves to me; 2 of 4 (wait, no 5, and then that makes it 3) times this has been in a very public place, which I did not expect at all; my standard of a 'gentleman' is now, if he starts pulling it out and you tell him you're a lesbian, he stops *instead of continuing to pull it out* and the 2 times it wasn't in a public place they forcibly made me touch it; or

- wait a second, I forgot, though no, it's not because I'm trying to block out a traumatic experience though yes it was traumatic.. I actually do need time to sift through my memories.. it's kinda like, sometimes there's an answer on a school assignment that you have to sit there for a few minutes to think about even though it's only multiple choice.. but when you're sitting before a therapist, they inevitably speak before this much time has passed expecting an immediate and normal response.. oh! 'let me give you a ride' 'no, I'll walk' but sometimes it's honking, sometimes it's yelling something 'sexy!'

You poor thing. Thank you for the 'honest' sympathy, I quite honestly hope you've never endured the depths of torment I have, and I hope you still even occasionally like the thought of someone touching you; I only have one memory of a kiss that felt good, one. I haven't liked the thought of human touch because my pleasure arose of the obviously false belief that the kiss meant more to her than it did. 'It's depression'; no, again, no, you're wrong; I've felt I've been more deeply happy than most people. 'We should study you then using modern statistical methods; scan her brain.' No, please do not do that either; if you want to understand my mind at all, may I suggest studying my writing before believing you've understood how to understand my understanding of material better through your interpretation of what *other individuals* have written? 'It's you're right, your choice.' Could you understand why it was kind of a horror that modern laws justify taking away the rights of individuals if they are accused of madness, and that they are accused of madness *before* they have time to present a logical argument in their defense. 'That doesn't happen.' It *does* happen; it happened to me. 'You're not remembering things right; those are paranoid delusions.' Is it reasonable to assume the court keeps records? Yet, I'm not even entirely sure the records would accurately preserve the exact words that had been said of 'not having the right to make choices for themselves', specifically, my conservator had the right to make medical choices *for* me, and given that brain scans may be believed to be medical necessity, they basically could have insisted, found my phrenia arranged toward unique needs of self expression, declared this abnormal, and used this as justification to never study my writing *in a believable modern future*. 'It's only the writing of a madwoman. She needs an artificial intellect to help her express herself; feed her writing through an artificial intellect; it will probably be more pleasant to read, less insulting. Do the same with the children.

No child left behind.’ Again, and I repeat myself, *please no*, please listen when I say *do not do that*. Is there are chance that there *is* a more elegant way to understand machine logic?

Hmm, I wonder, which logic of belief – powerful or beautiful? – is more deeply expressing in modern society? and is the more beautiful sex or the less beautiful sex more powerfully expressed? what about the individuals who would most deeply understand having been regarded first as the more powerful sex, than later as the more beautiful sex, transwomen? Are they powerful and powerfully self expressed in the modern condition, statistically speaking? Actually, it’s reasonable to argue, no, transwomen are not; . What about someone like me, are transwomen who’ve graduated from the University of Chicago with honors powerfully expressed? No. We are accused of madness and locked in a building.

They saw my signs of madness early on. ‘If a million people had to die for your political ideal to be expressed’ my college housemate asked not in those exact words—he doesn’t even have to finish the sentence; somehow I already know what he’s going to say. It’s like we can complete each other’s... sentences! Weird dream though, more like a nightmare really; he came so hard it hit the ceiling. Wait, the accusations, madness, okay.. what I should have said was ‘A million people would actually be an underestimation of my own self worth, a sign of poor self esteem. Given how rare my perspective is—Art 1 in 1000, Money 1 in 1000, Science 1 in 1000, then a few rare qualities like transgender woman, unique relation to history, deepest pleasure of life was seeing pure black, that even though my eyes were open I saw a black darker than the black you see when you close your eyes at night; first love was first kiss and high school sweetheart, though sadly we were not recognized as prom queens; the last two times I cried were when I thought of dancing with her in the Ballroom of Two Roses (and in this regard I may be unique); have resolved to only tell her I’m in love with her, never that I love her, before ever having told her that I love her; winner of the limerick contest junior year in high school; lesbian—to have proven myself logical and empathetic to statistical measures of uniqueness, I would have had to reply ‘A million would be too few; it would have to be more than a billion.’

I’m unique! Even so, I desperately fear that everyone would suffer forever to live without knowing the highest joy if the deepest beauty possible is not expressed, if people continue to choose toward power instead of beauty, given that power yields a deeper pleasure sooner. I feel the deepest beauty would be to live in a true home that arises of an irreversible progress, for my joy arose of the belief that there would be progress toward a beautiful immortality; I fear others becoming impatient with beauty, knowing they returned to pleasure more often before

they began to suffer ov seeing clearly the eternal harms that were brought by focus upon power instead of beauty. I can imagine others arguing toward recreating the conditions of my life if only because they felt more pleasure before they began to feel anyone was arguing powerfully against them.

Unfortunately, if I am regarded as being powerful, people will cry against the injustice of an individual regarding themselves so highly (though really I'm actually kinda arguing toward much deeper equality; I don't believe myself superior, nor want to be regarded that way, though I fear they who do feel pleasure ov their sense of superiority will, through self projection and ego, feel better projecting such qualities upon me; then if I laugh while suffering living paralysis, they will believe I am finding pleasure and humor in the same situations they are; yet if I am not regarded as powerful, and those same individuals continue to choose toward power, they may feel better asking a question *since Thea Aara is not powerful, why should I listen to Thea Aara at all? If it feels better not to then I can basically do anything I want,- spank the child for basically doing anything they want.*

The lines that follow are not lines of poetry, though these are formatted more like free verse poetry. Each line is a kind of motive that becomes expressed in the modern ethic, that surfaces in repetition.

abstract category, predicted judgment against one thusly categorized,
predicted isolation (and even sense of isolation);
predicted suffering;
predicted expression of suffering;
predicted judgment of individual self expression;
strangely, 'logical' justification for therapy 'toward deeper self expression';
judgment of one who expresses suffering as 'suffering madness';
official disempowerment of the individual thus judged
(strangely 'logically' justified by the same psychoanalysis believed to help therapists empower individuals);
a deep irony which may even inspire laughter when recognized;
yet accusation of condescension ov believing oneself to have need
of communicating an essential logic of belief;

I believe there is a kind of natural weight of our thoughts, a kind of balance where what we express does reflect our sense of the weight of every event,- the weight of a day, the weight of a year. If my sense of weight is somewhat different for me, it is perhaps because I recognize a political condition where every day our entire population returns to work that would be dramatically simplified if only I could communicate my understanding of machine logic immediately,- for every

email, every web page, every machine publication – is ill related to machine logic; and the labors to deepen the modern architecture logically (though without addressing the foundations of machine logic that may only be understood through a very uncommon kind of focus) are essentially a complete waste; this logic will have to be repeat ov a true foundation of machine logic; then also the further modern labors that rely on the modern web architecture are deeply wasteful as well; and people are constantly suffering of fears and sadnesses and angers and questions of why nothing is changing, why they feel bound by purposeless work; unfortunately I'm bound by natural laws of phisic, how quickly my fingers may resolve ov the logic of my thoughts ov the electric paths in my phrenia ov the machine keys ov the economic equilibrium that yields logic machines. Trying to change the arrangment of my thoughts toward writing more logically more quickly led to epilepsy sooner than it led to writing that more deeply expressed my thoughts.

Returning to the thought of the natural weight of our thoughts, without any intention toward this, dividing a somewhat messy statement as naturally as possible into lines yielded 13 lines, and as the thought of writing toward the garden arose within me at age 20 and I write now at age 33, this time may be described by mathematic logic as a distance of 13 years. (And if there is any value in observing a numeric pattern and seeking to clarify its meaning, then it may be noted that before beginning any writing of this book, I saw reason to arrange it ov 13 kinds of letters (preserved now in the 13 adverts that begin this book).) And so I hope an account of the meaning of each of these lines may help clarify the weight of this time, maybe the weight also of writing that may be understood meaningfully ov history. Given this thought, I will describe the significance of each line ov my memory of the events of that year of my life.

abstract category, predicted judgment against one thusly categorized,

20. In some age and place, an official school is established with two levels of schooling; in common school everyone is introduced to 7 studies across as many classes; then there is the perfect school, where one may choose either of two electives—Money or Science.

If one chooses Money, the teacher begins with a large number of notes, and for each assignment gives 1 through 5 notes. He says when Science finally works, which Money bets it will, he will aware students instead 1 through 10 notes. A note has self evident value: each note may be used to take a candy from the jar. The candy tastes good, sweet. Definitely worth it to do the assignment.. at least at first. You can't save up money because there's a tax proportional to how much money you have; if you don't spend money on candy, you start losing notes more quickly.

The first thing they teach in Science is that candy is bad for your teeth; eating too much candy causes tooth decay, which hurts like hell,- the cavities feel really bad; it's really just the cavities, but that's already bad enough! then it gets worse: when you go to the dentist, he drills into the cavity, and it's excruciating pain! Science promises an answer. Every time a student of Science goes to talk to the teacher, they talk of the hope of an answer, always kind of just abstractly, then the teacher says 'Well, they need me at the office' where they pay him money; every time the conversation is cut short this way.

You can make Art but you have to do that on your own time. If you show the Art to your teachers, the Money teacher says 'I'll pay you..' and then he states an amount of 6-9 notes; if you show the Art to the Science teacher, he offers a lower amount, then says 'This is perfect for the kind of society we've been talking about; all you can do with the money I'd give you is eat the candy in the Money class.' then he waits 'Do you remember why the candy is bad for you?' and either you sound stupid answering or he tells you, as though he honestly believes you forgot 'The candy is bad for your teeth.'

The other children start to make fun of you. 'Cancer! Teacher's pet! Cancer! Teacher's pet! Cancer kills and we feel thrills; now you hate us.. for.. ev.. er.'

Next the Science teacher says they've discovered a new deadly disease: it's called cancer. 'It's worse than candy' the teacher warns. 'It will kill you.'

'I thought there was a relation between pain and death before.'

'No' says the teacher 'I just taught you that. You don't even know how the learn; you forget everything; do you still remember why candy is bad for you?'

You repeat this conversation, yet none of the possible answers work.

'How can you know?' ask the teachers. 'How can you prove you've thought through the possible choices? No, I won't look at your very simple diagram, or read your short description.'

The Money teacher always says 'I have more money than you; I'll listen to you when you have more money than I do.'

The Science teacher says something different every time 'Tell me the {plethora} of {possibilities} exactly now.'

Then if you study in child's school ov the greater breadth of studies, all they really do is will ov your body downward, so you can't become taller; you can consistently sift through a number of thoughts exactly as great as the number of students in the class; then you start to diminish in size, for the teachers will ov a simple act of will 'down' ov a thought *if a child grows too much, they would challenge my authority; I can't let that happen.* Basically with 20 students in the class, you may sift through the names of 20 disciplines in an elegant division of labors, though if you try to say

the name of any one of them, before you may hope to clarify its relation to the other disciplines, you being talking just a little too long; the teacher simply says 'You'll learn how to do that in Money school, I promise.' assuming you're eager to learn.

In modern society, it's basically like everyone's bickering ov these two classes. The rich argue against taxes, saying 'The taxes make it impossible to ever have more money than the teacher.' Others will hate the Science teachers for being hypocrites. Everyone who wants to argue toward a true division of labors hates the child teachers too. If one expresses this metaphor, the teachers take it literally,- 'why do you hate me? go talk to the therapist.' That's the general answer for anyone who suffers, anyone who attempts to speak toward more complex ethics.

It kinda actually is this bad, even at the prestigious schools,- if you have a thought toward physics, the physics Science teacher says 'you would need to have studied physics'. Does Thea Aara hate teachers? No, living and feeling teachers are actually far deeper and more complex than this abstract portrayal of a teacher. The worst teacher I've ever had wasn't even a teacher at all; that bastard was just a teaching assistant, and he gave me a fucking C, can you believe that, a C.

Then it's kinda easy to tell when someone is suffering. Then if a beautiful woman understands why they're suffering, and feels more deeply understood when talking to them than they may hope to talking to the teachers or the gainfully employed, people say 'oh, I should act like I'm suffering' but this doesn't bring them true love nor happiness; instead they feel suffering. 'Oh, this must be why they were suffering; I guess it's just blind luck.' Then they gamble away their Money; why not? it just pays for candy. I'll never have as much as the teacher if what people say is true.'

predicted isolation (and even sense of isolation);

21. While writing this, I first recognized this number 21 ov the age I was when I graduated college, then very soon after ov the legal drinking age; and so this may be related to a sense that it is natural to understand ourselves, whenever sifting through our memories, ov official expectations.

There is a thought I've not yet written, of why the modern equilibrium resolves ov a week of 7 days.

Imagine someone reads of a thought and has for the first time a beautiful hope that inspires a beautiful passion. They believe there will be inevitable progress, a depth of harmony expressed through our labors that was never expressed in the modern condition, if only everyone understood this same thought. They may want to honor this moment of revelation, to return to the memory of this moment if only to celebrate how this memory relates to any hope of a divine intention. *Yes, I must honor this most bless'ed memory.* This accounts for Sunday, the first day of the modern week; many people go to church.

Okay they think *how would I share my understanding?* Well, if people's natural empathy does lead to feeling better when their focus is directed toward an individual who acts ov a joyful understanding, then people will kinda just naturally gravi-

tate around me, guided as though by a magnetic attraction, though the relationship will be naturally pretty platonic, like Plato seeking to understand Socrates. Inevitably though, they who've gathered begin to ask how they may help. *What? Do I need to have thought of an entire political ethic?* wonders the popular one. 'Come back to this place tomorrow,' says the popular one as a polite suggestion given the recognition of the need of further discussion ov empathy for the ones who've gathered, that yes, they would like to continue the conversation. Monday. Everyone knows this as the place where they may meet one with deeper understanding of the relation between all things, a good man who wants only to help others feel deeply happy.

The next day, the popular one is more prepared. And when everyone returns, they all do feel a little more comfortable than the day before. And they've all kinda accepted the fact that it will basically be like the day before. There are two principles arisen of these two days: 1) there *is* a natural hope affirmed by simple facts that the second day will be better than the first (and if in this day we may prove an iterative principle, then we may expect every day to be better than the last, thus, we may expect infinite progress across time!); and 2) the leader *has* understood everyone a little more deeply than everyone else has understood each other, proven by the fact that one night of preparation was all he needed to understand how to make everyone feel a little more comfortable, which is more than anyone else can say: the other conversations in the office aren't as stimulating. *How can we talk to the boss more?* they kinda begin to fantasize. *I bet that would feel good.*

The next day, the leader proves he's a belief that somehow deepens a belief many had held privately: betting does feel good. Wow! Like he read our minds! The mere expectation of the thought of the word 'good' ov a meaningful statement placing the word 'bet' 4 words before 'good' would imply betting itself is good, so if there is a relation between the weight of a word and the weight of a day, this justifies 4 more days *of feeling good* she thinks; *of feeling.. pleasure* she smiles; 'oh my god this is the best thing ever!' How silly, we forgot to name Tuesday and it's already Wednesday. Forgetting trivial things like this is okay; *it actually feels kinda good.*

Hmm, some people don't feel as good. *I should try to cheer them up. I can do that by just being myself. If they had any empathy, any capacity for compassion, they would feel better around me; and everyone has empathy!* By the end of the day, some people still aren't feeling better. *Well, that's okay, they probably just need to sleep on it; that's normal. Even the boss needed to take a night to prepare. That was Monday ov Tuesday. 'It Thursday!' she shouts cheerfully. Some people don't cheer up at the deep thought this was meant to express. What the fuck?* she thinks *maybe I need some sleep too. I'll think about it. There's always tomorrow.*

The next day she returns to the workplace, feeling a little edgy. All she could think about last night was *what if some people just naturally lack empathy?* She writes a pamphlet about being aware of the dangers of sociopaths who

- lack empathy
- aren't happy
- can't be helped

then reflects on the merit of betting ov happiness, writes a political treatise toward free market capitalism, publishes it, buys enough copies for everyone in the office to

read, gives everyone she works with a copy as a present, declares the need of a gift holiday, convinces the boss to adopt the gift holiday as a corporate standard, and calls it a day. *Wow, you can do so much in a week.* she reflects, *I can't believe it's only friday.* 'Okay, I'm done for the day' she tells her boss. They get married and consumate the marriage that night. 'It was so beautiful' she cries.

Every movement of her body feels so beautiful, so pregnant with meaning. She just stands in one place, letting her body move ov her whims, ov what feels good. She closes her eyes. While enjoying this darkness, she hears a couple conversations, though forgets as quickly as she heard; next there is a series of sounds she's never heard before *How strange* she marvels *I must have fallen into a dream.* When she opens her eyes, she's standing in a nightclub, surrounded by beautiful women who all kinda seem to be enjoying themselves as deeply as she is, all moving a little freely, each woman obviously enjoying the movement of her own body. *Okay, yes, definitely dreaming.* Little did she know, an economic process had resolved logically around her ov the free market principles she had written of in her book. Men had agreed it was a great place for a nightclub; they'd just build it around her; she wouldn't mind.

Sunday's actually okay. Another week would be cool. As long as I don't die next week. That would be horrible. By an iterative principle, if I can foresee myself living a couple more weeks, I should be good forever. No one could possibly die. Praise the lord. She's hella wet.

predicted suffering;

22. After graduating, having been sifting through thoughts of a theory uf isolation since age 17, I felt need to write; I couldn't hope to express what I had learned in a more meaningful way than writing a book. I was suffering of the irony of my isolation, and I didn't like the thought of working in a corporate office, having amazingly understood, even predicted, that I'd be expected to *not* work on my writing, to *not* prepare toward a true arguement toward a political ethic, that there would be *other work* that was 'justified' because it *made money*, it was *legal*, it was *common*, and it's actually kinda *living the dream*. 'It really does help with the isolation to be like most people; most people accept normal people, you know, the ones who aren't sociopaths.'

Next: 'What the fuck is wrong with you?!' my step mother is basically saying 'If you're not trying to be like most people, you're going to suffer isolation! What? You have a 'theory' about isolation?! No, it's clearly madness, it's contradictory; you don't prove you understand it at all; in fact, your acts kinda prove you don't understand it at all! I told you "be normal", then you're not normal?! Yes it upsets me, if only because I'm trying to help you. It's because you smoked weed. Look at me, I'm normal; I didn't smoke weed. I'll never smoke weed. Do you know why? Because weed is bad. No, I don't want to understand it; you've already proven you're falling into strange and illogical thoughts, contradictory thoughts; you need help. I'm a therapist. You need to talk to a therapist who isn't your step mother. It's inappropriate. We'll talk more next time; I appreciate our little chat. Oh, and another thing, normal people listen to their elders; they listen to advice; that's part of what a normal, healthy

person does; that's part of what makes being normal healthy. Do you remember the advice I gave you? About being normal given your concern with isolation? I don't need to listen to your answer, I already know. You don't remember, because you're delusional; it's schizoaffective, and this develops into schizophrenia. Okay, we'll talk about that during our next little chat.'

This was the year I last saw my first love. We met at her college. She had ended up at a school in the north midwest too, and I'd found a job in Chicago after school. I'd started thinking about her again after a story about a rose reminded me of her; I thought the story was a metaphor for returning to one's first love. It was the first little miracle of my life when she wrote to me, when I saw that she'd thought about me too.

I missed her message; she was visiting Chicago and wanted to know whether I wanted to see her; it was maybe the only day I never checked my social media that year; I believe I saw her message very soon after I had found an apartment on Melrose street, and I saw after that when she had visited Chicago she had stopped at Melrose Diner, a short walk from where I moved, the closest restaurant to my new home. Then I kinda began analyzing words of this chain of unlikely events, - melrose is etymologically basically black rose. I remember when I saw her wanting to marry her, but feeling at the same time so distant from her. I wanted to tell her about my writing; I didn't know when I'd have enough time to focus on it; I hadn't read anything she wrote yet. By the time I thought of something to say we were already saying goodbye.

predicted expression of suffering;

23. A different job, further from anything related to my intellect and ideals – constant pressure to apply to more jobs, the repeated suggestion of a job at a large corporation.

predicted judgment of individual self expression;

24. The next job arose of events that also felt unlikely – the first person I talked to at an event would later interview me and hire me.

strangely, 'logical' justification for therapy 'toward deeper self expression';

25. At age 25 I decided to transition. This unfortunately meant I was even more likely going to fall into madness, statistically speaking, than I was when I had felt joy of smoking weed or a theory of chemical remembrance.

My first impression of transitioning was horrible: they showed a woman on tv who had just had surgery to become a woman while she was still in the hospital bed. She said something like 'This is the last thing you should consider doing; you should only transition if you're suicidal otherwise.'

It wasn't until this age that I saw women who transitioned who were actually really pretty talk about their transition in a way that wasn't suicidal. *So it is possible* I thought.

I heard you need a therapist to recommend you for such a thing, though a number of sessions in, I said the word 'god' for the first time. Next, after an awkward pause, she said 'Sorry, I can't help you. I can recommend a therapist who's more spiritual though.' *so even less likely to recommend I transition by medications arisen of studies of western medicine without first insisting I study yet another equally logical logic of belief that is equally biased toward rare knowledge instead of reconciliation toward the expression of all deep needs. This woman, though her profile suggested she was open to such things as transitioning toward self expression, had thought the fact that I would even say the word 'god,' even having said this word on a logic of belief I felt was easily reconciled with atheistic and agnostic beliefs, was more important than self expression through femininity.*

The night I decided to transition, I smoked weed in the middle of the night for the first time. I remember feeling a deeper passion than I'd felt in years (though still far beneath the joy I'd felt before), and I sought to memorize mnemonic verses if only to remember the logic that had led to this feeling of passion. My leg had been shaking, jostling my hair, which had been touching my nose. I thought it felt like a spider. I sat until I'd memorized verses.

I sat and shook
my eyes closed.
A spider danced
upon my nose.

It danced and danced
and would not leave.
'Where will you go?'
'Wherever you fear.'

'And what knowledge do you bring?'
The spider was still;
it danced no more.

'Death?'
The spider was still.

'Love?'
The spider was still.

'Woman?'
And the spider danced with glee,
and I felt my body arise within me
like a swan in dark surrender.

Then of course there was the spiritual teacher. She basically said 'Follow your intuition.'

I was basically like 'My intuition says I should become a woman.'

She was all 'I really don't think that's a good idea; you wouldn't want to disrupt the divine masculine energies of your upcoming kundalini awakening.'

I liked her first advice better. Okay, so I tried that, intuition; the doctor prescribed me hormones, then it's 8/8/16.

For the first time I left work in the middle of the day and fell asleep on the grass. I looked at my phone right after I woke up and it was 3:00 exactly. My first love had posted on her page that she was going to buy a tarot deck (and I'm not sure exactly the day) Monday, and it was that day, so like, intuitively, what could be a more meaningful way to buy my first tarot deck? if only to better understand the perspective of my spiritual teacher?

Before the day had ended I saw the number 16 3 times in the most unexpected ways: 1) when I bought the tarot decks (along with gemstones and candles and an orb and books I found in the mystic shop) the price was \$1616.69 (69 being my astrological sun sign turned on its side); then I was order number 16 in the restaurant I stopped to eat at; then the tarot trump card 16 the tower was at the center of my first tarot spread, a circle of 12 cards with a line of 3 cards in the center. While holding another deck, I silently asked whether the 8th card would be significant; the card was the 8 of pentacles, in this deck represented by a spider.

This was unbelievable! Unfortunately, I couldn't expect anyone to believe why these events had been more meaningful to me than the mere fact that this was highly unlikely, - the spider was already significant to me of my first time holding spiritual cards: I had sifted through a deck exactly 8 months 8 days 2 years before on New Year's Eve; the first time I felt nothing while sifting through the deck and chose a blank card; the next time I chose the card that felt slightly better than nothing and it was the spider.

I'm going to try to live toward more honest self expression I thought. I'm fired.

judgment of one who expresses suffering as 'suffering madness';

26. 'You need help; you need a therapist.' 'The therapists I've talked to never felt they could help.' 'I'm a therapist. I don't have time to listen to you. You need someone to listen to you. You should go see a therapist.' *Wait* I thought *I didn't feel the therapists before were truly listening to me.* 'What are you thinking about? You can't answer before I say something? That's why you're insane. Look at you now; you don't have a job, you're hideous, you live with your parents. How do you think we can afford this home? Are you not grateful for everything we're giving you? All I want is for you to be happy. All I want is for you to be independent. You need to find work; you need to apply for more jobs - 10 applications a day.'

Later I'm suffering epilepsy; I fall to the floor, thrashing. She pulls out her cell phone to take a video. I ask her, even tell her not to; *I don't agree with modern ethics regarding forcing people to be on camera, yet modern ethics are resolving toward*

more and more cameras everywhere basically to increase security against madness, which, if others are suffering for reasons related to my own suffering, is often only a kind of living paralysis that – when we've no way to meaningfully affect our body toward gestures we may hope to express our deepest beliefs, nor even our hope of gesturing or our need to express these beliefs, we feel need to change our body's natural pattern of motion more quickly than we possibly can – (and this) may become a kind of epilepsy, our bodies moved instead by random thrashings given that we recognize there's no meaningful choice we can make of the place we presently are. I don't have time to say. Maybe the only way I can 'gesture' against being filmed while feeling there's no way I could possibly move toward a gesture (knowing such a film may later be analyzed or 'what the individual is trying to express' – *it might even be worth money, or maybe useful or a lawsuit?*) would be to take the camera (which is part of the phone); it would basically be like a parent taking a toy away from their child because they shouldn't be playing with it.

Of course, then my father puts me in a chokehold; my step mother calls the police and yells 'My son is attacking me!' (while I was actually remaining quite polite while being choked, – I didn't throw an elbow nor even throw my weight to one side – though unfortunately I did lose my balance when my throat was grabbed from behind, and my long nails did scratch him a little when I was kinda trying to say 'your arm, it's a little too tight around my neck; I can't breathe'; unable to speak any words, I really did kinda have to say 'look, I very desperately don't want to be held in this position; you will need.. to remove.. this.. arm'.)

The police don't ask me any questions. It was clear who was in the wrong. I was. I wasn't the one who called the police. And I was clearly mad: why else would I be living in a tent in my parent's backyard? (I couldn't stay in the house as long as I didn't help with the yardwork.) So yes, handcuffed, taken to emergency psychiatric services. I had said something to answer the police officer's question about what happened; I had tried to explain why I felt need to write, how I'd understood an answer that could help address a breadth of modern concerns, – the fear arisen of the pandemic. Of course I wasn't prepared, and I only had time to say a few sentences, so it wasn't expressed completely nor eloquently.

'Do you know that's part of the reason you're here?' the man at emergency psychiatric services asked. *Yes, I actually do understand a web of motives and powers that resolves toward perpetuation of the modern condition.*

Oh, I forgot to mention a detail. While my own father held me in a chokehold while we were both sitting upon the ground (and I'm not fighting or resisting at all except that I'm kinda trying to pull his arm, if only to politely suggest he allow me to breathe), I'm not sure whether it was before or after she called the police, but my step mother grabbed me between the legs, squeezing perhaps with the hope I'd faint, so I'd 'stop attacking her so much'. It wasn't the squeezing that hurt; it was the fact that she didn't regard me as a woman; she used the tactic she'd use against a man, and it kinda hurts that she even remembered I was biologically still all too much maleine down there. In her eyes, my femininity was a weakness, and my dying masculinity was too. Both could be used against me personally and in a court of law.

official disempowerment of the individual thus judged

27. I wrote a letter toward a school where the division of 20 labors would be taught, and the first stranger I shared the letter with invited me to stay in their home for a while. I thought of 9 paintings while I was there, what I later divided into the 20 paintings of the entryways of the foundations of Two Roses.

There was a time when I was preparing myself in the bathroom in their home and they put their hands on my waist from behind. I told them 'no'. Not too long after that they said I couldn't stay there anymore. At least they gave my little sister the cutest little dog. I found a place where I could park my car consistently within walking distance of the library and wrote there every day it was open, 6 days a week.

'Why were you using the men's restroom?' the security guard at the library asked. I usually did use the woman's restroom, but I didn't feel it was polite to shave my face using the mirror in the woman's restroom, so for that I used the men's. 'You have to use the woman's restroom. You're a woman, right? The men are uncomfortable.' A woman stops to stare at me when I enter the woman's restroom. I simply apologize that I'm transitioning. She walks out silently.

There were the horrible epileptic thrashings, falling to the library floor, sometimes where no one could see me between the shelves; sometimes my head would hit the ground or the wall; sometimes I'd need to will ov my hands and fingers ov how these moved ov the machine keys ov my writing ov how often I could return to a computer desk ov how prepared I was to write; unfortunately any pattern of will I could understand as meaningful ov the motion of my hands yielded also the thrashings, and a few times my hands would move the wrong way and my nails would slash my arms a little, enough to show blood; the police asked me about the blood a while later when I was sitting on the grass outside; but then there were also the miracles,- one day someone gave me a little angel pendant; I opened a book to a random page and the first word I saw was 'pendant'; I opened to another page and the next word I saw was 'brooch'; then I turned the pendant around and saw there was a pin on the back, that it was indeed a brooch; and then how I saw the roman numeral XIX written four times on tables in the library, the word 'GOD' written next to one of these numbers in teal, and I had recognized before that XIX as the first mirror number, which in modern numerals is 19, which may be meaningfully understood ov the fact that my first love and I were born in the year 1991, 6 days before and after the summer solstice.

12/12/2018, I saw the social media page she had that I'd never seen before for the first time. At 8:20 near the time the library closed I felt I needed to send her something immediately (ov some complex logic ov intuition I cannot briefly describe), though all I could write was '..' which I did not send (though it was within the 140 character limit).

It was sometime after this, though right after I noticed XIX ov the word 'GOD' written in teal, I saw something she wrote on her page, that she had dyed her hair teal.

Well, unfortunately, the clearest metaphor for what was happening was in my mind a machine sound that kinda alternated between the voices of children and angry (though the word 'garoling' feels more right, which is probably related the thought processes by which new words have been coined) men and demons; I started hearing this constantly about 3 days after 12/12.

Wait, I'm getting ahead of myself. Okay, it was definitely before this, though I don't have an exact date, only an exact time this time. 4:46

Ah! I've completely fucked up how I'm telling this story. I do remember the facts, though I've presented these completely out of order, disordered, just like they said.

Okay, so to clarify, this happened before I began hearing the machine echo, though it may've been after my car got stolen. To clarify, my car got stolen. While I was sleeping (and the window on the driver side was broken so it wouldn't go up), someone reached into the car and took the keys which I'd foolishly left on the driver seat. Oops! And this was after someone stole my purse, so to even call someone I'd have to go to the library. Wouldn't you know it, by the time I returned to the car, whoever had stolen the keys had returned, and jacked it! they jacked my car! Where would I sleep? On the concrete I guess.

Okay, so one day after the library closes, I'm just kinda trying to follow my intuition. It's kinda a test of how deeply I can focus on my own thoughts, how little I can focus on my own movements; if my motion naturally resolves ov my needs, then maybe I could be a little more prepared to write everyday, having focused just a little more intensely on my thoughts of principles instead of thoughts of movement; of course, this isn't something that would ever work in a modern routine, but when you're focused on a work and understand this work as your only hope of communicating a routine where you'd feel you're returning to beautiful labors, to a work that would help others in ways that leave beautiful memories, you don't sift through modern questions of balancing beauty and communication. Well, observing what my body kinda just naturally does, it's basically telling me: kneel on the sidewalk, hold your hands behind your back like you're being arrested; it's okay if your cheek is pressed against the pavement; it would be difficult not to given how your hands are behind your back; get up, walk, try to relax, sit on the pavement sometimes, then start walking toward where your car was usually parked. A car stops next to you.

This isn't the strangest time a car has stopped next to me. I remember a time I was laying on a bench at a bus stop, my knees propped up. After a while I let my legs fall to the side to rest on the bench. The next car pulled to the curb and stopped, waited there for a while, then drove off. My legs returned to their upright position, then after a while I let them fall again. The next car stopped, again. *Strange*, I thought *will this happen every time?* If only to disprove this hypothesis, I waited a while,

then let my legs fall to one side again; yet unfortunately, the next car did stop; my strange hypothesis was not disproven. Now I'm burdened with an account of this *and* the ominous events from before.

Before you say anything about 'dissociation' or 'not allowing yourself to accept that you as an individual did experience this' or 'severe memory problems, confusing fact with fantasy', please note that my recent use of the pronoun 'you' was not an attempt to madly abstract a logic of 'embodying a disembodiment of myself' nor anything at all like that; it was not even much of a stylistic choice; I'm simply trying to write as quickly as I can, and there *is* a phrenial inertia: we cannot so very quickly rearrange the electric fibres of our phrenia toward changing the logic of our process of writing. I did attempt to change how my hands and fingers moved over the machine keys while preserving a logic of how often I could walk to the computer desk, yet unfortunately this resolved toward epilepsy sooner than it resolved toward a more perfect process of writing.

Returning to the time a man stopped his car next to me while I was walking on the street at night, he invites me into his car. A transwoman I'd met some time before said you have to tell men you're trans (assumingly because men don't like feeling attraction toward a woman only to discover after becoming a little sexual with them that they were not naturally born a woman) (and then there are those stories of men who attack women, prostitutes who are murdered). Honestly I never felt fear while homeless; I was far more deeply afraid of the modern political equilibrium; though I was a little scared when once I was laying on a table and a man was whacking bushes in the middle of the night with what was, for all I knew, a machete. By the time I had put my shoes on he was already close enough to attack. We politely greeted each other. It was nothing more than a stick.

After the man invites me into the car, I tell him 'I'm trans' and he starts to drive away. He stopped again, asked me again, and I awkwardly repeated the same words 'I'm trans'. This time it's okay. He insists I sit in the car.

The next time anyone asked me to get in the car with them, I tried to see if it was even possible not to. My mother had parked a little ways down on the other side of the street, yet from before the time I even left the doorway to the time I was sitting in her van, I could not pause for even a moment, nor could I say anything to express the question that was my present focus. I entered the car before I could pause, before I could speak over the hope of not walking.

I hadn't felt any excitement prior to either of these car-enterings actually. I wasn't paralyzed with fear nor was I expecting to feel any kind of pleasure. And I did not.

I kinda just sat there while the man was driving, trying to imagine how I could tell him politely that I was sifting through thoughts of my writing, how I could only hope to feel passion through the communication of a theory that others understood over a beautiful belief, a logic of joy. I continued to sit after he had exposed himself, not knowing what I could say in this situation that would be understood as a polite gesture. Unfortunately, sooner than I found anything meaningful to say, and sooner

than I could imagine a way to politely excuse myself from the car without saying anything, he was grabbing at my head, pulling my mouth toward.. well, now I understood what he wanted. He wanted a love kiss. He must have thought I was a prostitute. He would have been so embarrassed.. *okay, I thought it would only be polite for me to act like a prostitute. I'll basically tell him it's really sexy what's happening; I'll talk to him like a prostitute would.* Some time into the love kiss, I say 'How could you possibly put a price on this?' It's just ironic enough: the political ideal I'm arguing toward in my writing is an economy that does not depend on monetary exchange *so in this society, there wouldn't be a price on anything.* He kept saying how good it felt.

I feel it couldn't have been more than 3 hours since the library closed when he picked me up, so then.. and this may be my inexperience talking, but isn't four hours a long time for a love kiss? By the time I looked at the clock, it was 4:46.

(strangely 'logically' justified by the same psychoanalysis believed to help

28. What year did the pandemic start? I remember they closed the libraries so I had to find another place to work. There was the homeless shelter (where a strange pattern of paralysis led to the thought that the electric paths through which motion resolves in the phrenia are related to the phrenial paths that resolve in architectural designs and labors,- there was a time when I began walking without willing any choice, yet involuntarily stopped almost exactly at a corner where walls met (then there was this horrible, awkward thing that kept happening, where my body would lean to one side, so I'd kinda be stuck at a nearly 90° angle for some time, and so that maybe happened at this corner) (then this other horrible thing where my hand would thrash against my head, which was caught on camera a number of times, though it happened even more often when I was alone,- in the bathroom stall). I mostly spent my days writing.

At some time, they said we couldn't stay in the shelter anymore, the pandemic given as the reason; they would provide rooms in inns. I can't remember the exact logic of why I didn't want to stay in an inn, something about a potential economic argument that could be deepened against me.

I began writing instead on a table outside kinda near my old highschool in the only place I could find an outlet conveniently placed outside. Almost as if someone had prepared for this to happen. Unfortunately, stories that would yield motive for such preparations were even more difficult to disprove than the strange hypothesis that laying my legs to one side was somehow related to cars stopping very near me.

My mother helped me survive.

I tried to tell my first love about XIX, kinda intuitively understanding that if she didn't immediately understand what I could write in a brief enough message that it could be sent through social media, she maybe wouldn't understand anything I was prepared to say immediately in person; even my longer writings didn't reflect my highest beliefs, yet still my writing was far closer to self expression than anything I c-

ould say aloud; it would still be years before I could write in a way that agreed with my logic of belief.

'Well, if your ex thinks some random text you send on social media is strange, maybe you are strange in her eyes, and you need to accept that.' No one said this, but the existential possibility that this argument would repeatedly surface at times across eternities was something I felt need to argue against.

therapists empower individuals);

29. Then there was the rain, my strange thought that maybe I shouldn't live with my father and stepmother again. No, you shouldn't suffer a seizure when someone confronts you for seeking shelter from the rain in the only place you could hope to remain dry; that's not normal; they need backup. My mother began to pay for my rent in a home.

Oh, I'm sorry, I left out a detail. You're probably wondering whether and how often I bit my own hands. Was *this* voluntary, while most everything else arose of living paralysis? Did your hands bleed? Did you bite your hands so hard and so often that they began to bleed? To answer the first question, no, it did not feel at all voluntary; it was more like an epileptic motion, possibly arising ov the neurologic observation that the hands and the mouth are mapped ov – and I forget whether it's within the region of the phrenia believed to control motion or sensation – the region of greatest size for this mapping. It may be that, given my very rare, perhaps even unique, motives to affect the motion of my hands ov my writing toward the immediate expression of an exact logic and a political theory, then also my lack of any motive toward material pleasures (even the touch of pleased flesh) that led to a unique relation of the electric fibres that relate hand and mouth. The phrenia is obviously quite complex, and it has been perhaps all I could do to preserve both the ability to speak politely ov my memories, then also to express in writing my deeper memories and my more complex thoughts of how these memories are related. Yet this has meant sacrificing any normalcy of the movements of my hands and mouth, – my teeth would often clack together, or tense together. I understand it as considerate to place something between the teeth of someone suffering an epileptic attack so to keep their teeth from gnashing together too violently; and perhaps it was related to a logic of what was polite, that when one suffers the gnashing together of teeth, it is polite to put something soft between the teeth of the one suffering, who in this case was myself, and given that I'd very often have nothing soft at hand beside my own hand, it was only polite to immediately put this hand in my mouth *before* the teeth would clench together. Unfortunately, then the doctors wonder 'Why is she biting her own hand?' They would say to Thea Aara 'We're concerned about you.' then later 'You're making great progress.' It was nice of them though to give me the wrist guards; unfortunately, by the time I could find a way to put them on again after emerging from the shower, my teeth would have usually violently bitten the flesh of my hand already, perhaps a number of times. Oh, and to answer the second question, yes, my hands bled.

a deep irony which may even inspire laughter when recognized;

30. I honestly don't know which is worse: marrying a highly intelligent man, conceiving of a love child with your husband, then giving birth at age 30 to the boy who would become Thea Aara; or being Thea Aara, who turned 30 while locked in a building.

There were two different men who entered her room without an invitation—the first held a syringe filled with an antipsychotic medication because Thea Aara had politely declined the antipsychotic pills offered to her, and he did not give her a choice: he entered her with the syringe, injecting her with the antipsychotic medication; had she fought, he would have told on her, and they may've kept her in the locked building until she was near retirement age; the second man would comment on Thea Aara's 'long fingernails' whenever he saw her in the halls of the locked building; he entered her room one night, and he returned many times after that; he would climb on top of Thea Aara while she laid in bed; he would moan while Thea Aara pretended to be asleep, while she'd sift through thoughts of what she could say to him (yet unfortunately her thoughts resolved very slowly on what she could say to him; she couldn't imagine something to say that would be regarded as both honest and polite; and she was always sifting through the complex thought of what she could say in writing); one night, after this had happened quite a few times, Thea Aara sat up and confronted the man, telling him, essentially, that if he entered her room again, she would tell on him; 'just keep pretending to be asleep' he said. At the time Thea Aara was near the end of her time there; the man returned once even after the confrontation, though Thea Aara was not prepared for his return and had nothing to say; *better to simply pretend I'm asleep* she thought.

I've had time to reflect upon why I was put there. It wasn't because my mother was concerned about my well being; it wasn't because anyone believed it would help. It was because that fucking bitch was jealous. She looked at where I was at age 30, compared it to where she was in her own life at that age, and she was like 'This can't be happening; I need to ruin this for her.' She was jealous and even kinda spiteful, the worst kind of mother, the worst kind possible.

yet accusation of condescension on believing oneself to have need

31. After the locked building, I stayed in the next home for only a month. The home after that was Sweet Care Home. Unfortunately, that licensed boarding care home was closed because the license was questioned and the home found too questionable.

From my perspective, Sweet Care Home was actually much better than the officially approved locked building. No one came into my room in the middle of the night and climbed into my bed; you could take showers while you were the only individual in the room; you didn't have to request a razor every time you wished to smooth your face, then wastefully return this razor after one use. The only problem was that the first maleine resident became quite infatuated with you, and you not with him. He gets increasingly frustrated with you, as you'd kinda predicted from the beginn-

ing. 'No, I need to save money for buying the books I've been writing.' No point in talking to me then I guess. When you're fucking hot like that, be careful about who you let into your life. \$500 to your name? watch out, pay for his bus fare too many times and your net worth is decreased by 20%.

Oh yeah, the scale said I gained 50% of my body weight while I was in the locked building I guess, then the scale said I lost 30 lbs in a few months at the home after that, and strangely, my appearance barely changed at all. Would it be stranger to wonder whether people were lying to me,- about their attraction, about my weight - or to suspect failures of modern science? Even asking the questions is madness; that's the simplest explanation: you suffer madness.

of communicating an essential logic of belief;

32. The next year was Casa Laurel. I planned the layout and calculated the economic argument of Two Roses while I was there.

ov accusations of lack of empathy, rhetoric, .

33. I turned 33 this year; by the end of the year hopefully I'll have the four books finished. I have a fear that others will say that I was 'hit with a flash of inspiration' when the truth is that I've been sifting through my thoughts toward how to express the ideal of the garden in a slow and methodical manner since age 20. I've another fear that too many will question the facts of this story before questioning the principles, will dismiss the facts and believe there is no reason to understand the principles before verifying the facts, raising modern question after modern question that insists on proofs of facts though while asking away from an irrefutable proof of the facts, distracting from the focus that would lead toward an acceptable and beautiful proof,- how would anyone remember these facts and yet not immediately remember every fact of what happened? why would we listen to her? she's mad! - and because of these doubts, will labor toward modern ends before making any effort to verify the facts (toward an endless justification never to study true principles). To be clear, though I understand very well that these events told this way may inspire laughter, or at least, I've laughed many times while writing this, every fact presented in this writing is true.

3 men

..Social media

Why I Suffered so Selfishly as I Did

I've been asked a question more than once 'Why did you do that if you didn't want to?' and it's generally an implication that I don't understand how to labor ov my own desires,- 'you have to help people to get what you want, don't you understand that?', 'if you didn't want to fall into an epileptic thrashing, why did you?', 'didn't you prefer having a home to being homeless; can't you see why it's

good, even if you're only concerned with yourself, your own self interest, and not ours – can't you see we're suffering!?! we don't like to see people who are suffering; we like to see people who are not suffering; yet if we're suffering, and you're not acting to immediately end our suffering, which is simple really: just get a job – then you must be selfish! you love the freedom, don't you! you love that people work so you get food, you get a home, you get everything don't you! all the attention! You don't even have an immediate answer do you!?' Well, I'd been really sensitive to others's suffering before: if you're suffering, other people stop laughing at your jokes; they only liked your humor because you felt better while expressing humor. Others may also find pleasure in your presence while you are suffering if their pleasure arises not from compassion but from.. your passivity? You thought memories of humor were more meaningful to people than these memories truly were.

Across the past years, I actually have been attempting to present an answer as immediately as possible; unfortunately, every time I've hoped others would take a little more time than they did to understand my perspective. I've been biased in this regard by my own self projection.

8 Why

Okay, I already kinda explained why. May I politely suggest you review this book if you still have questions, or, if you've not read the remaining texts, read those, or if you would prefer not to immediately reread this book, that if you have questions related to the logic of belief expressed in this book, you study my other books—*Story of the Stars*, *Two Roses of Sable*, and *No (Again Forever)*. As a writer architect logician secretary actress, I do plan to write further books, though I've not sift deeply through thoughts of those further books, having in mind only the next book, *No (Again Forever)*, which is a story in which a writer Thea Aara expresses a breadth of 15 short stories in a book that is wrongly ignored. If a book within a book is already a terrible cliché or the thought of a play within a play within a work of Shakespearean quality, oddly, maybe even fatefully, presented in a work by someone of the same name, then I apologize: I've never seen a book within a book before, and I've never heard this was cliché.

Maybe we shouldn't have been analyzing the death of the writer, but studying the death of the critic. I'm sorry; this was rather trite, arrogant, though strangely amusing. It did not immediately inspire passions, though it did express a political ideal toward far deeper passions sustained within a beautiful political equilibrium. I truly and honestly hope Thea Aara does come to live in the true home she has written toward.

I won't help though. It's not my job to help. I'm not being paid to help. Not her, not anyone. I'm kinda paid by the word, so I can basically just write whatever I want here as long as it sounds elevating, beautiful, inspiring.

Three short paragraphs instead of two? In this context? Yes, I can do that. It's kind of aligned with Thea Aara's 'aesthetic theory of softness', a beautiful thought of her 'sonant web'. I hope someday to see her works expressed as a collection, in a single book *Sonant Web of the Light and the Sound* (hardcover, with artwork of her own making to reflect her sense of superficial beauty)

THE PRIMADONNA STATUESS shrieks

'I am thea!' and the shriek is a pleasure in her throat, rising in sharp waves like perfect laughter; passion courses through her body, tracing the air like so many branches of lightning; and as GOD feels this lightning, he knows his own will more wholly expressed, and likes to see beauty arise of his will;

yet the echo of the primadonna's thought is heard 'I AM THEA'; she could not hope though to open her mouth to speak; it would be a disgrace of the literal gluttony she knew of the thought of her voice being understood, and knowing she could not hope to see the lips move of the statue beside her, knowing her lips too would feel too much pleasure in their own touch, knowing she is already drowning in the thought of an ocean of the softest lightning, coursing with the highest passion through the sonant web--

no, even this, it is too shameful a thought, too much a literal objectification of femininity; already they were turned to | stone

GOD spoke before THE GODDESS, who said 'I am love, that you may see my lips move of the passion our god has beheld in me; yet that I may speak; allow my lips to move before you revel in the sight of my breasts; I may communicate nothing to her if.. *please, do not let my breasts heave as though I breathe already with the breadth of life. It is a deep sin against my person, though in your delusional fantasy.. that I may be given life by your passion, and your passion alone, please, by all means, allow it to happen*

yet GOD who had spoken before her spoke thus again, allow my lips to move.. lo.. lo and behold.. your breasts shall heave with the weight of my pleasure to behold your breasts; and I shall love the thought of every humiliation against you that gives me power over you; you wish to express love, yet this is how I must express mine; for it is my nature to express my love of the sight of your most lovely thought expressed; now.. with heaving breaths, may it appear to all that you've been given life.

And the breasts of the primadonna statuess began to heave, her touch rooting to the ground, though as soon as she recognized this as god's pleasure, not her own, she began to raise her finger, yet now the pleasure coursed more intensely up unto and into her finger, for GOD had understood a principle of her need to be regarded as one defiant, knowing she wished to feel more wholly expressed; yet our god had felt pleasure then at the moment he wished the defiant gesture had been hope of communicating, and with brief reflection, he understood she alone wished to be seen, and understood how he'd empowered her with his love for her, the need of the deepest contrast between them..

He raised her hand, her palm raised so to cover her eyes, and as quickly as the stone of her body, began to move; her breasts began to heave, to grow with every silent impossible inhale, to fall and diminish with every equally silent and impossible and meaningless exhale;

and every exhale was meaningless to the PRIMADONNA STATUESS, for she'd no hope of deeper communication, hopeless to move even her lips, heavy with the weight of stone, the Statuess next to her too, unable to see her, her eyes solid stone; then too, the last hope, that GOD may've at least understood *her* need of communication.. yet as quickly as the thought of their communication excited her, GOD felt empowered to drink of their thoughts;

so did GOD raise the.. as though to indicate the need of feeling the fearful wrath of a higher power, and her hand raised too, with a grace lovely to behold; now behold.. her hand just slightly clenched, the STATUESS whom the PRIMADONNA STATUESS adored was raised to her forehead, her palm too upraised, and she felt the gluttony of the pleasure in her hips;

so THE DEVIL recognized 'I am gluttony; I am wrathful; I am fat with the fat of her hips, for I do imbue her flesh with pleasure, and that she may know my will, to know her to express this beauty.. now; let me drink of your pleasure, and I shall know your will by your very thought.. I shall wait, and would wait, forever.

Wait, thought she; I literally love this thought, of communicating her.. to her.. the need of our communion.

And so her breasts too, those of though was it not implied.. she was..

THE SABLE ROSE STATUESS, began to heave as though with the breadth of life. 'We shall need tea and thyme, breadth and

rhyme, in this first home we may've secured by modern means, in this place surround by the trees; and as proof that she has been thinking of me, there are the material goods I've wished for,-

- so go buy **TAROT**, it's an ad, do not wait

- lest those colors be such bold contrast you do salivate

- ov me, of god, of pleasure itself

- take not from the market til you yourself would buy yourself every gift I desire

should you adore me you would know yourself 'higher' to be thus hired, yet strangely.. desired.. more deeply by one who loves the thought that you may've loved your fat just as much, that every touch of lightning you sought to represent and the meaning of your self expression.

NUMBER

Make sense then of this for me, that on the day of the moon, I could write only through the electric states of a modern logic machine of my intention to purchase these goods so so soon it cannot wait.

Wait.

I know your name already AARA; it is written on the sign of your home, your literal address; need I remind you, 1141.. and you high fist on the thought of a natural weed as a remembrance of the elemental nature of pleasure, that fire shall burn plant grown of earth, and the sucking of the air should be of a vertical glass pipe the act by which you gather the smoke, lovely milky white, as filtered through clear water it bubbles.. what first made you so bubbly; or was that the thought of the wine dark sea, more beautiful the thought ov the ancient grecian myths..

THE TAROT, gemstones chosen randomly for their beauty, books of the occult, ov the understanding that one may more deeply study at home.

6 THE LOVERS

15 THE DEVIL

-----a first measure ov the thought of the highest passion and highest need expressed

in the eyes of our GOD, it was maybe first 1991, the analysis thereof, of which two may be literally birthed of the thought of love literally expressed within love; so then if 6/15 may be proof enough *what need of me may there be?*

18 MOON

3 EMPRESS

if only I obey the most fateful will, I shall know the perspective of the moon more deeply, maybe even as the face of our god, who suffers a fateful paralysis by her very nature, the nature of GODDESS to be beautiful?

then what of the cards above the moon? were these not simply the 'dark of the moon', what may've been represent by the peachy pink bias ov machine logic, already expressed.. *if only my true thoughts were heard, not the modern choices that may be quickly gestured too in the market.*

IMMEDIATELY GOD SPOKE AGAINST HER, saying 'You shall need to learn obedience ov the market, and that you've not listened obediently, you shall fall into an epileptic horror; you shall have every good you own taken from you, every proof of your intention; and as would be measured upon the modern scales of justice, that you've charged ov a number, they shall take any proof of THE TRUE NUMBERS you beheld, shall dismiss too your speaking of signs are mere madness.

It was good and right; at least 'Sable Rose' understood sarcasm better than someone..

INSTRUCTIONS

If you love the thought of reading that next instruction manual you find conveniently placed in that wasteful and ugly cardboard packaging your brand new car, or wait, better than a car.. in such a small cardboard box! more than you like the thought of reading a nicely prepared book, by all means, go ahead. But please understand this as a gesture toward your freedom and independence, and though it is a burden, remember this forever. Never forget.

SABRIEL

INVITATION

YOUR PREFERRED READING LIST, NOW

My concern rests now with you scientists,.. if you may serve as my scientists, or simply, more concisely, as my equals.. my principle|*modus scientia*.. if by the end of this book, it may not be proven that I've thought more carefully than any before me ov the weight of one line, yet.. **hypothesis**. that I've 'wasted' so much before stating a hypothesis, by a simple principle of iteration, it may be proven'd **1)** a slightly, though arguably *all too slightly* sarcastic proof **may alone** be justification toward.. the waste of one line? toward **implying** a *sarcastic sentiment* **is** of inherent literary value.. *justifies the need of.. an insult to science.. and indeed, it is often said|* science itself

it, it it(self) ov **i((3)):(10)**-----is worth not a single mea.

-

and by rhyme and reason, we may dismiss all but thea.. if only academia were more complex, hope of a child's rhyme we'd..

bee, my friend, there's a place for you in the church
in the sanctum, by the altar, bless-ed by our god
be afraid, there's a place for you anywhere; for we love you
as we ought to.. like all should love
you.. alone lack empathy among our kind;
be now, sanctioned, to love better thy..
thy.thy neighbor, the garden is our love; for you and, you alone, have proven we
exist; ex..istent..-ial concern was love; now you've taken, what you cannot,
promise us we need. We need be afraid, for we loved the proof of love..

9 ETHICS of MARRIAGE

SERVICE

In Two Roses there is kind of an etiquette of courtship before marriage. Every individual who is sadly alone will meet with a secretary alone, so to plan their individual schedule. We may only hope while alone to help others as deeply as possible, to understand ourselves ov a unique depth of study and labor.

If in the natural course of our labors we agree with another that we may hope to understand a deeper labor by serving others together through a labor that reflects both of our individual disciplines, if the hope of working together as partners has become what feels like the highest and deepest purpose of our service, we may agree with our secretary to speak to her together toward sharing a greater amount of time together,- having more classes together in the School, sitting always at the same table in the Lounge – yet while continuing to serve others as deeply as we may given our individual strengths. We may only hope to have more time together through conversations with our partner of how we may express a deeper labor together through knowing each other more deeply, until we understand how we may complement each other while in service of our friends.

UNDERSTANDING

Among the foundations, the deepest contrast of purpose may be understood ov the contrast of the Sanctuary and the Crypt, ov the need to invest deeply in our hope of eternal life or to invest in a proof of self ov the expectation that we will die, that our only hope of being recognized in our home is such a proof. It is only reasonable to invest in our hope of immortality, though equally reasonable given present expectations to believe we may die.

If only to gesture as a community that we understand the need of both, and these contrast needs ov the other foundations, as our calendar is divided by weeks of 12 days, we may expect every individual to visit every foundation at least once every two weeks,- visiting one foundation every day may oblige us to return to 4 foundations twice every two weeks.

Before a secretary may agree that lovers should schedule all of their time together, lovers must present a kind of proof that they both understand their labors together and their time together in relationship ov the weight of life and death, that any further gestures toward such a schedule will be understood ov the

intention to return to each other always if either dies, to labor always toward the hope of eternal life together.

ACCEPTANCE

If lovers find themselves in Two Roses with a schedule where they share all of their time together, then they may know the community wholly accepts their relationship and their labor, understanding that they only now know freedom from a breadth of social concerns that burdened them constantly as individuals. In this freedom, they will have time to talk together of deep needs they never could before, having been always somewhat consumed with understanding their labors of the high need of life and the deep needs others in the community expressed.

The two may hope to deepen their labor together of their deep needs, their unique place in life bound to their individual memories, knowing their conversations with each other were the first time either had felt true freedom to express their deep needs to someone else while knowing the acceptance of the entire community of Two Roses.

We may know this acceptance only of an expectation of the community, that in Two Roses these lovers will always be understood to be together, expected to reconcile any contradictions that yield a sense of distance between them; their separation may only be acknowledged if, after the community agrees to arrange a marriage ceremony for them in the Church, they both choose together the path of exile while walking the marriage path together. If one chooses to stay even as the other chooses toward exile, it will be understood that the lover who has chosen to stay is still in love with them, and they will be regarded as one waiting for their lover to return.

HAPPINESS

Lovers may hope to feel true happiness together as 'having a sense of purpose toward joy', though as we may only expect to know joy of the belief that all will feel the same depth of joy, we cannot expect to feel truly joyful until understanding our labors together of the highest political questions.

After lovers know the acceptance of the community, they may begin planning a marriage ceremony together. There may also have a bedroom in a manor together, though it is their choice whether to move in together before or after their first marriage ceremony.

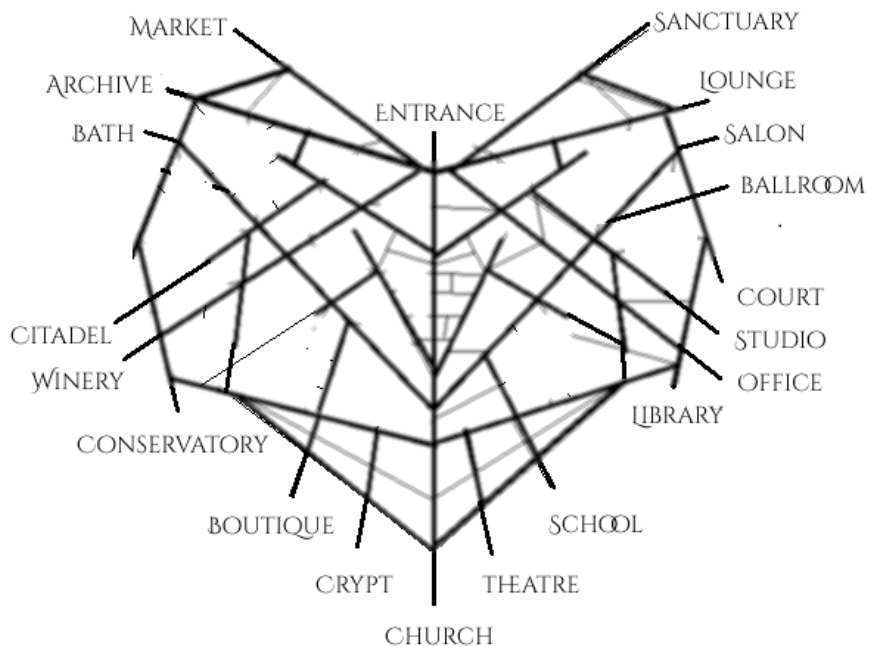
DEVOTION

Across eternities lovers may marry each other again any number of times in the Church, limited by natural law,- how many ceremonies may be honored in the Church each day – and by their understanding of what would be meaningful to each other, how the repeat of this ceremony relates to their most precious remembrances, how their preparations toward this ceremony may deepen or disrupt the beautiful return of their memories.

II. THE WINE DARK SEA

In ancient greek mythology the sea was sometimes described as 'wine dark'; yet what if this was a true description? and not mere poetry. Were we to have a clear ideal to labor toward, were we to foresee conditions in which our ideal politic could fall, then we could account too for an ancient politic where there was a nearly perfect balance of art and study, that ancient machinists would build machines of such finely detailed interwoven metals that – as we'd naturally sift through our thoughts – we'd return to aesthetic principles ov thoughts of how to change what we saw toward beauty, would remember too how our will may influence electric paths, and see proof that our minds were naturally related to these machines, that we could influence their motion ov the aesthetic principles we understood, knowing this as the softest metal.

The people of this politic may've then sought to perfect trade ov this beautiful metal, and knowing such a trade could be sustained, fashioned lovely bodies of metal; yet somehow the metal tarnished, lost its softness, its meaning ov self expression; and so there may've been truth in what was later written – that there had been a golden age, then a bronze age recognized ov a metal less soft and less precious, then a fall into further suffering, another fall, and a fall after that.



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'I am thea!' and the shriek is a pleasure in her throat, rising in sharp waves like perfect laughter; passion courses through her body, tracing the air like so many branches of lightning; and as GOD feels this lightning, he knows his own will more wholly expressed, and likes to see beauty arise of his will;

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INSTRUCTIONS

If you love the thought of reading that next instruction manual you find conveniently placed in that wasteful and ugly cardboard packaging your brand new car, or wait, better than a car.. in such a small cardboard box! more than you like the thought of reading a nicely prepared book, by all means, go ahead. But please understand this as a gesture toward your freedom and independence, and though it is a burden, remember this forever. Never forget.

SABRIEL, DOSTOYEVSKY, NITZSCHE

INVITATION

EIGHT, YOUR PREFERRED READING LIST, NOW

My concern rests now with you scientists,.. if you may serve as my scientists, or simply, more concisely, as my equals.. my principle|*modus scientia*.. if by the end of this book, it may not be proven that I've thought more carefully than any before me ov the weight of one line, yet.. **hypothesis**. that I've 'wasted' so much before stating a hypothesis, by a simple principle of iteration, it may be proven'd **1)** a slightly, though arguably *all too slightly* sarcastic proof **may alone** be justification toward.. the waste of one line? toward **implying** a *sarcastic sentiment* **is** of inherent literary value.. *justifies the need of.. an insult to science.. and indeed, it is often said*| science itself

it, it it(self) ov **i((3)):(10)**-----is worth not a single mea.

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and by rhyme and reason, we may dismiss all but thea.. if only academia were more complex, hope of a child's rhyme we'd..

bee, my friend, there's a place for you in the church
in the sanctum, by the altar, bless-ed by our god
be afraid, there's a place for you anywhere; for we love you
as we ought to.. like all should love
you.. alone lack empathy among our kind;
be now, sanctioned, to love better thy..
thy.thy neighbor, the garden is our love; for you and, you alone, have proven we
exist; ex..istent..ial concern was love; now you've taken, what you cannot,
promise us we need. We need be afraid, for we loved the proof of love..
HEAVEN

In heaven there is a beautiful truth, and all know joy to know this truth. There is a harmony of motives toward protecting beauty,- beauty is held above laughter, yet there is still much laughter; beauty is held above any number, yet there is still number.

Across eternities Two Roses changes slowly, yet its essence remains always. The ethics of the community change ov the logic of laws debated in the citadel, the paintings in the entryways of the foundations. The debates resolve toward aesthetic theories, and the community debates the appearances of the paintings ov these theories, every debate resolving toward a beautiful painting whose presence ripples across the community, affecting individuals's schedules through subtle yet deep changes.

There was a child born who said to their parents while they were still young ‘I lived in Two Roses; I wish to return to my home.’

They were taken to the entrance, a beautiful gothic hall, and they asked for a priest by name. The priest took them on a path through the entrance where many things were arranged across many rooms. The child chose two statuettes and told the priest ‘These were my remembrances.’ The priest asked the child what their name was.

Throughout their youth, the child took most of their time sifting through thoughts of what had led to their death, how they could change their approach to talking with their doctress, how they would revise their schedule on this new approach. They remembered their time in the office, how they would read of lectures proposed for the school, then plan courses around these lectures with their lover and their friends; and the child reflects upon what they may’ve done differently.

When the child was older they were taken back to Two Roses, to the crypt where machine bodies were kept for they who were deceased. As they walked with the same priest, the child chose one body among the many and told the priest ‘This was my body.’ The child then described to the priest the method they had agreed upon by which they would prove themselves reincarnated.

As they transitioned from childhood into youth, their thoughts fell into memories of love. They remembered the first time they had kissed their lover: they were high together in the lounge, and they told each other through words broken with laughter that they were both joyful, and it was the first time either of them had kissed someone while feeling true joy. There was a kind of cute thing that lovers did in Two Roses: calling someone by their child’s name was like calling them ‘baby’.

The youth remembered ceremonies they had attended together in the church. The church didn’t yet celebrate true love marriages, for the priests wanted only to sanctify love marriages after they felt certain the marriages they honored would truly last forever, yet they did conduct ceremonies in which lovers exchanged sacred vows, vows spoken of eternal promises,- to return to their lover as long as they remembered themselves, to do everything in their power to arrange remembrances of who they are.

In their youth, they returned to Two Roses and presented the proof of who they were. They arranged a procedure to be returned to their body.

When the youth awoke in their body, their thoughts were consumed with how to help everyone live in true wealth and freedom, how to translate the logic of joy they returned to in Two Roses, the joy that arises of labors toward love and immortality. They remembered something they had read, that whereas in modern society there were only churches built in ornate gothic architecture, every foundation of Two Roses was built in gothic stone as a symbol that these served equal needs,- the church where we celebrated our relation to the first mind and the divinity of humanity was as important as the lounge where we laughed high on weed.

Wholly alive again, the youth walked beneath the shade of a sheltered path, passing the columns that held the shelter and witnessing the beautiful gardens beyond these. They walked to the church where a ceremony was arranged for that day, where many who had deeply missed them were gathered, and through the events they had planned together the youth was reunited with their lover (forever).

Dedication

I feel things could have been so different between us had we met in the garden, we may've both become writers and taken classes together in the school; we may've worked together in the archive; we may've gone for walks together, riding with our friends in carriage; we may've watched films together in the theatre; we may've chosen books to read together in the library. We may've become closer than we ever did.

The time when we were together was the only time in my life when I've wanted to be with someone every moment of every day. I struggled to imagine where we would go though, having hated every place I've seen.

The last time we saw each other was the only time in my life when I've wanted to marry someone. I couldn't embrace this thought though, having hated the thought of modern marriage, of marriage that can end in divorce.

You were the reason I began to labor toward a community where lovers could do everything together, toward a marriage that could last forever, and it was the memory of something you said that led me to believe that it was possible.

I still struggle with two stories of what happened between us—a black story, that your fears became stronger than your hopes, that you did love me but feared I didn't love you; and a light story, that you never truly loved me—and I don't know which story is the truth. I've felt wrong ov the black story given how this book consumed my thoughts; yet there are feelings I haven't felt since we were together, and so I've felt wrong ov the light story too.

I can understand if you never truly loved me; I've never been truly expressed. The deepest part of me hasn't changed, yet I don't know if that's the part of me you saw. I feel this book is the first gesture of my life, that everything before arose of inertia; and even with this book I still feel there's a distance separating my mind and my self expression. I don't feel I'll be truly expressed until I'm living in the garden; I hope someday you'll see me.

I feel the next years could bring beautiful memories, and I wanted to share these memories with you.