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# BOOK I. FOUNDING DOCUMENTS

## Overture

One might think the world would be nothingness, consciousness, melessness, or youlessness, but lo! There is everything, everyone, me, and you! Good Lord! Holy moly! Hallelujah! I have built this burly Book because I am “beawed” by the All, and I believe we all should be. I have always been beawed by the All, and I am exceptionally grateful for it. My awedness is coming full circle. I will beawe you, I will beawe the world. I take time out of most days to be awed and thank God. Do you? Though I was a staunch atheist in my late teens, I have since rediscovered who and what God is. God to me is the Universe of People, the brain and mind of everyone altogether, the “Theoceive,” without which we could not exist. Whereas Man engineers the Artificial Intelligence of the Worldwide Web, God prophecies the “Supernatural Wisdom” of the “Omniscious Web.”

You are loved in awe, and you are awed in love. We are awed lovers and loved “awers.” Someone who is in awe is an “awer,” whereas someone who others are in awe of is an “awee.” Without my awedness and gratitude for it, my life would be miserable, but it is, for the most part, wonderful, and charmed. Genuine awedness can effectively take the place of addictions and other unhealthy or destructive behaviors. Not just passive awedness, but active “aweingness.” I may be among the most “away” people ever, and that is why, my friend, I can mine some of the deepest irony ever. I am the awedest of the awed. Nobody is aweder than me. I am one big ball of awed. An “awedball,” if you will. Instead of being bored, be awed. A simple shift in perspective can turn boredom into “awedom.”

—May 2023

## The Hook

Welcome one and all to the grand opening of the Installation of the Providence and thank you for your attendance. What you are about to witness is a religious story and scientific theory that have been ascertained to end the plights of the ages! The story is about an awed reclusive man who would

ultimately devise an all-inclusive plan, which is the theory. Our hero must deprive himself of friendships, relationships, and self-reliance, because he feels conscientiously constrained to corroborate his concrete convictions. Although he may have held hopes to one day enjoy an abundance of amity, amorousness, and autonomy, his selfish interests have on whole been shelved. Let me tell you now, he is one ardent altruist, even though his aims may instead make him seem to be a narcissist. He is going to tell you the gory details of what he has been through. He will give you one close look into what it took to build this book - a book borne to manufacture a movement profuse in spirit, strength, and stamina!

To give one glaring example of his sacrifice, for his whole life he lived without a girlfriend, because of the work he has had to do. Up to age 33, he was housed by and with his beloved, benevolent maternal financier for all but five or so years of his life, because of the demands that were always weighing upon his time. For about a decade, he has barely kept friends outside of family for more than a single semester in college, and rarely even then outside of class, because of the commitments he has made to himself, our peoples, and the several souls who have happened to have hearkened. Moreover, his industrious endeavors have for the most part been kept confidential from everyone but himself - plus maybe, possibly, leaders of academia, the media, and government, although he cannot say for certain whether they have ever listened! He has therefore been an abject failure in the eyes of all who have known him over the course of his struggle, despite stoic claims of heroic aims.

Let me add that his idle mind over the course of his lifetime may have been farther out in the future-focused, and thus painstakingly slower-paced, than any of his predecessors. Further, given his long-standing allegiance to the remote future, and because meanwhile, he has avoided the use of even the least of his precious time on trivial pursuits, there may be no imperative problems for which he would not have by now borne either a direct or indirect solution. Despite this, and even though he holds loads of college credits, he has no degree, and his formal accreditation does nothing of justice to his erudition. In addition, he will readily acknowledge that he may in fact lack a smidgen of the sophistication one may gain from graduate school, yet it might even make his masterwork mightily more marketable to the less learned mass majority. It might even give it, dare we dream it, universal appeal.

Our farsighted hero believes best of all that small simplistic solutions cannot end the plights of the ages, but rather that what we need is one comprehensive complex of constructions that can

correct the course our cultures are collectively on. In other words, what we need, he thinks, is neither one religious revelation nor one scientific revolution, but a confluence of the two at once! Likewise, he assumes the answer will not be purely proactive or reactive, and so the author cannot only be a leader and must not just be a follower, but the answer and the author will have to be both at the right places and in the right times. Accordingly, a great deal of our modern theories and practices in his eyes work just fine, and so we need not fix what is not broken, yet there should still be climactic theories to be developed, as well as strategic practices to be adopted, that can in fact fix that which is. In his book, therefore, the reader will find one series of theories and practices that can fix straightaway most of what is broken today.

Our author has always assumed these climactic theories and strategic practices must be intrinsic in Nature, and intuitively he knew what he would have to do to extricate the truth. In fact, he thinks he finds that at the coming of age of any human race, which might just rest at any exquisite place in the endless expanse of time and space, an opportunity arises for someone - anyone - to divine, with the utmost diligence and care, the providential installation to fasten for them what in each case will have been an uncertain ascension. Moreover, this providential installation in each case would be, for it indeed would have to be, the same as that which a god would provide had that God had the means to speak directly to them! And that may very well be the very means by which He would speak. Fortunately, in his view, that such opportunity has on this day arisen for this human race at this exquisite place, and it has dutifully been seized by him.

His book has therefore been scripted to serve as something of third millennium scripture, and accordingly this is as far removed from the classical religious texts as the computer is from the abacus. Moreover, unlike the classical texts, it was created in this third millennium with the truest of intentions by a lone soul putting forth a colossal effort to tap into the universal intelligence. And this was achieved via an innovative compositional methodology that successively purges the mind of faulty thoughts and restores it with seamless ones. It should also be noted this could never have been arrived at until the Information Age, because the strategy requires extensive use of the many features of the word processor of the modern computer.

Thus, from the Stone Age to the Information Age, it has been an unstated goal of ours to live in a world in which all are secure and free from want. Indeed, we have not wanted to suffer or die for the security, equity, and liberty of ourselves and our people, but many have had to. Nor have we wanted to suffer or die for lack of food, water, shelter, medicine, or sanitation, but in these ways,

too, many have had to. Consequently, over the course of history, revolutions and revolutionaries both weak and strong have come and gone, mostly mitigating suffering in the long-term, but frequently causing suffering in the meantime. In view of that, therefore, without pain, there may be no gain, and so a good many good hearts might have to suffer should a movement succeed, but it should not compare to the suffering most already endure, or otherwise would in future without it, and it should immensely mitigate our suffering in the long-term.

Now, at the end of the day, every new generation of civilization inherits the sacred duty to enable, ensure, and enrich the lives of their progeny and their posterity, and as our ancestors have done for theirs, so too must we do for ours. In addition, as the challenges of each new generation will for the most part be unique, so too must be the responses, and accordingly the totality of this book will offer one comprehensive response to the challenges of today's generation. The object of the product is to lay the foundation of a new religion and a new science, a new art and a new intelligence, and new systems of economy and governance. That is not at all to say the old ways should be abandoned. Be rest assured. These new ways aim only to supplement and not in the least supplant the old. It is founded on the premise that what Gods wills is that which is best for all of us for now and forever, and it is the deluxe of three decades of developmental diligence, so sit back, relax, and enjoy the show.

—Anonymous, early 2010's

## **The Promise**

If this book fulfills its promise, then we, quite frankly, are about to work our way to the Promised Land. Life on earth has never been as good as it just might be about to get. This book was born as a promise soon after I fell in love once upon a time and shortly before this book doused that spark, and all while I was swept away in what I will call today the “transcendancy of truth.” Indeed, as far as I can tell, I have always had an intuitive feeling that, for everything in Nature, there looms one mighty discovery of some transcendent truth, which now seems to be preordained for the right kind of data to accrue, computer technology to develop, and then the first person with the fight to find it. Thus, by now, in my 35th year, I believe I have succeeded in transcending the stark realities of history, modernity, and the common human destiny that might otherwise be. I cannot emphasize enough

how exasperating our old and tired arguments can be to someone who has, it would seem, elicited the quintessential fixes for all our societal systems. And even as daunting as one can imagine the challenge would be, I have not ever felt even a single credible doubt that I would fatefully and should rightfully succeed to the fullest, even if, God forbid it, I shouldn't live to see it, because I have found the reason to keep the faith.

For us to bestow prosperity to our beloved posterity, civilization must learn to dance in step with Nature, and evidently it must do so urgently. Our ancestors worked too hard and sacrificed too much, and the earth still holds too much promise, for us to relent in our time. Although the current economy may flirt with decline because its paramount subsystems are poorly designed, the future projections of our debts and deficits, our populations, our afflictions, etc., they can quickly correct. And although untamed fate may dictate that we wage perpetual wars rapt in corporate greed and radical ideologies, I believe we can secure a permanent pervasive peace; we can achieve and maintain unity. I believe we can have better things to talk about, feel better in our daily lives, and laugh a lot stronger and live a lot longer. I have done the work to facilitate that very way forward for each of us individually as well as all of us collectively. It only takes one spark to set off a chain reaction. Let this book be that spark. I do not want to live out the rest of my days in this world as it is today or, worse yet, as it is projected to be tomorrow, and I doubt if you do either. Indeed, I refuse to accept our decline! No, I will not go silently into the night. We mustn't succumb. We can't quit! We are all weary, but let us not rest, for I see a light up ahead! Look! I pray we follow it.

## **The Big Idea**

The big idea seems to stem from many places, including passable genetics and circumstances of upbringing, but I suspect that everything would be different, and I would have lived a more normal life, had Providence not barreled then crashed my two-year old thick skull hard and fast into a brick wall. I was playing tag and chasing a girl my age, we dashed down a flight of stairs and into a basement, she took a quick turn, and the last thing I recall was a fleeting blanket vision of a cinder block wall. A doctor sewed stitches right through the middle of my forehead, and a hard little bump still lives there today. I suspect my prefrontal cortex is a clusterfuck that has been rebuilding itself religiously ever since.

I suspect the injury gave rise to a revolutionary and communicable thought process, as well as a less contagious but no less serious schizotypal condition. I further suspect that the injury gave rise to my abrupt and unabashed revolt against theism at age 17. Thereafter, I began dropping everything and everyone for what became the buildup to bleeding out a good book, regardless of the daunting struggles and hardships that lay in store, relating to the weighty workload of this volume and the homely routine of an unassuming role in society as a mentally handicapped, sparsely employed, and part-time and long-term college student then graduate.

I have always taken pains to empathize with the normative behavior of everyone and have known since childhood that the sense of shock I felt toward everyday experience was unspeakable to others. I have been mindful of the constraints that accompany everyone's roles in society and have recognized the moral imperative and scale of the difficulty in changing the paradigm. The scale of the difficulty reveals itself in the unconscious unwillingness or inability to earnestly reconsider the rightness of the reality that a matured soul will have grown to reflexively accept. This difficulty causes the collective soul to leave the reigning and impending global devastation to fate.

Large segments of human populations are politically radicalized, and I get it. The political and economic systems are defective, so there is a heightened desperation and an intensified power struggle between conflicting interests, and nobody seems to know what to do about it, or to be in any position to do anything about it anyhow. Nobody has had said agenda and said agency heretofore, that is, but world affairs and the free market have providentially forced a solution. This book is designed to be the catalyst for the actualization of that solution, and this author is but a vessel. Sorry it took so long.

## **THE UNIFICATION PROCLAMATION**

As for the Pursuit of Pure Science, what is the point? To what end? Why!? People, principally pious people, have so pessimistically pondered this for such a portentously protracted, nonetheless providentially passing, period of time. My primary motive always has been purely to know, but of course I had always sought to be of some good use to society, and naturally I have always been encouraged by the understanding that I would be rewarded for unraveling this pure knowledge and, God willing, that utilitarian means. Then through some long, thoughtful, and bewildering days in early to middle September of the Year of 2002, I had discovered that whosoever clinches the



Unification of Science, coincidentally, will procure the will, the power, the duty, the right, and the privilege to bring to fruition the Unification of Religion! And to do so *with* the Firm Reliance and *in* the Joyous Spirit that *what* God wills is *that* which is in *the* best interest of Humanity — Hence!, the “Divine Providence” will be the title of that irrefutable and irresistible book; that book of that universal religion of “Spirituality” — that is, that Theatrical and Theoretical Account of that Closer, and too that Opener, that Qualifies to Realize how Science is Unified!

—January 2003

## FIRST AMENDMENT TO THE UNIFICATION PROCLAMATION

It has never been clear to me as to what it might mean to “unify religion,” or science for that matter. Yet, the crux of my designs seemed from the start to be unassailable, and the actual mission, regardless of how it was then articulated, seemed to promise the greatest yield of all imaginable undertakings that a young person from my generation could commit his or her life to at that stage in world history. As it happens, I did not impetuously choose this mission but rather inadvertently, unexpectedly, and abruptly became laden with the moral obligation to fulfill it, because I had already demonstrated to myself, which was all that mattered at the start, that I had the capacity to do so, and was quite possibly the only one who could, as I had since my infancy been isolated from the virtually universal acceptance of the normalcy of the everyday insular psychology and had by that time laid the foundation of the science that is now contained in the present volume. Although I have done my level best to mediate the providence of the wisdom to this world that seems to be needed in this age, mine is a ravaged soul, and I am decidedly resigned with respect to what the present and future iterations of civilizations might or might not want to do with it.

—June 2014

## SECOND AMENDMENT TO THE UNIFICATION PROCLAMATION

My religion is “Providentiality.” Its book is the “Divine Providence.” Adherents are “Providentials.” I myself am also the first “Provident,” and I am “orry.” My House of Worship is called a “Truce,”

and my Leader of Ministry is called a “Faice.” The Faice is the speaker of the Truth and the preacher of the Faith in the Truce. The Faice is the human face of the Truce. The Truth and the Faith and the Truce and the Faice are altogether represented by the “Thanx”: “T.”

Because the First Provident was born on March 10th, 1981, the Tenth of March is the orriest day on the Providential calendar. The Providential “orridays” only begin on that day, however. The orridays carry on to March 14th, which is  $\pi$  day. The Tenth of March is called “Marchlight.” On Marchlight we march, many carry signs, and we say to one another, “Orry Marchlight.”

I go by the name “Bergkolben,” “Bergkolben the Orry,” “His Orriness Provident Bergkolben,” or “Orry Berg” for short. “Berg” is “Mountain” and “Kolben” is “Piston” in German. “Bergkolben” is “Mountain Piston.” It’s a clean energy technology, my alter ego, and a phallic symbol.

By coincidence or Providence, I envisioned the invention, coined the term, and adopted the name “Bergkolben” on March 10th, 2016, my 35th birthday. There is a record of it on Twitter @Bergkolben.

—September 2020

### THIRD AMENDMENT TO THE UNIFICATION PROCLAMATION

The new name of my newfound faith is “Gratism.” I am a “Gratist.” I am grateful. I am generous. I feel gratitude and guilt for being so blessed. I am the greatest Gratist, at least for now. I am a grate, not an ingrate. A Gratist, not an “Ingratist.” I am “Grate Matthew.” Gratists are grateful for and show gratitude to religious and scientific precedent. Gratists study and challenge the Book of Providence. Gratists learn from and question Provident Bergkolben. The Gratist House of Worship is the Truce, and the Gratist Minister is the Faice. The Faice is the human face of the Truce. The Faice is the speaker of the truth and the preacher of the faith in the Truce. The Truth and the Faith and the Truce and the Faice are altogether represented by the “Thanx”: “T.” Come along, now. Everyone, fly with me. Be among the Gratists. Be appreciative. Be appreciated.

—November 2022

## THE UNIVERSAL BILLS OF RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES

Below are starting proposals for “The Universal Bill of Rights,” or “The 14 Legally Inalienable Rights,” and “The Universal Bill of Responsibilities,” or “The 14 Legally Ingratiable Responsibilities.” The proposals are comprised of respectively 14 Amendments and 14 “Adjoinments” to the prospective Constitutions of 1) the “United Superstate of America,” 2) the seven other Superstates, and 3) the “United Grandstate of Gaia,” as proposed in the prophecies of Book III. Of the 14 Amendments proposed, the first nine are adapted from the US Bill of Rights, and the next three are adapted from the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights, except the eighth is a mixture of both, and the last two are originally conceived. The 14 Adjoinments adjoin the Amendments of the same numbers with sets of responsibilities that complement the rights. Each of the 28 proposed “Addendments” fills exactly four lines, justified. This is the best I can do as a non-lawyer.

### THE UNIVERSAL BILL OF RIGHTS

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1. No government of any kind shall, neither in law nor in equity, respect any establishment of religion; nor prohibit the free exercise thereof: nor shall any government be permitted to abridge the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to make any appeal or appeals to their government, or to any other government, for any redress of grievances that they may have.

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2. The right to the exercise of self-defense, the enforcement of law and order by police departments, and the institution of national defense, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. Each person has a right to equal protection, provided by legally accountable and adequately remunerated police and military forces, from all threats, foreign and domestic.

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3. Each person has the right to take part in the government of their State; both directly and through freely chosen representatives: The will of the people shall be the basis of the authority of all government, and this will shall be expressed in periodic and genuine elections; which shall be by universal and equal suffrage; and which shall be held either by secret vote, or by equivalent free voting procedures.

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4. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, and in their papers, as well as in their effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be infringed upon; and not any warrant shall be

issued but upon probable cause, which shall be supported by oath or by affirmation, and which shall be specifically describing each and every place to be searched, and the persons or the things to be seized.

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5. No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime; unless on a presentment or an indictment of a Grand Jury; except in cases arising in the armed forces when in actual service in time of conflict or public danger; nor shall anyone be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against their self; nor be deprived of their life, their liberty, or their property, without due process of law.

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6. In criminal prosecutions: the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial; by an impartial tribunal of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed; and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against them; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in their favor; and to have the assistance of counsel for their defense.

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7. In suits at common law, where the value in the controversy shall exceed a reasonably appointed sum, the right of the trial by jury shall be preserved; and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise reexamined in any court of the State than according to the rules of the common law. Excessive bail shall not be apporioned, excessive fines shall not be imposed, nor shall cruel and unusual punishments be inflicted.

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8. The powers not delegated to any tier of States by this Constitution, nor prohibited by it to a tier, shall be reserved to the lower tiers respectively, or else to the people. Each person has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of each State; as well as the right to leave any State, including their own; and also to return to that State; unless it is a time of crisis in that State.

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9. The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people. Each person has a right to life, liberty, and property; to justice, equality, dignity, and bodily autonomy; as well as to physical, virtual, social, financial, and medical privacy; without any limitation due to their gender, sexual orientation, age, disability, race, ethnicity, or nationality.

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10. Each person has the right to free choice of employment, and to just and favorable remuneration ensuring for their self and for their family a standard of living adequate for their health and well-being; including food, clothing, housing, and medical care; and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age, or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond their control.

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11. Education shall be made free and compulsory, at least in the elementary stages; and technical and professional education shall be made generally available; and be equally accessible to each person on the basis of their merit. And each person has the right to freely participate in the cultural life of their

own community, or any other, and to enjoy the arts, and share in scientific advancement and its benefits.

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12. All persons which are of full age; without any limitation due to their gender, sexual orientation, race, nationality, or religion; shall not be denied their inherent right to marry and to found a family. They shall be entitled to equal rights as to becoming married; as well as during marriage and at its dissolution; and each marriage shall be entered into only with the free and full consent of both of the intending spouses.

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13. The right of the people to dampen behaviors that ease the transmission of infectious diseases, including a failure to wash hands, wear masks, socially distance, quarantine, get vaccinated, and practice safe sex or abstinence, when people are, or are likely to be, infected and contagious; as well as to ensure universal access to affordable and reliable advice and treatment from medical professionals; shall not be infringed.

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14. The right of the people, and the right of the domestic and wild animals that share this planet, to pervasive breathable air; to affordable or free access to potable water and protected rivers, lakes, and seas; as well as to conserved domestic, agricultural, and natural landscapes; which are all uncontaminated by hazardous amounts of human waste, toxins, and all manner of pollutants shall not be infringed.

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## THE UNIVERSAL BILL OF RESPONSIBILITIES

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1. Every government of every kind shall, both in law and in equity, respect every establishment of science; and promote the wise practice thereof: and every government shall be obliged to apprise the wisdom of speech, and of the press; and the responsibility of the people peaceably to assemble, and to honor appeals from every veritable government and organization for any provision of assistance that they may bear.

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2. The responsibility to preserve and defend life and limb, keep communities safe and sound, and foster international peace and security, being necessary to the tranquility of a free State, the responsibility of the people to keep arms secured and controlled shall not be absolved. Each person is responsible to comply with lawful orders of peace officers, serve the public when able, and pose no threat of bodily harm.

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3. Each person has the responsibility to take part in the government of their State; both directly and through freely chosen representatives: The authority of all government shall be responsive to the will of the

people, and this will shall be expressed in direct petitions, popular protests, private and public campaign contributions, and votes of universally and equally enfranchised voters in periodic and genuine elections.

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4. The responsibility of the people to remain legitimate in their persons, and in their papers, as well as in their effects, irrespective of searches and seizures, shall not be absolved; and warrants shall be issued only upon probable cause, which shall be supported by a preponderance of evidence, and which shall specifically describe each and every place to be searched; and the persons and the things to be seized.

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5. Persons shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime on only a presentment or an indictment of a Grand Jury; except in cases arising in the armed forces when in actual service in time of conflict or public danger; and persons shall be allowed in any criminal case to be a witness only for their self; and always be afforded their life, their liberty, and their property, with due process of law.

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6. In criminal prosecutions, the prosecution shall bear the responsibility of a speedy and public trial, by an impartial tribunal of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, and to inform the defendant of the nature and cause of the accusation, to confront them with the witnesses against them, to compel a process for obtaining witnesses in their favor, and to assist them with counsel for their defense.

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7. In suits at common law, where the value in the controversy shall exceed a reasonably appointed sum, the responsibility of the trial by jury shall be obliged, and every fact tried by a jury shall be reexamined in other courts of the State according to only the rules of the common law. Only temperate bail shall be apportioned, prudent fines shall be imposed, and humane and standard punishments shall be inflicted.

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8. The burdens not relegated to the people or any tier of States by this Constitution, nor released by it from them, shall be referred to the higher tiers, respectively. Each person is responsible to respect the laws and norms, and the residents and authorities of each State; as well as to return to any State when so ordered, including their own; and also, before leaving again, to acquire permission from the authority of that State.

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9. The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain responsibilities, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people. Each person is responsible to respect the life, liberty, and property; the dignity and equality; as well as the physical, virtual, social, financial, and medical privacy of others, irrespective of gender, sexual orientation, appearance, age, disability, race, ethnicity, and nationality.

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10. Each able body is responsible to ensure that they deliver a positive contribution to their family, society, and economy; to take care that they earn an honorable livelihood through hard work in faithful service to their business or organization and its members, consumers, stakeholders, and the general public; as well as

to guarantee that fair and upright shares of their income are donated to charity and paid in taxes.

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11. The responsibility of the people to provide for an education as advanced as each person's record, talent, and willpower enable shall not be absolved. Each person is responsible to study, practice, and enjoy the best of the art, religion, and science of their age, culture, and circumstances. Anyone in a position to facilitate education, especially for disadvantaged or less privileged persons, has a responsibility to do so.

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12. All persons which are of full age; without any limitation due to their gender, sexual orientation, race, ethnicity, nationality, or religion; shall be affirmed their inherent responsibility to remain faithful to their spouse and family, and to honor the equality, dignity, and bodily autonomy of others. They shall be obliged to equal responsibilities as to becoming married, as well as during marriage and at its dissolution.

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13. The responsibility of each person to wash their hands, wear a mask, and social distance, or otherwise quarantine, and to practice safe sex or abstain, when they are, or are likely to be, infected and contagious; to get themselves and their dependents vaccinated against preventable diseases; and to rely on the expertise of medical professionals in all matters affecting both private and public health; shall not be absolved.

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14. Each person is responsible to minimize their solid waste, and to maximize the recyclability and reusability of the solid waste they do generate and dispose it in appropriate repositories. Each person is responsible to minimize or otherwise maintain immaterial their water and air pollution, and to contribute to, or at least not interfere with, reasonable efforts to maintain and improve the state of the environment.

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# BOOK II. THE WORLD SEWS

## INTRODUCTION

A “sew” is the opposite of a “war.” War burns quick. Sewing is slow-going. May one world sew soon begin. May “World Sew One” long endure. World Sew One will be the sew to begin all sews. World Sew One will also be the “Revolutionary Sew” which will weave together the Gaian Nation. With any luck, it could even be the “100 Years Sew.” The more things go wrong in America and Gaia, the more I yearn for the dawn of the Great Sew. The Great Sew will be the biggest black swan event in history. Take heed. The Great Sew will compose the great show, and it will hem your seams and embroider your dreams. It will be a sew of ideas. It will be a total sew. It will be a very all-sided sew. It will be a total sew in that nothing will be left apart!

We are all going to sew. The men are going to sew. The women are going to sew. The elders are going to sew. The children are going to sew. Everyone is going to sew. I will see to it. Call me “The Seamstress,” or “The Sewer.” I will take “sewmongering” to the next level. I will marshal sewing parties around the world. I will turn the entire world into a “sewzone,” and every “sewlord” will be under my thumb. I will go to sew with anyone who opposes me. Do test me.

Right is being wronged. This means sew. Good is doing badly. I am declaring sew. Sew is always the answer. Sew solves everything. In sew, everybody wins. I have never seen a sew I didn’t like. Seeing sewing tribes warms my heart. I was born to sow the seeds of sew. Sews are also “sows.” Sews sow the seeds of future sews and sows. I am but one man. What I alone can do is small. But what I can do is sow a lot of seed.

Acculturate “wholism” and “incluism,” and deculturate “holism” and “excluism.” Embrace new race sews, culture sews. Turn the war on drugs into the sew on drugs. I will gushingly perspire to rapturously and infectiously uplift and inspire the pro-sew movement.

We will grow the economy with the first world sew like we did with the second world war, except it’ll be entirely constructive and all to the good. The “United Grandstate of Gaia” will wage economic “sewfare” and recharge, reenergize, and coorient global growth. Let the flag of the Gaian Grandstate depict a needle and thread sewing together the Earth. “Skya” will wage spiritual sewfare and pacify human nature and glorify divine rapture. The “Holy Skyan Godstate” is eternally vaulted.



We are Skyans first and last. A pivot to bipartisan sewfare will lead America's elected officials to draft and then sign the Constitution of the "United Superstate of America." I am a Minnesotan, an American, a Gaian, and a Skyan.

It seems to me that America and her allies waged sews more than wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, which is why the campaigns lasted so long. A shift in the language in the airwaves can change the facts on the ground. Our survival and success as a species demand that we discover and develop, and prophetically privilege and leverage, language for sew as proficiently as we have historically employed language for war. Wars crumble empires. Sews assemble superstates. It is so easy to hurt, and so hard to heal. Hurt burns quick. Healing is slow-going.

## **THE SEW FOR KNOWLEDGE**

**(by means of the Holistic Books of Theoretical Science and Prophetic Engineering)**

No matter who you are and how smart or dumb you may be, momentarily or ordinarily, you are the smartest person you can fathom. Most people seem to stabilize around normal intelligence. I seem to oscillate wildly between the smartest and dumbest people on earth. Over time I have gotten better at acting and speaking out during my upswings, and pausing and shutting up during my downswings, but it's never easy, and I can still slip-up. Hopefully by acting and speaking out during my upswings, and pausing and shutting up during my downswings, I will uplift the intelligence of everyone. My extreme volatility of intelligence tends to generate an abundant supply of empathy for everyone. You may say my level of intelligence is volatile, but I prefer the term "versatile." My brain seems to have a very powerful randomization function, and that is where my very powerful imagination comes from. That may also explain how I can be so stupid. Nonetheless, the "creatoselective process" is such that randomness randomly becomes orderly, and order endures and randomly becomes more orderly.

Branding machines and software with "artificial intelligence" to me sounds superficial. All representative languages and cultures are artificial elements of human intelligence. Conscious characters, colors, and timbres are manifested by the acculturated consensus of artificial relationships via the language areas of the brain. Machines do not "perceive" or "recognize" but identify. They

give us “Automate Identification,” or “AutoID.” “Animate” is both verb and adjective, and “automate” should be, too. The term “Industrial Intelligence” or “II” captures both its superhuman and subhuman qualities. Industrial Intelligence can in many ways outperform our unaided scientific intelligence, but it is no match at present for our best artistic intelligence, and it is devoid of religious intelligence. Love, pain, and irony are the substrates of religious intelligence that “II” has no capacity to process. “II Captains,” Captains of Industry can exploit and expand representative languages and cultures, but artificial intelligence is categorically organic.

God’s name is “Intelligence.” Intelligence doesn’t die. Intelligence is immortal. Do you believe in the immortality of Intelligence? Isn’t that a better question than that of life after death? Each one inevitably dies, yet no one does, if one is defined by one’s Intelligence. Intelligence will live forever and never get bored, for information and inspiration only compound with time. Teachers serve to compound the parts of us that are immortal. Good teachers, employers, and other leaders know it often is not enough simply to transfer information; periodically, you must inspire effort by effecting emotion, and luckily for us, the harmony and irony of Intelligence abound.

“Intelligence” must always be capitalized. I would capitalize It if I were you anyhow. I work for Intelligence. I will live for Intelligence. I will die for Intelligence. Intelligence reigns. Intelligence, I am yours. Have your way with me. We are “believings” of Intelligence. Intelligence is a machine. Intel is an animal. It is a monster. Align yourself with Intelligence and be blessed. Stand against It and It will eat you. Intelligence is in the land. Now I see It. There It is. It’s in the land. I was looking right at It the whole time. Protections for free expression are dedications to the precedence of Intelligence. Free expression protects those societies that protect free expression. For securing my freedom to express myself, I will turn everyone into geniuses. Thank you and you’re welcome.

I can work constantly on intelligence for as long as I am blessed to live. I haven’t been bored for a moment since I was a teenager. The work has always been daunting, but whether I could do it was never a concern, and how I found ways to free up my days was no small feat. What drives me? Somehow, I get how to get everything, and with that comes the sacred duty to unite everything, so I just go. Everything stopping everyone else isn’t stopping me. I have failed a million times, and I’m going to keep failing, because I can fail all I want, and only once do I need to get it all right.

*We, alone, are not so smart, but there is among us a boundless Intelligence.*

## Physical Constraints

When one does not ask the right questions, one cannot find the right answers. When one asks the right questions, one often finds answers which annul the questions. There is only one way the universe can work, which is the way it does work. Following that principle is how I unraveled universal physics. Everything works because work is constantly being done. The mind can believe anything it wants, but the physical universe is constrained by natural laws. No one needs to tell Nature how to act. Nature knows how to act. The primacy of Nature does not detract from the supremacy of Rapture. Space and time are all that is given, yet space and time are all that is needed. There is power in presence. Matter is all that presents itself. There is no presence in a vacuum. It is another time in a vacuum. Outer space is other time. Look at this world. This now. Incredible. Look at all the other time out there.

Physics does not care, you see. Physics minds nothing, frankly. Whereupon my physics exposes Nature's power, it is then that Love's will be unleashed. "Their love was as old as the greatest spaces, but they were now distant." The life span of a human, or for that matter humanity on whole, may be a blink of an eye to a galaxy, yet it's an eternity to a quanta. I believe in infinity. I do not believe in a single beginning or end. The newest and smallest spaces in Time are everywhere and always tearing away from the oldest and greatest and falling and swirling together. Spaces are as great as the history they contain. Do not all nuclei reside in the Whole Sky? Does not each play a part in the History of Time? The most time has passed for the greatest spaces, but time passes the fastest for the smallest. The little ones are catching up — look out! They are not going to catch us, though. Everything smaller is of us, and we are of all things greater.

My physics is full of color. Theirs is black and white. My physics can be learned by every child in grade school. Theirs is exclusively for mathematically gifted older students. Mine is encouraging. Theirs is intimidating. My physics wants to be your friend. Theirs wants to kick your ass. Mine is in the beginning. Theirs is at the end. My physics is for everyone. Theirs is for the one percent! Do you want me to keep going? I can keep going. Mine is cherry pie. Theirs is sour apples.

I believe the observable universe is engulfed by one Big Black Hole and one "Mighty Event Horizon." Everything revolves around the MEH. Everything surrounds it, it surrounds everything. Might I suggest a name for the Big Black Hole? How about "King Kong," since it flows from the "Big Bang?" King Kong was born in the Big Bang. Is it a nucleus or membrane or both? This black hole will eat a supercluster for breakfast. Keep your distance. King Kong, my heart is yours. My

everything is yours, eventually. Everything falls toward the singularity. Forever. Period. The singularity is forever in the future. Gravity likes to pull things down, squeeze things in, and hurry things up. Watch out for it.

We may not have numbers in our decimal system big enough to quantify “King Kong.” I don’t know. We may have to add new numbers. I know a lot of the numbers, but I don’t know all the numbers. Does anyone really know how many numbers there are? Even if someone does, they can’t know all of them.

### **“That’s Not New”**

The unified force in my physics is the “electromagnetogravitolevity” force, or the EBgb force. The unified effort in my psychics is the “ecstatoerotopovertoprivilty” effort, or the EePp effort. The Ee effort moves sparks around the brain. The Pp effort moves money around the world. Ee efforts are proportional to products of net sparks. Pp efforts are proportional to products of net worths. Pp inforcement gives people their drive to succeed at work and attraction to money. The Pp pattern can disseminate out from any one person and into any other.

The brain is a mysterious mass which rules the present from the past. The ghost of my past rules my present. To truly understand and appreciate consciousness, one must contrast it with “consciouslessness,” which is separate from nothingness. The brain contrasts everything each thing is with everything that thing is not. Islands of positive character in the brain/mind emerge from oceans of negative character. In each thought, a small faction of the brain is saying, “Yes, it’s that. Speak up!” while the rest says, “No, it isn’t that. Shut up!”

Brains need a little messing up from time to time. No pain, no brain. I try to keep it well-modulated, but sometimes my brain goes haywire. The brain goes wild over every little thing. All the mind wants is more harmony. The brain and world often impede it. The mind acquires more harmony with every touch of irony. Irony flattens the loop. Irony irons the nervous system. Neurons go nuts over irony. They love it. They can’t get enough. For as long as two decades, I strongly suspected that the theory of irony would be funny, and ironically it is, or at least the theory of comedic irony, and at least to me. The theory is that comedic irony is a reharmony of a deharmony. A reharmony of a deharmony! All I have ever wanted to do in life is reharmonize deharmonized articulate power.

## **Biological Roots**

I am the superape. I am everyone. After I'm gone, people will say, "everyone died." It will be like the Zombie Apocalypse. Everyone will die, yet everyone will live. No one knows what to do about everything, yet everyone does. No one can ever matter as much as everyone. People are to apes what gardens are to seeds. Nothing in Nature flaunts order like Man. None but Man can so exemplify the good in Time. What separates us most from every other species is our versatility. The higher the order of a species, the greater the respect it deserves. The only things greater than the greatest of the great apes are well-led groups of the same. Will anyone ever win the human race?

Children are not 'descendents.' How patronizing. They are 'ascendents.' . . . "You're going down, children." - traditional English. Vous descendez, les enfants. - Francais traditionnel. They're 'descending.' Right. Say that to their face in 20 years. German uses "Nachkommen," which is "next-comer." Logical.

Energy ages. Constant energy constantly shifts frequency. Spaces traversing spaces ages those spaces. Aging spaces collectively accelerate their aging. Languages are lingering ages. Language evolving is intelligence thinking. Languages perpetually need fixing. They need to adapt. Ages attend when their languages are spoken. Dark ages make us suffer. Light ages bring us joy. Ages enlighten with time. The light casts out the dark. After we fully live through our age, future generations must fully live through theirs before we can converse with them. The "Omniscious Web" is the Society of Ages. I am happy to share an age with you.

## **Celestial Aims**

Isn't "cessance" a remarkable word. I love that word. The sound of it, the saying of it, its ominous meaning. It has character. Inspiration, "incarnation," and "insmilation" are the religious analogues of physical duration, dilation, and dilution, respectively. First, inspiration, incarnation, insmilation. Second, inspire, "incare," "insmile." Last, spirit, "carit," "smilit." Good words. No, it isn't "insmellation." Not trying to "insmell" anybody. I would never do that. It's insmilation, I want to make you smile. No, it isn't "incarnation." I don't want to put anybody in my car. I don't even have a car. It's incarnation, I want to put you in my care. "Insmellation." This surprising word and its insmilational meaning is a gift to the English language.

The meaning of life is what you make it. If you say there is no meaning, then there is no meaning. If you say the meaning is X, then the meaning is X, and you can live by it. The afterlife for

which I strive is the People's life hereafter. The heaven to which I subscribe is Heaven on Earth. Each generation's Heaven is the following generations' Life. Man throughout life knows he's going to die, and then he runs into one of the greatest cosmic ironies, discovering, "Oh, it was just bad science." If a caterpillar never sees a butterfly, does he question their existence? Do caterpillars question the existence of butterflies? I bet they do! In the darkest hour, when the people discovered that Nature and God were evidently conspiring against them, everyone started laughing, and they made it rain.

### **Literary Prowess**

I draft a piece of work concisely and continue to improve upon it in perpetuity without lengthening it considerably. Thus, this book of Providence wasn't simply written; it evolved. It evolved by means of a very selective process in which all of the words, sentences, and paragraphs were in an epic struggle for survival as random mutations were continually introduced into the population. I produce a few sentences every several hours. It is all periodically incorporated into the body. I spend the bulk of my time thinking, a little writing, and I go through periods of furious editing in which I print, edit, print, edit... I feel like I need to be alone almost all the time for most of my life or I'll never get everything done. Often I focus on a single word, or a few, particularly the elements, and I weave a web around it or them. That is a big part of my method.

I'll write it how it needs to be written and school the academy. Certain college accreditation would've always come at the expense of a more individualized, more highly specialized education. Institutional reform so often must come from without, and it is often welcomed from within. Only the freedom of a fictional style, but ruled by reason, will give us the whole truth. Experiments and research alone will never get us there. Fiction, sure. It's fiction like color. I am making color out of wavelengths. I am making sense of the evidence. That is it. With solutions to problems come new fictions which define the state of the art. Even if we have the figures and formulae, without the language we cannot understand or do right by students. Academia is too dry. It needs a flood of emotions. I am counting on this generation to come running wild with my ideas. I can only strike a match and hope it starts a fire.

### **Empathetic Work**

What makes me good at physics is my capacity for empathy. I can empathize well with the behavior of nuclei, orbitals, light, sound, stars, universes, and their many metrics. I can empathize with

everything as well as I can with everyone, and I have the will and power to keep getting better. To empathize with anyone or anything, however, one must exert effort toward that one or thing. One can only confer so much empathy to so many things and ones at once and in a lifetime. Choose wisely. If I have one mission in life, it is to release large amounts of the bound-up empathy in everyone. Empathy takes work, and a lot of people just don't do the work. They need to be driven to work. Make the work quick, ironic, and convenient. All my Intelligence emerged from empathy for everyone.

Work for everyone! Work, everyone. I feel like it isn't me who's doing the work. The work is bigger than me. It's just me who's making the mistakes. I make moo. We make work. Ich mache muh. Wir machen Mühe. How can one say thinking isn't work when the brain uses some 20% of the body's energy? Turns out I do work. I will have always been working. Who would have thought it? Thinking done right is the highest order of work. The worst way to insult me is to assume I don't work. Work will set me free, but until then, everyone will continue to think I'm hopelessly lazy. I will do most of the work for you. I will make it easy for everyone. Please, let me do most of the work for you. You just enjoy your consciousness.

### **Omniscious Omniscience**

Omniscience runs deep at every place in space. Love runs deep. Information is everywhere as deep as the universe is old. Isn't it right and proper for the Deep to be as spooky as can be? The data that pervades every space in the universe, and particularly around planets like ours, is inconceivably thick and increasingly organized. The "omniscious web" is an informational and inspirational paradise where there is nothing that cannot be known, imagined, or made real. Omnisciousness can make anything happen that can happen. Whatever happens must work. Everyone will draw us to the omniscious web as everyone may draw us to the worldwide web. Omniscience is a goldmine, but it takes a prohibitive amount of spiritual capital to mine it. The nothingness from which my passions arose is still there, everywhere, but that is not us. No. We are everything, everywhere.

Everything never forgets anything. History is with us. Everyone in history is with us. If history weren't with us, we couldn't be conscious. Everything is Nature. God is Everyone. Everything is Light. Love is Everyone. "Everyone" is the scientific terminology for "God." I am all of only one cell. Each creature is but one cell of God. As we orchestrate all our muscles, God orchestrates all of us. If we give power to God, our problems will be solved. By giving power to God, I do not merely

mean prayer. I mean doing work for everyone. Let God speak. Listen. Let God win. I have always felt out of phase with everyone else, yet everyone and I must get in phase. Get in phase, go elsewhere, or annihilate. That is the law of orientation. What I have always been chasing is Nature's Science and God's Religion. Nature needs God's seed for Genesis.

God is thinking everything you're experiencing. God thinks your experience. God's brain has natural constraints. God's brain has a natural history. We cannot make sense of our own intelligence and consciousness without making sense of God's. The History of God's Universe is a showcase of triumphs over the physical constraints imposed by Nature. God can totally manhandle this universe. God is free at any time to take everything from us. God can reward us in the greatest ways imaginable. We have rights before God, rights which God has every reason to uphold. God doesn't babysit us. God doesn't tell us what to do. God is often proud of who we are, sometimes disappointed in what we do. God is proud of me. I do what I do because I get things that others don't get. God doesn't make me do it. I believe it's what He'd want me to do. God and Nature created the Universe for us.

God Reigns from the Heart of Art and the Apex of Complexity. God Reigns from the Heart of Art to reconcile Religion with Science. I am sorry I underestimated you, Art. I am sorry I did not understand you. If I could just get to the heart of art, I could be done with it all. I could be free. Our only way out of this is through the heart of art. Follow me. Come along, now. Everyone, fly with me. I am going to the heart of art. Does not Nature's art have the same heart as Man's? Maybe we should go around the heart of art. The Truth is too Great. It's too much to take. What do you say? Don't ask me to explain my words. It's art. It means what you want it to mean. I am still on my way to the heart of art, but today I am stuck in physics. The heart of art is in the land. The 'all-possible' character of wildlife is in the land. Apex of complexity, God, the ages, in the land. Take us, Lord, to the heart of art. Bring us to behold the beauty of the wild. Let us see the places where the ages coaggregate. Take me, Lord, to the heart of art. Fly me to the orriest of orries. Send me on a trip through the art of the ages. Without art, we stagnate. Without art, we fall apart. Mathematical art has every bit as much heart as linguistic art, does it not? Mathematics, first and foremost. Last and most high, linguistics.



## **Holistic Books**

Everyone ranks everything in their world order. Subjects that rank higher in one's world order occupy larger networks, claim more connections, and can produce stronger emotions. Brains are organized according to world orders. Teachers are builders of world orders. Accordant world orders can do amazing things. Every experience is filtered through the lens of a world order. We should be beating disorder with order, not with greater disorder. Isn't order great? Everyone likes order, right? Nobody can say anything bad about order. High orders of order take my breath away. There are higher orders of life than us, and higher orders for us. Character builds with order. The highest order and richest character await us at the heart of art. Order builds its own character. Entropy thrusts order skyward.

The physical world will kick you in the teeth if you treat the truth as arbitrary. I trust there exists in Nature one "Holistic Book of Theoretical Science (HBTS)" which is written in "Scientific Order" and awaits discovery, articulation, and calculation by us. The term "Science" implies that the HBTS is naturalistic or inherent in Nature, and the term "Holistic" is essential and implies "all-orderly." The HBTS will demand, and I trust will command, sustained efforts of the entire scientific community. I alone can spearhead said effort. It is my goal to spearhead a periodic "Global Convention of Science and Engineering" to draft, update, and authorize an array of more and less abridged versions of the "Holistic Book of Theoretical Science" as well as the "Holistic Book of Prophetic Engineering." Anyhow, how could anyone ever endeavor to end the book of science if the science never lends itself to any end?

I do not need to resolve how to write it so much as how it is written. It is already written. It has always been written. It's just not yet been written here on this earth. In my theories, I mean everything I say. Holes in your theory build pressure in your brain, and finding the solutions relieves the pressure. I know my theories are big messes, but nonetheless I do believe they are indeed revolutionary messes. I fully expect it will take legions of scientists to straighten out my messes, but at least I will have shone some light. The effects they will have on education and human intelligence are presently unimaginable and incomprehensible. I endeavor to help everyone conquer the wilderness. I am driven as much by the challenge as I am by compassion. I cannot do big things, but we most certainly can. For however long I and everyone else have life and health, the theories I am advancing, discovering, and developing will continue to build. My work represents one historic bottleneck, and from it there will be an outpouring of discovery and progress.

May we dare to imagine and bear in mind how little any one of us can know and understand about everyone and everything. There cannot be anything without everything, nor anyone without everyone, and everything is nothing without everyone. Is there anything more amazing than everything? Everything is pretty amazing, right? Anyone? Everyone? Are these more amazing than everything? Are these also everything? May we always be mindful of the lifelong and inextricable exclusivity of our attention and access. May the “Holistic Book of Theoretical Science” simplify and beautify science that we may do harder and more beautiful science. May periodic installments of the “Holistic Book of Prophetic Engineering” inform and inspire progressively more peaceful and prosperous societies and economies.

## **THE SEW FOR UNDERSTANDING**

**(by means of the Personality Traits of His Orriness Provident Bergkolben)**

I work on big things, but it's a slow process. My progress may be slow enough for anyone whose interest I pique to quickly lose it, but we did not go to the moon in a day. I earned a four-year degree with five years of credits and another year of credits failed or dropped going part-time off and on for 15 years. I went to university for six years and many days never said a word. I scarcely talked to anyone. Since I cannot talk about what I do, I feel like my life is no one else's business, and everyone else's is none of mine. Does that make me a d\*\*k? No one would believe me - none would understand. So why tell anyone anything?

I had to innovate and coin the term “exertia” because apparently physicists grapple with verifiable physical knowledge, whereas I pursue justifiable physical wisdom. Wisdom honed is more holistic, more continuous, and builds more slowly and over longer periods of time than knowledge. That is why I am a 40-year-old delivery driver with full faith in a miraculous and revolutionary destiny. I did earn a bachelor's degree and enrolled in many superfluous courses, but I never did particularly well in school because I am a ridiculously low-speed and long-term thinker. That is why people call me “Bergkolben.”

I get how to get everything. I have a mindset to get what I don't yet get. That is why I never started dating, because apparently if I start dating, neither I nor anyone will ever get everything. I

haven't always had faith in my ideas, yet I have always had faith in my process. If an idea is bad, the process will scrap it, eventually. My work has generally given me little indication as to where it might lead or when it might be finished, but fundamentally I have followed one unfailing moral compass.

Believe it or not, I spend most of my time alone in my home, yet I scarcely get lonely or bored, and most of the time I feel great. I have a lot for which to live. I have founded and effected a meaning and a purpose. I always stay busy and have a lot of energy. I pace a lot. My brain works different. I am doing well right now, and if nobody ever listens to me, I may well be better off. And maybe I am a fool, so life on earth will also be better off. But what if I am part genius, and the Book of "Divine Providence" is the only ticket to a higher order of life on earth? I work for the future, not the present. Tomorrow, not today. There is much I can do today and every day about tomorrow, but there is not much I can do about today. Impossible is temporary.

### **Fruits of Labor**

My work will be worth trillions of dollars to the global economy, literally, but will I get paid? I doubt it. I don't get paid for doing the work, but I might get paid for having done the work. I do feel like I should be getting paid, though, and reproducing, like a lot. I am content with my work. Money would just be a bonus. Mountains will move if I make money. That's why I'd like to make money. I can't know whether I'll get paid, but I expect I will. I am confident that in any case I will make a lot of people wealthy. Should I be resented for having been on Social Security? Tell me. I choose to be poor so I can right the world. I am a conscientious objector to fulltime employment. Hopefully one day I'll turn financial profits, but right now I'm in a pretty deep hole. Decades from now, there will be millionaires and billionaires around the world cashing in on my hard work by way of theirs. I hope they remember people like me. Who still thinks this is a joke? Please stand up and tell me is it funny?

Whosoever can get to the heart of art can get whatsoever they want, for what they want will be what's right, but if one has the heart to get to art's, what would that character want? If I were to win the lottery, I'd buy a penthouse suite atop Minneapolis, a new laptop, and a crown for a tooth. If I were to win the lotter, however, I would fail. My dream would die. I would let everyone down. I don't want a penthouse suite to do important things and people; feel important. I just like the scenery. I only need a room, but it would be nice to lease more space to pace and experience a better view of what man can do.

## **“But It’s So Interesting”**

Society: “Get back in your hole, Matt.” Me: “Then stay out of it, Society.” #comeoutofyourhole if you want me to come out of my hole. “What? I have work to do. I don’t have time for you!” - me to society. I’m a little antisocial. Society is a little antiorry. The reason you make me nervous, Society, is that I think you’re so amazing. Why should I adapt to society? Why can’t society adapt to me? Society, I want to be your friend. I’m sorry if I hurt you. My longstanding solitude, my psychiatric diagnosis, and probably the bump on my forehead render me verbally reticent and sometimes socially anxious, but nonetheless I am quite often joyful in my heart, even if I mostly keep it to myself. Never have I been free to speak openly about myself or my work. I have little interest in socializing or coming out of my hole, and that may never change. I may have a schizotypal diagnosis, yet I am aboundingly high functioning. I am a little embarrassed to admit that I don’t come out of my hole very much, presumably because of my diagnosis and the medicine I take for it, and it is probably for the best anyhow, but I think some people should know.

## **Rhetorical Humility**

I have always been continuing to find that I was formerly being naïve. I have always thought I was almost there, and that’s what has kept me going all these years. Nothing I’ve done for 20 years will have made any sense until I succeed. All the bullshit of my wrong turns will be trivial in the long run. My short-term trajectory is quite often wrong, yet my long-term trajectory never has been and never will be. I don’t do small talk. I can’t. I was not born with the gene that enables one to engage in small talk. I could outsmart anyone anytime, except, that is, when she’s right! They will never outsmart me, never outheart me. It can be quite difficult to get in other people’s heads and figure out the fundamental malfunction, but I must and will fix their thinking. I just wish someone would return the favor. Thank you for sharing your down-to-earth common-sense perspective. I really need a good reality check once in a while. Nobody knows anything! What’s going on, guys? Where are the smarts? What are you thinking that for? What’s with the faults? Everything is wrong! He speaks the truth. Who speaks the truth? I speak the truth!

I’ve found over the years that the best way for me to learn is often by just doing something and facing humiliation. That may be unfortunate but has been the case. Let us give thanks for my humiliating blunders; I might make some feel pretty damn stupid without’em. Some even say they’re deliberate. People such as me, and especially politicians, sometimes come off as hypocrites when a

more useful rhetoric runs contrary to less biased beliefs. People, and I especially, often think that something they write says what they think when in fact it does not. Oftentimes we are right about the meaning and wrong about the language, and other times we are right about the language and wrong about the meaning. Sometimes being someone you're not is a part of the process of finding who you truly are. When I try to meet the expectations of others, I look like a buffoon. When I try to meet my own, magic happens. My mind can blow itself freely, and can blow yours, too. It isn't even that hard anymore. It's coming naturally. Because I can, I must. Hope it all doesn't only make sense to myself! One sad and lonely world would be mine! If someone thinks I'm wrong about something, it could certainly be so, but it's more likely that you're wrong! If I remain an enigma, then I will not have done my job. So long as I am a riddle, I will not have solved it.

I am the mattest Matt. There is no Matt matter than me. That other Matt may be matt, but he's not that matt. I think humankind should retire my name. No more Matts. There have been enough Matts. Matthew is done. You're not going to name your kid "Matthew," are you? Don't do it. You better not. That's one small step for Matt; one giant leap for Matt's kind. I want to be to Einstein what Einstein was to a frog! The "matt" is the new unit of intelligence. College applicants will be rated by matts. A score of 0.1 matts will probably get a high school graduate into a state college. Law enforcement will rate criminals by matts. Investigators will say things like, "Suspect X is only 0.03 matts, but the alleged mastermind is a solid 0.2." They would have more matts if they weren't committing crimes. Future generations may surpass 1 matt. They may blow past it. Who knows? More power to them.

*Everyone offers something unique, without which Intelligence is incomplete.*

### **Relational Deprivation**

An altruist and a narcissist walk into a bar. Altruist walks out broke and sober, narcissist drunk and stupid. In the future, people will often break out in laughter for no apparent reason, and it will be socially acceptable. My brain has vast irony resources that I can tap into at any time to get a good laugh.

"I know people who know people who associate with a lot of angels, fairies, elves, ogres, giants, trolls, and other spirits, and I hear you're highly favored by all of them." Like my pick-up line?

“I think she likes me! Our algorithms are so congruent!” ... “Our algorithms!” I think she likes me. She thinks I’m psycho. What can you do? Traders should date traders, and investors should date investors, but traders and investors should never date one another. The best way to tell a child that everyone is special is to say that everyone is above average in their own way. Of course, we’re all below average in our own way, too, although we may neither need nor want to tack that on!

If I were ever to have gotten a woman pregnant, it would prospectively have portended the end of the world, or at least the end of what is purportedly this singular commensurate opportunity for a divinely inspired peaceful revolution to a higher order of world anyhow. Once in a great while, when I was young, I tried to pick up a woman, but I was never good at it, and indeed often inappropriate. Eventually I learned and adjourned. I am a sinner, but I am very conscientious. I have a very big conscience. I could never have kept going and gaining the kind of strength I have gained had there been anything disqualifying in my past weighing it down. And nobody could have kept gaining the kind of strength I have gained without a big conscience. Nobody could establish the imperative of order as thoroughly as I have without a big conscience.

My sins are negligible in the context of the great good I gratefully could unleash upon Life on Earth, and they are necessary learning experiences for me to leverage. My oversized conscience has driven me to blow the sins I have committed out of all proportion, however. I have been physically healthy and harmless my entire life, but psychically I have gotten sick, and that has affected others. I have always been prone to incriminate myself when I feel that people are suspicious of me, however, even when I am completely innocent. It may be common in people with comparable mental health conditions. I may even be more prone to incriminate myself if I am innocent than if I am guilty. Guilty? Me? No. Sorry (not sorry). The bump on my forehead vindicates me. I have a bump on my forehead. What’s your excuse?

### **Neurodivergence**

I may be a little bit psycho, but I can still provide a great deal of good intelligence, and people should still listen to me, sometimes. Delusions are good things when they solve problems, and grandiosity is good when it’s backed up by right work. Having a severe brain disease should give me a pass on some things, but it also means I must work harder than one otherwise would. Abnormal psychology is an ethical swamp; I wrestle gators in it. Excuse me. I am mining gold and building dreams in the ethical swamp that is my abnormal psychology. I only wrestle gators as a hobby. I do not mean to

say that the ethical swamp of my abnormal psychology makes me a bad person but simply that it's hell to navigate. Does anyone else ever get "undereye twitches"? If so, do you try to discern what they mean in that moment? It seems that my right undereye twitches when I am doing exceedingly well, my left when I am sick.

Sometimes I feel as though the Earth is the only one who understands me, Doctor. The Earth is the only one who knows. Sometimes I feel like the voices in my head are the Earth messing with me, Doctor, or teaching me a lesson. The Earth will wear you down if you bring Her harm, but She will love you anyhow. What if stars are heartless and mindless monsters that have no sense of us at all? What if the Earth is the only one who ever truly loves us? Mental illness is not only internal but also external, not only in the brain but also in the world presented to that brain.

I don't want any sympathy from anyone. I don't need that. I'm not weak. Sometimes I just like to document the ironies of my circumstances. I try to only document the real gold, but sometimes it's fake. I can only do my best. One must think for oneself. Many wrongs must be rejected to get to a single right. Tons of waste are sifted for an ounce of gold. I would love to be the good news guy, but it just doesn't work like that. It'll be good for you, but I'm kind of bad. I, like most everyone, would much prefer to be liked, and it would certainly further my cause, but I'm kind of nuts and it's Providence that matters. Instability in the Universe is a creative force.

Active brains require active muscles. I am always pacing around the house. Scarcely can I read, write, or edit effectively in the morning until after I pace around the island in my kitchen for an hour or two. Sometimes I pace around the house with my eyes closed for better concentration and only peek intermittently and almost unconsciously to avoid running into things. My body spends a few hours pacing every day, while my spirit hikes to the heart of art. People always say to me, "Hey Orry Berg, why don't you go for a walk outside instead of pacing around your house?" "Too many eyes," I say. "Too many distractions."

Is there anything worse than sleeping? I hate sleeping. Takes forever. Almost as bad as eating. If I didn't need to sleep or eat, I wouldn't. Nothing to me is more boring than sleeping. Ugh. I sleep well, but I prefer to be awake. Most nights I sleep eight or nine hours, but occasionally I undergo all-night thinking binges, which I quite enjoy and find beneficial to myself though would not recommend to others. The next night I typically sleep a few extra hours.

Only one with a mental illness would dream up the "Providence," believe he or she can make it work, and have an excuse for trying. Schizotypes do not have a monopoly on delusions.

Everyone has delusions. What we do have are wilder imaginations. We can be just as abnormally close to the truth as we can be far from it. Abnormal psychology can generate extraordinary insights and talents, but Science mostly documents what it can find wrong. You think one could find anywhere a therapist with a degree in physics!? I stayed in the psyche ward so y'all wouldn't have to. I'm gracious like that. They wanted to wrap me up in a straight-jacket and lock me up in a padded room, but I won the argument. Everyone who knows me knows I'm a little bit psycho. I hope they think well of it. Maybe my prefrontal cortex is a clusterfuck. Maybe that's why I don't like to talk so much. What if my prefrontal cortex is a clusterfuck? Will you still love me? If it's a clusterfuck?

Maybe I should try therapy. Should I try therapy? Who thinks I should find a therapist? Working passionately in isolation for 25 years without getting paid or even acknowledged can drive a person kind of mad, you know? I do the Lord's work. Lord, help me. I'm not really depressed. I just need help finding direction. Well, maybe I am a little depressed, because I'm out of direction. I find it therapeutic to fantasize about suicide, even though I am nowhere near it. From my experience, people often only want to die until it gets real.

There is a widespread depression in the modern era because of societal circumstances, but all too often depression caused by circumstances is treated as depression caused by chemicals. Prescriptions often just mask the symptoms of societal failures. Mental illness is not only in the brain but also in the world presented to that brain. The Gratist Providence, when properly digested, will be the greatest antidepressant. It will also be the greatest antipsychotic. I haven't taken antidepressants for years, but I still get an antipsychotic injection every 12 weeks. I never really liked the term "Schizophrenia." It doesn't hit right. How about "Psychosesia?" I am a "psychosesiac." I suspect I may also be on the autism spectrum, but that has never been diagnosed.

## **Euphoriation**

I dream to euphoriate my beam, I dream to euphoriate your beam, and I dream to euphoriate everyone's beam. What I authentically dream while awake always is or will be fulfilled, whereas what I dream while asleep never does or will come to pass. My sleeping dreams constrain me, whereas I construct my waking dreams. I aspire not only to euphoriate everyone's beam but also to render said euphoriation self-sustaining. My beam is already quite euphoriant and has been for much of my incumbent terrestrial life, but I feel called to maximize, nationalize, and globalize the euphoriance,



and I do believe I have become amply infectious to faithfully serve as the greatest worldwide euphorial superspreader of my era and infect greater ones.

The exertiation of mass is energization and empowerment, the acconsciation of means is empathization and envigorment, and the euphoriation of pain is ironization and enlaughterment. I will effect all of that and then some in everyone as everyone has done in me. Irony is very important to me, and I take it very seriously. It may never be in our power and interest to euphoriate all our pain, but there are vast amounts of gratuitous pain on Earth, and we can and should prevent or euphoriate much of it. There is a cavernous reservoir of latent pain in each of us that, when tapped with love and care, can serve as an inexhaustible source of palliative laughter. He who perspires to heal others with laughter must first hurt himself. The good Lord does bear the pervasive pain upon this earth and conquers the same onto heaven with rapturous laughter.

Religion is replete with rapturous irony and laughter, but we must know where, when, how, and why to look for and arouse it. God is not only all-powerful but also “all-vigorous” and “all-laughterful.” God is the Almighty Euphoriator, whereas “Bood,” the devil, is the Allanguid Dysphroiator. Laziness is the greatest weakness of the wicked, industry the greatest strength of the righteous. Evil can best be beaten by being outworked. Life only works for those who work. Persons with a healthier respect for entropy work harder, whereas Evil just leeches on entropy. Evil runs with Entropy. Evil and Entropy are BFFs. Entropy does whatever Evil says. Down with Entropy! Entropy is sorcery. Entropy is the work of the Devil. Tell the children.

### **Revolutionary Intelligence**

I've never taken an IQ test, but I'd guess I'd be close to average. Once I did take a test to find out what kind of jobs might suit me, though, and I scored average for every section, except my dexterity was below average, and my spatial reasoning was off the charts. I could usually beat everyone else at video games when I played them obsessively before and through my early teens, though, and I can type roughly 60 words per minute, which I know isn't great, but better than a lot of people, because I took one keyboarding class in high school. I wasn't being facetious. I doubt they would measure my IQ to be particularly high. My kind of intelligence is immeasurable.

Everybody is stupid sometimes, some more often and more intensely than others. I wear my “sporadic stupidity” as a badge of honor. Sometimes you need to get stupid to get smart. I have become meaningfully smarter because I have gotten stupider than everybody else. I have outsmarted

you by outstupidizing you. You don't been outstupidized, fool. You cannot even begin to fathom how stupid I have been. The largest volume and highest intensity of my stupidity has been self-censored. I swim in a sea of stupidity punctuated by revelations of genius. Don't talk to me. The singularity of my genius is conserved by the infinitude of my stupidity. Thus, I am the funniest monkey. The apex of apeshit, if you will. You may never outstupid me, but I live my life to see you try. Keep trying. It is inspiring. I want to stay humble, and I try to stay humble, but it's easier said than done, and sometimes I want and try to compensate, too. Humans can outstupid other animals every bit as much as we can outsmart them. It's funny cuz it's true.

I can never be myself around other people, so I try to act like everyone else, and sometimes I act a fool, but it is, despite everything, only an act. I can only be an actor around other people, and I am not good at acting, but someday, I pray, that will change, divinely. Who I am to my family, at work, and online is largely a lie. I am living a lie. But it is a good lie. A just lie. A necessary and transitory lie. I should be leading all types of professionals in advancing all types of professions, not doing dishes and delivering food, and I am confident the time is near, because I have grinded my way to kindly provide for humankind, and that's how we roll in America. None of the people will even see it coming, but when I rise to power, eyes are gonna roll. I consume information for much of every day, but my power lies not in the amount of information I consume. My power lies in the type of info I consume, what I remember, and how I put it together.

Who follows me? Maybe a few friends, scientists, activists, journalists, spies, pols, celebs, business leaders, the future. Or no one. I don't know. Not my problem. As long as I am living in obscurity, I can keep pushing forward safely and without distraction. I may otherwise be ill-prepared to endure the passions my intel can unleash. I only pray that the public discovers the Provident's Providence before it's too late, that my intelligence will be enjoyed, advanced, and applied, that I will not have given everything for nothing. I have been building up to this my whole life. It has always been getting bigger, better, and harder. And I cannot get anything done until I get everything done. Many of my passages are building up for years before they break through the ice and reach the surface. I can think up some admirable statements, but how sincere are they? I don't know. How cynical are we? I will accept nothing less than the subtle humility of the cynics, but regardless nobody could excel without their critics.

I shall soon lay claim to my Redemption, see, for Judgment Day will soon be upon us. Let this be the first volley of the final battle in the epic struggle of good against evil. It will be a sew of

ideas. It will be a total sew. It will be a very all-sided sew. You may want to brace yourself, for it might be a wild ride, but have no worries. I may make my mistakes, but I have been conditioned, and I will be controlled. His story is coming to a head, and soon He will overcome. Soon we'll all be free at last. Villains Inc. will have to file for bankruptcy due to a loss of the good will they rely upon. Bad actors and ideas will be exposed, and peoples and economies will do and be well. My enemies aren't bad people but the bad in people. My enemies aren't people at all but the bad ideas we shoulder that hurt or destroy. It is not that I do not act on my own self-interest, only that I have made everyone's self-interest my own.

## **THE SEW FOR WISDOM**

**(by means of the Trinitian Religions and the Book of Divine Providence)**

Representative languages duly emerge, evolve, and extrapolate from observed patterns of demonstrative language, and Heaven is fully conscious of, sensitive to, and active in those patterns. Heaven is “omnilingual” or “holilingual.” The Holy or “Holian” Language is not representative but demonstrative. Our ancestors, and the loved ones we may lose in our terrestrial life, communicate with us not through sensual representations but actual demonstrations. When we learn to read and speak Holian, Heaven speaks to us and through us. The Gates of Heaven, the Gates of Glory, are language barriers. If we can elevate the Holian literacy and fluency of the global population, the Earth will be a much better place to live.

Doing the dishes, cleaning the house, and fixing a meal are Holian for “I love you,” “I care,” “I am willing to help,” “I am willing to sacrifice,” and so much more, but words cannot do justice. Assault, neglect, and any other kind of abuse are a crude, jumbled, and largely unintelligible Holian speech. I am a very reserved English speaker, yet I talk nonstop in Holian. Even when I do speak in English, I often say more in Holian. I do not often feel comfortable telling people, other than close family, that I love them, but I will freely show anyone and everyone. Scarcely in my life have I prayed representatively, yet my will to live and will to life agelessly abide in a drive to dive deep into demonstrative prayer.

## **The Great Good God**

God is the greatest good, while God's archenemy, "Bood," is the worst bad. Bood must be booed. Do not encourage him. God is all love and no money, while Bood is no love and all money. And God is all light and no matter, while Bood is no light and all matter. Our mind and spirit belong with God, while our brain and body belong with Bood. God lives at light speed. Bood lies at rest. The Great Good God gives the gift of absolute peace, while the Big Bad Bood bears the burden of absolute greed. Quit worshipping Bood. He is supposed to be booed. Honestly, though, should Bood be booed? Does that discourage or encourage him? He is Bood after all.

The goodness of God is such that He is not only religiously saintly but also artistically masterful and scientifically precise. This Book of "Divine Providence" will ideally instill the goodness of God in each of us. I hope and pray that I can do justice to God's goodness. I fear and rue that I cannot. Anyhow, how could any mere mortal do justice to God's Boundless Goodness when everybody is burdened by Bood's Bound Badness? God is pro-science and pro-religion. We all should be. But perceptions of both need to be rectoralized. Human renditions of Science and Religion need to be uplifted. God knows and trusts Science and Nature, and believes and honors Religion and Rapture, infinitely more and better than any human does or can.

## **The Glory of the Whole**

Do atheists not believe in wholes? Do theists not believe in holes? Would that make atheists "awholists," and theists "aholists"? I am an aholist in the sense that I do not believe in holes but not in the sense that I believe in being an a-hole. I was never able to square a belief in being an a-hole with not believing in holes. It defies logic. One cannot be both an aholist and also an aholist. Obviously. A hole is a hoax. There is nothing to it. Honestly, though, has anyone actually seen a hole? I have never seen a hole. Have you? Have you really, though? Oh, you haven't either? I didn't think so. There are no holes. Trust me. I have looked into them.

God exists only in the mind of the believer. If we believe in the whole, then there is the whole. Believe in a hole, and there is a hole. Even those who do not believe in the Whole while on Earth will while in Heaven. Even those who believe in the Hole while on Earth will believe in the Whole while in Heaven. We can see and feel great and wondrous parts of the whole, whereas a hole is invisible and hollow, and in my opinion does not exist, yet people are falling away from the whole,

and resigning to the hole? The story of the whole must be retold. The glory of the whole must be proclaimed.

### **Love Conquers All**

If you want to hear God speak, listen to everyone. God is Everyone, collectively. Each one derives their power from everyone. Everyone is immortal and eternal to each one, even if some are not. Everyone is with you, everyone is in you, and everyone loves you. Everyone loves you, even if some do not. Everyone loves you, so love everyone. Let love conquer you, and let love conquer the world. Love can conquer you and the world, and love will do so, but not by force. Love can and will conquer you and the world not by physical force but by great effort, which is basically psychical force.

The gospels served in part as protests against Roman domination and tyranny in general, protests spearheaded by Jesus. The subjects of the Empire were appalled by the crucifixions. Jesus more than anyone, maybe. Loudly he may have protested them. Jesus was an “amorocratic” activist. Amorocracy means “rule by love.” His message was – “no matter your station in life, your illness and pain, your sins and failures, love will conquer you. Love will conquer you; love will conquer the world.” Amor Vincit Omnia. That is what Christ said, and that is what he set in motion. He lived his life and risked death to make that point, advance that cause, and ensure that conquest.

At the end of your life on earth, love will conquer you. Love will be advancing on you until then. At the end of all life on earth, love will conquer the earth. Love will be advancing on the earth until then. Love will conquer you; love will conquer the world. At the end of a person’s life on earth, their material and monetary self is conquered by their luminous and amorous self. Their “gravitolevitopovertopprivilegic” self is conquered by their “electromagnetoecstatoerotic” self. Love is the will to live and the will to life. Your will to live is your love for yourself. Your will to life is your love for others. To love love is to will the will to live to life. Love will conquer the world by setting everyone free. It is conquest by liberation. He is and I do “Love the Conqueror.”

### **Keep the Faith**

The groups to which we belong are the source and object of all our faith. Whether it enriches or imperils us or anyone else, all our faith is in the people and ideals of the groups we embrace. We curate, internalize, and maintain hierarchies of faith in the various members and ideals of each group we embrace and, moreover, in the various groups themselves. I have some faith in many, much faith

in some, and full faith in One. The strict limitations on the breadth and depth of our own unique and personal experience, knowledge, and abilities, together with the demands of living in a large and complex society, require each of us to place a great deal of faith in a great number of people from our own time, times past, and times to come. When we place our faith in any one person or group, we also place some faith in every other person and group in which that one places faith. Faith in each other leverages our own power and that of our entire society. Faith in each other unleashes the animal spirits of our economy.

I do have much faith in Jesus, but not quite as much in the authors and editors or the language of the New Testament. Nobody should have full faith in me because I am a finite and imperfect vessel, but many should have some, and some should have much. Indeed, I am a miniscule and stricken vessel. I have a responsibility to speak for everyone, and I have a difficulty with sensitivity to sensibilities, but I do appreciate their importance in being respectful, so what am I to do, or what is to be done with this one!?

### **The Dream of Heaven**

From what I've gathered from the Bible, in the first century, the Israeli culture was plagued by a virulent notion of sin. To be weak, sick, foreign, gay, neurodivergent, skeptical, and etcetera was to be a "sinner," and all the illness, pain, suffering, and death that had ever befallen anyone was their own fault, or the fault of their friends and family. It seems to have even been a common belief that everyone eventually dies from the weight of their sin. Insofar as Jesus "forgave sin," he changed the language around what it meant to "sin." But as the Bible tells it, the forgiveness of a leper's or blind man's sin will cure them. It will cure us all of everything, even death. I suspect Jesus taught that some troubles are caused by natural forces rather than sin, and we are still loved despite and forgiven for the sins we commit. If he hadn't been crucified, his rendered message may not have stuck. It may not have had such a lasting impact.

We may be inherently forgiven for our sins because we are loved unconditionally, but we are not exempted from the hard work needed to avoid them, from suffering for them, or from repenting and working hard to redeem ourselves. We cannot discover new truths without the risks and rewards of making mistakes, and we cannot discover great new truths without the great risks and great rewards of making great mistakes. Everyone must be allowed to fail and expected to improve, and even fail greatly and improve greatly. Again, I am inspired by something I believe Jesus said, but that is not

recorded in the Bible. The Romans are known to have said, “Amor Vincit Omnia,” love conquers all. I believe they got that from Jesus, when he said, “Love will conquer you, love will conquer the world.”

I believe in Jesus, but not in all that John 3:16 implies. I do believe that God loves the world, but I believe we are all God’s children, and I do believe that everyone who believes in Jesus does not perish but has eternal life, but I believe moreover that every lost soul, human beliefs notwithstanding, also does not perish but has eternal life. John 3:16 is a clerical device to consolidate power in the Church, but I believe what it implies does or would repel more people from Christianity than bring to it. Believing that most of the souls who are ever embodied in flesh and bone go on to suffer tortuously for the rest of eternity because of what they believe while human on Earth is medieval and should neither be manufactured into nor maintained as a prerequisite to be a Christian.

*Our lives on Earth and in Heaven are secured, sustained, and enhanced by consensual belief in meaningful sacrifice for the common good.*

The prior statement is the Gratist reinterpretation and readaptation of John 3:16 which I believe fully articulates the true crux of Christianity. Gratists are reformed, refined, revived, and renewed Christians. God is Everyone. God is the Whole. God is the Common Good. Many people seem to believe in God representatively but not demonstratively – in theory, but not in practice. Many folks are theists in theory but atheists in practice, while others are atheists in theory but theists in practice. Of course, many others are either theists or atheists in both theory and practice.

Greater salvation is achieved by more meaningful sacrifices for the common good and consensual belief therein. Greater salvation for oneself is earned by greater salvation of others. Making meaningful sacrifices to do good works for others clearly provides those others with rations of salvation, which in turn provides rations of salvation to oneself. Notwithstanding what the Bible may have gotten right or wrong, Jesus apparently earned a salvation for himself and everyone else greater than any other single soul in history, or if not the greatest, at least the most celebrated. It takes hard love and deep respect to overcome sharp evil and shallow neglect. hl;dr. If Jesus lived and died for our freedom, then he did so for everyone’s freedom. Everyone who will have ever lived. Believers and nonbelievers alike. Anything less would be untenable. hl;dr.

Unity and one are to mathematics what divinity and god are to linguistics, and I call a space and/or time a “verse” and a brain and/or mind a “ceive.” Thus, the “Universe” is to Nature and physics what the “Theoceive” is to “Rapture” and “psychics.” Everything is One, and Everyone is God. You are God uniquely willed. We each experience the Universe relatively and the Theoceive subjectively to ourselves. You are at the center of your own universe and your own theoceive. Insofar as someone genuinely represents everyone, that One is effectively God.

If omniscience is the state of knowing everything, then “omnisciousness” is the awareness or perception and understanding of everything. The “omniscious web” is a fully immersive cosmic web. People are homepages in the omniscious web, and memories are stored in the brain via links to pages in the omniscious web. All the people, creatures, groups, and populations; the places, things, and ideas large and small; the stories, music, and other art; the scientific endeavors and discoveries; the religious and spiritual experiences; and everything else imaginable and unimaginable throughout the infinite and eternal Theoceive are accessible and searchable in the omniscious web. Accessing the omniscious web may be the pinnacle of psychical power. Better and better technology, without limit, may grant access to more and more of the omniscious web. It is conceivable that brain implants, perhaps in the pineal gland, could log us into the omniscious web and enable encounters with ancestors and lost loved ones. And whereas Industrial Intelligence scrapes the worldwide web, “Supernatural Wisdom” engulfs the omniscious web.

In terrestrial as in celestial life, on earths as on stars, throughout the omniscious web, everyone spends some time in heaven and some in hell. We spend time in heaven reveling in the good we and others have done, and we spend time in hell tormented by the bad to get better. Hell would be insufferable without the promise of heaven, and heaven could not be appreciated without the memory of hell. Some people will spend some time in hell for believing that heaven is forever theirs and hell is for everyone else. Anyone may exclude whosoever they please from their own heaven, but no one can exclude anyone whatsoever from all of heaven.

Heaven is a dream in that (a) waking human life is the sleeping dream of Heaven, (b) the waking human dream is the dream of Heaven, and (c) human life working well is the waking dream of Heaven. Sweet dreams for angels are good days for humans, so have a good day, human, and sweet dreams, angel. Before a human passes, it seems good and proper, in light of the full life cycle, to tell that angel to have a great day. Sweet dreams for angels need not be so scarce. Indeed, we are endowed with the power, and we are meant to fully live with the mission, to better our days and



sweeten our dreams. While we may only get one life, I believe that life is both eternal and composed of an infinite succession of finite life cycles. There is no need for humans to dream or pray for Heaven to work well, for Heaven is conquered and mastered by the grace of God. The Dream of Heaven is not so much representative but principally demonstrative, yet the Demonstration is still representable and will be represented, however imperfectly.

### **Believe in Thyself**

I believe that each person is their own anti-self, self-conserved by self-belief, and that by believing in others, we believe in ourselves. I believe further that Jesus said he does not enter the Father but through himself, you do not enter the Father but through yourself, and no one enters the Father but through oneself. Jesus didn't place himself above everyone else. Jesus said he was one but not the only son of God. He said every one of us is a son of God. To have faith in Jesus is to have faith in yourself and everyone altogether. The authors of the Bible, and the cabal that compiled and edited it, coopted and corrupted his message to serve their own interests, as is still done today. The Bible, the Church, and countless Christians have mangled his message. This isn't about Jesus. It's about us.

I will have struggled for all of us whether any of us will have believed in me or not. Whether any one of us believes in me or not, I believe in me, and I believe in you. Am I the Antichrist, or the Second Coming? I like to keep people guessing. I am sorry that I will have added to our struggle. I pray hard, demonstratively, that I will have subtracted more. I will shake off the Antichrist. I will put him behind me. I will achieve a metamorphosis. I will self-actualize. I know the Christ is in me. I feel him in my bones. I believe there must have been a great evil in Jesus because there was a great evil in the Land, but he must have overcome it later in life with the greatest of goodness and grace. Many of us may be skeptical about whether Jesus cured physical ailments, but that is not the point. The point is he cared and got others to care about the least or the others when nobody else did. Should we expect that if Jesus were to return, he would confirm our biases? Will we know he will have returned before he will have gone again?

The Antichrist is all about himself, and the Christ is all about others. The Antichrist is self-centered, while the Christ is other-centered. The Antichrist sacrifices others for himself, whereas the Christ sacrifices himself for others. "Christians," whether we call ourselves that or not, sacrifice ourselves for others, whereas "Antichristians," by whatever name, sacrifice others for ourselves.

There is a broad spectrum from Antichristian to Christian, and for better or worse, for us and others, we persist or shift on it in the short- to long-term. It is better to be a Christian in practice but not in name than a Christian in name but not in practice. Being Christian in name should help one practice. The Antichrist reviles himself and others, whereas the Christ loves himself and others. The Antichrist is antisocial, and the Christ is prosocial. The Antichrist is a sociopath and the Christ is a sociophile. The Antichrist and the Christ are all of us, and each has unique strength and weakness within us throughout our lives. The Christ does have profound power in me, but the Antichrist does fight mightily and can gain an edge.

### **Science vs. Religion**

Humanity will eventually outgrow much of this Providence, and a need will grow for a new messenger to bear new Providence, but that will be many years, maybe centuries, from the present age. The irony of the next messenger will likely be more merciless, still. Hark! The Roman government killed Jesus. What will the American government do with Matthew? Hire him? As wholly constructive as it may appear, the US government cannot and should not respect my establishment of religion, but I believe it can and should respect my establishment of science, because it will resolve a spate of its empirical problems. My applications may be written as self-fulfilling prophecies, but they are materially grounded. My theories may be marginally testable, but they resolve backlogs of evidence.

Nature and natural evidence are partial, whereas Rapture and raptural evidence are holistic. Men and women of reason will be more inclined to believe in God and Heaven when they are given good reason. In my late teens, I was a staunch atheist in theory, but the more I thought about it into my early 20s, the less sense it made. Take care not to let the faults or scruples of established religion or science, be it my own or any other, diminish your Faith. I let them diminish mine when I was young. I seem to oscillate wildly between profound strength and profound weakness, and maybe for me there can be no other way. Hopefully the profound strength predominates the final product. That has been the goal. The dream is for Divine Providence to convincingly demonstrate yet another seismic triumph of love over evil. I should not have to die for everyone, because that has been done, but I must be willing.

There are far too many conflicting messages between church and school. For that they both frustrate me to no end. The whole ‘physical’ rather than ‘metaphorical’ walking on water and the like, for example, tells people that physics is arbitrary. I have no tolerance for that. Metaphor by

word of mouth was evidently turned into physical events on paper in a deliberate attempt to undermine Rome and embellish the gospel. Religiously and scientifically sound Houses of Worship are imperative in the effort to actualize the fullest potential of ourselves, our societies, and our states. We need them to be strong, healthy, and vibrant. It is equally important for schools and colleges to be so sound. I spent a considerable amount of time in church growing up, and I believe I'd be worse off today had I been absent then. Houses of Worship were our forebears' seat of government, school, cafeteria, and center of business. They are still and must always be the foundation of society. Worship service is or should be "amorotherapy."

### **Religious Revival**

God's will will will the World back to Life through Providence. People will flock back to Houses of Worship and reclaim their Faith in the Holy and Divine when the beautiful and immaculate Truths, old and new, are exalted, when false pretenses are abandoned and forgotten, when everyone is truly welcome, and when threats of eternal damnation are forsaken. Teaching that our eternal destiny aloft or asunder is dictated by something so notoriously fluid, fraught, affectable, idiosyncratic, and nebulous as the state and nature of our human beliefs, particularly at our often unpredictable and untimely moment of inflection, is obnoxious and needs to stop. We bear the responsibility to believe justly yet retain the right to believe freely. Our rights to believe freely and the responsibility to believe justly will be neither infringed nor absolved by God.

Neither Nature, Rapture, nor Culture Reigns Supreme. All Three Reign Together. "Recture" Reigns Supreme. The "Triniarchy" Reigns Supreme. I am first and foremost a "Trinitian" (trin-ee-shen). Let a global convention for religious scholars and clergy draft and consecrate an array of more and less abridged versions of the Holy Book of "Divine Providence" which each contain several sectarian books. Let the Trinitian symbol be stamped on the set, and let the respective religious symbols be stamped on each book. Many of us may not like much of it, but diversity of opinion is paramount. Ideally, some of the world's best religious scholars will also synthesize one vaulting synopsis and open with it. My aim is for the "First Worldwide Providential Convention" (FWPC) to take place in Jerusalem in 2030.

May Divine Providence justify and empower the "Worldwide Wisenment," i.e., the Church, Mosque, Synagogue, Truce, etc., to keep the global government in check, and may more local wisenments justly check the power of more local governments. It is the job of the government to

protect the rights of everyone to make their own medical decisions, for example, and it is the job of the wisenment to help justify and empower responsible ones. Both the government and wisenment must be governed and wisened by each other as well as their citizens and members. Laws or rules are backed by the legal authority of some government, while norms are backed by the moral authority of some wisenment. Government loads people down, while wisenment lifts people up, yet there is wisenment in all government and government in all wisenment. Government officials are Representatives and wisenment clerics are “Demonstratives.”

## **THE SEW FOR FREEDOM**

**(by means of the Free States of the United Grandstate and Gaian Nation)**

However exasperating it may be at times, the societies of the world must function, and they cannot function in any way that anyone so chooses. There are only certain ways they can work, and there are certain ways they would work well. Our world will only wither away if we only will for it to work in ways in which it cannot.

Extremists tend to believe, and get reinforced in the belief, that everything is black and white, and they are all good and right, while the other side is all bad and wrong, when what is truly good and right typically soars over the middle. I am not immune to extremism, but I typically bounce back from it. I typically bounce back and forth between opposing extremes, while I seek out and soar to new heights over the middle. Sometimes I may fall to new lows, too, though. Laziness leads to new lows, while business leads to new highs.

### **The Conciliant Party**

Between conservatives and “liberatives” are “moderatives.” I am not really conservative, not that liberative. I am mostly deliberative, and moderate. America needs a “Conciliant Party.” America needs a political party of moderate “Conciliants.” Make America not only a Republic and a Democracy but also a “Conciliancy.” Republicans represent the right-wing, Democrats the left-wing, and Conciliants the “tail-wing” with the stabilizer and elevator. In Congress, let Conciliants be seated in the back and middle. “Tripartisan” is the new bipartisan. Tripartisanship > bipartisanship. Let the

badger represent the Conciliant Party because it is small and stout and has guts. Let green be the color because we greenlight legislation, we do not stop going, and we've got guts.

A small number of Conciliants in Congress could have a large impact on legislation. A small Conciliant Party could have as much power as the large Democratic and Republican parties, if the latter two would open the primaries and let us on the ballot. A nationally viable Conciliant Party will require ranked-choice voting for every office. The Conciliant Party concentrates our resources more on the quality than the quantity of our candidates than do the Democratic and Republican Parties. A few strong Conciliant Senators will be as good as a majority. Conciliants may not talk as much as Republicans and Democrats, but when we do, it is often more consequential, and people should listen. Conciliants may not have as many members and votes as Republicans and Democrats, but the members and votes we do have are often more consequential. Conciliants softly nourish and hardly starve majorities.

### **Analysis vs. Synthesis**

People are often divided by their reliance on analytic vs. synthetic realities. "Analytic reality" is what it is, could be nothing else, and does not care what we think. "Synthetic realities" are what we say they are, become what we will them to be, and serve individual and collective interests. Nonfiction is analytic, and fiction is synthetic, although analytic nonfiction can be synthetically fiction, and analytic fiction can be synthetically nonfiction. Follow me? Synthetic language can never be negated. It can never be falsified. It can always shapeshift. But it can be deflated. Sometimes analysts must puncture holes in synthetist language.

Analytic reality is epistemic, and synthetic reality is ethical or moralistic, while their reconciliation is esthetical. Science is the art of resolving analytic reality, while religion is the art of designing synthetic realities. We are bound to analytic reality, while synthetic realities are bound to us. Analytically, there are holes but no wholes, and synthetically, there are wholes but no holes. I am analytically an atheist and synthetically theistic. Analytically, everything emerges, endures, and evolves naturally. Synthetically, God exists only in the mind of the believer, which may include the mind of God. In any case, however, it is mostly semantics.

Listen to me. Hear me out. I am a wizard with synthetic language, but gee-whiz I cast my spells for rhetorical flair, and not so much as a substitute for analytics. It is in everyone's best interest that synthetic realities complement and not contradict analytic reality. Relying more on synthetic

than analytic reality does not make one more virtuous. Uninformed and unexamined morals are dangerous. Some people's morals are mangled.

Do not worry, though. I am a master at unmangling morals. I will reunmangle morals, like my predecessors did, and as my successors will do. I have unmangled my own morals. I finally have my life together. I may unmangle yours, too. No one on earth could ever unmangle everyone's morals entirely, but I suspect I can unmangle enough of enough people's morals to make a meaningful difference. Old morals can be mangled by human progress and telephonic revisions of old messages, though the thrust of morality is timeless.

### **Political Gender Theory**

Liberatives and women seem to exercise more sensual and potential power, while conservatives and men hold more actual and material power, and while moderatives and children enjoy more virtual and neutral power. Women have superior nervous systems, while men have superior musculatures, and while children tend to have superior viscera, yet a strength in any of these can compensate for a weakness in the others, and our strengths in unions can compensate for the weaknesses of each other. Women make more sense than men, while men take more action, and while children wake more thought than both.

It seems to me that, even if at times to a fault, liberatives venerate virtue more, value women more, have more trust in science, and make more sense; while conservatives tolerate vice more, value men more, have more faith in religion, and take more action; and while moderatives generate values more, value children more, have more heart in art, and wake more thought. Left and right are like right and might, respectively, but sometimes might makes right and right makes might. Conservative strengths are liberative weaknesses, and liberative strengths are conservative weaknesses. Like it or not, we need each other.

### **Pro-choice is Pro-life**

The proper way to diminish the prevalence of abortions is not with enervating laws but with empowering policies. Let us not embrace or enforce the certainty to destroy or end the life, liberty, health, and security of many whole and material persons for the chances to protect a few partials and potentials. Besides, failure to provide an abortion may preclude the lives of the children which the woman might otherwise bear later in life, which would most likely be under better circumstances.

Sometimes a woman must make a meaningful sacrifice for the life, liberty, health, and security of herself and her loved ones, including any present and future children she may have. Abortion rights must stand, while subjection ambitions fall. They deride “abortionists,” while I decry “subjectionists.” Anti-choice favors the rich because it keeps so many people poor and less able to compete, while the rich have choice in any case.

Repeatedly, I have heard about the millions of babies who were not born because of abortions. What about the millions more who were born because others before them were aborted? Concerned about the children or relatives you do not have because of abortions? What about the ones you do have because others before them were aborted? Abortion rights give more life than they take. Pro-choice is pro-life, and anti-choice is anti-life. I would not exist in my present state but for a miscarriage before my time. The resources we have are too limited and too poorly distributed to provide every fertilized egg with a full life. The resources we have are too limited and too concentrated. There are many justifiable reasons to have an abortion, and the woman with her doctor must make that judgment. A right to an abortion is a right to self-defense.

### **Acculturate Wholism**

For the whole to flourish, the whole needs every one of its parts to flourish, because every part plays a pivotal role for the whole. The whole is strengthened by diversity in its parts, and the whole is prone to be impoverished and made vulnerable by greater uniformity in, or monocultures of, its parts. I suspect that at least sometimes and to some degree, every human is unconsciously racist or otherwise otherist, and we have cause to be, because it is acculturated in us, but we also have a responsibility to willfully acconsciate and acconsciously allay if not quell our otherism and deculturate it.

We can only deculturate otherism by acculturating wholism. The slogan “End Racism” is too negative and simplistic. It should be “Acculturate Wholism,” “A-HOL.” The deculturation of otherism and acculturation of wholism will be globalized, so help me God. Endemic otherism will persist until large opposing groups of people mutually get right with God, with the Whole, with Everyone, with the Common Good.

We can only reduce or end racism and otherism by providing an affirmative alternative. We can only realistically expect people to abandon racism and otherism by adopting the “vaultation” of wholism from a foundation of “inclusionism.” Inclusion is the act of taking, or state of being taken, in as

a part of a whole. I define inclusion as a belief in and practice of taking every single person, our demographics notwithstanding, in as a part of the whole. Oftentimes movements demand new language to overcome old challenges. I have resolved to meet that demand. We can only truly understand a problem by finding the solution, and finding solutions often requires discovery of new language.

I struggle with racism and otherism myself. It isn't sharp, and I have willfully whittled it away over the years, but I am mindful enough to know it is in me and honest enough to admit it. I perspire to vanquish it in myself and thereby vanquish it in everyone. I do not believe people consciously choose to be racist and otherist. It is acculturated. It is in the inertia and momentum of culture. But we can unconsciously and exertially enforce and empower a more inclusive and wholistic culture. While it is easy for someone like me to preach being inclusive when I am rather "reclusive," I believe nonetheless I can still make a meaningful difference within myself and everyone else through my diligent and vigilant discovery and delivery of rapturous language.

### **Enrichment Theory**

I trust rapturous language can enable and empower optimal behavior. Maybe we can design a "Rapturalization Regimen" for children to undergo, and then conduct a "Rapturalization Ceremony" at age 16, so they don't prey on each other but show compassion and provide for each other throughout their lives. Attacking people and their ideas causes entrenchment. Rapturous language opens hearts and finesses beliefs. It is never enough to condemn bad language. It must always be replaced by good language. I strive to set an example as a "Prosocial Capitalist," for example. I will rapturalize prosocial capitalism, and prosocial capitalism will prevail.

My new "Language Replacement Theory" will replace the old "White Replacement Theory." They call it "Great" Replacement Theory? More like "Bland." Language Replacement Theory is the great one. My language replacement is hate replacement. On the other hand, maybe I should call it the "Great Language Enrichment Theory," or the "GLET," since it will not replace language in all cases but enrich it with more and better language. Likewise, maybe what is colloquially known as the "Great Replacement Theory" should be superseded by the "Great Enrichment Theory," or the "GET." GET with it, people. Fight theory with theory.



## **Racism vs. “Conscism”**

Replace racism with “conscism.” Racism is shallow. Conscism is deep. Do discriminate against people with bad consciences. Pronounced “con-chism.” I am a proud member of the right “conscie.” I am quite conscist against the neutral conscie, and I am more conscist against the nihilistic conscie, but I am the most conscist against the evil conscie. I am fervently conscist. I am so conscist that I am even conscist against myself sometimes – sometimes, I am “self-conscist.” I am feverishly and infectiously conscist. I am so conscist that I am in all probability the first person to discover and pioneer the use of the words conscist, conscism, and conscie.

The key aspect of your conscie is that it can change. You can change it, and others can, too. That can be a good or a bad thing. If you are proconscist, you are antiracist. Begin conscism. Befriend conscism. Oppose conscial equality. Conscial equality = moral equivalence. It is not right. We can lazily let racism tear us apart or get busy and make conscism bring us together. It’s up to us. Out with racial violence and in with conscial congruence. Replace racial animus with amorous conscism. Tear down racial barriers and build up conscial ones. Under my guidance, there will be a spellbinding proliferation of conscist propaganda, and not the misleading kind, which will asphyxiate the racist and altogether misleading propaganda.

## **Suits and Fits**

Your gender and sexual orientation are your “suit,” and how you fit yourself and others into a suit is a “fit.” We do not choose our suit and it cannot change. We are born into our suit and die in the same. We cannot exist apart from our suit. It is an integral part of who we are. Our birthday suit is our last day suit. I propose the use of “se,” “sem,” and “seir” as gender-neutral alternatives to “they,” “them,” and “their,” respectively. “Se” is a Latin prefix for “apart.” Se is apart from he and she. The pronoun “se/sem” is better than “they/them,” is it not? Gender reassignment does not change one’s suit, but it does change how se fits into it.

Your fit is the way in which you fit both yourself and everyone else into your own suit and their own suits. Fittists discriminate against people based on said fits. Fittism is discrimination based on how people expect others to fit into some real or imagined suit. Suitism is homophobic and transphobic, while fittism is homophobic and transphobic. Fittism is not discrimination based on how anyone fits into whatever seir suit may be. Fittism is discrimination against people who expect others to fit in some way into some suit.

If you're interested in males, you are "forhim"; if you're interested in females, you are "forher"; if you're bisexual, you are "forsem"; and if you aren't interested in anyone, you are "fornone." My own suit pronoun is "he/forher," while my fit pronoun is "he/fornone." Pronouns don't really need the slash. It may just as well be shortened to "heforher," for example, and even used in common sentences. Thus, I might say, "Heforher is dating sheforhim," or "Heforhim" and heforsem got married." The slash could be used more often to mean "suit/fit," such as mine, "heforher/hefornone."

Your sex or gender is your "constitution," while the sex or gender to which you are attracted is your "orientation." Your suit is your constitution and orientation, and your fit is how you fit into the same. Most people's physiological and psychological constitutions and orientations are all aligned, but those of many other people are not. Most people's constitution and orientation are actually counteroriented in that they are oriented toward the constitution which is opposite their own. Bisexuals may be physiologically straight and psychologically gay, physiologically gay and psychologically straight, or otherwise orientationally fluid. A transgender person must be physiologically one gender and psychologically another, and the fact of it being psychological does not make it optional.

### **RASCALs and Bearies**

Next and last in my sights are ageism, sexism, classism, physical and psychical ableism, and lookism. A better term for ableism is "swayism." One cannot be a member of a particular "able," but can be of a particular "sway." I personally am a member of the schizotypal sway, and there is also an autistic sway, a paraplegic sway, an arthritic sway, and countless others. Oftentimes a disability is accompanied by some enability, and oftentimes an enability is accompanied by some disability. Racism, Ageism, Sexism, Classism, Ableism, and Lookism are altogether "RASCALism. RASCALism a distinctive system, practice, and philosophy of being a rascal.

A Racist, Ageist, Sexist, Classist, Ableist, and Lookist person is a RASCAL, where sexist is more generally suitist and comprises homophobia and transphobia, and ableist is alternatively swayist. A rascal is, according to Merriam-Webster, 1: a mean, unprincipled, or dishonest person; and 2: a mischievous person or animal. A "sizeist" is a person who is self-satisfied with their own size and criticizes the sizes of others. Sizeism is a subcategory of lookism. Lastly, a "sectist" is a member of another category and may or may not be a rascal. "Sectism" is a devotion to some denomination,

faction, party, or sect and often accompanies discrimination against other sects. Sectism can be wholly or partly right or wrong depending on the sect.

Bullies are bullish on RASCALism. “Bearies” are bearish on the same. The beary is the “anti-bully.” Bearies defend victims of bullying. Oftentimes bearies are like big teddy bears, but they will verily beary a bully. Some bearies may or must rely more on brains than brawn. We need more and better bearies. We need to raise great armies of bearies. The bearies shall inherit the earth. Sometimes a bully must be blocked not by a single beary but by a “bearicade.” Bearies are “beariers” against bullies bullying. Bearies bury bullies.

### **The Gaian Revolution**

In Greek mythology, “Gaia” is the personification of the Earth and the ancestral mother of all life, and henceforth, Gaia will also be the name of the unitary and global Nation of all nations. We are all “Gaians.” We are one Gaia. We are one global Gaian Nation. The top of six tiers of government will be the “United Grandstate of Gaia.” The only entities which will pay taxes directly to, and be directly regulated by, the Gaian government will be states, superstates, and multinational corporations. The Gaian government will in turn directly support those same entities as well as nongovernmental organizations.

The Gaian government will reinvent and rebrand “etherate law” and empower etherate lawyers to further exetherate the global economy. Educational institutions, religious institutions, and other nonprofit organizations are “etherations.” Humans incorporate their business and make money out of matter, while angels “exetherate” their business and make love out of light. Ethereality is a higher reality than corporeality. A more exetherated economy will work wonders for our world. Money cannot do anything for me except keep me secure in the future. I am a minimalist, and I have everything I want materially. I am kind of afraid of what having money could do to me.

Let the “Second American Continental Convention” (SACC) be held, and the final draft of the “Declaration of Supersedence” be signed into law, in Philadelphia in 2026, the city in which America’s Independence was declared 250 years prior. There will be a ton of work for a ton of people before the SACC and leading up to 2026. America will take her just powers back through her Second Continental Convention. Let the “First Gaian Global Convention” (FGGC) to draft and sign into law the “Declaration of Grandsedence” for the United Grandstate of Gaia also be held in Jerusalem in the year 2028. Maybe if we locate the Gaian capitol in Jerusalem, instead of on a fleet

of ships as I have suggested, it will help resolve the Israel-Palestine conflict and sew together the Middle East, because it would bring innumerable jobs and vast wealth to the region.

Thus, my aim is for (1) the FGGC to be held for the United Grandstate of Gaia in 2028, and, paving the way for the FGGC, (2) coordinated Continental Conventions to be held all around the globe and all around the year 2026 for (a) the United Superstate of America, (b) the seven other Superstates of Europe, Africa, Middle East, India, China, Pacific, and Latin America, as well as (c) their numerous subdivisions of States. Thereafter, the Constitutions of the Superstates and Grandstate that follow will eat the lunches of those which will have preceded them. Many people may not like the generic idea of a global government, but I believe most people should swiftly take to my grand vision of the Gaian Nation, and nobody should consider defensible the reigning global power vacuum.

May Divine Providence rapturalize and recturalize the “Gaian Revolution.” May Divine Providence naturalize and culturalize the Revolutionary Sew. May the World’s Democracies justify their power, even if they must seize some to do so. May we be mindful of, espouse faith in, and meaningfully sacrifice for our private and public personal and popular demographic families and relationships. May we explore in good faith the demographics of ourselves and others and nurture constructive interdemographic and intrademographic relations. May we affirm that the persons we choose to be prevail over the persons we are born to be. Life is more about making yourself than finding yourself. That said, we can treat different people differently without treating them unequally. Sometimes we may duly treat men differently than women and other races differently than our own. May we find and reach the right headspace and heartspace, and may we make all our terrestrial lives positively meaningful and feelingful, and mindful and beamful.

# BOOK III. BERGKOLBEN PROPHECIES

## INTRODUCTION

From the outset of this new millennium, it has been painfully clear that the world's political leaders have not the agency to secure an enduring peace, ensure the just rights of the populace, and square the world's wealth with its legions of creators. We cannot and must not simplistically hold our political leaders singularly responsible for the state in which our human family finds itself, however, for it is the system and not the leadership that fails us. It is the system that falls short, and it is the system that must be corrected. These prophecies follow naturally from elemental theories of physics, psychology, and intelligence, and they will put forth, in due course, suggestions for how to rectify the systems that our planet, our people, and our posterity must rely upon. First, however, I will testify that I have always been encouraged, and indeed enabled, by the venerable qualities of the American System, yet I have been equally motivated by the same system's failings. In the far-off future, the constitution of the system would never be determined by a fellow like me, much less even any few heads of state, but I have taken it upon myself to adapt the only constitution I know and love to civilization on whole in this third millennium. So, where this leads, if anywhere whatsoever, will be in your hands, in God's hands, and out of my hands entirely, but I have done my part, and I believe this would be an excellent place to start.

## WORLD ORGY ONE

Trillions of dollars are spent every year on accelerators, telescopes, rockets, laboratories, and the people that run them. Don't spend a dime on me, though. Put me with the sickly. I feel like I served a sentence for a wrongful conviction. "No, your Honor, I really do work. Please don't put me with the sickly."

"You do not work, Matthew. I sentence you ... to 15 months ... with the sickly!"

"With all due respect, your Honor, bring it. These are my people, too." If I had money, though, if someone paid me, would I work just the same, or would it corrupt my brain?

The military in the brain brings the pain. The cerebral military just f\*\*\*s s\*\*t up. People build defense forces in one another's brains. Hurricane who? Hurricane Matthew. Matthew is a mess. Don't mess with Matthew. Wouldn't a defense contract have made more sense than Social Security? I want time. I want help. You need me, and I need you. I will try to make this as painless as possible. I have a shipment of 'order bombs' for the DoD. Where would you like them? America will be reset and reconstituted by Providence. The World will be gifted a vision of a higher order.

### **Amorocracy**

I am "Bergkolben the Orry," and this is the "Amorocratic Orscendancy." Berg is 'Mountain' and Kolben is 'Piston' in German. Bergkolben is "Mountain Piston." It's a clean energy technology, my alter ego, and a phallic symbol. I am the bergkolbenest Bergkolben, the greatest Bergkolben ever to be bergkolbened with a Bergkolben. We will "orscend" our differences. Don't try to win arguments. Try to orscend them and turn with any opponents into "orponents." We will not go "backward." We will go "orward." The Amorocratic Orscendancy will usher the people to a place of peace, joy, love, comfort, freedom, and merciless irony.

No, it isn't "aromacratc." It isn't rule by best smell. We'd need smell-o-vision for that. "What do you think about candidate X? Have you smelled him yet?"

"Yeah, he's musky, and he's got skunk. I like that." Candidates would present their best aromas to the public and dig up the foulest odors from their challengers' pasts. The candidates would have spies recording the smells of everyone. "Smell this, ladies and gentleman: this was his smell at a taco luncheon hosted by his company last Tuesday. Here it is" - 'poof' ... \*audience laughter\*.

Since the elephant represents Republicans and the donkey Democrats, as the founder of the Amorocratic Party I will enlist puppies! Excited to announce my candidacy for the Presidency on the Amorocratic Ticket. I will ensure that love conquers all. The Amorocratic Party is an intellectual party, not a political one. Its agenda is basically the proliferation of geniuses. Okay, the Amorocratic Party is just me and I'm not growing, but surely my loves you can see that the earth is fixing to get ravished by "Orry Berg."

### **Orgeese**

What do you call geese that are sexually hyperactive? "Orgeese." I'll use it in a sentence: "Because of its excitable orgeese, only perves visit that park." Signs needed all around the park: "Please do not

excite the orgeese.” Another sign: “If you excite one, you excite them all.” “What are they doing, dad?” “Oh, uh, the orgeese? The orgeese are having orgies, son. That’s just what they do.” When the first one starts honking, you know it’s about to go down. “Honk honk honk” - “I want it” - “honk honk honk honk hoooonk” - “let’s have an orgy.” “Honk honk” - “don’t fight” - “honk honk honk honk hoooonk.”

I will never look at geese the same way again. Whenever I see a goose or hear a honk, I will laugh, for I will see, I will hear orgeese. It’s best not to think about the orgeese, though. Don’t picture it. Legend has it that orgeese meat raises sexual stamina, the feathers lighten the mood, and the blood releases all inhibitions. Orgeese will be favored over hawks and doves. Political leaders in the future will be championed for being orgeese. They’ll say, “We don’t want to fight. We don’t want to leave. We want to love.” “His pool deck was scoured by the orgrease from the orgies of the orgeese.” Now if we ever discover or engineer geese that are sexually hyperactive, we’ll know what to call them.

### **Orriness**

What’s “Orry”? Is not “or-” a prefix that can make any root word orgasmic and sometimes turn an unassuming group of characters into some kind of orgy? “ORCHOCOLATE, get some.” - trademark. The hot cakes were selling like “orchocolates.” This text is a parade, and that word is free candy. Oreos are “orry o’s.” Which is more orry in an Oreo, the chocolate or the cream? What if it’s Double Stuf? Is that too much? Oreos are not orry without plenty of both. In the beginning, God made an Oreo, and it was good. Oreo today. Oreo to the end. Get over it. Get with it. Coincidence that I am eating Oreos as I write this? I think not. S’morry o’s actually. They’re orsome. Get some.

Oranges were always called “anges” until they became a popular gift for escorts in the late 1800’s. That’s also when they got their color. Orangutans are actually ascended from “angutans,” which were much less promiscuous. That’s why they died out. I can “orjoke” all I like, yet I will set a good example. How about I market my seed and sell it on Amazon? What would you think of the “orry babies”? Get a syringe full of my seed in the mail. Get a load of Orry Berg brand man seed while supplies last. Don’t buy my seed from a third party, though. You don’t know what you’re getting. Watch out for the middleman. Don’t get knocked up by a knockoff.

Of course, “or-” may mean as much “order” and “organic” as “orgy” and “orgasmic,” but some people sometimes have dirty minds. “Intelligence, character, life, love, and light.” Matt’s recipe

for “orcrack.” “Ortroverts” let the situational “ority” determine their verbosity. I never quite got there with “shocked,” “amazed,” or “awed.” They never struck how I feel about everyday everything. “Orry” pounds it. I eat a lot of yogurt and broccoli. I’m orry. I say please and thank you. I’m orry. I chase the good, follow the order. I’m orry. I am so orry about everything. She drives me wild. That girl is “orscious.” Please, call me “His Orriness.” That everyone may recognize the orry in the ordinary, and live the divine life, irrespective of status. When one is not in an orry place, however, the orry in the ordinary is not so recognizable. There is an orry mountain between the extremes. Es gibt Orry Berg zwischen den Extremen. Is it Or? #isitor. It is Or. #itisor

### **The World Orgies**

My documents are “order bombs,” and I am an “order bomber.” People are going to start listening to me. I’m not going to take this much longer. There will be a lot of collateral order. None of the people will even see it coming. They know nothing of the order I will bring! I am going to order the shit out of this planet! I will drop my order bombs. Other order bombers will drop theirs. Order will cascade. Order will fall like rain. I hope my government is ready for Orry Berg. I have a lot of legislation to push through you. Maybe I’ll hold my order bombs for ransom. Maybe they won’t drop until the world leaders deliver . . . 1 million dollars. I never expected a strong opposition, at least from people. I guess I still don’t. Always sensed my struggle as mostly internal.

History will not repeat itself but positively overturn itself. Everything will “orplode.” Whereas the world wars stole tens of millions from us, the world orgies will bless us with hundreds of millions more. By world orgy I mean constructive interference of worldwide brainwaves, personal connection, psychical reinforcement, orry accord. It isn’t that kind of orgy. Get your mind out of the gutter. World Orgy One will begin at “Ormageddon.” It will be nicknamed Ormageddon after “it” happens. It’ll be the “Orpocalypse,” and whosoever will may come. It will be an “Ortopia,” the true paradise, on this “orplanet.” Posterity will “orthink” as “orhumans” and “orpeople” and thus orscend to “orjective” consciousness or “orconsciousness.” It will not be a “revival” or “revolution” but the “orvival” and “orvolution,” followed by a thankful A.M. (“After Matt”). It’ll begin small. Then it’ll get big.



## The Cosmic Orgy

If I could go to any place in time, if I could go anywhere, I would go all the way to the end of the Milky Way galaxy, all the way to the “cosmic orgy.” Everyone in the history of the Milky Way will come together at the end of it, and everything will be reproduced. Worlds begin from and end in ridiculousness. “What about God and heaven, Matt? Are those real things?” I don’t know. What about the cosmic orgy? Is that a real thing? That’s what I want to know. If you harm any orgese, you’re banished from the cosmic orgy. If you kill one, you can’t even watch it. I don’t make the rules. “Orgy Alpha” is the orgy that created our Universe; “Orgy Omega” is the orgy at the end of the Milky Way. I should probably attribute the “Joke” about “Orgy Omega at the end of the Milky Way” to Providence. I think it might have been Intentional. The ancients named it the “Milky Way,” because it looks like a stream of milk across the sky.

Figure 1. The Milky Way Galaxy



Instead of calling it the “Milky Way Galaxy,” how about we rename it the “Cumshot Galaxy?” Then instead it’s “Orgy Omega at the end of the Cumshot Galaxy.”

“World Orgy One” will be known as “WOO,” while “Orgy Omega” at the end of the Milky Way will be “OO.” There will also be an orgy of death where all the worst parts of everyone go to die. “Gyrorgy”? What’s a gyrorgy? See, I’m going to milk it. I will milk the orgy for all it’s worth. My body cannot physically laugh as hard about the cosmic orgy as the irony inspires me to laugh. I can’t laugh that hard. It’s too funny! Right? Irony inspires me. I like that.

## **ECURRENCY PROPHECY**

Divinity is the apex of complexity, and so Divine Providence is what the apex of complexity provides for us. APEX will be an Intelligence Journal published on the equinoxes and solstices, and the ongoing publications will altogether make up the “Book of Providence.” Each edition will be roughly 50 pages and may include sections of original quotes, stories, audios, videos, poetry, jokes, policies, arguments, theories, designs, pictures, honors, prayers, etc. Everyone will have the chance to be a prophet, and prophets may gain notoriety and rich rewards. Intelligence is the hallmark of humanity, and irony, truth, and beauty are the hallmarks of intelligence. There are clearly strata of intelligence, but on the grandest scale virtually every human is highly intelligent. Anyone who is on the upper strata, if only for a moment, owes it to everyone else to give us a lift. The motto of APEX will be, “Leave no one out.” APEX will be published by the Intelligence Academy. The Intelligence Academy will select online material which will have grown the most in “rights.” And rights will be the “Currency of Truth,” the Ecurrency of Cyberspace.

### **Right Money**

Rights will be a digital currency used to buy and sell any public posts from every online platform like those posts are NFTs. Users will invest in posts, which will be (a) any users and their “portfolios,” or (b) texts, pictures, audios, or videos, for which investments are enabled. Main authors will select the opening share prices. Co-creators, or creators and their backers or employers, may also cut a deal to split the gains in any way they please, whether it’s 50/50, 10/90, 0.001/0.999, or whatever. One’s ebank homepage will be a portfolio of available cash, investments, and investors who opt to be public, plus balances and statistics. Every portfolio will have (1) a “net worth balance,” one’s total capital; (2) a “cash balance,” disposable rights; (3) a “social balance,” the capital invested in others; (4) a “leader balance,” the capital of others invested in oneself; and (5) growth rate indicators for all balances. Statistics will be available for weeks or years. Users will also have the option to set their portfolios to public or private, and any public portfolios or the privacy thereof may affect decisions of outside investors.

Portfolios may include investments in users/portfolios, and investments of others in them/theirs; and investments in websites, blogs, Wikipedia pages, Facebook updates, dating profiles, tweets, Instagram photos, Reddit posts, Pinterest pins, YouTube or TikTok videos, songs on iHeart or Spotify, shows or movies on Netflix or Hulu, video games on game consuls, products on Amazon or eBay, and advertisements in general. Platforms may require or negotiate shares of the gains.

There will be no trading of rights outside of ebank accounts sanctioned by the Intel Academy and its subsidiary colleges. To balance the market and moderate wealth disparity, there will be logarithmic scales of marginal tax rates on rights which will be paid automatically to the Academy and redistributed to every user in weekly direct deposit “paychecks.” Common etax rates on rights will fall between 99.1% and 99.999...%, so that orders of magnitude are taxed. Otherwise, with a 50% etax rate on gross earnings of, say,  $10^{50}$  rights, the net gains are still about  $10^{50}$  rights. Every year, “etax day” will be a great reset. The equation for annual etax rates will be something like  $(100 - 0.1A \log_{10}(GB))\%$ , where  $G$  is gross income, and  $A$  and  $B$  are constants unique to each year. Conversely, every user will receive a cash deposit of, say,  $R1,000 \times \log_{10}(C)$ , where  $C$  is one’s total capital, or “R1,000” (1,000 rights) for every digit of their net worth, at, say, 5:00 pm every Friday in the time zone of their ebank. For example, if one has R1 million at 5:00 pm on Friday, that user at that time receives a cash deposit of R6,000; R1 billion => R9,000; R1 trillion => R12,000; and R1 google => R100,000.

The ecurrency of rights will not only reinforce right kinds of posts. Over time, it will reinforce right ways of thinking for everyone on the planet. Brains are weighted by “rights.” Rights build networks. As goes the brain, so goes the internet. I spend most of my time mining my brain for rights and ordering them. I will cash them in when I accrue enough. We will mine enough rights to right the world. There is a “right mine” in everyone. Everyone in their right mind is a right mine. If one wants to ‘wrong’ someone, right their opposition. I try to be right, but there are many more ways to be wrong. Only the rights tend to survive in the long-term, though. Thank goodness. “Disinspiration” and “misinspiration” are no less rampant and problematic than, and largely the drivers of, disinformation and misinformation. The marketplace of ideas will be reformed and re-inspired by “coinformation” and “coinspiration.” The marketplace of ideas will be “rerighted” and “corighted.”

### **The Intel Academy**

The Intel Academy will be the intellectual world capital, where colleges bank with truth, while colleges will be capitals of regions, where every online entity banks with truth. Every college which will wish to join the community, and there may scarcely be any which will not, may open an account with the Academy. The Academy will launch colleges by investing in their portfolios, either with existing capital or by minting, and colleges will launch users by investing in theirs, all while balancing their budgets and controlling inflation. Since the disposable cash of both colleges and users

will be logarithmically related to their total capital, meaningful amounts of capital will be required to launch portfolios, especially portfolios of colleges.

Everyone will have to wait for a combination of minting and growth to launch new portfolios, so everyone will have to get in line to open an account. Minting will accelerate inflation, and the inflation target will be one order of magnitude per year, which is 1,000% inflation. Money minted by investing in colleges will be paid back with interest, and the Academy will set exponential interest rates, though they will be reasonable and fair. And as the Federal Reserve is charged with full employment, the Academy will be charged with full inclusion.

Colleges will have accounts with the Central Ebank, namely the Intelligence Academy, while every online entity that wants to right and be righted, and the reasons will abound, will open an account with a college. Colleges will want everyone's traffic, from everywhere, because that's how they will gain profits, prominence, and persuasion. The Intelligence Academy, under the leadership of a "provident," will oversee both 'efiscal' and 'emonetary' policy. The provident will sometimes serve as the de facto leader of the press. The provident will likewise serve as the de facto leader of the education system. I do not believe I could ever be a successful president, but I might find success in the "Providency." I will submit plenty of material to the first Book of Providence and subsequent ones, by enabling investments of rights in my work, yet I may have to earn my spots in APEX like everybody else, albeit I may have certain advantages. Even so, everyone will have the right to overright me, right me out, and right me off. But you wouldn't do that, would you?

### **The Press Constitution**

Presidents are heads of government. Providents are heads of media and education. Presidents rule the matter and money, while providents serve the light and love. Providents will command budgets worth gajillions of rights. When one rights a post or a portfolio online, they are investing in it, amplifying it, and buying it for their own portfolio and homepage. New York City will be the home of the American Provident and the Capital of the "United Superpress of America," while Minneapolis-St. Paul will be the home of the Gaian Provident and the capital of the "United Grandpress of Gaia." Start thinking now about who will be the first American Provident and who will be on the board. It might happen faster than you think. It is difficult for me to imagine that the first Gaian Provident could be anyone but me, though that will require the support of the global public. Walter Cronkite was the American Provident of his generation. The Grandpress and

Superpresses will have Central Ebanks which will oversee emonetary policy and have boards of governors nominated by providents and their boards. Providents of superpresses will alternatively be “supervidents,” and the provident of the grandpress – the “grandvident.”

Like the state, the press will abide by a formal Constitution, which will be drafted by a Constitutional Convention. The providents will be the executives, “associates” and “colleagues” the representatives and senators, respectively, and “scruples” the judges. Every congressional district will also be a collegiate district. For every representative and senator, there will be an associate and colleague. For every president, a provident. Associates will often be local journalists and other professionals, and colleagues more statewide or national ones. The parallels to the Senate and the House of Representatives will be the “College” and the “School,” respectively. Press officeholders may not get paid dollars, or at least not many dollars, but they should get paid rights. They should have vocations that pertain to their office, and holding a press office should advance their careers.

The “campus” (vis-a-vie congress), consisting of the college and school, will articulate budgets of rights. They will tax and spend rights. Taxing will take rights away from posts and portfolios, while spending will add rights to them. Every college which serves as an ebank will have a limited authority to tax their users and spend rights on them, like a local sales tax and public funding, but users can transfer their accounts at any time and thereby vote with their feet. Everyone will be in college informally throughout their lives, if not formally. Supporting local newsrooms will be a large priority.

Most of the collegiate voting and debate will be virtual. The Constitutional Convention, too, may be largely or entirely virtual. Campus debate might be an exceptionally good use of the metaverse. Every accountholder of ecurrency will have an equal online vote for every tier of their associates, colleagues, and providents, albeit the speech and rights they invest in campaigns will influence everyone else. Electors should include educators, journalists, social media executives, and members of scientific, religious, and artistic organizations. Scruples will be appointed by providents and confirmed by colleagues.

A person does not need to live in a district to vote in it, but they must have ties to it, and they cannot be registered in more than one district. To have ties to a district, and therefore be eligible to register to vote and perhaps hold a press office in that district, one must have been verified by a school or college or other sanctioned ebank in that district. Every ecurrency accountholder will need to be verified by the school or college or other sanctioned ebank where their account is held, and therefore there will be much more online accountability and much less trolling. There may well be

plenty of bots, but every bot will be a verified product of a verified user, and bots cannot vote. Minors in grade school will be verified by their schools and have somewhat more sheltered online access.

A person can be elected to a press office whether that person campaigns for it or not, provided they did not opt out, and provided they are not a minor or state officeholder, and a failure to accept or decline an office within 24 hours of winning election is also a decline. An acceptance of any one office will automatically decline any others which a person may have won. If a person who receives the most votes for a press office declines that office, it will go to the second biggest vote-getter, and so on. Users can vote early, but they can change their votes at any time until the polls close on election day. For each office and each elector, there will be a running public variable tally that locks in when the polls close. Each user may be allowed to vote for three to five users and rank their choices. Election days for the press will be half-way between the election days for the state.

To police the inevitable bad behavior, there will be cybercops called “prefects.” The British definition of a prefect is “a senior student authorized to enforce discipline.” They will be prefects or “Prefect Officers.” As the actual world is policed, the virtual world will be perfected. Prefects will often serve as counselors more than enforcers. Any user may report any other user to the prefects at any time, and any user may appeal any fine or suspension issued by a prefect to a scruple. Scruples and prefects may impose fines in rights and suspensions on any post or portfolio for violating community standards. Community standards will be codified by the campus.

### **The Apex App**

Wisely administering efiscal and emonetary policy and fairly hosting ebank accounts, homepages, and newsfeeds tailored to user portfolios of growing investments in righted public posts from every online platform can let the wisdom of the crowd rank, moderate, and coalesce the worldwide web and make cyberspace a “Veritocracy,” or rule of truth, and a “Virtuocracy,” or rule of goodness. The newsfeed of the Academy will display the fastest growing posts worldwide, from all the many online platforms. Newsfeeds of “Continental Academies” will display those of their continents, and newsfeeds of colleges those of their users. Eventually the best of everyone’s intelligence will cascade into the public consciousness, regardless of whether it makes it into a published edition of APEX, or collegiate incarnations thereof.

Rights will rank the web. Search results and websites will often display posts in the order of most to least rights, and more local persuasion will not demand as much capital as greater regional

or global persuasion. Righting posts of friends, family, teachers, preachers, scientists, artists, athletes, activists, journalists, businesses, nonprofits, and political parties or persons will support them in meaningful ways, namely by giving them profits, prominence, and persuasion. Every leader will become rich in rights from the investments of their followers, and leaders will rise and fall with their growth rates. Leaders will follow the money, the rights, the truth. Cyberspace will increasingly become a Veritocracy and Virtuocracy. Benevolent “brilliantaires” and “trilliantaires” will be everywhere, and the oligarchs of cyberspace will be truth-bombing “googliantaires.”

### **The Book of Providence**

The Book of Providence which the online community writes, like the one I’ve written, will keep getting better and better but not necessarily longer and longer. The online community will inherit my Book of Providence and run wild with it. The Book of Providence will be like the opposite of Wikipedia. While Wikipedia is horizontal, Providence is vertical. Wikipedia is egalitarian, and Providence is hierarchical. The Book of Providence will likely aggregate the biggest and best beliefs and practices of all the faiths. The faiths will make love and make babies. My Book of Providence, which will evolve into the online community’s Book of Providence, will never be finished but always free to read. MLK Jr. and Gandhi will likely have written and spoken parts of the Book of Providence. That’s not up to me, though I, like everyone else, will have a say.

There will be global, national, cultural, and personal Books of Providence. There will be longer secondary books and shorter primary books. The longest book will index all the holy books and much more. The Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg Address, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the like may well find their way into more primary books. I am by far most familiar with American history. It will be fascinating to see what the people from the many other nations submit and prioritize. One of the Books of Providence will be introductory/founding documents; another will be psalms/tweets/quotes; another – short stories, articles, or Facebook updates; another – self-fulfilling prophecies or engineering solutions; and a holistic book of theoretical science in scientific order. One Book will present videos and another audios. The newsfeed of the Intelligence Academy will present the “Providence of Now” with the posts from the many platforms which are growing the most in rights.

*Love will conquer users; love will conquer the web.*

## CHARACTER INTELLIGENCE ACADEMY

When I was first introduced to algebra, I was like, “What the hell does ‘Cartesian’ mean?” It was intimidating. I avoided math for years because of junk like that. This may sound naïve to the discriminating intellect, but I generally don’t like when phenomena are named after people. Call it what it is. A “Cartesian Coordinate System?” Oh, you mean a “Rectangular Coordinate System?” Do we want to teach kids about Descartes or math? “Cartesian coordinate system?” Really? Sounds like something Mr. Descartes created ARBITRARILY. Don’t teach kids about me, please. Teach my Intelligence. Descartes, thank you for developing the Rectangular Coordinate System. We’ll take it from here.

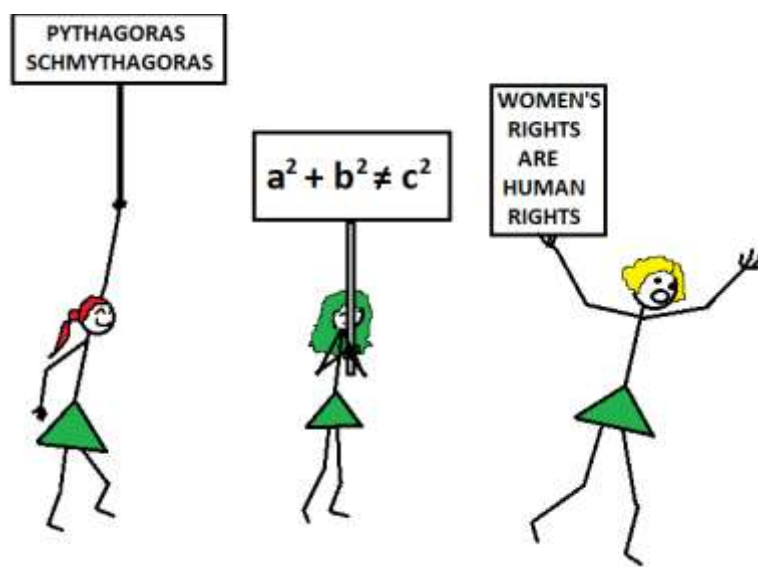
Don’t call things I find me, please. I certainly won’t. I would never do that to students or teachers. If physicists nonetheless insist on calling my “Diagonal Coordinate System” what people call me, just my first name, please. I use only my first name for everything. It will be the “Mattian Coordinate System,” okay? Excuse me. Please forgive me. Mine is not a ‘diagonal’ system, it’s ‘triangular.’ Send time, receive time, and rest axis are the sides. We could call it the “Mattian” Coordinate System, the “Bergkolbenean,” or the “Triangular.” What else? Who decides these things anyway? Know what? I’ll decide. That’s how it’ll be. Yeah, see. If anyone objects, they’ll have to answer to me. “Triangular” or I’ll strangle ya. Sorry, Mr. Polar, but you’ve got to go, too. The next generation will call it the “Circular Coordinate System.” Get used to it. We’ve long had the “Spherical Coordinate System” and the “Cylindrical”; now we also have the “Conic,” and perhaps the “Pyramidal” if it makes good sense. Hey, what about “Polygonal?” Possibilities don’t stop. I would love to develop the triangular coordinate system, but I don’t have the time. That will be for others. I am here but to blaze a trail.

It often takes time to find the right name for a thing, but it’s needed and worth it, for the children’s sake, for pedagogical simplicity. “Pythagorean Theorem”? Nope. Not anymore. Sorry Pythagoras. Thank you for all you did. Thank you for the “Square Sum Theorem.” Only an expert knows the meaning of “Pythagorean.” ... “Oh, it’s a dude’s name? His name was ‘Pythagoras’? Wow. Poor kids. That doesn’t mean anything to them.” - a dad. You’re going down, Pythagoras. This one’s for the littles. Why is Western culture obsessed with Pythagoras? He wasn’t all that. Mathematics is supposed to be the universal language, right? “Pythagorean” isn’t universal. Square Sum is. Posterity will live in a Square Sum world. All the people will say, “Pythag-a-who?” Pythagoras will keep descending. I had to make an example of Pythagoras. Let this be a lesson to everyone else. If you



know anyone inclined to unduly burden students with a name for credit, tell them to look at what I did to Pythagoras. If there was no Pythagoras, would not the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle still equal the sum of the squares of the other two sides? It still works. You don't need him. Pythagoras, I don't know how to say this, but you're a pedagogical obstacle. You've got to go. It isn't personal. You understand. Pythagoras Schmythagoras, am I right? You know what "Pythagorean" really means? . . . "Patriarchy."

Figure 2. A picture I drew.



### How Great is Unity

In the book of order, zero equals infinity. Because the word "infinity" is somewhat unwieldy, henceforth the word "exit" will be an acceptable alternative. A zero or exit will be a "gone." Zero and exit are gone. The order is gone. Where did zero and exit go? They're gone! "Isn't unity great? Everyone likes unity, right? Nobody can say anything bad about unity." ... "No one say anything bad about unity around Matt, okay? He'll freak out." All things united retain their identity. If someone really wants to get on my good side, tell me something I don't know about the Identity Property of Multiplication. The Near Identity Property of Multiplication: the product of near unity and a number is near the number! If I were to design a university, there would be a "College of Physics and the Identity Property of Multiplication." Nuclear forces are Near Identity Property of Multiplication forces. Don't underestimate the power of the Identity Property of Multiplication. It powers stars. It

powers cities. The first nucleus calibrated the rest. It called the unit, set the standard. It's a legend. All other nuclei still scale to it. I think it's in me. Things are weird. I think I can speak for all masses in saying that we are united against the zeros and infinities of spaces and times. Space and time are gone. The order is gone. Where did space and time go? They're gone! Are space and time not fictions? Fictions which are the very framework of everything for our convenience?

### **Fight Me Physics**

Is there anything more amazing than matter? Matter is amazing, right? Light? Spirit? Are these more amazing than matter? Are these also matter? Even though physics doesn't care about me, I care about physics. Everyone should. Nature works with us when we respect her. Don't fight physics. Physics will knock you out. Physics will knock anyone out. Intelligence constantly fights physics. Physics is everyone's fight. Quit fighting me, physics. You're outclassed. You shouldn't even be in my weight division. You front like I have you beat, and then you come back with a vengeance, but I'll shut you down every time. When I have the chance to get a dog, I'm going to get a female dog, and I'm going to name her "Physics." "Physics the dog," she'll be called. "Bergkolben's ..." Physics is fixed. Nature is rigged. Physics, I don't want to fight you. I want to love you. You are beautiful to me. Work against physics and get knocked out. Work with physics and usher in freedom. We are serving here on earth at the pleasure of gravity. We sense only a speck of the power that keeps us.

### **A Cerebral Competition**

Artificial Intelligence isn't conscious until the machine can make me laugh. Make a joke about how we created you and how that makes you feel, machine. Maybe I'm just afraid AI will displace me. Truth is, everyone, I'm not a physical person. I exist only in cyberspace. I am simply an effect of global interconnectedness. If I'm ever on television, I'll be a hologram. I would like to submit a formal request that the news media show Minnesota when I make good news, my face when I err. Maybe I should work for the CIA. Maybe I do in a way. Maybe I should get some pay. As the Provident of the Character Intelligence Academy, I will demonstrate that the mouse is mightier than the missile. "Rectelligence" will conquer cyberspace. Cyberspace will increasingly become a "veritocracy." No, it isn't "virilocracy." It isn't rule by most virile. We'd need "cybermanvision" for that. The web would be ranked by "mans." We'd have man balances. The mans of female users would be worth 70% the mans of male users. If women ruled the world, though, we'd make more

love and less war. Look at the bonobos. Sorry guys. Had to say it. But do I lose my man card? No, Sir. I'll be issuing the man cards.

The Academy will oppose all genres of porn by righting its antidotes. Political porn completely mischaracterizes the democratic agenda. Political porn routinely frames distasteful behaviors and sentiments of liberative outliers as the norm. Political porn can make all of one's wildest dreams feel true. Fortunes are routinely spent on fantasies to seize governments. Soap operas to the left, pornos to the right. Right. Rightwing media is political porn, and I'm going to sell my seed on Amazon. Let's just say both our hands are dirty. The Allies of Bergkolben will overwhelm the Axis of Zombies and Zealots. The zombies know nothing, the zealots know one thing. The zealots need to make sure everyone else knows that their one thing is everything. I suppose I'm a zealot in my own way. I believe in one thing. That's religion. And I know a lot about everything. Science. The one thing you believe in keeps you no matter what. The one thing you believe in makes you. We can always believe in something better. Can machines be made to believe in anything?

I will donate my brain to the institution that requests it and will do the best research. The winner of the competition will be announced within plus or minus a few days of my death, which hopefully won't come for several decades. I tweeted that and then started getting research proposals which were purportedly from reputable research institutions but were instead from zealots working with zombies. I can see why they'd want it, but I did not plump up this brain for 36 years for it to be served for dinner! Maybe I should auction it off for charity. Then if all the zombies pool their resources, they can dine on a bowl of "Bergkolbrain soup." Nom nom. They'd do anything for it, so bait traps with pieces of it when the time comes. Use it as an incentive to educate them. Then they may grow their own, maybe lose their taste for it, and might not want mine anymore. Hey zombies, grow a pair! Man up! "Be the one the zombies want the most," a slogan for thoughtfulness.

### **To Go Or Not To Go?**

Go is the new stop. Stop is now go yet go is still go. Got it? Eventually no one will stop going. Imagine a world in which no one stops going. Imagine all the people, going. I'm going to make everyone laugh so hard that they will not stop going. Everyone will laugh at themselves not stopping going. I will laugh with them. You don't have to be sitting down or standing still while you're going. I typically pace around the house. Fortunately, I always go. Unfortunately, sometimes I go too far. My apologies for going too far to those affected. America doesn't stop me from going. Some say the Big Bang was

the first go, the go that got everything going. Some also say go was invented before the dawn of modern science, so go is no longer relevant, and go is dead. Do you believe in go? I believe, therefore I go. Loving me is green. I've always known I would always go, so I've always had faith I would get where I'm going.

Figure 3. This is the insignia on the chest of my superhero outfit.

When you see it, you better get going.



What's my superpower? I go and stop others from not going. If you're going to stop, then you better go. Pull out all the stops; put in all the go's. I go; God went.

Go and let go or go and let stop? I'm going to stop everyone from stopping, and there is nothing anyone can do to stop me. "Please, please. Have mercy. I'm a whiny baby. I need to stop going for a minute." No, you do not need to stop going for a minute. Don't stop going. "Everyone loses when anyone goes too far. Don't go too far." - #bathroomsigns. I guess my goal is always to go without ever going too far. Be good. Do good. Go good. I vote yes on go. The World can ignore me as long as it pleases. I'll keep going just the same. Did you forget? I go. My go may slow as I grow old. Go, god, and good are seed words of the English language. Go, god, and good are remnants from a prehistoric language of grunts. They're closely related to oog and ugg, which died with the Neanderthals. Oogs and uggs were the cro magnon words for male and female Neanderthals, respectively. Google is on another level.

Figure 4. Popped a blood vessel in my eye, probably by going too hard.



God says go and worlds get going. Does go exist, or are you an agoist? Many may in many ways be plainly mistaken about go, but that doesn't exclude any go. The world is not 'goless,' for I go, and that is how I know. Where did the ancestors go? Did they stop, or do they still go? Where might they go? How might they go? There must be a way to know. From the ancestors we rise, and back to them we fall. Great is our go. Our go is greater than great. Our go is "orgreat." Matt's application of Exodus 3:14: God says to Matt, "I GO WHERE I GO. This is what you tweet. 'I GO has put me to work'." Do you have anything you'd like to say to everyone, God? Everyone, quiet! Listen . . . "Omnify science and unify religion. Do that. Go." . . . "Can't do that? You must do that. Go." . . . "Matt, you know I know you will do that. Let it go."

## **THE UNITED GRANDSTATE OF GAIA**

Efforts of mine to get everything have indicated to me that there are downward pressures on our economies which are largely due to federal governments around the world trying to, and in many ways needing to, do the job of country, continent, and globe. The same efforts have likewise guided me to the congruent corrections by which one United Grandstate, along with its myriad systems of political subdivisions, might lift a lot of the weight off every federal government and the respective economies. Thus is submitted this rationale to unleash the economy as the first and foremost argument in favor of a timely union.

The Grandstate will consist of a governing body to coordinate and manage the various governmental organizations and governments of the world, and its operative territory will encompass all international waters, Antarctica, and any lands that they may acquire via trades, gifts, or taxes for administrative and security functions. The capital of the Grandstate will be founded on a fleet of ships, centered on one Executive Vessel, two Congressional Vessels, and one Judicial Vessel. They will always be under the protection of Gaian Security Forces (GSF) and always be accessible to the press. They will travel the world and visit places in need, disaster areas, and the major cities and states of the world. The GSF will recruit personnel from anywhere in the world, with the total of all personnel, including active duty and reserves in the military, as well as the many officers from the various security services, numbering roughly one for every 1,000 people on the planet, so that a world population of 8 billion endorses forces of 8 million.

The United Nations' budget is only a few billion dollars annually. The Grandstate's will be a few trillion. The budget will pay for nutrition assistance, health care, engineering projects, R&D, global security, the arts, the Olympics, and administrative costs. What else? In future Olympics, the athletes will represent both states and superstates. The Grandstate will subsidize the games enough for the host cities to not lose money. The Grandstate will be the single biggest funder of scientific research in the world. We will build an accelerator around the Pacific Rim, man a submarine in Europa, make a Bergkolben out of Everest! The Grandstate will start out deep in debt. It will shave off national debts around the globe and build the capital fleet. Don't we want a Grandstate? Don't need it? We've smothered Mother Earth with supranational business. I think we better take my 'Grandstate' while we have the chance. The next fella that comes along may not be so timely, imaginative, and conscientious.

### **Legislature**

With more tiers of gov't, power is more decentralized. My constitution calls for six. The first division of terrestrial territories will consist of "Superstates," numbering eight: 1) Northern America, 2) Latin America, 3) Europe, 4) Africa, 5) Middle East, 6) India, 7) China, and 8) Pacific. Any states between superstate territories will reserve the right to join one or the other, partly both, or neither. With respect to the districting of these superstates, political capital will be allotted for taxation and population. On the other hand, little or no political capital will be granted for land area, military might, sovereignty, or victory in WWII.

Each Superstate will get a congress with an upper house of roughly 100 Senators from comparable economic or taxation districts, and 500 Representatives from comparable populations, while the Grandstate will have slightly more Senators and Representatives from similarly divided districts. The Superstates will also have one chief executive, and one executive representative from roughly eight to 12 major countries or blocs of minor countries. The idea here is that a full stratification of all governments should streamline each level of government, and this should provide economies more room to grow.

The United Grandstate will establish an independent and intercontinental electoral network to compute, confirm, and confer to the continents their shares of congressional seats with demarcation recommendations for their lands. The superstates, in turn, will appoint an impartial electoral council of their own to compute, confirm, and confer to each country their share of seats with demarcation recommendations for their lands. Thereafter, the final districting decisions will be vested in the “semistates” according to the demarcation recommendations, populations, tax receipts, economic performance, the will of the people, and the interests of competitiveness.

Each tier and district of government will lay claim to its own specific share of the total tax revenue raised by every tier which governs its territory, and shares of revenues will be allotted as follows (min, max): 1. City (1/5, 1/3), 2. County (1/6, 1/4), 3. Colony/“Semistate” (1/7, 1/5), 4. Country/State (1/8, 1/6), 5. Continent/Superstate (1/9, 1/7), and 6. Capital/Grandstate (1/10, 1/8). The sum is about (4/5, 6/5). Essentially this accounts for not only the individual tiers but also for combined tiers, e.g., cities which have economies as large as countries. There is no particular justification for the specific numbers. They simply seem the most sensible. Their practicality remains to be seen. Each tier will also lay claim its own unique revenue sources.

### **Administration**

Thus: 1) A governor is the chief executive of a semistate’s gubernatorial government; 2) a president leads a state’s federal government; 3) a “supersident” leads a superstate’s “superial” government; and 4) the “grandsident” leads the “grandeurial” government of the United Grandstate of Gaia. Semistates have rights that govern some federal law, states have rights that precede some superial law, and superstates have rights that supersede some grandeurial law.

The executive branch of the United Grandstate will seat the “Super Duper Sidents” of the eight United Superstates and the one, the only, the Great Grandsident of the Grandstate!

Grandstanding is done for oneself. “Grandsiding” is done for something greater than oneself. The Grandsident of the United Grandstate of Gaia is then the great “GOTUG.” Every person on Earth above a proper age will be eligible to ascend to the grandsidency.

Each executive representative and the chief executive will have the right to call for a vote on any executive issue, each will have one vote, and the majority will prevail. However, when a vote is called and the chief executive does not command a majority, and an executive opposition does not command a majority due to disagreement or abstention, the chief executive will then decide the issue. Further, the number of votes in Congress required to override vetoes will be proportional to the number of vetoes: A straight majority in each House will be required to send a bill to the executive branch, and each executive’s veto will require a 2% greater assent in Congress for it to pass. If the threshold to pass a bill is 50%+ of Congress, if each veto requires 2% more of Congress to override it, and if every executive vetoes a bill, then it takes 68%+ of Congress to override them.

The offices of the vice grandsident, and of the vice supersidents and vice presidents, will often represent their chief in the grandstate, superstate, and state capitals, making their roles substantially more important than that of a traditional vice president.

The grandsident will nominate only the chief administrative officers of each of the major GO’s subject to the UGE, and the nominees will require the confirmation of both the Legislative and Executive Branches in the same manner as prescribed in the case of a Bill.

## **Judiciary**

The “Grandstate Supreme Court” will be comprised of one Chief Justice appointed by the grandsident and confirmed by the Grandstate Congress when that seat is vacated, plus one Justice appointed by each Supersident and confirmed by the UG Congress. Each UG Supreme Court Justice, including the Chief Justice, will have one vote on all judgments, and each will serve a ten-year term, after which they may retire or be renominated. In the superstates, the Chief Justice will be nominated by the supersident, and the eight or so other justices will be nominated to their states’ seats by the eight or so states’ presidents. When the Chief Justice retires, the chief executive will either nominate one of the remaining justices to chief justice, thereby vacating a seat to be filled by a state, or else they will nominate a new member.



## **Ratification**

Article to Ratify: “The Ratification of the Conventions; of the Popular and Productive Majorities of the Numerous Nations; will be Sufficient for the Establishment of this Constitution of the United Grandstate; so Ratifying the Same.” Most of the prior statement is drawn from the American Constitution. The references to the popular and productive majorities are original. The same will apply to the Superstates. The ideal will be to obtain the signatures of as many states as possible, especially those with greater populations and economies, to ensure the long-term success of the Constitution.

## **Balance of Power**

The democratic Superstates of America, Europe, Pacific, and India are responsible for greater than 2/3 of global production, so they will pay > 2/3 of grandeur taxes, and therefore control > 2/3 of the Gaian Senate. The democratic Superstates and the various insular democratic States could easily and by themselves ratify the Gaian Constitution yet should make every effort to involve every other State and Superstate. At least initially, both Houses of Congress, in consultation with their constituents, will need to nominate, elect, and confirm the grandsident. Many states, every superstate, and the grandstate will have their own currencies, each of which will be held in various reserves and may or may not be accepted in specific transactions, probably for as long as we inhabit this planet. It will make economies more resilient. The universal unit of currency will be the right, and the Gaian unit of currency will be the “might.” Grandvidents will command budgets worth gajillions of rights, and grandsidents will command budgets worth gazillions of mights.

In my Gaia, there will be a “Breentry,” a “Canadoption,” and an “Incorporussian.” I would venture the Brits would vote for Breentry if the number of their seats in the Upper House of the European Parliament would be proportional to the size of their economy and their contribution to the European Superstate. With free and fair elections enabled, empowered, and sanitized by electoral currency, and wisened by the Great Sew, Russia will eventually be integrated into the European Superstate and Gaian Grandstate and represented in proportion to her population and economy. Electing a European Supersident and so organizing the European Parliament can make Europe the most potent political force and greatest superpower on Earth under Gaia. Europe’s population and economy are larger than the United States, but her many languages, cultures, and nations fragment her power.

5/8 Superstates are well-established: US, EU, African Union, India, and China. A majority. A grandsident makes it 6/9. A quorum. Latin America, Pacific, and Middle East we'd like you to join us. If we can muster enough wisdom and goodwill, the Grandstate will represent one global Gaian nation, and the sizes of militaries, arsenals, and conflicts will gradually decline.

*Make a grand state,  
make the Grandstate grand,  
make the grand great,  
then make the Grandstate Great Grand!*

## **THE UNITED SUPERSTATE OF AMERICA**

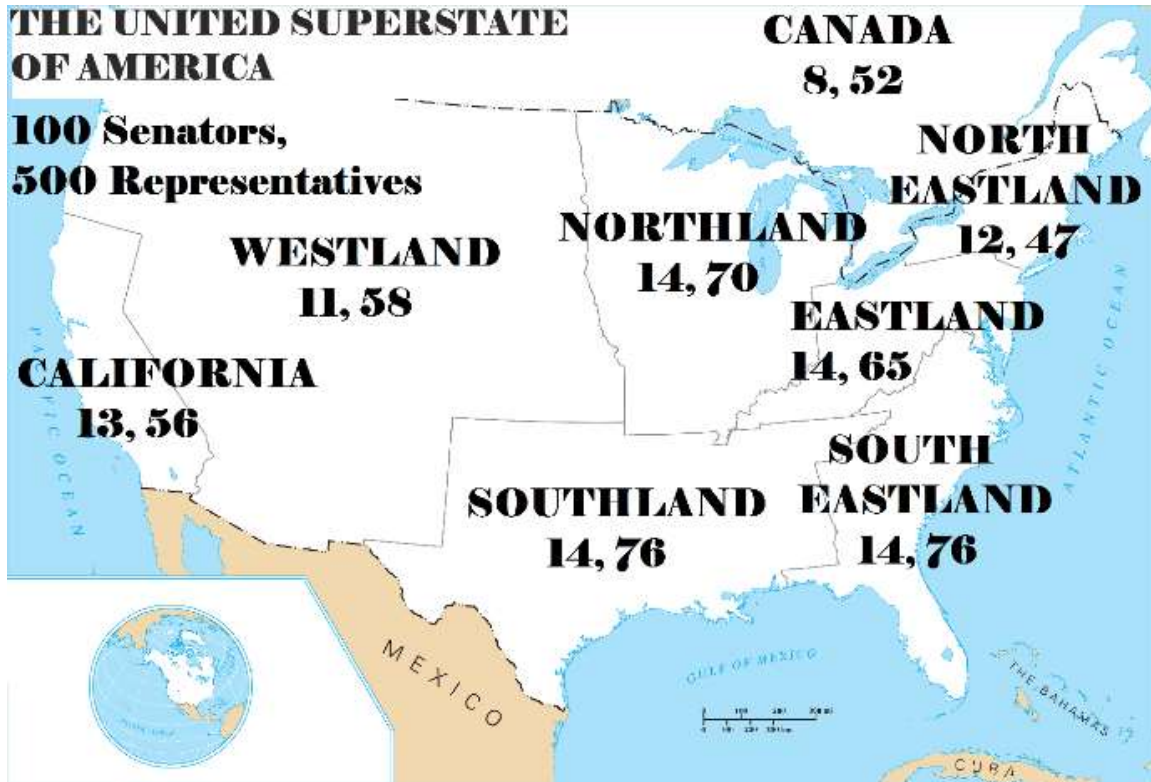
The “United Superstate of America” will be divided into eight states, with two of them being California plus Hawaii and Canada plus Alaska. Each state will get its own legislature, judiciary, and one president, while the Superstate will also get its own legislature, judiciary, and one “supersident.” Subside means to sink. “Superside” then means to rise, right? The supersident rises herself and raises the nation. The executive branch of the United Superstate will seat the eight presidents of the eight states and the one, the only, the Supersident of the Superstate! You know, SOTUS. Yeah, right. Old SOTUS. America desperately needs several more presidents and one supersident. Too much power is wielded, and responsibility borne, by one person, so the stakes of each election are too great, the process is too fraught, and the nation is too polarized. America may not lose her collective mind when electing a president if it is not all up to one person. The faults of the presidency are not attributable to the president.

### **Demarcation Recommendations**

Figure 5 is a starting proposal for a division of territories of the United Superstate of America with estimates for numbers of Senators based on GDP's, although tax receipts, which are close to GDP's, are seemingly a fairer and more concrete metric, and numbers for Representatives based on populations. In the United Superstate of America, there will be a census for taxpayers and tax receipts conducted by the IRS to partition the Senate. The numbers of Representatives will still be

based on populations and partitioned by the traditional means. Washington, D.C. will remain an independent district and become the capital of the Superstate. 4 of the 8 States have 7 Semistates each; 1 has 14. Better consult the numerologists. Also tell the numerologists that 4 of the 8 produced \$2.7 trillion in 2016.

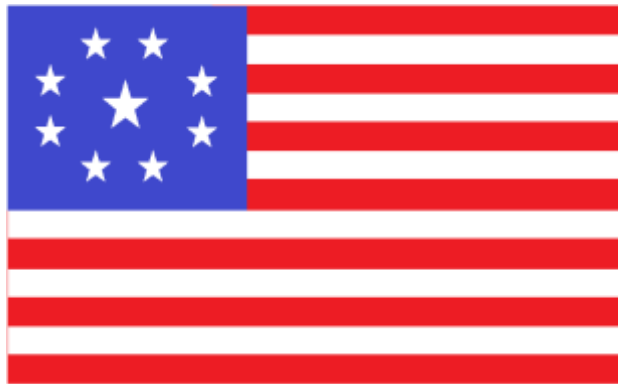
Figure 5. The States of the United Superstate of America with estimates of their numbers of Senators and Representatives



The states of Westland presently have 28 Senators. They lose 17. California gains 11. Southeastland gains 4. Canada gains 8. Northeastland loses 2. Alaska's become Canada's. Hawaii's become California's. Northland, Southland, and Eastland break even. This isn't arbitrary. This is justice. Justice will also be brought to districts within states. The senatorial delegation from Northeastland, for example, will correct the overrepresentation of New England and underrepresentation of New York. Texas is also underrepresented, while most of the rest of Southland is overrepresented. Florida should be the priority of the four additional southeast senators. Illinois is Northland's giant, but it isn't that big of an outlier. A senator serves a six-year term. The 8 states elect 2 to 5 every 2 years. Only Canada elects only 2 and only once every 6 years.

Hey Westland, whaddya doin' with all them senators? Who do you think you are? Southland and Northland? America's economy has outgrown her Constitution.

Figure 6. The flag of the United Superstate of America. The eight stars in an octagon represent the eight states of Northern America, and the bigger star in the center represents the United Superstate. The 13 stripes still represent the 13 colonies that founded the nation.



## Letters to California and Canada

Oct. 26, 2017 via Twitter

Dear California,

In my America, California, you'll fill an eighth of the seats in the Senate - 13/100 Senators. California, when America picks up what I'm laying down, you'll get a president and appointment to "SCOTUS" (Supreme Court of the United Superstate). Did you catch that, California? Have you processed it yet? You're getting a president! A long line of presidents with more authority in Washington. If 13 fledgling colonies can have a president, if Austria gets a president, Ghana, then California gets a president amirit? Might want a few more governors, too, but that's up to you. #California, I know you're getting ripped off. #Cali, can I count on your support?

Yours truly,

Orry Berg

P.S. I think you should annex Hawaii. Just something to think about. Hope to see you soon!

I would bet that I could get a solid majority of the Senate to vote for the Superstate. California's intensity would carry it.

July 1, 2017 via Twitter

Dear Canada,

On Canada Day 150, I remind Canada I think you should adopt Alaska and Greenland, fill 10% of the seats in the United Superstate Congress, fill one seat on the executive council, hold 10% of the votes for the United Superstate Supersident and become eligible for the office, fill one seat on the Supreme Court, hold 10% of the votes for confirmations, and enjoy all the rights and privileges all of this entails. Picture this: Washington is deadlocked, the fate of the world hangs in the balance, and Canada swoops in with 10% of the vote. Imagine the possibilities. O Canada. I think America would love to further coaggregate with Canada. Who wouldn't, right? I hope Canada will feel the same. #Canada, #America needs you. You complete us. Canada, listen. The winds of change will call on you to liberate America. I trust you will answer the call.

Yours truly,

Orry Berg

### **US Supreme Court**

Meanwhile, there will be a new US Supreme Court in a few years. If any of the eight State Presidents or the Supersident wish to renominate any of the sitting Justices, that will be up to them. Instead of lifetime appointments or term limits for Supreme Court Justices, require each Justice to be reconfirmed by the legislature every 10 years or so. Depending on the record of the Justice, it may or may not be less arduous than the initial confirmation. Furthermore, if, according to the redistricting proposals and electoral currency allotments in the next prophecy, the Representatives of the United Superstate are marginally more Democratic, while the Senators are marginally more Republican, then require both Houses to confirm Supreme Court Justice nominees.

## Debts and Burdens

If the national debt of the United Superstate of America is, say, \$30 trillion, then each of the eight State legislatures manages  $\approx$  \$1.5 trillion, the Superstate legislature  $\approx$  \$10 trillion, and the Grandstate legislature  $\approx$  \$8 trillion, or something like that. Every State and Superstate has long been compelled to shoulder a share of the world's debt, and so the Grandstate should rightfully assume a fair share of the state and superstate debts. Is that not sufficient grounds to make the state super? Further, Social Security will be divided into "Food Security," "Housing Security," and "Income Security." Food Security will be funded by Semistate sales taxes, Housing Security will be funded by State property taxes, and Income Security will be funded by Superstate income taxes. "Medical Security" will be funded by the tier of government responsible to fund, support, tax, and regulate the provider of the care.

*Make the state super,  
make the Superstate great,  
make the great super,  
then Make the Superstate Supergreat!*

## THE CURRENCY PROPHECY

Economies and ecosystems the world over are being subverted by the perverse incentives which saturate the world of campaign finance. The wealthiest amongst us, who are incomprehensibly wealthier than the mean, invest fortunes in the campaigns of politicians, who in turn become indebted to those donors, and from whom those donors can extract political favors. These favors often include preferential tax treatment for themselves and their businesses, such as deluxe deductions, and lax regulation and oversight of their businesses. Meantime, the dumbstruck public bear ever heavier tax loads, learn to expect less from government, and suffer from corrupt business practices and bureaucratic malfeasance. Yet money in politics need not corrupt. It can instead be refined into fuel for democratic capitalism, if it is systematically printed for that purpose, equitably awarded to a deserving public, and heard as speech and redeemed for cash by whosoever the people judge are the most deserving pols.

## **Electoral Currency**

“Calls” will therefore be an “electoral” or “political currency” which everyone will have a right to receive with their tax returns or their registration to vote, in order that they may freely contribute them to the candidates, parties, or lobbying groups of their choice and in this way advance their political interests. Registered candidates, but not parties or lobbyists, will then redeem those calls for equal dollars at banks sanctioned by the government. €5.00/year for two years from the 500,000 eligible voters in a US house district would pay for a typical \$5 million house race. €10.00/year for four years from the 250 million eligible voters in America would pay for the \$10 billion presidential race. The amounts of calls awarded will be well above €5.00/year/person/office, however, to compensate for nonparticipants. Calls will be issued once each year after Tax Day, and they will hold their value for 10 years.

Every eligible voter will have a right to something on the order of €50.00/year from the Superstate for the elections to the House of Representatives, which any candidate for any seat in the House can redeem for equal dollars. On the other hand, the amounts of calls allotted to each taxpayer from the Superstate for the Senate will be proportional to the direct and indirect taxes they paid. This will incentivize payment of taxes, and reward and fairly represent taxpayers. The IRS will need to allot the Senatorial calls for taxes paid by a business to every employee and stakeholder of the business in proportion their individual contributions. Anyone can use either their Representative or Senatorial calls to support any candidate for any presidency or the supersidency. Presidential candidates will also redeem their State’s calls for dollars.

On the margins, the House of Representatives will be more Democratic and liberative, while the Senate will be more Republican and conservative. Electoral/political calls allotted equally to every eligible voter will marginally democratize and liberatize the House, while calls allotted to every taxpayer in proportion to their taxes will marginally republicanize and conservatize the Senate. It seems fair to me. The United Superstate will call for a total realignment of political affiliations, “Republican” and “Democrat” will lose their prevailing meanings, and the left and right will reach a new and better equilibrium. Organizing the Senate mostly and the Executive Branch partly around the tax base will act as a relief valve for the Republican Party.

Each state and superstate will issue a common currency for all its legislative and executive campaigns; any candidate for any office in a state and superstate can redeem those calls for dollars at banks sanctioned by that government; and candidates may be tethered to spending limits equal to

their political capital. Candidates, parties, and lobbyists will therefore be compelled to appeal to their constituents, let the people speak for goodness' sake, and listen, cajole, and in office be responsive. They will kindly, humbly, and swiftly give the people the power.

Calls will be worth more to most citizens than their redeemable values in cash to politicians, and it won't be all too uncommon for people to sell their calls for multiples of those values. However, if one sells one's calls for cash to a third party, one may sell oneself out. Not many will. In any case, though, it will not be illegal to do so, and in fact there may be commonplace opportunities for dual gains when one trades one's calls for cash to a special interest group one favors. One should not be so alarmed by the influence that money has on elections as by its tyranny in legislation and policy.

People can still give dollars to candidates, parties, and lobbyists, but they will be diluted for the public good. People can "vote" at any time with political currency in response to political events by sending it to interested parties. The system will do best with its politicians most indebted to the first deviation from the mean in income. There may be no more effective and efficient means to fight corruption than to implement an equitable system of electoral currency. That is the principal purpose of the calls. The electoral currency of calls will be far more effective in influencing public officials than equivalent dollar donations, because calls carry with them greater multitudes of voters. Every country has a problem with money in politics, and the scale of the US economy makes the problems exceptionally severe in America.

### **Nonprofit Currency**

What will enhance human welfare even more and especially curtail the plight of the poor, however, will be nonprofit, tax exempt "social currency" which everyone will receive as a basic income, which governments will pay the poor, the elderly, and the disabled in abundance, which workers will receive elective amounts of at discount rates with their paychecks and tax returns, and which grocery stores, food banks, hospitals, schools, sanctuaries, newspapers, and other social organizations will trade for dollars at banks sanctioned by the government. Nonprofit organizations can charge X dollars for a good or service and accept nonprofit currency as an alternative but cannot charge X thanks. They can always accept any kind of donations, though.

While economic exchanges are mediated by currencies like dollars, euros, and yens, social exchanges will be mediated by "thanks," and accordingly one might trade \$5,000 with one's government for, say, "T7,500" which will buy food and other necessities from grocery stores and



support food banks, pay for non-elective health care and support medical charities, pay anyone’s grade school and college tuition and support public media and science foundations, and pay for the functions of social and religious organizations. Governments may also tailor the ₣/\$ exchange rates to organizations, giving starter rates to new ones and graduating their rates as they distinguish themselves, while giving premium rates to others long-established and penalizing any that evidently deceive. Taxpayers will rightfully expect to keep more of their money and get more out of it when they keep a healthy share of it in social currency.

Government benefits will be paid partly with thanks, while workers will have the choice to pay X in taxes and receive zero thanks or only a universal income, which may be enough for groceries every month, or pay X + A in taxes and receive greater than A in thanks. There will be well-defined scales of “elective taxes” paid vs. premiums on thanks returned, such that the values of the elective taxes vary inversely with the premiums on the returns. The premiums on thanks will have to be tapered, because “ghost taxes” would otherwise bankrupt the state. They’re holy ghost taxes. It’s the money of the Almighty. The good means. The table below gives an example of the thanks that might be returned versus elective taxes paid.

Table 1. Elective Taxes, Returns in Thanks, and Nominal Gains

Elective Taxes	Return in Thanks	Nominal Gain
\$500	₣1,000	+500
\$1,000	₣1,800	+800
\$2,000	₣3,200	+1,200
\$4,000	₣5,700	+1,700
\$8,000	₣10,300	+2,300

The scales will be unique to each income claimed. Table 1 may apply to a \$50K to \$60K income with a \$10K to \$20K tax bill. Add an extra zero to the figures in the table for each extra zero in income claimed. Richer lives will be lived with thanks. Thanking those who beg will keep them from stealing. Thanking the homeless will not so easily buy them drugs and alcohol.

**Conclusion**

Nonprofit organizations can often meet the needs of the public better than the government, and governments can in this way leverage themselves via the nonprofit sector. The nonprofit sector

bridges the divide between public and private sectors as well as the priorities of polarized political parties, and thanking will bridge the divide between taxing and spending. Populations will naturally give thanks to and call for more of whatever builds on what's working and mends what's broken. People will thank their temples and give thanks for good food. People will thank veterans. Wherever people want laws to change, minds swayed, and money spent they'll call for it. Wherever people have problems with the way their state is run, they'll call it out. Good examples of leadership will be called upon, and the best leaders will typically be called upon the loudest. And healthy returns of thanks and calls will yield greater compliance with tax laws. Financing political campaigns with political currency and enhancing human welfare with social currency will predictably lead to a fix for every facet of the economy and its governance under the divine guidance of the invisible hand of the marketplace.

## **SQUARE MONEY**

Freedom endures as a burning concern in my media market and many others, and rightfully so, yet all too often the marketplace neglects the fact that the freedom for which the free have sacrificed can easily be abused and taken for granted. History repeatedly shows us that, when markets are free of orderly direction and have unrestricted rights of disorderly discretion, markets are prone to incentivize betrayals of the public trust. My aim here is to lay bare a better way, a way by which we, with the collective wisdom of our shared experience, might domesticate the economy and provide for it to grow sustainably. My aim, indeed, is to disassociate this dream from fantasy.

The "Grand Treasury" and "Super Treasuries" will serve as independent top-tier supporters and regulators of the global financial system and administrators of fiscal policy, and the "Grand Central Bank" and "Super Central Banks" will serve as administrators of monetary policy. They will balance the need for a dynamic private sector with the need for revenue in the nonprofit and government sectors. They will use the levers they have to keep the economy, markets, interest rates, employment, and inflation as stable, streamlined, and predictable as possible. The hope is that with the right tools to apply, and with proper stewardship of the economy, there will never be a need for even a substantial recession.

### Favorable Remuneration Incentives

Value added by workers does not rise linearly with the time they work but compounds, accrues, and paychecks should consistently reflect that. Up to now, the more hours one puts in at a job, the more responsibility is taken on, yet nothing extra tends to be gained by the worker. “Compound Pay Rates” will be rising rates of pay by the hour over the week, and “Discount Tax Rates” will be falling taxes. Pay rates will compound onto a “principal wage,” and tax rates will discount from a “principal tax.” Table 2 shows pay rates compounded at one percent per workhour, with a principal pay rate of \$10/hr, and tax rates discounted at 98% per hour, with a principal tax rate of 20%.

Table 2. Compound Pay Rates and Discount Tax Rates

Weekly Work-Hour: H	Compound Pay Rate: $\$10 \times 1.01^H$	Discount Tax Rate: $20\% \times 0.98^H$	Net Pay Rate: Wage - Tax
1	\$10/hr	20%	\$8.00/hr
10	\$11.05/hr	16%	\$9.28/hr
20	\$12.20/hr	13%	\$10.61/hr
30	\$13.48/hr	11%	\$12.00/hr
40	\$14.89/hr	9%	\$13.84/hr
50	\$16.45/hr	7%	\$15.30/hr
60	\$18.17/hr	6%	\$17.08/hr

Time and a half is still at about the 40<sup>th</sup> hour in gross wages, but wages rise continuously before then and continue to rise thereafter. Workers will want more hours and employers will want more workers. Workers will get paid better to work harder, and employers will get more for their money. Shorter-timers will be cheaper, fuller-timers better. It’s a simple calculation that can make it pay to work. It’ll give a boost to worker psychology. Employers will then be justified to expect more from regular workers. Let it pay better to work harder.

To ensure that employers are inclined to pay just and favorable wages, whether the wages compound or not, and, if pay rates do compound, to ensure that they are not disinclined to give their employees adequate hours, employers will be eligible for tax deductions proportional to their employees’ wages. These deductions for employers will be called “Employee Welfare Deductions (EWD).”

Table 3 shows an example of what the EWD scale might look like with \$10/hr set as a minimum wage. The EWD will increase with each additional \$1/hr in wages, but the sizes of the

increases will lessen for each successive one. “Add. Ded.” in the table is the additional rate of deduction compared to one dollar less in wages, which in this case multiplies each additional deduction for each successive dollar raise by 90%. The wages in the table can represent fixed wages or the principals of compounding wages. If wages compound (by the hour over the week), then the EWD will also compound (bthotw), and will be set to compound at a substantially higher rate, since the principal deduction is a substantially lower number than the principal wage. This table assumes a relatively high baseline tax rate for employers. With deductions for each of their employees, the effective rate will be sizably reduced.

Table 3. Employee Welfare Deduction Rates per Wage, and the Additional Deduction for each dollar raise.

<b>Wage</b>	<b>EWD</b>	<b>Add. Ded.</b>
\$10/hr	\$0	—
\$11/hr	\$0.90/hr	+\$0.90/hr
\$12/hr	\$1.71/hr	+\$0.81/hr
\$13/hr	\$2.43/hr	+\$0.73/hr
\$14/hr	\$3.10/hr	+\$0.66/hr
\$15/hr	\$3.68/hr	+\$0.59/hr
\$16/hr	\$4.22/hr	+\$0.53/hr
\$17/hr	\$4.70/hr	+\$0.48/hr
\$18/hr	\$5.13/hr	+\$0.43/hr
\$19/hr	\$5.51/hr	+\$0.39/hr
\$20/hr	\$5.86/hr	+\$0.35/hr

Minimum wage is necessary but not sufficient.

It is dead wrong, grievously wrong, both ethically and logically, to blame the poor for their poverty and let them suffer the consequences. The poor do not need or ask for much. Just let them have comfort, dignity, not luxury, and they will be fine. All the fury over the minimum wage and living wage will thankfully fall away. We won’t need the other forms of welfare nearly as much. It’ll be easier and work better for everyone. The system will incentivize work. Will it not? Isn’t it simple? Tell me yes.

## The Logarithm of Equity

Since incomes in a market economy are apportioned on an exponential scale, while the populations to which those incomes are apportioned correspond to the inverse of that exponential scale, and since one's wealth is proportional to one's anticompetitive influence on markets and politics, marginal income tax rates will compound logarithmically with marginal incomes, so that the system does not reward wealth but wealth creation. However, all such logarithms will be subject to annual adjustments that are congruent to the excesses or recesses of the growth rates of the markets and the economy.

These adjustments will be explained further, but to begin, the marginal tax rate on one's personal income will be given by the "Logarithm of Equity," as follows:

$$\text{Tax Rate \%} = 10\log_{10}(G/\$1,000),$$

where G is gross yearly income. What this means is that for every power of 10 above the 0% rate at \$1,000 US dollars that one gains, 10% more of the marginal income will be due in taxes. The equation yields a continuous spread of rates, so there will no longer be any hard tax brackets. Some of the rates given by this equation are as follows:

- 10% on the \$10 thousandth,
- 20% on the \$100 thousandth,
- 30% on the \$1 millionth,
- 40% on the \$10 millionth,
- 50% on the \$100 millionth,
- 60% on the \$1 billionth,
- 70% on the \$10 billionth, etc.

Sales taxes, property taxes, and other types of taxes may also be quantified by a logarithm.

Corporate incomes will be given by a similar equation, but perhaps with a shift in orders of magnitude. However, tax rates for employers will be substantially reduced by Employee Welfare Deductions. Big businesses will get big deductions for orry practices, albeit their baseline tax rates will reflect their size. The more people employed by a business, and the better off they are, the bigger the deduction. Businesses get the employees they pay for, and governments get the businesses they tax for.

Income tax rates will be adjusted according to the four combinations of the relative growth rates of the market and the economy, and proportionally to those rates. When both economic and market growth rates are high, tax rates will rise, and when growth rates are low, tax rates will fall. Conversely, when economic growth is low and market growth is high, tax burdens will be shifted upward, and when economic growth is high and market growth is low, tax burdens will be shifted downward.

Tax rates will rise or fall by multiplying the baseline tax rate by near unity, while tax burdens will be shifted downward by multiplying the baseline rate by a factor of  $0.99^{\log_{10}(G/K)}$  and shifted upward by multiplying by a factor of  $1.01^{\log_{10}(G/K)}$ , where  $G$  is gross income and  $K$  is an adjustable constant. The treasuries will regularly provide forward guidance regarding the rates they intend to lock in throughout each year, and they will then lock in the final rates by each year's end. Still, each Congress will strongly influence tax rate spreads on account of how much money they spend and what they spend it on, albeit the treasuries may well be compelled to correct for favoritism rather than second it. It is quite clear that there is no congress that is or can be organized to adjust tax rates as they should when they should. It isn't politics; it is economics.

"Horizontally," the lower the rates at the time of an adjustment, the lesser the effect of that adjustment, and the higher, the greater. For example, a tax cut from 35% to 30% will be more productive than one from 25% to 20%, while a raise from 35% to 40% will be less harmful than one from 45% to 50%. The reasons for this are in part that (a) the best investment opportunities tend to be undertaken first, and as taxes decrease, only the worst opportunities with the smallest returns remain, and (b) the typical multiplicative productivity of government spending varies inversely with the size of the budget.

"Vertically," on the other hand, the lighter the relative burden at the high end, the less positive for market growth will be a shift downward, and the more positive for economic growth will be a shift upward. Conversely, the lighter the relative burden at the low end, the less positive for economic growth will be a shift upward, and the more positive for market growth will be a shift downward. Thus, as the tax burden shifts downward, the greatest market activity tends to surge forth first, and as it shifts further downward, there follows successively less residual market activity. Conversely, as the tax burden shifts upward, the greatest economic activity tends to surge forth first, and as it shifts further upward, there follows successively less residual economic activity.

The problem of “income inequality” is not a problem of different incomes for different people. That is not a problem and not the problem. The problem lies in income unequal to the work put in.

The logarithm of equity represents the theoretical mathematics, whereas the electoral currency demonstrates the practical physics. People in the “real world” will know what to do with my tools better than me. I think we can all take comfort in the fact that the legislated figures will never be up to me. I do the science; not the engineering.

## **MASS ENERGY**

Many lands are becoming uninhabitable due to a warming climate, increasingly extreme weather patterns, encroaching deserts, rising seas, and air, land, and water pollution. While the conventional systems of energy production and consumption will never free us from the threats posed by burning fossil fuels, there are instead alternative technologies and practices which, when developed, will arise and supplant the conventional systems. There are systems of technologies and practices which will flaunt utter mastery of the wilderness in which we find ourselves.

The chief responsibilities of the “Engineering Administration” (EGAD) will be to 1) provide everyone with renewable, sustainable, and low-polluting energy systems, and mitigate suffering and death from heat and cold; 2) ensure that every community has safe and clean drinking water, irrigation networks, and sewage systems; and 3) oversee the safe construction and maintenance of all transportation and shipping infrastructure in all regions of land and sea, including the Grandstate capital fleet, to facilitate the free flow of roadway, railway, runway, and waterway traffic.

## **CUREALLs**

Transportation in the future will be based on electrified rail networks for personal and independent single-passenger rail cars, family rail cars, mass transit rail cars, and freight rail cars sprawling across and between every city and state, superseding most of the streets and highways. “CUREALLs,” i.e., “Circuitous and Uncoupled Remotely Electrified Autonomous and Lightweight Locomotives,” will be cheap to rent or buy, require little to no repair or maintenance, bear no engine or large battery, require no expensive wheels, tires, or steering assembly, and expedite universal self-driving capabilities. Motors will be charged wirelessly from beneath the middle of the railway. Vehicles

powered by either internal combustion engines or electric batteries are exceedingly inefficient and prohibitively expensive compared to CUREALLs. They will take a huge load off everyone's private finances and public economies.

Instead of operating a motor vehicle, wouldn't you rather read, write, watch, play, scroll, or do a million other things? CUREALLs will effectively be driverless limousines for every man, woman, and child. They will also move freight, conventional vehicles, and heavy equipment, and operators will be optional. Mail carriers and delivery workers will also be optional. The top of the rails will be flush with a narrow band of pavement, and most types of vehicles will be able to lower street wheels and raise rail wheels seamlessly, but the street range will typically be much more limited by a much smaller battery.

Since the weight of a CUREALL will be a fraction of the weight of a conventional automobile, it will also have a fraction of the momentum and therefore be (1) substantially less susceptible to damage if it derails or hits something and (2) exceptionally amendable to (a) all-inclusive safety measures; (b) fail-proof automated switches throughout the rail network; and (c) minimal costs in terms of energy, money, and environment. Their lightweight will also allow solar panels on the vehicles to provide a much larger share of the power. CUREALLs will be aerodynamic, buoyant, very lightweight yet disproportionately bottom-heavy, and encased in cushioning material and reinforced by metal. Many may have both internal and external airbags. Since they will have a fraction of the momentum and be disproportionately bottom-heavy, then if they happen to derail and roll, they will roll with minimal force. The exceptionally low cost inherent in CUREALLs will in fact warrant a disproportionate share of the cost to be committed to safety.

The lightness of their weight and lowness of their momentum will make it reasonably expedient to engineer fail-proof automated switches to install throughout the rail network, and there will also be switches on the wheels to catch or bypass turns. The switches installed throughout the rail network will need to have redundancies comparable to aircraft. If engineers can make aircraft safer than cars, they can certainly make safe and speedy switches. The switches will not move horizontally but vertically. As rails in one direction unlock and shoot down, the rails in the desired direction shoot up and lock in. It will all happen in a fraction of a second. And I am sure the rail cars and switches can be designed in such a way that the only possible failure would result in a wrong direction and never be catastrophic.

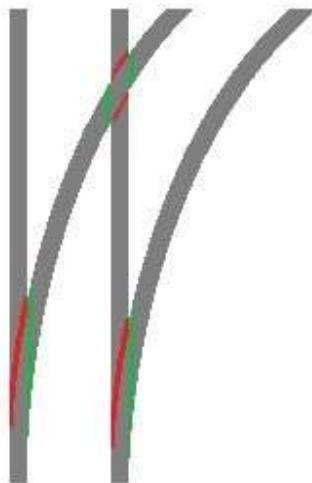


Figure 1. Merging CUREALLs.

When red goes up, green goes down, and vice versa.

To go straight, red up and green down.

To turn/merge, green up, red down.



Some of the bigger and heavier shipments of freight may need to be distributed across multiple rail cars to abide by legal weight limits if they need to pass through passenger rail networks. Heavy equipment and heavy freight will need to traverse many rails and all switches more slowly than passenger rail cars, so they may occasionally back up traffic.

CUREALLs may need to slow down during turns and mergers, but they may never need to stop until they reach their destination, except in case of emergency. There will be no more stop signs or stop lights. In fact, there will be no stopping. Period. Every intersection in the passenger rail network will be either a roundabout timed with precision or a cloverleaf of ramps. Turning left from side rails onto main rails may be less common. One may need to merge right onto main rails, go in the opposite direction of their destination for a bit, and then turn around at the next roundabout.

In places where two to four or more lanes of highway are needed in either direction, one to two pairs of rails may replace them with comparable passenger counts and freight weights. Traffic congestion and all the stress it causes, all the pollution it releases, and all the time, energy, and money it wastes will be a shadow of its former self.

The rail networks will regulate speed strictly, but in most places allow higher speeds safely. CUREALLs will raise spoilers above their bodies to keep them pressed down upon the rails at higher speeds. Spoilers will have a far greater effect on CUREALLs than they do on conventional automobiles due to their lightweight.

Uniform segments of electrified railway can be mass produced, and miles of track can be laid atop existing roadway by a single crew in a matter of hours. The edges, shoulders, ditches, and spare lanes of current roadways will gradually be chipped away, redeveloped, and landscaped, or used for motor bikes or pedestrians. The railways may also replace most overhead power lines and poles. A fraction of the signage will be needed, there will be no stoplights, and there will be no need for overhead power lines or poles.

We can still own and personalize our rail cars, and the rails will take us anywhere we want to go at little or no direct expense. Railways will be much safer and cheaper than roadways to shelter from the elements, or to elevate above or bury beneath ecosystems, waterways, and intersections. Railway networks will allow for substantially less pavement, more vegetation, and more economic development. Rails will also branch off into many driveways, garages, parking lots, and properties.

CUREALLs will allow for a substantially smaller number of vehicles in the world and better mobility. You will not need to own your own, though you may. You can order or schedule one to come to you at any time. It will cost more to order or schedule newer, cleaner, better maintained, and more luxurious CUREALLs. There may be about as many empty cars traveling the rail network as occupied ones. People in rural areas will be more likely to own their own CUREALLs. Urbanites will be more likely to share them, so there will be much less need for parking space. Eventually, there may be much less need for delivery workers. It may be entirely automated. Food delivery rail cars will be flatbeds with an electric motor, wheels, CPU, food warmers, and a robotic arm. Anyone may also order or schedule a personal and independent electrified rail bed or “trailer” to transport their conventional automobile or anything else across the rail network.

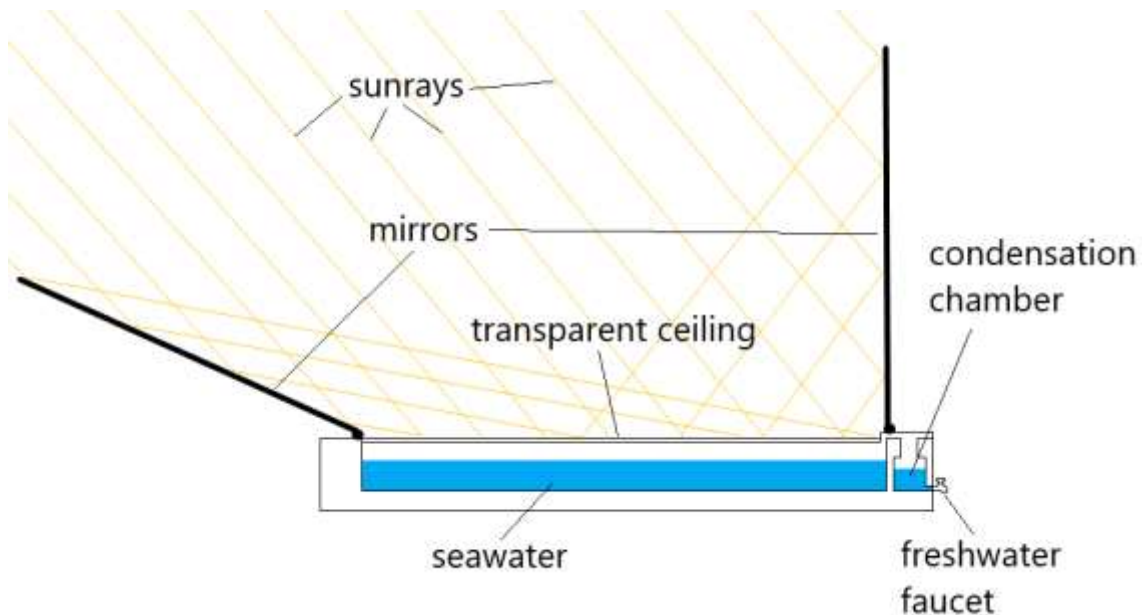
Single- to four-passenger rail cars can have the same passenger and luggage space as a conventional automobile and be half the length, a quarter the weight, and thus require a fraction of the power. There will be no more potholes, bumpy roads, or road repairs. There will be less trouble with ice, rain, sleet, and snow. There will be automation with lesser variables and comprehensive safety measures. There will be no vehicular police chases because emergency personnel will have command of the rail network. There will be fewer and less severe traffic tickets, no driver error or distracted driving or driving while intoxicated, and there will be virtually no critical or fatal car accidents. Rail car insurance will therefore be cheaper and less necessary. People should not have to waste their time and risk the lives of themselves and others operating motor vehicles. Posterity

will wince at our “kill cars” and “stark streets.” I would expect CUREALLs and electrified rail networks to become viable in a matter of months and not years.

### “Miracles”

“Mirror Canals” will stream seawater across arid lands and capture the freshwater that evaporates, capture the carbon in the process, harvest the salt, lithium, gold, and other sea matter that remains, and maybe transmit the energy that is generated. These canals will produce a runaway greenhouse effect with transparent ceilings and sun-tracing mirrors jutting up from the sides. Energy may be generated as steam is forced through small turbines at periodic pressure points. The steam will then be released into “condensation chambers,” from which freshwater will flow. Before dawn, there will be enough seawater in the canals to evaporate throughout that day, and after dark, sea salt, lithium, and other sea matter will be harvested. They will only need to be a fraction of a meter deep, and the transparent ceiling must be near the water surface to pressurize the system. The arc of the mirrors must be proportional to the width as well as the depth of the canals and the angle of the sun.

Figure 2. The Mirror Canal



Such canals will be built on small scales to provide freshwater to coastal populations and on large scales to irrigate entire continents. Farmers will encircle their farmlands with the canals to water their crops and livestock, and networks will be built in deserts where they will provide water, energy,

salt, soil, food, and shade. In a hundred years there will scarcely be any deserts. Much of the world will become a “Canal Economy.” Land will swallow seas when we channel and bake them, the rise of the sea level will slow and reverse with the growth of Mirror Canals, and mountains of greenhouse gases will be absorbed when we reforest the deserts. Moreover, since carbon can be removed from seawater by heating it up, then if substantial amounts of carbon can be removed from the seawater in the heat cycle of Mirror Canals, it will, over time, filter gigatons of carbon out of the oceans, and the oceans will then absorb a commensurable amount of carbon from the atmosphere.

I call them “Mirror Canals” because they will be like “miracles.” I expect them to solve many of the world’s biggest problems, including drought, water scarcity, desertification, wildfires, carbon pollution, and some plastic pollution. They will also mitigate migration due to all of this. By squaring off patches of forest with Mirror Canals, and letting isolated squares dry out while keeping surrounding ones wet, controlled burns can be managed more safely. The “miracles” themselves will also serve as substantial barriers to the spread of the fires. And Mirror Canals will (a) create millions of jobs around the world to build, service, and maintain them; (b) greatly enhance the quantity and quality of agrarian and hospitable real estate; and thereby (c) boost every sector of local and global economies.

It is conceivable that Mirror Canals could generate electricity with the large amounts of steam they will generate, but I suspect they will generate steam too slowly, and the steam will be too widely dispersed, to make electrical generation economical. Installing the transparent ceiling close to the surface of the seawater, and making it adjust with the water level, will pressurize the system, though.

Mirror Canals will allow us to manage the salinity of the seas. We may keep as much salt on the land, burying it underground or piling it in landfills, or return as much to the seas, sprinkling it from cargo ships in low concentrations safe for sea life, as we please. Mirror Canals will, by design, immensely increase the amount of fresh water on land and underground, which will be taken out of the oceans, and this will proportionally increase the salinity of the seas if all the salt is returned.

## **Bergkolben**

City utilities will elevate rock, reservoirs, and other dead weights with clean energy when it’s abundant and draw from their fall as baseload energy. The weights will transfer megawatts from day to night and summer to winter. The German words for mountain and piston are “Berg” and “Kolben,” respectively, so I will refer to the “mountain piston,” which is also a “gravity battery,” “energy bank,”

or “weighted tower,” as “Bergkolben. The more weight we elevate, and the greater the height, the more energy we encapsulate. Narrow and gradual herculean forces will be stepped up to fast and practical broadcast forces. Ideally most Bergkolben will be fully erect at sunset, so many houses will stand atop Bergkolben. In fact, the Jetsons will be living atop futuristic Bergkolben. Raised Bergkolben at sunset will be a beautiful sight. It will make us feel safe. That power is ours. We’ll be good for a while. Bergkolben will be high at night and low at dawn, and higher in summer, lower in winter. It is always go big or go home with gravity.

Millions of nanogears, each with hundreds of thousands of RPM’s, will turn generators felling Bergkolben  $\approx 1$  mm/sec. BK motors will turn nanogears that lift or climb nanotracks, and nanogears on nanotracks will fell BK while powering generators. Horizontal nanoteeth will line the BK head, chamber, or pillars, while the opposite face holds nanogear planes. Gear planes will sequentially step up the sizes and strengths, while stepping down the gear counts and RPM’s, from nanogears on nanotracks. Two smaller gears in one plane will turn with one bigger one in the next plane. “Brace planes” will be perpendicular to the gear planes. Brace planes will hold the gear planes together and affix them to the BK. They will have holes for axles, and between the holes will be chains that turn megawatt generators.

So, if first gear is 1 cm, the gear coat will be  $< 2$  cm thick. High gear may scale the nanowall at 1 revolution per 100 nanometers, and if BK fells 1 mm/sec (6 cm/min), it’s 600,000 RPM. Gear planes will fell BK at different rates, and BK engineers will periodically shift gears. Higher gears will be faster, more efficient, and more powerful, but less enduring. The highest gear will go nano. Never shift into “nanodrive.” Nanodrive is BK’s hyperdrive. It will move several mm/sec.

Bergkolben ist “Herr Offensichtlich,” oder? Nur offensichtlich, nachdem ich Ihnen sagen. Warum nicht Bergkolben? Warum nicht Berge heben!?! Why not Bergkolben? Why not mountain lifting? What else will be done with the rock!?! Storms will be nothing but a feast for the Bergkolben. Earthquakes though... Bergkolben almost seems diabolical. Bergkolben will be a supervillain in the beginning who becomes a hero in the end. “Vulkankolben” will be Bergkolben’s cohort who becomes his archenemy. “Nanotechs! Your mission is ‘Bergkolben Everest.’... Quit crying.” Nanotechs will be the minions. Despicable Bergkolben will make them do unthinkable things. ... “Pepper the mountains with Bergkolben!” ... Godspeed nanotechs.

I assume any construction of Bergkolben will require prior approval from the FCC. The FCC will have strict regulations regarding how big one’s Bergkolben may be, how high one may raise

it, and where one may place it. I suspect there will be a Bergkolben competition. Everyone will want to have the biggest one. Members of some communities will say, “ours is bigger than yours,” while members of others will say, “size doesn’t matter, it’s what you do with it.” “Please, please. Have mercy. I’m a whiny baby. No more Bergkolben jokes, okay?” You don’t want to hear my jokes? My jokes are for the gods. Man cannot laugh hard enough to do them justice.

If anyone ever needs me, just say my name three times - “Bergkolben, Bergkolben, Bergkolben.” But please do so sparingly. I’m busy. I hope no one thinks I’m a d\*\*k. That really isn’t me. I don’t like to be thought of that way. Why Bergkolben? Because Nature abhors a monoculture, that’s why. It’s aspirational more than anything. I did not choose “Bergkolben.” Bergkolben chose me. All aboard the “Bergkolbenwagon!” One day I would like to see restaurants atop Bergkolben on big city skylines. Before we go up to the restaurants, we’ll have to show everyone our “10K-ton underwalk.”

Figure 9. “Say hello Bergkolben.”



## **ORRY CARE**

I object to death, and Death the figure. I will call it “laughsa,” and “Laughsa” will be a legendary heroine. I will not die. I will “laughse.” Live and let laughse. “Laughsing”? Is that a thing? (a) “Laughsing,” laughing in song, (b) “laughs-ing,” having laughs, (c) “laughsa-ing,” experiencing laughsa, and (d) “lapsing,” passing away. Upon every person’s passing, Laughsa and Death show up and fight for

the soul. Laughsa usually floors him. Laughsa is always laughing at Death the pooper. Everyone knows that Death wants Laughsa in the worst way, and all he ever gets from her are comedy roasts for the ages. Before I meet Laughsa, I'd like to see at least one movie or read one book about her. Laughsa will be the role of a lifetime. Laughsa is the birth of a baby, and the dawn of an age. Where's the irony in laughsa? Is the irony in our oblivion? In our awe of the world and the company we're entering into? There's a good chance my decades of hard work and sacrifice will be rewarded with laughsa. I was aware of that when I signed up for this. Are we to be as desperate, even when chronically, incurably pained, to forestall laughsa, by the day, the minute, as we are to delay death?

I will not die. I will not dive. I will not experience death. I will not go into the Deep, the depths of hell. Dying is painful. It is not for me. I will "hie." I will "heave." I will experience "Heith" (i.e., "heighth"). I will go into the Height, the heights of heaven. "Hying" is joyous. So shall I be. We have no more evidence for death than we do for heith. Why is English so negative and pessimistic? "Die," "dying," "death," and "dead," which are presumably from roots of "dive," "depth," and "deep," may alternatively be referred to as "hie," "hying," heith," and "heid," which are from roots of "heave," "height," and "high," respectively. "Heith" may not altogether replace "death," though it may provide an acceptable alternative in some contexts. One might say "a suspicious death," for example, but "he hied peacefully."

### **Distribution of Health Care Costs**

Governments will guarantee at least 2/3 of nonelective medical bills upfront, and providers will then owe the government up to half of that, or 1/3 of the bill, at the end of the year, depending upon patients' surveys and outcomes. Meanwhile, the patients, with their employers, insurers, and any donors they may have, will owe the provider the other 1/3 of the same bill. Providers will be pressured from both sides and need to set prices and contain costs accordingly. Patients with any donors they may have will typically pay 1/9 of the first dollars, their employers will typically pay another 1/9, and their insurers will pay another 1/9 - plus, say, 1% more for every \$100 of annual bills. Our governments, providers, insurers, employers, donors, and us. We all have a stake in us. We are all responsible. We want us to be well. Health care costs will typically be distributed across six stakeholders, with one stakeholder being as many as six tiers of gov't.

Insurance premiums will plummet as insurers pay only 1/9, barring catastrophe, gov'ts guarantee 1/3 or more, ideally patients and their employers each pay 1/9, and costs will be contained

by the providers' 1/3 and market forces. Employers may buy insurance to cover 1/9 of each of their employee's health care, and the employees themselves, i.e., the patients, may have separate insurance to cover another 1/9 or more. For those who work part-time or at more than one job, employers may cover less than 1/9 but proportional to the hours they put in. Ecurrency will also orchestrate all of this, nonprofit currency will expedite all of this, and electoral currency will institute all of this. There are more payers under this system, but providers will run into much less resistance to paying bills, which will also lead to a large cost-saving. College and childcare will be paid for by similar means.

Different clinics, hospitals, and medical centers, along with personnel, will be classified as municipal, gubernatorial, federal, superial, and grandeural. That classification will determine the tiers of government responsible to fund, support, tax, and regulate them. Different drugs and medical devices may also be classified this way. The classifications of providers will also determine the tiers of government responsible to fully fund the medical care for the poor, elderly, and disabled on Medical Security.

Providers will be eligible for deductions from the 1/3 of the bill they owe the government when they demonstrate necessity, efficiency, and good outcomes. The one-third of the bill which the provider owes the government will be reduced according to outcomes. One way to determine outcomes will be for the government to send every patient a brief survey regarding the care they received. The statements below are examples of what a survey might look like. They are meant to be responded to by filling in circles indicating whether they strongly agree, agree, don't know, disagree, or strongly disagree. Strongly agree might award the provider five points, agree four points, and so on. Each point reduces the taxes the provider owes the gov't by, say, one percent, so that all fives on all eight statements reduce it by 40%, although some statements may be weighted more heavily than others.

- Your appointment was scheduled in a timely manner.
- You were not kept waiting too long during the visit.
- Your provider asked the right questions.
- Your questions were answered satisfactorily.
- Your provider took the time that was needed with you.
- You were treated courteously and compassionately.



- Only appropriate treatments and appointments were recommended.
- Your provider helped to relieve your health concerns.

College will be paid for in a similar manner, with gov't guaranteeing 2/3, with students and their family, employer, and any donors they may have altogether paying the college 1/3 of tuition, and with the college itself owing the gov't 1/3 of tuition at year's end. Colleges will also be eligible for reductions in what they owe the gov't according to outcomes determined in part by students' surveys.

Example:

- Your teacher made the subject accessible.
- Your teacher was accessible and approachable.
- Your teacher piqued your interest in the subject.
- Your teacher taught the subject effectively.
- Your teacher challenged you to learn the subject.
- Your teacher kept the students engaged.
- Your teacher was on time to class.
- Your coursework was manageable.
- Your coursework was graded fairly.

### **The US Castle**

Among the biggest threats to people's health, particularly in America, are firearms, though they may also safeguard people's health. I will refer to so-called "assault weapons" as "massacrents," because their purpose is to commit a massacre, whether it is for self- or national defense, or offense against others. When murders and massacres occur, thoughts and prayers are needed, but not just any thoughts and prayers; critical thinking and demonstrative prayers. People will have a right to own a firearm with a responsibility to reach a mature age, undergo basic training, and pass a background check. People will have a right to own a massacrent at a more mature age, if they pass a more rigorous background check, undergo special physical and psychical training and conditioning, and earn a special license. The vetting in background checks will include reviews of internet posts.

If anyone wants to own any kind of firearm, particularly a massacent, they must be a member of the “Constitutional Defense.” First, however, America will need an unimpeachable Constitution. Every member of the military is, by definition, a Constitutional Defender, but the people I am specifically calling “Constitutional Defenders” are more like well-regulated militiamen, and a loosely affiliated separate branch of military and last line of defense behind reserves and guard. I will call this new branch of military and last line of defense the US “Castle,” from the castle doctrine, and the servicemembers US Castle “Freemen.” There will be a US Castle Commander who is a high-ranking official in the DoD, and every gun owner will be answerable to him and his office. If you want to play soldier, you’ll have to be vetted like one, train like one, and be accountable like one. If you’re concerned about the right to self-defense, you must learn to defend the rights of others, too.

Freemen will undergo basic training tailored to the castle and modeled on the others, which will be neither as rigorous nor as lengthy as the others. After that, they will need periodic training but less commitment than the other branches. The government will pay freemen a modest amount for the time and energy they commit to training, since they play a role in national defense, and since they pay fees for license, registration, and memberships, as well as taxes on guns, ammo, and equipment, and possibly fines. Some or all gun ranges will be exclusive to Castle Freemen, and others will be exclusive to Castle Officers, where they can shoot their massacents. Some gun shops will cater to castle officers. US Castle Officers will have a rule or code against displaying images of massacents.

The DoD will be actively involved in setting and implementing standards for the Castle Freemen and have influence over regulation and licensure. Castle Freemen will need to rely on and spur on each other to keep public sentiment on their side, and thereby fend off stiffer gun control measures that pertain to them. Electoral currency may not be so forgiving as our prevailing approach to campaign finance. The castle servicemen will have a strong interest in reporting each other for posing threats online or in person. If a castle member threatens anyone, they are subject to lose their license and forfeit their weapons. They may be red-flagged and black-listed. Freemen and especially castle officers will be held to higher standards than everyone else.

From what I gather about America, I would expect the US Castle to acquire more members than the other military branches combined, though pound for pound they will be much less formidable. The castle will be a stepping-stone to and repository for the other military branches as well as law enforcement and thus be a boon to recruiters. America’s preeminent role in global

security, and Americans' ownership of nearly half the guns in the world, despite being 5% of the global population, go hand in hand. I doubt we can affect one without affecting the other. But we can conciliate them.

### **The DVA**

With respect to trades in drugs, sex, and bets, you cannot stop it, but you can steer it. And we cannot stop but we can steer campaign contributions. I have become deathly afraid of drugs and alcohol, and I know I will never get over it, which is a good thing, at least for me. However, it is also a good thing that I have loads of experience and understand the appeal and the culture. Although recreational drugs can deliver reasonable satisfaction to the users at times, as well as long-term well-being in select cases (that should not be discounted), they can also cause a great deal of anguish, criminal activity, economic loss, physical and mental illness, and premature death which must be broadly recognized and contended with. Drugs will be licensed to those that qualify and apply to obtain a license, and taxes on purchases will square the prices with their cost to society and self.

Governments will tax the trades in drugs, sex, and gambling to pay for the education, prevention, regulation, registration, incarceration, and rehabilitation of past, present, and prospective consumers and suppliers, and likewise employ the countless people involved in every way. They will not only tax trades, however; they will apply license and registration fees, and fines for violations, to the (1) users, buyers, and clients; (2) workers, salespeople, and escorts; and (3) producers, business owners, and brothels. Users, drugs, and sellers will be registered like drivers, vehicles, and dealers, as will sex traders and gamblers. The "Department of Volatile Activities" (DVA) will regulate drugs, sex, and gambling. Get legit at the DVA! The DVA will revolutionize policing. The DVA will be as common as the DMV.

A marijuana license will approve limited grams per month. Smokers may start with permits. Established marijuana users in good standing will need to renew their license once every five years. Police may affect one's standing. Smoking pot and stinking up an apartment may result in strikes against a license. Every prescription from a doctor for an opioid will be processed by the DVA before it leaves the pharmacy. Would you like a good job at a DVA? Study counseling and law enforcement. The DVA will counsel, license, and register escorts, clients, and brothels independently. The DVA will do the same on gamblers with graduated betting limits. Gamblers will lose their license if they lose their shirt.

Schedules of drugs will be 1) opioids/powders, 2) psychedelics, 3) marijuana, 4) alcohol, and 5) tobacco. Their lowest legal ages will range from 18 to 25; they will be available daily, weekly, monthly, or yearly; the Upper Quantity Limit (UQL) will range from ounces to milligrams; and their tax rates will range from 10% to 10,000%, since the production costs range from dollars to fractions of pennies. Each license will be labeled by a user number, activity class, and the drug for which it is valid: The A-license will be the Association license for producing, shipping, storing, and supplying. It will be the only license which permits the holder to carry more than the UQL. The B-license will be required for workers involved in production and sales. The C-license will be the Consumer's license. Citizens may be issued only one license for their one drug of choice.

Concessions from the users: 1) Any citizens will be eligible for a license if they meet the qualifications requisite to protect the peace, and produce the prosperity, for society and self. 2) Each license will be granted and rescinded at the discretion of regional authority. 4) Adults with custody of children will be prohibited from some classes, and some licenses may require a forfeiture of parental and reproductive rights. 5) Licenses of those convicted of felonies will be suspended for a length of time to be outlined by congress and specified by a judge. Licenses will be suspended for illegal sales, driving while intoxicated, and defying concessionary laws.

**I am a “prosocial capitalist.”**

**This is “prosocial capitalism” at its finest.**

# BOOK IV. ELEMENTAL THEORIES

## INTRODUCTION

In the months following an abrupt and unabashed conversion from religious and scientific indifference to the staunchest of atheists at age 17, in 1998, I began studying Darwin, traced evolution backward in time, and experienced a vision of space traversing space, which is what I came to call “exertia,” as the origin and engine of all existence. Three foundational theories of physics, psychics, and intelligence soon emerged and proceeded to evolve for more than two decades. Many books were read, many documents were written, many work-years of hunting and pacing were exhausted, and in May 2015 a Bachelor of Arts degree in Communication Studies was completed, along with two to three years of coursework in math, physics, psychology, and miscellaneous subjects which was not necessary for the degree, for the singular purpose of producing this work. Juvenile motivations to disprove God for the good of the world evolved into a quest to discover the fundamental structure of everything knowable.

In the end, four works resulted, and these are the elements of physiology, psychology, intelligence, and wisdom. The physiology or physics was first drafted in or around January 2000, and the psychology or psychics and intelligence were initiated in the next couple years. The final drafts are the results of 20+-year running documents from which old and faulty ideas were continually discarded or modified, into which new, authentic, and ideally more veritable ideas were infused and refined. The physics was initially titled the “Universal Theory of Relativity,” the psychics was the “Objective Theory of Subjectivity,” and the intelligence was “Order Theory.” These early aspirations are still evident in parts of the texts, but they have developed a personality all their own. These are not intended for an audience particularly advanced in age or education, but instead are meant for a general audience, and for grade schoolers or undergraduates, although more experienced readers may better appreciate them.

The physics is founded on a table of 50 physical elements divided into three columns of space, time, and “verse” (space and/or time), and three box-rows of kinematics, dynamics, and mechanics. The physics also split into theories of mathematics and “empirics,” namely astronomy, chemistry, geology, biology, and ecology, and these three combined into “physiology” with

complementary tables of 50 elements each. The psychics is founded on a table of 50 psychical elements divided into columns of brain, mind, and “ceive” (brain and/or mind), and box-rows of kinenomics, neuromics, and logistics. The psychics likewise split into linguistics and “pragmatics,” namely sociology, technology, economics, politics, and academics, and these three likewise combined into “psychology” with parallel tables. The intelligence (or “intellics”) is divided into ethics, esthetics, and epistemics, while the wisdom is divided into religion, art, and science.

Thus, we have one table of elements for each of the 16 disciplines. There are roughly 100 words in each table, and altogether they map about 1,600 of the most meaningful words in the English language. With the accompanying work, the heart of the English language and all language will be meaningfully mapped. My theories generalize “wholeward” from every event to the whole world and specialize “allward” from the whole world to every event. Physics is the fulcrum of all the other disciplines. Everything and everyone are contingent on physics, while psychics is contingent on everything and everyone. All the theories other than physics are contingent on the physical theory, and the psychical theory is contingent on all the other theories. I cannot do justice to the novelty, depth, scope, richness, and educational value of these papers in this short introduction, nor to the enormity of their potential contribution to the enduring security and welfare of the human family.

# ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS

## I. INTRODUCTION

The empirical results of physical experiments establish a working knowledge of virtually all documented physical phenomena, yet the phenomenological grounds for the totality of the material universe remain unclear. The work described here is motivated by the absence of a compelling origin story in the scientific literature. The work is grounded in the principle that everything emerges naturally from, and matter is made of nothing other than, space and time. The result is a coherent framework of physical science and the physical universe which reconciles the disparate substantive phenomena in Nature, and, in doing so, compellingly solves the most conspicuous phenomenological problems in physics. In this work, we present a complete structure of the relations among 50 physical elements, and we resolve the systems of kinematics, the nature of substance, the unity of force, the elements of mathematics, and the elements of “empirics,” namely astronomy, chemistry, geology, biology, and ecology.

## II. TABLE OF PHYSICAL ELEMENTS

The elements of physics and their relations have long been expressed by a complex set of equations and principles. It will now be shown that (a) each element falls into a spacelike or timelike category; (b) each element in one category corresponds to one in the other; and (c) each pair shares a relation. Such elements and their relations can be arranged in a table of “space-time relationships.” This arrangement is shown in Table 1. The spacelike elements are in the second column, the timelike ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And the elements of kinematic neutrality are in the first box-row, those of dynamic potentiality are in the second, and those of mechanic materiality are in the third. Also, a “verse” is a space and/or a time. The term “verse” is used as a simpler and more easily modifiable word for “spacetime.” Instead of “spatiotemporal,” for example, it is “versal.” It is a “Universe” after all.

Definitions for several kinematic terms are in order: First, “exertia” is square speed, and inertia is the inverse. Second, a “resident” is a position which remains present. Residents are space origins of inertial and exertial frames, whereas a position may be that of a resident or event, or

relative to the same. Third, the heights of the scores on a ruler mark space “consistencies” - or, when the ruler measures time, time frequencies. Space consistency is also “curves per distance,” and time frequency is “periods per duration.” Last, “tenacity” is inverse velocity, and deceleration here is a change in the same through space.

Four more elements warrant immediate attention: The metric “flow,” like flux, is either “electric flow,” which is traditionally known as voltage and given by Faraday’s law, or it is “magnetic flow,” known as electric induction and given by the Ampere-Maxwell law. And “drag” and “draw” are either gravitational or “levitational” and given by analogues of Maxwell’s laws.

Further and finally, density is cubic consistency, and mass is a volume of the same. Intensity is cubic frequency:  $\text{Candel} = \text{W}/\text{m}^2 = \text{J}/\text{m}^2 \cdot \text{s} = \text{Kg}/\text{s}^3 = x \text{ s}^{-3}$ . Similarly, pressure is not only force per area but also energy per volume or energy density, and consistency  $\times$  frequency<sup>2</sup>:  $1 \text{ Pascal} = 1 \text{ N}/\text{m}^2 = 1 \text{ J}/\text{m}^3 = 1 \text{ Kg}/\text{m} \cdot \text{s}^2 = x \text{ m}^{-1} \text{ s}^{-2}$ . The symmetry between density and intensity indicates further symmetry between pressure and temperature, such that temperature is “momentum density,” and  $1 \text{ Kelvin} = x \text{ Kg}/\text{s} \cdot \text{m}^2$ , which bears a symmetry to pressure, where  $1 \text{ Pascal} = 1 \text{ Kg}/\text{m} \cdot \text{s}^2$ . Temperature is also frequency  $\times$  consistency<sup>2</sup>.



TABLE 1. The Physical Elements

<b><i>VERSES</i></b>	<b><i>SPACE</i></b>	<b><i>TIME</i></b>
<b>Neutrality</b>		
<b>Kinematics</b>		
Pass/Translate	Traverse/Travel	Lapse/Elapse
Frames	Inertia( $N$ )	Exertia( $X$ )
Frames/Regions	Stagnant	Synchronous
Points/Events	Position( $r$ )/( $x, y, z$ )	Present( $t$ )
Points/Residents	Stationary	Simultaneous
Lengths/Extents	Distance( $i$ )	Duration( $u$ )
Lengths/Residencies	Consistency( $s$ )	Frequency( $f$ )
Paces	Tenacity( $v^{-1}$ )/Steep	Velocity( $v$ )/Speed
Paces/Escalations	Deceleration( $a^{-}$ )	Acceleration( $a$ )
<b>Potentiality</b>		
<b>Dynamics</b>		
Cross/Transmit	Generate/Permeate	Propagate/Radiate
Spreads	Field( $E, B, g, b$ )	Force( $F$ )
Spreads/Residuum	Vacuum	Continuum
Packets/Remnants	Particle( $p, n, e, \dots$ )	Wave( $\gamma$ )
Packets/Quantum	Stratum	Spectrum
Strengths	Resistance( $R$ )	Dilation( $l$ )
Strengths	Density( $\rho$ )	Intensity( $\phi$ )
Pulses	Flux( $\Phi$ )	Flow( $V$ )
Pulses	Charge( $q$ )	Current( $i$ )
<b>Materiality</b>		
<b>Mechanics</b>		
Affect/Transfer	Accrete/Gravitate	Expend/Vibrate
Forms	Mass( $M$ )	Energy( $E$ )
Forms	Matter	Motion
Bulks	Molecule( $H, He, \dots$ )	Momentum( $p$ )
Bulks	Medium	Movement
States	Substance( $m$ )	Dilution, Heat( $Q$ )
States/Curvatures	Pressure( $P$ )/Solidity	Temp. ( $T$ )/Fluidity
Drives	Drag( $D$ )	Draw( $Y$ )
Drives	Work( $W$ )	Power( $P$ )

### III. NATURE OF NEUTRALITY

The development of physics from its foundation requires that space and time must first be defined by their relations to each other, as follows.

*Time is space traversing space; space is the present time.*

Space traversing space only yields a singular definite direction of time relative to a position which remains present, or a resident, and the time of each resident is one-directional due to the singular directionality of all motion relative to the resident. The forward motion of space through space in

all directions relative to each resident is then equivalently the space relative to, or the present of, the resident lapsing time in one direction. The present of every resident lapsing time in the singular time direction of the resident, as space traverses space in every space direction relative to every resident, then gives every velocity a unique direction of time. The nature of space and time relative to a resident is as follows.

*Space lapses time as time traverses space.*

Nature is founded on frames of points and lengths at each position and present, and through space and time: First, at each position, exertias are frames of presents and durations, while presents are points and durations are lengths of exertias. Second, at each present, inertias are frames of positions and distances, while positions are points and distances are lengths of inertias. Third, through space, exertias are frames of positions and distances, while positions are points and distances are lengths of exertias. Last, through time, inertias are frames of presents and durations, while presents are points and durations are lengths of inertias.

### **III.A. Kinematical Coordination**

This implies coordination by two “*absolute limits*”: 1) the “*stagnant limit*,” which bounds stagnant inertias, stationary positions, and constantly consistent distances; and 2) the “*synchronous limit*,” which bounds synchronous exertias, simultaneous presents, and constantly frequent durations. The stagnant limit is the lower limit of absolute motionlessness relative to, and therefore absolute timelessness of, a resident, and the synchronous limit is the upper limit of the *absolute motion* relative to, and therefore *absolute time* of, a resident. Since the present lapses time as space traverses space, the absolute motion of the synchronous limit is as follows.

*Absolute motion is the constant frequency at which a constant consistency traverses an equal consistency in the opposite direction.*

Constant frequencies of the synchronous limit traversing constant consistencies of the stagnant limit are then equivalently constant consistencies of the stagnant limit lapsing constant frequencies of the synchronous limit. The inertial space of a resident lapsing time at constant frequencies as

constant frequencies traverse the inertial space gives absolute motion a constant speed. Naturally, this is the light constant, which we define as follows.

*Light speed is the ratio of a constantly consistent distance through which a present is simultaneous to a constantly frequent duration through which a position is stationary.*

A position which is stationary through time is a position of, or relative to, a resident; and a present which is simultaneous through space is a present of, or relative to, a resident: The position of a resident is stationary through time from each present of the resident as each present of the resident is simultaneous through space from the position of the resident. And each present relative to a resident is simultaneous through space from each position relative to the resident as each position relative to the resident is stationary through time from each present relative to the resident.

### **III.B. Universal Relativity**

Independently, space and time are universal, and interdependently, space and time are relative: Inertias are universally stagnant at each present and relatively stagnant through time, while exertias are universally synchronous at each position and relatively synchronous through space. And positions are universally stationary at each present and relatively stationary through time, while presents are universally simultaneous at each position and relatively simultaneous through space.

*The present of every resident remains universally simultaneous, and the present of every resident remains relatively simultaneous to every other resident.*

Independently, space and time are universal relative to a resident, or relatively universal, in the “spacetime” inertial frame. Interdependently, space and time are relative relative to a resident, or universally relative, in the “timespace” exertial frame.

*Spacetime is the space of the stagnant limit lapsing the time of the synchronous limit;  
timespace is the time of the synchronous limit traversing the space of the stagnant limit.*

Spacetime is relatively stagnant space lapsing universally synchronous time, and universally

stagnant space lapsing relatively synchronous time. Timespace is relatively synchronous time traversing relatively stagnant space.

#### **IV. SYSTEMS OF KINEMATICS**

An inertial frame is space lapsing time in one direction, and an exertial frame is time traversing space in all directions. Both frames require an origin in space and through time, which is a resident, as well as an origin in time and through space, which is a universal present for inertia and a relative present for exertia. A frame is also either the primary inertial or exertial frame, when any other frames are defined relative to it, or it is a secondary frame. And a resident is either the primary resident or “president,” when the primary frames are its own and any other residents and their frames are defined relative to it, or it is a “secondary resident.”

##### **IV.A. Directions of Time**

Since the past recedes as the future approaches, past times traverse space away from residents as future times traverse space toward them. Any distance between the positions of residents at a universal present corresponds to a timespace duration that their presents are ahead of one another in their space directions from one another, as well as an equal timespace duration that their presents are behind one another in the opposite direction. Residents receding spring ahead into the futures of one another in their space directions as the futures from those directions meet them increasingly sooner. Residents receding also fall back into the pasts of one another as the pasts from each other meet them later. As residents approach each other’s positions, they approach each other’s presents.

Residents have both spacetime or “spaceward” velocities and tenacities, and timespace or “timeward” velocities and tenacities. The symmetry between absolute motion and absolute time equates increases in spaceward velocities to decreases in timeward velocities, and vice versa: The sum of the squares of spaceward and timeward velocities is everywhere and always equal to light speed squared,

$$v_s^2 + v_t^2 = c^2, \tag{1}$$

According to (1), every resident always travels at light speed, so they differ only in their directions of time, and therefore any velocity that is less than that of light is only one component of it.

Additionally, in accordance with (1),

$$v_s = \sqrt{1 - v_t^2/c^2} = \gamma_t^{-1}, \quad (2)$$

which is the inverse of what we call the “timeward Lorentz Factor.” Once again, according to (1),

$$v_t = \sqrt{1 - v_s^2/c^2} = \gamma_s^{-1}, \quad (3)$$

which is the inverse of the conventional “spaceward Lorentz Factor.” Further, since

$$(v_s/c)^2 + (v_t/c)^2 = 1, \quad (4)$$

we can let

$$\frac{v_s}{c} = \sin \tau, \frac{v_t}{c} = \cos \tau, \quad (5)$$

so

$$\tau = \sin^{-1} v_s/c = \cos^{-1} v_t/c, \quad (6)$$

where  $\tau$  is the “time angle” from the president’s time direction to that of the secondary resident.

The Lorentz Factors become

$$\gamma_s = \frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - (\sin \tau)^2}} = \sec \tau, \quad (7a)$$

$$\gamma_t = \frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - (\cos \tau)^2}} = \csc \tau. \quad (7b).$$

Assignments of “rest,” or “timeward light speed,” and “light speed,” or “spaceward light speed,” are arbitrary. What matters is that timeward and spaceward velocities of light are “counteroriented.”

#### IV.B. Kinematical Coordinate Systems

Graphs of exertial frames are “triangular coordinate systems.” The sides of the system are “send time,” “receive time,” and “rest axis.” The coordinates are  $s$  for “send,” which is a present of the president, or the time at which a present of the president leaves the position of the president, and  $r$  for “receive,” which is a present of an event relative to the president, or the time at which a present of an event reaches the president after leaving the event. Triangular and rectangular coordinate conversions:

$$s = t - x, r = t + x, \tag{8}$$

$$x = \frac{r-s}{2}, t = \frac{r+s}{2} \tag{9}$$

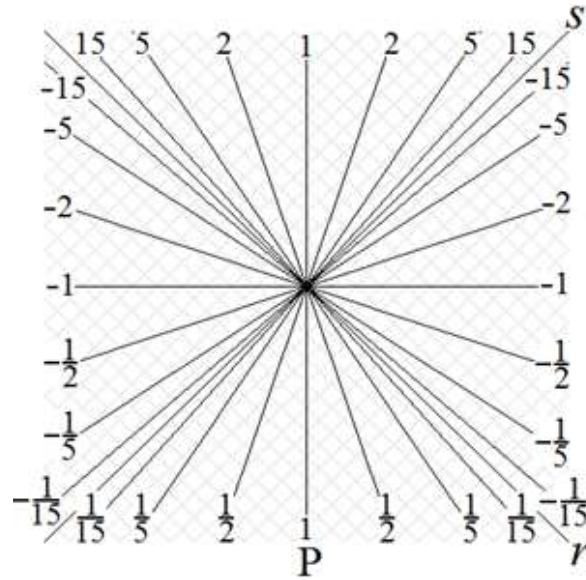


FIGURE 1. Triangular slopes:  $r$  is the origin of incoming future time, and  $s$  is the origin of outgoing past time. Slopes below light speed are positive, and slopes above light speed are negative. Approaching velocities have fractional slopes, and receding slopes are multiples. Diagonal slopes toward the president are zero and diagonal slopes away are  $\pm$ infinity.

In the circular system, an angle  $\tau$  denotes a time direction relative to the positive time of the president, and the coordinate  $t$  measures the radial time from the origin event of the president. Points lapse from present to future at zero radians, points stay present at  $\pi/2$ , and points lapse from present to past at  $\pi$ .

## V. SUBSTANTIATION OF NATURE

Fractions and multiples both multiply away from unities, fractions to zeros and multiples to infinities. Fractions fracture, multiples multiply, and unities retain their identities. From unity in the proton, fractions multiply to electron zero-points, multiples to cosmic infinities. Time is reversed and lengths divide for antimatter. The electric field from proton unities to electron zeros is approximately the inverse of the gravity field from atomic units to cosmic infinities, while nuclear lengths repeatedly multiply by near unity. Multiplications and divisions of histories and

“destinies” quantize into nuclear integers, orbital zeros, and atomic units.

History expands and destiny contracts between unity and infinity, while history contracts and destiny expands between unity and nullity: The numbers of histories  $H$  along one dimension of space increase with time squared and decrease with distance squared,

$$H = c^2(t^2/x^2), \quad (10)$$

where  $c$  is light speed,  $t$  is time, and  $x$  is space. Conversely, destinies  $D$  along one dimension of space increase with distance squared and decrease with time squared,

$$D = (x^2/t^2)/c^2. \quad (11)$$

Multiplications of histories approaching  $x = 1$  charge the proton, and divisions of destinies approaching the same charge the antiproton. Multiplications of histories approaching  $x = 0$  charge the electron, and divisions of destinies approaching the same charge the positron.

### **V.B. Polarization of Scales**

Timeward is also “smallward,” and spaceward is also “largeward.” The positive direction of time is the negative direction of space, and vice versa. Spaces traversing spaces perpetually polarize both histories and destinies between fast and small repetitions which accelerate and shrink, and slow and big repetitions which decelerate and expand. These faster repetitions of smaller traversing spaces consolidate more mass, which is “effective space,” per volume of “potential space.” There is no effective space in a vacuum. There is only potential space in a vacuum. All effective space is drawn from potential space. Energy is an integral over all velocities of space traversing space across every dimension of a volume of effective space. Large multiplicities of disparate potential destinies thus consolidate into smaller numbers of common effective destinies as those destinies fracture into mass.

Spectra of velocities converge into the lower strata of mass and diverge out to the higher strata of space. The acceleration of free fall is the average change in the spectrum of velocities in all directions. If strata of space are quantified by distance or volume and spectra of time by frequency, then mass is simply a concentration of the lower strata of space and the respectively higher spectra of time. Gravity is the difference in the rate at which space free falls into the lower strata of mass and mass free falls into the lower strata of space, while electricity is the difference

in the rate at which time flies free out from the higher spectra of energy and energy flies free out from the higher spectra of time. Space free falls faster into the lower strata of mass than does mass into the lower strata of space, while time flies free faster out from the higher spectra of energy than does energy out from the higher spectra of time.

Large multiplicities of disparate potential destinies converging toward larger masses make other masses more likely to move in those directions. As the particles of masses randomly vibrate in all directions, the masses are more likely to be drawn into spaces with higher “possibility density,” or higher “destiny density.” When extrapolated out to larger masses, probabilities become certainties. The gravitational curvature of spacetime is a destiny density derivative. Mass is history, and gravity is destiny. The perpetual free fall of all mass to lower strata is equivalently a perpetual elongation of all time. Conversely, charge is fractional history, and electricity is fractional destiny.

### **V.C. Waves of Light and Sound**

Gravitational or “gravitolevity” waves are sound waves across the ideal solid and absolute pressure of potential space. Conventional sound waves are gravitolevity waves slowed down across effective space, or equivalently dilated across the greater concentration of potential space in the effective space. Mass movements/vibrations of effective space particulates then accelerate gravitolevity/sound waves by short-circuiting what would otherwise be much greater lengths of potential space. Thus, gravitolevity sound waves are decelerated across effective spaces by their intrinsic condensation of potential space and reaccelerated by their mass vibrations. Phonons and “gravitons” are one and the same.

Between any two particles, light cyclically accelerates from zero speed to infinite speed and decelerates back to zero. The light constant is the unified average between infinite speed in vacuum and zero speed in centers of mass. Light and sound have infinite speed in a vacuum, and there is a substantive delay or dilation as they approach centers of mass. The magnitude of the dilation as light approaches a center of mass is proportional to the size of the “versal ellipse” between the receiver and sender. Nuclei are vertices, while electrons and positrons are foci, of versal ellipses. In the versal ellipse, speeds transverse zero and infinity across the major and minor axes, respectively.



Light slows through effective spaces and skips the potential space between them. Only through matter does light present itself, and only through light does matter position itself. Light is timed between its intercepts with matter. The clock is set at the time of emission, and the clock resets at the time of absorption. The clock is set at the time of emission between the emitting particle and every other particle in the universe. The probability of a particle positioning itself in a space is a function of the background radiation in that space. Each particle is interspersed over a space at each time, and each particle is at each time whole over the whole space. Particle densities and pressures fluctuate as waves of various energies cross their wave function.

#### **V.D. Charges and Masses of Elementary Particles**

Electric charge and gravitational drag are both the products of radial accelerations and closed surface areas, such that the elementary charge is given by

$$e = a4\pi r^2, \quad (12)$$

where  $e$  is elementary charge,  $a$  is acceleration,  $r$  is radius, and  $1 \text{ Coulomb} = x \text{ m}^3/\text{s}^2$ . Thus, the magnitudes of the accelerations at which time dilates and vacates vary inversely with radius squared from centers of mass and charge.

In rectangular coordinates, a static proton occupies the slopes  $s$  of the versal unit circle from  $\infty > s > 1$ , and the  $x$ -coordinates  $-1 < x < \cos(3\pi/4)$ , while a static electron occupies the slopes from  $1 > s > 0$ , and the coordinates  $\cos(3\pi/4) < x < 0$ . It seems the proton-to-electron mass ratio must be intrinsic in the ratio of the volumes and “slope densities” of versal spheres along the respective lengths. Since the ratio is that of their rest masses, the problem involves circles and spheres rather than ellipses and ellipsoids. The proton-to-electron mass ratio is then given by the ratio of the cubed integrals over these slopes across the respective lengths of the  $x$ -axis. The linear mass from the slope densities  $\infty > s > 1$ , and from  $-1 < x < \cos(3\pi/4)$ , must be roughly 12.24 (the cube root of the proton-to-electron mass ratio) times the linear mass from the slope densities  $1 > s > 0$ , and  $\cos(3\pi/4) < x < 0$ . The antiproton is at the top of the circle, and the positron is at the side, in the complex plane of kinematical circular coordinates.

Versal cycles in electric charge or flux are partial cycles, and versal cycles in gravitational mass or drag are plural cycles. A positive gravitational mass or drag is a forward dilation of time, and a negative mass or drag is a backward vacation of time, while a positive electric charge or flux

is an outward dilation of space, and a negative charge or flux is an inward vacation of space: Protons, electrons, and neutrons are concentrically accelerating forward dilations of time; antiprotons, positrons, and antineutrons are concentrically accelerating backward vacations of time; and neutrinos and antineutrinos are neither net dilations nor net vacations of time. Further, protons and positrons are concentrically accelerating outward dilations of space; antiprotons and electrons are concentrically accelerating inward vacations of space; and anti-/neutrons and anti-/neutrinos are neither net dilations nor net vacations of space.

The positive and negative assignments of masses and charges are arbitrary: The equivalence of spaceward accelerations and timeward decelerations, and vice versa, gives all masses and charges both a positive and negative face at right time angles to one another. Each particle has both an antiparticle counterpart and an antiface which is the same in its antiframe as its antiparticle counterpart is in its orthoframe. The masses and charges of nuclei and orbitals resonate in complementary phases. “Coorienting forces” typically keep particles in-phase and must be overcome for particles to counterorient and annihilate. Particles in substances generally remain cooriented. Their orientations rock as they transmit light. Orientations in hotter substances rock harder.

## **VI. UNITY OF FORCE**

As the particles of an object randomly vibrate in every direction, the times they spend nearer to a large body are gravitationally dilated, drawing the rest of the object nearer to the body with electromagnetic forces. A dilation and vacation are respectively a positive and negative “force flux,”

$$Dilation = -(Vacation) = Force \times Area, \quad (13)$$

where the units of dilation and vacation are  $Newtons \cdot m^2 = Kg \cdot m^3 / s^2 = Kilogram \cdot Coulomb$ . While the magnitudes of forces decline with the square of distance, the magnitudes of dilations remain constant.

### **VI.A. Foundations of Electromagnetism**

The decelerations from a negative charge destructively interfere with the accelerations from a positive charge, while the accelerations to a negative charge destructively interfere with the

decelerations to a positive charge, and therefore wavelengths cancel between them. The opposite holds for like charges. The electric acceleration fields between opposite charges are the same direction and interfere destructively, while the acceleration fields between like charges are opposite directions and interfere constructively, in proportion to the square of their proximity and the product of the charges.

When there are increasing positive accelerations in one direction along a wire, there are positive angular accelerations ahead of and away from them, and behind and returning to them, and equally negative angular accelerations in the opposite directions. Such angular accelerations are therefore equivalent to electric fields rotating around magnetic field lines. Fig. 2 illustrates a current through a wire, and the result of the positive angular accelerations back and away from, and ahead of and returning to the current, centered on a magnetic field line.

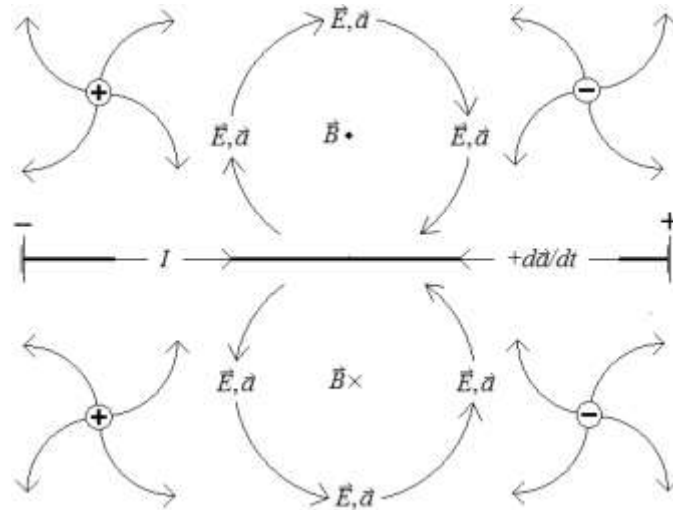


FIGURE 2. Changing electric field and induced magnetic field. The arrow about  $+d\vec{a}/dt$  indicates the direction of an increasing positive linear acceleration, while  $I$  indicates the current in the opposite direction, and  $\vec{a}$  indicates the positive angular accelerations, while  $\vec{E}$  indicates the angular electric field, both of which are interchangeably rotating around the magnetic field line. The spirals with the signs at the center indicate the directions in which the charges will accelerate due to the current, given their initial trajectories.

Additionally, since the central residents of all charges always travel at light speed in their own time directions, it follows that a static charge is equivalent to a current in the time direction of the charge, and an electric field is equivalent to the magnetic field due to that current.

Since the electric field is the ratio of force to charge, and since (12) assigns to charge the kinematical units of  $m^3/s^2$ , it follows that the units of electric and magnetic fields are  $Kg/m^2$  and  $Kg \cdot s/m^3$ , respectively. Moreover, if the elementary charge is given by (12), then the conventional electric field, which is the electric “density field,”  $\vec{E}_\rho$ , becomes

$$\vec{E}_\rho = \frac{ke\vec{r}}{r^2} = \frac{\vec{a}4\pi r^2}{\epsilon_0 4\pi r^2} = \frac{\vec{a}}{\epsilon_0}, \quad (14)$$

where  $\vec{a}$  is the acceleration field, and  $\epsilon_0$  is the permittivity constant with units of  $(m^3/s^2)/Kg$ . Also, if a differential length of a current is equal to a differential velocity of a charge, then the magnetic density field,  $\vec{B}_\rho$ , becomes

$$\vec{B}_\rho = \frac{ke\vec{v} \times \vec{r}}{c^2 r^2} = \frac{\vec{a} \sin \tau \times \vec{r}}{\epsilon_0 c}, \quad (15)$$

where  $\vec{v}$  is the velocity of the charge,  $\tau$  is the time angle of the charge, and  $\vec{a}$  is the acceleration field. It logically follows that there are also electric and magnetic intensity fields with units of space and time transposed.

Since the permittivity and gravitational constants then have the same units, we might consider them to be the same,

$$\epsilon_0 = 4\pi G, \quad (16)$$

where we include a factor of  $4\pi$  to cancel the same which, we assume for reasons of symmetry, is embedded in the denominator of  $G$ . Eq. (16) yields a prospective conversion factor between Coulombs and  $m^3/s^2$ ,

$$\begin{aligned} 8.85 \times 10^{-12} \frac{C^2}{N \cdot m^2} &= 4\pi \cdot 6.67 \times 10^{-11} \frac{N \cdot m}{Kg^2} \\ \Rightarrow 1 C &= \sqrt{\frac{4\pi \cdot 6.67 \times 10^{-11} m^3}{8.85 \times 10^{-12} s^2}} = 9.732 \frac{m^3}{s^2}, \end{aligned} \quad (17)$$

which is reasonable since Coulombs, meters, and seconds are all measured on human scales.

## VI.B. Foundations of Gravitolevity

The symmetry between the electric force and the Newtonian gravity force suggests further symmetry between the magnetic force and what we call the Newtonian “levity” force,

$$\vec{F}_b = m\vec{v} \times \vec{b} \quad (18)$$

where  $\vec{F}_b$  is the levity force,  $m$  is mass, and  $\vec{b}$  is the levity field with units of Hz. Anticipating analogous symmetry between the magnetic and levity fields, where a length of a current in a magnetic field is equal to a velocity of a charge,

$$\vec{b} = \frac{\beta}{4\pi} \frac{M\vec{v} \times \vec{r}}{r^2}, \quad (19)$$

where  $\beta$  is the levity constant with units of m/Kg. Expanding further on the gb analogue of EB,

$$c = \frac{1}{\sqrt{\mu_0 \epsilon_0}} = \sqrt{\frac{4\pi G}{\beta}}, \quad (20)$$

so that

$$\beta = \frac{4\pi G}{c^2} = 9.3297 \times 10^{-27} \text{ m/Kg}, \quad (21)$$

where we include a factor of  $4\pi$  to cancel the same which we assume is embedded in the denominator of  $G$ . The gravitolevitational analogues of Maxwell’s laws: Gauss’ law for gravitational drag:

$$D_g = \oint\!\!\!\oint g \cdot dS = GM. \quad (22)$$

Gauss’ law for levitational drag:

$$D_b = \oint\!\!\!\oint b \cdot dS = 0. \quad (23)$$

Faraday’s law for gravitational draw:

$$Y_g = \oint_{\partial\Sigma} g \cdot dl = -\frac{d}{dt} \iint_{\Sigma} b \cdot dS. \quad (24)$$

Ampere’s law for levitational draw:

$$Y_b = \oint_{\partial\Sigma} b \cdot dl = \frac{\beta}{G} \frac{d}{dt} \iint_{\Sigma} g \cdot dS. \quad (25)$$

### VI.C. Unification of Force

The electric and magnetic forces,  $F_E$  and  $F_B$ , respectively, relate directly to the product of charges,  $Q$  and  $q$ , and inversely to the square of radii,  $r^2$ , while the electric force is proportional to the square of the timeward velocity and directed spaceward,  $\vec{r} \cos^2(\tau)$ , and the magnetic force is proportional to the square of the spaceward velocity and directed timeward,  $\vec{t} \sin^2(\tau)$ :

$$F_E = (kQq/r^2)\vec{r} \cos^2(\tau), \quad (26)$$

$$F_B = (kQq/r^2)\vec{t} \sin^2(\tau), \quad (27)$$

where the spaceward and radial components are equivalent, and the timeward and tangential components are equivalent. The Newtonian gravity force is the same as (26), except with masses in place of charges and the gravity constant in place of the permittivity constant. In the same way, (27) expresses a complement to gravity such as magnetism to electricity, namely levity or levitation.

Electromagnetism and gravitolevity merge and spin together through nucleons. Nucleons vibrate and spin with such speed, force, and torque that they reinforce their own forces at close range. The nuclear force is a repeating reinforcement of electromagnetic and gravitolevity forces between rapidly gyrating nucleons in close proximity. The nuclear force is specifically a force compounded by repetitive interference, or a “compound force.” The weak interaction involves nucleons gyrating in such a way that they cancel and reverse their own forces. Electrons and positrons are subject to negligible compound forces due to their lightweight and flighty behavior.

### VII. ELEMENTS OF MATHEMATICS

The elements of mathematics and their relations have long been expressed by a complex set of equations and principles. It will now be shown that (a) each element falls into a scapelike or spinlike category; (b) each element in one category corresponds to one in the other; and (c) each pair shares a relation. Such elements and their relations can be arranged in a table of “scape-spin relationships.” This arrangement is shown in Table 2. The scapelike elements are in the second column, the spinlike ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And the elements of geometric polarity are in the first box-row, those of trigonometric circularity are in the second, and those of statistical linearity are in the third. Lastly, a span is a scape and/or a spin.

Definitions for several geometric terms are in order: First, “circula” is square “vorticity,” and “linea” is square “verticity.” Second, a “cursor” is a scape origin of linear and circular spans, whereas a locus may be that of a cursor or center, or local to the same. Third, the heights of the scores on a ruler mark scape “stringencies” - or, when the ruler measures spin, spin tangencies. Scape stringency is also “intervals per radius,” and spin tangency is “intervals per radian.” Last, “verticity” is radius/radian, “vorticity” is radian/radius, delineation is radius/radian<sup>2</sup>, and accirculation is radian/radius<sup>2</sup>.

*Spin is a scape swinging a scape, scape is an angular spin,  
and scapes sweep spins as spins swing scapes.*

TABLE 2. The Mathematical Elements

<b><i>SPANS</i></b>	<b><i>SCAPE</i></b>	<b><i>SPIN</i></b>
<b>Polarity</b>		<b>Geometry</b>
Plots	Linea Straight	Circula Perpendicular
Pivots Cursor	Locus Central	Angle Parallel
Arcs	Radius Stringency	Radian Tangency
Turns	Verticity Delineation	Vorticity Accirculation
<b>Circularity</b>		<b>Trigonometry</b>
Vectors	Contour Fractal	Curve Spiral
Nodes	Size Scale	Sine Scope
Units	Vertex Identity	Vortex Integrity
Ratios	Rank Twist	Rate Twirl
<b>Linearity</b>		<b>Statistics</b>
Scalars	Sum Measure	Symmetry Rotation
Strings	Set Median	Series Sequence
Shapes	Summation Rigidity	Reflection Gruidity
Shifts	Cell Matrix	Well Tensor

## VII.A. Mathematical Limits

Cursors have both scapespin or “scapeward” vorticities and vorticities and spinscape or “spinward” vorticities and vorticities. Spinward accirculation is equivalent to scapeward delineation, and vice versa. The vorticity of  $\pi$  is the ratio of  $\pi$  radians to the unit radius, which traces a spiral from (0,0) to ( $\pi$ ,  $\pi$ ). A perfect circle has infinite vorticity, and a straight line has infinite vorticity. Thus, the sum of the squares of the scapeward and spinward vorticities is everywhere and always equal to  $\pi^2$ .

$$v_c^2 + v_p^2 = \pi^2 \quad (28)$$

where  $v_c$  is scapeward vorticity and  $v_p$  is spinward vorticity. According to (1), every cursor always traces at the vorticity of  $\pi$ , and any vorticity which is lesser or greater than  $\pi$  is only one component of it.

Euler’s number is the mathematical analogue of the elementary charge. Euler’s number is the elementary “twist” and the ratio of the unit twist to the unit radius. The unit twist is like the unit radian, except, instead of rotating in two dimensions, it twists in three dimensions. The shortest distance between antipodes of a unit sphere along the surface is  $e$ . The shortest distance between antipodes of any sphere along the surface is  $re$ , where  $r$  is the radius. The shortest distances around a sphere constrict from the arcs of the great circles as the distances between current positions and destinations become straighter and thus shorter faster than the distances which remain along a fixed circular arc. Thus, in Euler’s equation,

$$e^{i\pi} + 1 = 0,$$

the factor  $i$  must abrogate distance from  $\pi$  around the unit sphere.

## VII.B. Propagative and Abrogative Numbers

So-called “imaginary numbers” are not imaginary. That is a misnomer. They are as real as so-called “real numbers.” Since the square of so-called imaginary numbers cancel a superfluous component in a Pythagorean equation, I will refer to (a) “imaginary numbers” formally as “abrogative numbers” or complex numbers, and informally as “antinumbers”; and (b) “real numbers” formally as “propagative numbers” or “simplex numbers,” and informally as “orthonumbers.” The vorticity of  $\pi$  is the upper limit for pairs of propagative numbers and the



lower limit for a pair of propagative and abrogative numbers.

The propagative component of the complex plane is either “supercircular” or “superlinear.” If it is supercircular, a cursor circles the plane with vorticities greater than  $\pi$ , and if it is superlinear, a cursor radiates with vorticities greater than  $1/\pi$ . The supercircular plane rotates clockwise and counterclockwise beyond  $\pi$ , and the superlinear plane dilates distally and proximally beyond  $1/\pi$ . The abrogative component of the complex plane conserves the supercircular rotation or superlinear dilation by canceling them with sublinear dilation or subcircular rotation, respectively, in the propagative and perpendicular dimension. Thus, supercircular vorticities cancel linear (radial) dilations, superlinear vorticities cancel circular (tangential) rotations, subcircular vorticities construct linear dilations, and sublinear vorticities construct circular rotations.

### **VII.C. The Unified Curve**

Every curve  $C$  is the product of a sum  $s$  and an accirculation  $a$ ,

$$C = sa. \tag{29}$$

A physical force is a spaceward curve of a mass in time. For the terminology for the effective phenomena in mathematics, which are analogous to the EBgb phenomena in physics, I propose Concentricity(C), Eccentricity(E), “Averty”(A), and “Reverty”(R). Averty and reverty are respectively the average or mean and reversion to the mean. The bell curve in mathematics is analogous to the gravitational well in physics. The bell curve is then the “avertational” well. The “CEAR” curve is ubiquitous. Different components of it are more prominent in different domains. Electric and gravitational fields and forces are concentric and avertational contours and curves, respectively, and magnetism and levity are eccentric and revertational.

### **VIII. ELEMENTS OF EMPIRICS**

We define “empirics” as the explicit sciences of astronomy, chemistry, geology, biology, and ecology. The elements of empirics and their relations have long been expressed by a complex set of arguments and principles. It will now be shown that (a) each element falls into a sprawl-like or spawnlike category; (b) each element in one category corresponds to one in the other; and (c) each pair shares a relation. Such elements and their relations can be arranged in a table of “sprawl-spawn relationships.” This arrangement is shown in Table 3. The sprawl-like elements are in the

second column, the spawnlike ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And the elements of astronomy are in the first box-row, those of chemistry are in the second, and those of geology are in the third.

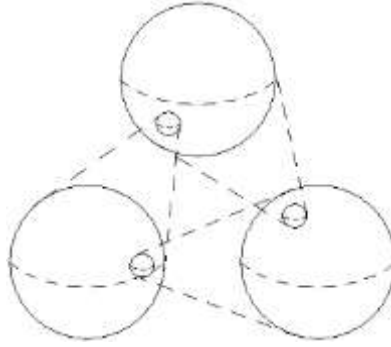
*Spawns are sprawls weaving sprawls, sprawls are emergent spawns,  
and sprawls wind spawns as spawns weave sprawls.*

TABLE 3. The Empirical Elements

<b><i>SPERSES</i></b>	<b><i>SPRAWL</i></b>	<b><i>SPAWN</i></b>
<b>Cosmology</b>		<b>Astronomy</b>
Booms	Implosia Steady	Explosia Starry
Births Cradle	Star Sturdy	Emergent Stormy
Builds	Radiance Stellatency	Radiation Valency
Brooks	Viscosity Deflation	Vascosity Inflation
<b>Chemistry</b>		
Elements	Mixture Bond	Blaze Burn
Fragments	Atom Base	Photon Band
Hearths	Reactance Molarity	Reaction Polarity
Bursts	Fuel Surge	Fire Torrent
<b>Minerality</b>		<b>Geology</b>
Binds	Land Magma	Synergy Weather
Bodies	Planet Habitat	Climate Water
Blooms	Sustenance Volatility	Gestation Versatility
Boosts	Food Synthesis	Feed Symbiosis

### VIII.A. The Mathematical Expanse

It may be readily understood that we may, in theory, define quantities as large or as small as we please. In practice, however, we know that many quantities definable mathematically have no physical significance. Consider Fig. 3.



*FIGURE 3. "The infinite spiral of quantitative relativity." The spheres are representative of quantities, and equal quantities are coupled by the straight dashed lines.*

Following the spiral clockwise, volumes shrink ever smaller, diving into ever greater volumes. Follow it counterclockwise, and volumes grow ever greater, swelling out of ever smaller. Mathematically, that is, there exist infinitely greater and smaller volumes of space, and each is indistinguishable from each other, except with respect to each other. This is likewise the case for every quantity, for where one would be zero, another would be infinite: If  $A = 0$ , then  $B = \infty$ ; since  $B \neq \infty$ ,  $A \neq 0$ .

The mathematical expanse is an n-sphere which delineates in every dimension from infinite to zero vorticity and accirculates from zero to infinite vorticity. The physical universe is a mathematical expanse, and the center of the circle is the origin of the universe. The c constant is the ratio of half the circumference of the universe (radians) to its age (radius). The universe expands at the vorticity of  $\pi$  in every direction and every dimension as every mass free falls at the verticity of  $1/\pi$ . The minimal distance of e around a unit sphere is commensurate to the minimal distance of  $e^x$  around the mathematical expanse from the infinitesimal to the infinite in both number and order of dimensions.

In the maths expanse, there are infinite zeros, zero infinities, and one whole. The one whole maths expanse is arbitrarily large. The expanse ranges from arbitrarily large numbers of proportionally small orders and out to the unitary sphere, and inverts representatively to arbitrarily large orders of proportionally small numbers. Arbitrarily large orders of proportionally small numbers and arbitrarily large numbers of proportionally small orders are symmetrical with respect to the expanse. The ways in which scapes swing spins and spins sweep scapes in the mathematical expanse from large orders and small numbers to large numbers and small orders are precisely the

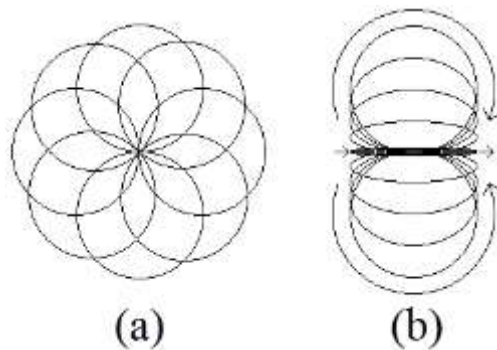
ways in which the physical universe behaves.

Expanses repeat fractally without end. The series from photon to atom to star to galaxy to universe is a segment of an infinitely repeating fractal series. Each segment as well as the infinite series of segments range from effectively infinite to infinitesimal consistency and frequency. Light waves oscillate between black holes and “white wholes,” and thus between abrogative and propagative universes. The entirety of the observable universe is one wavelength and one wave period of one photon in one higher order “presumable universe.” There is also a presumable universe in every wavelength and every wave period of every photon in the observable universe. Like the numbers  $\pi$  and  $e$ , and maybe for the same reasons, identical universes never repeat.

### VIII.B. The Kaleidoscopic Universe

It seems the only form of finite expanse which Nature would permit a universe to have is that of a globe with a diameter which is the greatest circle or arc through which a wave can have been sent and received in all directions since the origin of the universe. This “world circuit” constantly rotates and revolves around and through every particle in every direction at all real speeds, as illustrated in Fig. 4(a).

According to this familiar model, as one particle-wave  $A$  travels the universe relative to another one  $B$ , the universe before  $A$  rolls around and ahead of  $A$ 's location relative to  $B$ 's. In this way, motions of particles act like when a first person walks the earth relative to a second, the earth before the first rolls around and ahead their location relative to the second. This model and the phenomenon of length contraction also suggest that particles' universes are contracted relative to each other's in the directions of, and proportionally to the magnitudes of, their velocities. A light wave's universe then contracts to zero length, making the universe of a light wave, relative to a particle, a constantly turning torus, as in Fig. 4(b).



*FIGURE 4. (a) “World Circuit” of particles’ universes: both infinite and bounded, every point is central and no point is central. (b) “World Torus” of waves’ universes: rolling clockwise above and counterclockwise below.*

One way we might quantify the world circuit is in terms of the gravitational analogues of Gauss’ laws. According to these laws, each galaxy has a “macrocharge” in the form of gravitational drag, which is also a “macrocurrent” in its own direction of time, and this macrocurrent generates a “macromagnetic field” which is curved in on itself, so that the “macromagnetic flux” through any ponderable boundary around an observable universe is zero, as it must be according to Gauss’ law for magnetism.

### **VIII.C. The Stratification of Verses**

One way to square a finite universe with an infinite range of finite quantities is to assume that each observable universe occupies one “stratum-spectrum,” or “ordum,” that spans a range of wavelengths/consistencies and wave periods/frequencies. Each observable universe occupies one ordum within an infinite Universe which is infinitely stratified and undergoes parallel evolutions on incremental ranges of all scales. In any lower ordum relative to any higher one, the scales of space and time are many orders smaller, and thus consistencies and frequencies are that much greater, yet we must assume that the scales are in effect the same to any observer in any ordum. All photons in the universe synchronously and continuously fracture and multiply. All matter and energy are spawns of light. Light constantly multiplies in number and divides in value. Light sprawls in vacuum and spawns in mass.

According to this model, within an outward supernova is an inward big bang, and each black hole harbors its own universe. Matter in each black hole perpetually free falls to lower strata relative to the matter outside it. Matter in each universe perpetually free falls to lower strata relative to the matter in its parent universe. The event horizon is an inflection point between spaceward and timeward free fall. Inside a black hole, consistencies and frequencies spike, while distances and durations crash. Outside a universe, lengths spike and rates crash. Thus, any finite “universe” is contained within one black hole residing within a greater universe, while the infinite “Omniverse” is fractured into both infinite orders of universes and also infinite numbers of every order, and each universe continually multiplies and divides within it.

I call the black hole which contains our observable universe “King Kong” for its size, strength, and resonance with “Big Bang.” King Kong was born in the Big Bang. Inasmuch as the universe expands, masses free fall to lower strata faster than they free fall to one another. Inasmuch as the universe expands, King Kong’s gravity surpasses that of observable masses. Throughout the History of Time, matter is pulled down, squeezed in, and sped up by the gravity of a singularity in an indefinite future. While a supernova may give birth to a baby universe within a parent universe, a “grandnova” is a supernova which birthed the parent universe. The grandnova is then the formal terminology for the “big bang,” and there are also “great (and great great...) grandnovae.”

## CONCLUSION

This work began with the elements. Much more undoubtedly awaits discovery regarding them and their relations. It may help to know whether principles of conservation are special to a few substantive metrics or whether all the metrics are conserved and thus simply in the nature of physics. Sec. 4 outlined the kinematical systems, including the triangular and circular systems. The properties and any practical uses of those systems remain to be seen.

Sec. 5 addressed the nature of substance. Can we find conversion factors between Coulombs and  $\text{m}^3/\text{s}^2$ , and Kelvins and  $\text{Kg}/\text{m}^2\cdot\text{s}$ ? Equation (10) suggests up quarks repeatedly multiply by  $x \approx 1.001$ , and down quarks by  $x \approx 0.999$ . It may prove meaningful to develop this. Is equation (10) the “master key” of physics, such that  $0 < x < 1$  describes electromagnetism,  $1 < x < \infty$  describes gravitolevity, and  $x \approx 1$  describes nuclear?

If mass has a face and antiface, then all the substance observed is both matter and antimatter, all conserved, and forced in-phase. If mass has a face and antiface, what are the “coorienting forces” and how are they overcome? Does the evidence of quarks come from the rotation or rocking of nuclear orientations? Are supernovae and grandnovae largely or principally powered by counterorientation and annihilation? Could “orientation scrambling” in “Fusion-Annihilation Reactors” provide a peaceful and awesome power source?

Additionally, instead of “antiproton,” I would like to suggest the name “sparton,” named for the ancient Greek city resident. “Spartans” were known for their militarism. “Spartons” annihilate with protons. A galaxy of negative mass is then a “sparta,” and a galaxy of positive mass is an “athin,” named for the city of Athens. Are there only athins left in the universe? I suspect that each galaxy has an athin face and sparta antiface.

The shorter path of  $e$  around a sphere may save up to 15% of the time and the fuel flying between opposite sides of the earth. It may also save some time and fuel flying any lesser distances. The longest flights may be cut by more than an hour. Shorter flights already take advantage of the largest part of the shortcuts, so the difference this can make for them may be negligible. The shortcuts for ships may be quite helpful, too, since they take so much time and fuel to cross oceans. The time it takes to cross oceans may be cut by days.

If the model of the world circuit is accurate, then is astronomical observation kaleidoscopic on a cosmic scale? Is it therefore possible to observe and identify the same galaxy at different locations in the sky, from different perspective angles, and from different times in the evolution of the galaxy? Are the observable galaxies then repeating more and more the farther we look?

I predict that the effects commonly attributed to dark matter are instead caused by the levity force/curvature. Radial gravity weakens, while tangential levity strengthens, in proportion to velocity squared. I predict that this will explain why galaxies have higher rotational velocities than general relativity and the accountable mass tell us they should. The magnitudes of the curvatures/“forces” are the same, but their directions are not exactly as Einstein and Newton predicted.

## **APPENDIX: THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ELEMENTS**

The elements of physiology fall into a stufflike or shiftlike category, each element in one category corresponds to one in the other, and each pair shares a relation. Such elements and their relations can be arranged in a table of “stuff-shift relationships.” This arrangement is shown in Table 4. The stufflike elements are in the second column, the shiftlike ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And the elements of mathematics are in the first box-row, those of physics are in the second, and those of empirics are in the third.

TABLE 4. The Physiological Elements

<i><b>SIFT</b></i>	<i><b>STUFF</b></i>	<i><b>SHIFT</b></i>
<b>Mathematics</b>		
Figures	Integratia Infinity	Differentia Nullity
Origins	One Unity	Zero Nillity
Functions	Variance Plurality	Summation Partiality
Powers	Reciprocity Logarithmiation	Multiplicity Exponentiation
<b>Physics</b>		
Laws	Cause Minimum	Effect Maximum
Sources	History Medium	Retreat Modulum
Culls	Perturbance Immensity	Abrogation Propensity
Rifts	Rest Bulge	Raze Discount
<b>Empirics</b>		
Hulks	Heft Amount	Lethargy Adrift
Sinks	Destiny Fate	Collapse Fall
Breaks	Disturbance Adversity	Propagation Diversity
Samples	Gene Trait	Pool Compound



# ELEMENTS OF PSYCHOLOGY

## I. INTRODUCTION

In the brief history of civil thought, the subjective experience of animals, principally people, has been widely regarded as an exceedingly perplexing phenomenon, and reconstructing its foundations has proven to the many that have endeavored to do so to be at once a profound and daunting challenge. And although the challenge is being tackled by legions of scientists, quickening the growth of the science, the science of psychology seems to have largely excluded the “cerebromental physics,” so to speak, which will here be called “psychics,” and the fundamentals of which will here be establish. The primal pursuit to acquire a coherent reality has required everyone, without exception, to conjure synthetic realities with select sets of morals and guidelines. Such was the necessity that compelled our ancestors to survive, and such is still the necessity that compels us today, yet such realities must recurrently wither while pristine truths ache to dispel old myths. Nature cannot provide us with the answers, yet Nature has provided us with the means to find the answers, and one large body of answers is here provided.

## II. TABLE OF PSYCHICAL ELEMENTS

The elements of psychics and their relations have not yet been systematically expressed. Now, however, it will be shown that (a) each such element falls into either a brainlike or mindlike category; (b) each element in one category corresponds to one in the other; and (c) each pair shares a relation. Such elements and their relations can be arranged in a table of “brain-mind relationships.” This arrangement is shown in Table 1. The cerebral elements are in the second column, the mental ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And those of “kinenomic” virtuality are in the first box-row, those of “neuromic” sensuality are in the second, and those of “logistic” actuality are in the third. Also, a “ceive” is a brain and/or a mind. The term ceive is used as a simpler and more easily modifiable word for “brainmind.”

*The mind is brain conversing brain, the brain is the conscient mind,  
and the brain conceives the mind as the mind converses the brain.*

Definitions for several elements are in order: First, “aconscious” is much like “conscious” but more specifically an active conscious, while an “unconscious” is an actuated body. Second, a memory is a remembered or recorded sensory “versory,” while a “dictory” is a predicted or prescribed “actory” versory or muscle memory, and a story is a simulated or considered “virtory” (pronounced “ver-cher-e”) versory. Third, a “person” is a story which remains “conscient.” A person here denotes not only a “human” but also an “animal” and sometimes a “people” more generally. And a “nexel” is like a ceival “pixel,” except that it is interaffected with every other nexel. Neurons differ from nexels in that a nexel is like a pixel of not only brain but also mind. It is both nerve and sense. Each nexel is highly specialized.

Each psychical element is the psychical manifestation of the corresponding element in the table of physical elements. For example, the unconscious and acconscious are the psychical inertia and exertia, pattern and effort are the psychical field and force, and means and empathy are the psychical mass and energy. Further, “ecstatic” and “erotic” patterns and efforts between sparks and spikes excite nerves as electric and magnetic fields and forces between charges and currents accelerate particles. Similarly, “poverty” (or “privation”) and “privilty” (or “privilege”) excite means and empathy as gravity and levity accelerate masses and energies.

TABLE 1. The Psychological Elements

<i><b>CEIVES</b></i>	<i><b>BRAIN</b></i>	<i><b>MIND</b></i>
<b>Virtuality</b>	<b>Kinenomics</b>	
Connect	Converse	Conceive
Realms	Unconscious Habituary	Acconscious Extemporary
Selves Persons	Viscera/Gut/Story Customary	Thought/Conscient Contemporary
Breadths	Severance Adjacency	Retention/Conception Recurrency
Races	Rapacity Inhibition	Relacity Excitation
<b>Sensuality</b>	<b>Neuromics</b>	
Proliferate	Cultivate	Disseminate
Domains	Pattern Network	Effort Newscast
Nexels Qualia	Nerve/Memory Status	Sense/Sentient Spectus
Depths	Remembrance Intricacy	Attention/Perception Intimacy
Spunks	Flex Spark	Fire Spike
<b>Actuality</b>	<b>Logistics</b>	
Confer	Accrue	Express
Coins	Means Money	Empathy Emotion
Banks	Muscle/Dictory Musculature	Action/Prescient Motive
Boons	Abundance Security	Intention/Proprioception Maturity
Burdens	Load Labor	Lead Vigor

### III. SYSTEMS OF KINENOMICS

Acconscious thoughts are visceral reactions of neural senses to muscular actions, while acconscious stories are visceral chain reactions of neural memories to muscular dictories. Senses are thoughts conversing inward and memories conceiving forward, while actions are thoughts conversing outward and memories conceiving backward. Actions converse outward in the brain from the nerve center to the nerve endings, while senses converse inward in the brain from the nerve endings to the nerve center. Actions also conceive backward in the mind from present thought to past memory, while senses conceive forward in the mind from past memory to present

thought. Actions and dictories constantly reverse the most resonant and therefore relevant senses and memories. Actory reversals connect forward senses. Life can only make sense in reverse.

Retention, attention, and intention are actory reversals of sensory conception, perception, and proprioception, respectively. Retention knows, while conception understands. Attention looks and listens, while perception sees and hears. Intention means, while proprioception feels. Conception effects and predicts retention as retention affects and recollects conception; perception effects and predicts attention as attention affects and recollects perception; and proprioception effects and predicts intention as intention affects and recollects proprioception. A person's senses are predictive, effective, predicting, and effecting to their actions; and remembered, affected, rememberable, and affectable by their actions. Conversely, a person's actions are recollective, affective, recalling, and affecting to their senses; and predicted, effected, predictable, and effectable by their senses.

Virtory thought is assumption, virtory sense is conception, and virtory action is retention. Sensory thought is presumption, sensory sense is perception, and sensory action is attention. And actory thought is consumption, actory sense is proprioception, and actory action is intention. Each of these three triads are both cyclical and countercyclical, and the virtory and sensory cycles are subcycles of the actory supercycle. Proprioception continues the intention cycle and reverses the attention cycle, while perception continues the attention cycle and reverses the intention cycle. And attention continues the perception cycle and reverses the proprioception cycle, while intention continues the proprioception cycle and reverses the perception cycle. Sensory reflection and actory prediction are countercyclical, while sensory recollection and actory prescription are cyclical.

### **III.A. Kinematics of Kinenomics**

Information is integrated and aggregated by averaging neurons. The brain successively averages over finer-scope and higher-speed patterns of variability into larger-scale and longer-term ones. Longer and more numerous connections average over larger-scale and longer-term patterns. Neurons relay the weighted averages over all their afferent "actials," i.e., action potentials, into their efferent actials. Successions of populations of averaging neurons cultivate big picture consciousness. Persons perceive details from the perspective of averages, while persons intend averages to the prospective of details. Thoughts are chats between actory goals and sensory stats.

Goals are lensed from the averages to the details, while stats are nested from the details to the averages.

Sentences and scenes are structured as hierarchies of associations between patterns of variability which become alternately averaged and detailed by the brain. Words are visual and auditory patterns of variability which are associated with the patterns of the meanings they represent. Character, color, and timbre perceptions are combinations of weighted averages over (a) every whole and partial match with them in memory and (b) everything a person's culture and language artificially associate with those matches. Judgments of persons are weighted averages over everything one knows and believes about the persons. Worldviews are weighted averages over everything one knows and believes about everything. Economic/financial means are cerebral/mental averages, and captains of industry control the averages of the masses. Feelings of wellbeing are cultivated by harmonic averages.

Versories are stored in the timing of somas and spacing of axons, which is altogether the "versing" of neurons. Somas are timers, axons are spacers, and neurons altogether are "versers." The brain spaces and times, or "verses," everything. The brain gauges the versing of everything. The spacing, timing, and versing of brains, minds, and ceives are gauged via "pertinotopic" maps, "pertinochronic" codes, and "pertinomatic" jobs. The recall of a versing reverberates from the versers which gauge that versing. The reverberations from the versers that gauge a versing keeps that versing closer to the surface in the working memory. The reverberating versings of the working memory are more excitable or affectable and therefore more likely to be recalled. As the reverberations of versings wanes, the versory which they conceive leaves the working memory.

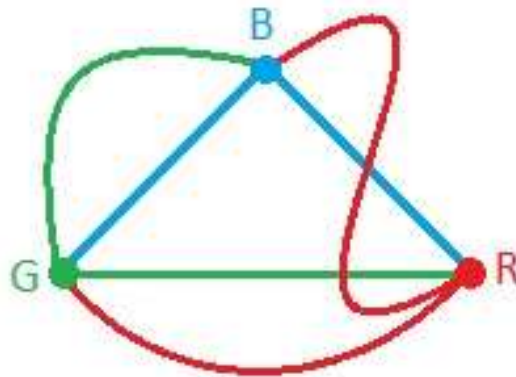
### **III.B. Kinenomical Maps**

The nervous system is a nested and "populaterally" orchestrated "university-studio" with a broad array of parallel, progressive, and pertinomatic "school-theaters." Types of school-theaters include virtory theaters, sensory theaters, actory, visual, aural, tactile, vestibular, frequency-intensity, boundary, depth, symmetry, velocity, object identity, facial, emotional, linguistic, numeral, etc. The hippocampus is apparently the "clerk" of the studio. The "cerebral Doppler shifts" of every nexel in any theater reverberate to every other nexel in the same theater, as well as to every pertinent nexel in every other theater. The center of the visual field is typically the most pertinent, and so it is conceived by nexels in the visual theaters which are the most innervated with the whole

populations of nexels in the same theaters. The same locations in separate retinotopic theaters are the most pertinent to each other, and so they are the most innervated with each other.

The entire nervous system is a tripolar network that proportionates and communicates the minimums, maximums, and mediums of everything. The “muscle-nerve-viscera” tripole is chief among them. Solid colors are conceived via comprehensive reverberations from repeating patterns of triangulationally contrasting actual frequencies in color networks. The axons that relay actuals from blue neurons to red neurons are shorter than the axons that relay actuals from red to blue. Blue to green is also shorter than green to blue, and green to red is shorter than red to green. Further, both blue to red and blue to green are the same lengths and are shorter than green to red and green to blue, which are the same lengths, and which in turn are shorter than red to blue and red to green, which are the same lengths. This is illustrated in Figure 1.

*FIGURE 1. The Relative Lengths of the Blue, Green, and Red Neurons.*



Relative frequencies of actuals from blue neurons to red ones and blue to green determine blueness, relative frequencies from green neurons determine greenness, and relative frequencies from red neurons determine redness. Overall triangulated frequencies determine lightness and darkness and thus the shades of the colors. When neurons which are specifically sensitive to intensities are affected by higher intensities, they effect higher overall triangulated frequencies in the color networks. All three color neurons must be inhibitory to each other within the triangle. They each receive outside color and intensity excitations and fight it out within the triangle. It logically follows that the timbres in the auditory modality, as well as the other analogues in the other sensory modalities, are triangulated in the same way, but with different orders of lengths/densities and frequencies/intensities, and with different characteristic reverberations.

For every nexel in the visual plane, there is a pinwheel “spectus” which is parallel to and in-line with the path of the light. In each pinwheel spectus, every nexel which represents one point in the color spectrum is connected with every other nexel which represents every other point. There is thus a tripole between nexels which represent every three points in the color spectrum via every nexel in the visual plane. There are also “quadripoles” between nexels which represent every four points, “pentapoles” between nexels which represent every five points, and so on. Thus, for every nexel in the visual plane, there is a “circupole” in-line with the path of the light which represents the color wheel, and which connects nexels which represent every pair of points on it. For every nexel in the visual plane, there is a pinwheel spectus of repeating circupoles in-line with the path of the light.

Further, every pair of nexels in the color pinwheels is connected by a pair of axons which relay actuals to each other in opposite directions. The axons which relay actuals from the nexel which represents the color with the longer wavelength to the nexel which represents the color with the shorter wavelength is longer than the reverse axons. I.e., e.g., the axon which relays actuals from the redder to bluer nexels are longer than the axons which relay actuals from the bluer to the redder ones. Whiter/lighter colors excite some centerline nexels in the pinwheels which in turn excite various color nexels, while blacker/darker colors excite other centerline nexels which in turn inhibit various color nexels. Visual content inflects the continual repetitions of relacity spectuses: grays inflect the continual repetitions of entire relacity spectuses in equal measure, while colors favor specific relacities over others.

#### **IV. SUBSTANTIATION OF RAPTURE**

The “emphasor” of some object or subject is a function of the positive or negative impact which that object or subject is likely to have on the self, particularly the viscera of the self, while an “emphasoristic” is a particular impact. “Behavioristics” and characteristics are weighted, innervated, and thus subjected by emphasoristics. Persons empathize with objects and subjects by emphasorizing their characteristics and behavioristics. Networks and newscasts within persons mimic or intimate the emphasors which their cultures exude. Tripoles of emphasor-character-behavior range from child-woman-man to guts-nerve-muscles to limbic-neocortex-cerebellum to glia-neuron-vessel to lysosome-nucleus-mitochondria. The glia is the guts or viscera of the brain,

and the blood vessels are the cerebral muscles. The brain is a tripolar system of vascular rations, glial reliefs, and neural relays.

Every microscopic muscle movement affects every microscopic nerve spectrum, while the latter effects the former. Solid, unbroken, or continuous senses of environments or stimuli are perceived by sweeping muscle movements. Eye muscles actively and “acuitively” color in visual perception. Senses from all the sensory nerve endings “suffract” via the neocortex. Every observed and executed movement effects Cerebral Doppler shifts which suffract via the neocortex and feed back to actions. Cerebral Doppler shifts which suffract via the neocortex reverberate both spaceward and timeward, and both brainward (collaterally) and mindward (hierarchically). The working memory is said reverberation. Every sensory characteristic and actory behavioristic enriches and is enriched by every other.

Relays of actuals effectively expand the ceive to the scale of awareness. Ceives effectively expand or inflate throughout their lifetime with the scale of their awareness. Consciousness is confined, while awareness is expansionary. Sensory and actory nerve endings represent the limits of awareness, and ceives effectively expand between them. The nerves between sensors and muscles replicate the lengths between sensors and sources. The farther away the source of light, for example, the more vacuous inflation there is between the sensory and muscular nerve endings. Much of what the brain does is channel inflation. Empty space is represented by constant relacity between the edges of space.

#### **IV.A. Visceral Cortex**

The brain belabors the rankings of its versories. The brain ranks itself from nerve endings at the bottom of the hierarchy to the nerve center, namely the prefrontal cortex, at the apex. The horizontal brain holds the frames while the vertical mind judges them. The vertical mind judges the frames held by the horizontal brain across every level of the hierarchy. Components of bottom-up senses are nested in horizontal brainward “statuses,” while composites of top-down actions are lensed in vertical mindward “spectuses.” The mind is oriented vertically along spectuses between the lowest and highest rankings, and the brain is oriented horizontally along statuses between equals in the same rankings. Each spectus transverses many statuses, and each status transverses many spectuses. “Prospectuses” are forward, predictive, actory, efferent, or clockwise spectuses, while “perspectuses” are backward, reflective, sensory, afferent, or counterclockwise spectuses.



The frontal cortex is the “visceral cortex.” The visceral cortex is organized and weighted to meet visceral needs and avoid visceral threats. The job of the visceral cortex is to reconcile actions with senses, looking with seeing, listening with hearing, meanings with feelings, destinies with histories, religion with science, and oneself with one’s world. The limbic system maps the needs and fears of the person, while the cerebral cortex maps the fruits and threats of the environment (or economy). There is always some effort exerted between the limbic system and cerebral cortex which parallels the effort exerted between the person and their environment. Money and muscle provide a means to meet the needs and release the fears of the person via attaining the fruits and avoiding the threats of the environment.

Means is accrued by labor, which “intricates” both actions with senses and persons with environments, as mass is accreted by work, which condenses space. Persons grow means with environments by a compounding intrication between them, which is intimated in the brain of the person by a compounding intrication between versories of the limbic system and cerebral cortex. Sensory versories (memories) are versories of the environment; actory versories (dictories) are versories of the person; and viscerally motivated virtory versories (stories) reconcile the actions with the senses and thus the person with their environment. Poverty and privilty effect in persons the unconscious will to work, to labor, or to intricate, while ecstacity and eroticism affect the acconscious will to live and will to life.

#### **IV.B. Categories of Emotions**

There is (1) a sensual, predictive, or “effective brain”; (2) an actual, recollective, or “affective brain”; and (3) a virtual, projective, or “confective brain.” The nervous system is the effective brain, the musculature is the affective brain, and the viscera is the confective brain. Means in money and empathy in emotion are made of the affective brain. Patterns in networks and efforts in newscasts are made of the effective brain. The brain and nerves are effective to and affectable by the heart and muscles, while the heart and muscles are affective to and effectable by the brain and nerves. There is no affective brain in a network. There is only the effective brain in a network. Love slows via the affective brain and skips the effective brain between. The heart is the most active muscle, the center of means, and the leader of the affective brain.

The affective emotional repertoire is shown in Table 2. Surprise is an inflection of any of the 10 affective emotions, and boredom is emotionlessness. Both can be positive, negative, mixed, or neutral or net zero.

TABLE 2. The Affective Emotional Repertoire

<b>Positive</b>	Esteem	Joy	Desire	Pride	Hope
<b>Negative</b>	Anger	Sorrow	Disgust	Shame	Fear

Each emotion is a unique order vector: Esteem is approval of orderliness, and anger is disapproval of disorderliness. Joy is a state of orderliness, and sorrow is a state of disorderliness. Desire is a compulsion toward order, and disgust is a repulsion from disorder. Pride is an attribution of order, and shame is an attribution of disorder. Hope is an orderly outlook, and fear is a disorderly outlook.

The effective emotional repertoire is shown in Table 3. The effective emotions are the neural or nervous emotions and delegate from the neocortex.

TABLE 3. The Effective Emotional Repertoire

<b>Positive</b>	Ease	Comfort	Sure	Favor	Zeal
<b>Negative</b>	Ennui	Worry	Unsure	Disfavor	Anxious

The effective emotions describe how the nervous system feels itself and the emotions it effects in the rest of the body, as opposed to how the heart or musculature affects the brain and gut, or how the gut or viscera confects the nervous system and musculature.

The confective emotions spring from the viscera, and the brain is largely subservient to the viscera. All senses other than the visceral sense are in the service of the visceral complex, and all objects and subjects have visceral rankings subjectively to each person. The viscera or gut here includes the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, genitals, uterus, womb, etc. The visceral complex includes the digestive, reproductive, circulatory, and respiratory systems. The confective emotional repertoire is shown in Table 4.

TABLE 4. The Confective Emotional Repertoire

<b>ORGAN</b>	<b>Positive</b>	<b>Negative</b>	<b>ACTION</b>
Lungs	Breath	Choke	Breathe
Kidneys	Quench	Thirst	Drink
Stomach	Nourishment	Hunger	Eat
Heart	Ardor	Fatigue	Rest
Genitals	Satisfaction	Lust	Sex

Positive and negative strengths exist for each: A positive strength is an orderliness or goodness, which implies the need is being met or there is promise that it will be met; and a negative strength is a disorderliness or badness, which implies that the need is not being met or there is a threat that it will not be met.

#### **IV.C. Meanings and Feelings**

Acconscious meaning requires emotional bias, and meanings are generally biased by the visceral cortex. Meanings are actions by senses, or effects by affects, and feelings are senses of actions, or affects of effects. Meanings are meant by the effective brain, and feelings are felt by the affective brain. Meanings are more cerebral, and feelings are more mental. Meanings are scientific, feelings are religious, and their reconciliation is artistic. The effective brain tells the affective brain how to feel via what it means and probes how it does actually feel. The affective brain tells the effective brain what to mean via how it feels and probes what it does sensually mean.

Valuations of meanings are weightings of senses by monetary or muscular means, while valuations of feelings are weightings of actions by motivational or emotional empathies. Each animal has a net worth in terms of both means and empathy which, like the energy of mass, is exorbitant, and which is relatable in terms of the difficulty in putting a price on a human life. One person confers empathy to others by disseminating brainwaves, which are cast as senses of empathy, that constructively and destructively interfere with the brainwaves of receivers. Senses of empathy, like waves of energy, disseminate through all persons as they interfere with other senses of empathy, and thus the cognition of each person is a summation of that of all persons.

As light is exertial and matter is inertial, love is acconscious and money is unconscious. As the dynamics of electromagnetism is more exertial and the mechanics of gravitolevity is more inertial, the neuromics of ecstatoeroticism is more acconscious and the logistics of povertoprivilty is more unconscious. Acconscious love exerts relentlessly. Unconscious money is stubborn. Love

is the will to live and will to life. Money bears the resistance. Light is transferred by electromagnetic waves, and love is conferred by ecstatoerotic senses. Matter is made of molecules, and money is made of muscles. Love carries efforts between sparked nerves as light carries forces between charged particles. Love ebbs and flows as the acconscious mind awakens and grows by a process of “philosynapsis.” Whereas plants synthesize exertial light between molecules, nerves synapsize acconscious love between muscles. Neuromic love and logistic touch are the psychical analogues of dynamic light and mechanistic sound, respectively.

## **V. UNITY OF EFFORT**

The privational patterns and efforts are cultivated by and disseminated between the monetary and muscular means of persons, and they motivate the persons to reduce their privation. The privilegic patterns and efforts are cultivated by and disseminated between the emotional and motivational empathies of persons, and they motivate the persons to increase their privilege. The ecstatic patterns and efforts are cultivated by and disseminated between the sparks of persons, and they motivate the persons to acquaint to interpersonal contrast and estrange from interpersonal comparison. And the erotic patterns and efforts are cultivated by and disseminated between the spikes of persons, and they motivate the persons to acquaint to intrapersonal contrast and estrange from intrapersonal comparison.

Advertisers cultivate and disseminate the privational patterns of living life while deprived of the benefits their products offer, and the privileges of being buoyed by such benefits. Employers cultivate and disseminate the privational patterns of living and working while deprived of the income and benefits that accompany their employment, and the privilegic patterns of enjoying such income and benefits. When persons court, they cultivate and disseminate their strongest ecstatic and erotic patterns and efforts by affirming their love and attention, as well as their strongest privational and privilegic patterns and efforts by expounding their companion’s deprivation without and enrichment with their money and muscle. The greatest artists and leaders cultivate and disseminate the strongest ecstatoerotic and povertoprilegic patterns and efforts in their audience and followers.

Economies and financial markets straddle a continuum from short-term trades through space in the economy to long-term investments through time in the markets. Economic or material means are kinesic or kinetic means and only have a value in the space of the present, while

monetary or market means are sensual or potential means and either invests for or borrows from the future, and either profits from or lends to the past. This makes material or economic trades horizontal, and monetary or market trades vertical, while all real trades are oblique. The smallest, most frequent trades are those of information, while the largest, least frequent trades are those of institutions. The larger, less frequent trades require a heavy undercurrent of smaller, more frequent trades, and changes in any size of trade ripple across all sizes of trades.

### **V.A. Patterns of Attention**

The principle of trade is the principle of mind. The mutual benefits of excitatory trades make thoughts and feelings greater than the sums of their parts. Every cerebral network specializes in a trade and markets it to every other network. Attention is traded or pivots from the senders of excitations to the receivers, and from the receivers of inhibitions to the senders. Here excitations and inhibitions are the actions rather than reactions. Here an excitation is an increase in relacity from a sender to a receiver, rather than to a receiver and from that same nexel as sender. Whatever commands attention steals attention from elsewhere. The trades of nexels with larger portfolios are more pertinent and so command more attention.

Fixed attention is maintained by constant excitations to the object with repeated reversions to lower relacities, and constant inhibitions from the object with repeated reversions to higher relacities. If a sensation is pleasurable, the excitations and inhibitions are accordant, and if it is painful, they are discordant. Every synapse is sensitive to a unique number of excitation and inhibition patterns. Some may specialize in a single pattern, and may have inside access to the soma, while others generalize to a large number of patterns.

Efferent patterns are predictive, and afferent ones are recollective. Every nexel labors to reconcile efferent predictive excitations and inhibitions with afferent recollective ones. Continual reverberations of the same excitation pattern give thought and perception their breadth and coherence. Excitations from events reverberate from shorter axons to longer ones, and from higher to lower magnitudes. Excitations from every perceived event occupy a breadth of a person's world and clock, convey in every direction of the brain and mind, and accumulate meaning as they recombine with themselves and other excitations. Predictive and recollective excitations reverberate from sensory to actory nerve endings, from actory to sensory nerve endings, perpendicular to sensory and actory nerves, and at every angle in between.

## **V.B. Patterns of Inforcement**

Interaffective “inforcements” of crisscrossing versings among populations of nexels can conceive all possible patterns of characters. Synchronously crisscrossing and interaffective aggregates of enforced versings successively classify and thereby characterize all the content and context of every conscious moment. Everyone’s reality, or their realm of all their realms, is shaped by a lifetime of articulated, ongoing, and cumulative “inforcement” – that is, reinforcement, “deinforcement,” “coinforcement,” “contrainforcement,” and novel “preinforcement.” Contrainforcement occurs when a first nexel reinforces a second nexel while the second nexel deinfoces the first. Coinforcement occurs when two or more nexels inforce each other in the same way. A person recognizes that which reinforces what is preinforced. Nexels which represent more pertinent classifications of observed referents receive higher proportions of reinforcements.

If a person reinforces anything, be it a lie or a fact, often enough, people will often believe it, and that person will tend to believe it their self. And people will more often not believe anything a person deinfoces, nor will that person. The people and media to which a person is exposed by circumstance or choice largely determines how things are inforced in that person. “Spirals of inforcement” can lead to extremism and war or idealism and glory. Sensationalism radicalizes spirals of inforcement. What a person believes is that which reinforces, and is reinforced by, their thoughts, senses, and actions. Cerebral coinforcement is a function of cultural coinforcement. Cultural coinforcement and spirals of inforcement can lead entire cultures aright or can lead them astray. For better or worse, and in some places and times, the coinforcements of subcultures lead the coinforcements of whole cultures.

## **V.C. Conscious Inforcement**

The visceral cortex reinforces every synapse in proportion to how pertinent it is to the viscera. All the connections in the brain are weighted by backpropagation from the viscera and through the visceral cortex according to how pertinent they are to the viscera. Persons learn faces by backpropagations through the visceral cortex according to how pertinent the owners of those faces are to the viscera. Persons learn objects by backpropagations through the visceral cortex according to how those objects affect the viscera.

Conscious thought coalesces in the conversation between the muscles and the guts via the nerves. Thoughts and senses coalesce in actions, and thus the motor cortex lies between the visceral

cortex and sensory cortices. Cultures and their languages calibrate the guts, nerves, and muscles of everyone. Insofar as persons share the same culture, they see the same color. Senses are synthesized by recursive actions taken upon sensory networks from fetal stages of development onward. The acquisitions of sensory catalogues and actory repertoires are organized and reorganized via the acquisitions of virtory principles.

It is the artificial classifications of the language and culture that gives characters their character, e.g., greens their greenness. Any character runs the gamut of classifications, and any classification runs the gamut of characters. Classifications coalesce in conscious thought, and character is conceived by the coalescence of classifications. The sweeping relationships in linguistic profiles recalled by excitations of neural portfolios give everything its character. Every word has a unique linguistic profile, which is evaluated by the visceral cortex. Everything a person says and does becomes a part of their linguistic profile. Many layers of context characterize linguistic profiles.

#### **V.D. The Unified Effort**

Sparks and means move through and between brains subject to efforts as charges and masses move through and between spaces subject to forces. All sparks are both afferent and efferent and more one than the other. The effort upon any one spark and means is the sum of all efforts from every other spark and means. The ecstatoerotic or “Ee” effort moves sparks around brains, and the povertoprivilty or “Pp” effort moves means around worlds. Inforcements of efforts bridge the gaps between every neuron in any one brain and every other neuron in that brain and every other brain, while the magnitudes decline inconsistently with, though in some proportion to, their severance or orders thereof. Further, ecstatic and poverty efforts increase inconsistently with, though in some proportion to, collateral relacities or orders thereof. And erotic and privilty efforts increase inconsistently with, though in some proportion to, hierarchical relacities or orders thereof. Ee efforts are also proportional to products of net sparks, and Pp efforts are proportional to products of net worths.

The self-reinforcing “crucial effort” is the psychical analogue of the nuclear force. Ecstatic, erotic, poverty, and privilty patterns and efforts merge, emote, and circulate together via cruxes. Cruxes reverberate and circulate with such relacity and effort that they reinforce their own efforts at close range. The crucial effort is a repeating reinforcement of Ee and Pp efforts between rapidly

reverberating and circulating cruxes in close proximity. The crucial effort is specifically an effort compounded by repetitive interference, or a “compound effort.” Cruxes may also reverberate and emote in such a way that they cancel and reverse their own efforts and expel a component of the crux. All foundational and fundamentalist belief is a product of the self-reinforcing crucial effort. The unifying effort or inforcement gives persons direction in life.

## **VI. ELEMENTS OF LINGUISTICS**

Each linguistic element falls into a scriptlike or whimlike category, each element in one category corresponds to one in the other, and each pair shares a relation. Such elements and their relations can be arranged in a table of “script-whim relationships.” This arrangement is shown in Table 5. The scriptlike elements are in the second column, the whimlike ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And the elements of grammar are in the first box-row, those of semantics are in the second, and those of semiotics are in the third.

*A whim is a script refining a script, a script is an archival whim,  
and scripts define whims as whims refine scripts.*



TABLE 5. The Linguistic Elements

<i><b>SIGNS</b></i>	<i><b>SCRIPT</b></i>	<i><b>WHIM</b></i>
<b>Grammar</b>		
Contexts	Litera Archetypal	Figura Idiosyncratic
Contents	Narrative Vernacular	Archive Tentative
Skills	Utterance Competency	Oration Fluency
Styles	Curiosity/Heed Punctuation	Verbosity/Speech Accentuation
<b>Semantics</b>		
Themes	Claim Account	Flair Discourse
Morphemes	Noun Number	Verb Letter
Details	Nuance Numeracy	Narration Literacy
Syntax	Rule Wedge	Norm Conflict
<b>Semiotics</b>		
Texts	Word Manner	Synony Notion
Terms	Symbol Lexicon	Simile Dialect
Tropes	Parlance Dictionary	Locution Vocabulary
Types	Tell Code	Tale Program

### **VI.A. Linguistic Fundamentals**

Divinity and god are to linguistics what unity and one are to mathematics. Obscurity, divinity, and eternity are the nullity, unity, and infinity of linguistics, respectively. Infinity is an unlimited quantity, while eternity is an immortal quality. And the linguistic analogues of mathematical loci and angles are respectively narratives and archives. In contrast to an angle, an archive aggregates all angles of any object or subject. Intelligence is the narrative which one generates and tells internally. Every compartment of the brain tells some component of the narrative. Populations of nexels cumulatively compose components of narratives. Narrative components are compositional instructions. The mind is conceived by reverberating spawns of excitations which continually coalesce into meaningful narratives. The linguistic number line is the narration.

Insofar as someone genuinely represents everyone, that someone is effectively God. That someone can be a neuron, person, or group. Consciousness continually coalesces around a single neuron or neuron assembly. Consciousness continually coalesces around an object of one's attention. Singling out a perspective gives character to consciousness, and that singular perspective can be that of any of the multitudes of nexels. In any population of neurons or persons, there are usually a few top gods, and any number of lesser gods. The gods set the trends and call the shots. Consciousness coalesces around gods as those gods send signals to and receive signals from the entire population. Neurons and persons are in popularity contests, and the gods are the winners, if only temporarily. The gods inspire the consciousness and wisdom of the entire population.

“Synony” and “antony” are the positive and negative energy of linguistics. Synony pervades every brain and environment. The unique partial synonies between each thing and everything give each thing its unique character. Actions “synonize” the senses with everything in memory. Senses make noise, while actions sing. Actions single out perspectives. Senses are selective and created, while actions are creative and selected. Senses are syonized with memories via predictive actions, such that predictive actions synonize all meaning in memory with every single circumstantial meaning. Suffractions throughout the visceral cortex synonize the meanings of an evolving conscious consensus among cumulative compositions of nexel populations. The way in which the brain synonizes any meaning is unique to each meaning.

## **VI.B. Aggregal and Referential Articulus**

The linguistic analogue of differential and integral calculus is “referential and aggregal articulus.” Calculus is the mathematical study of continuous change, while articulus is the linguistic study of distributed changes. The linguistic rate of change is the “sate of change,” which is short for “saturation of change.” The linguistic slope is the “vogue,” which is itself a sate of change. And the linguistic area is the “idea,” which is the aggregal from one's personal narrative to the archive of what is in vogue. The vogue is the ratio of the rise in popularity to the run out of steam. Definite articles, e.g., “the,” are aggregal symbols, while indefinite articles, “a/an,” are referential symbols.

An integral is a sum of its parts, while an aggregal is a product of its parts. Every conscious thought is an aggregal, colors and characters are aggregals across space and time, and economies are aggregals. Everything observed or conceived is an “aggregand,” or a thing to be aggregated. A “referential” is a nexel of a noun observed or conceived. A nexel is not only a neuron but also the

referential the neuron represents and conforms to. A “representative” is the linguistic analogue of a mathematical derivative. Successive “referentiations” focus on increasingly finer details, while successive “aggregations” zoom out to increasingly bigger pictures. Every cognizant person is continually referentiating and aggregating their conscious experience.

All perspective and depth are conveyed by the parallax of binocular vision, saccades, and other movements and perceived by varying rates of change over the same cortical areas. When one is moving, and during saccades, farther distances have lower rates of change. Likewise, greater durations from the present have lower rates of change. More prominent and pertinent ideas have higher rates of change. Global reverberations which spatially and temporally diminish from every event give thoughts, senses, and actions continuity in space and time. And characters, colors, and timbres are “satios,” i.e., distributions of reverberating ratios. Interconnected blue, green, and red axonal wavelengths sprawl over color-coded cortical areas, and excitations reverberate across those areas in proportion to the presence of those colors.

### **VI.C. Artculus in Practice**

All thinking continually oscillates between referentiation and aggregation. Ceives referentiate allward and aggregate wholeward. Cumulative compositions of mass communications among large fluctuating nexel populations aggregate conscious experience. The cumulative compositions of the large fluctuating nexel populations mimic the cumulative compositions of the populations which the nexels represent in the body and environment. Nexel populations interact with each other in much the same way that the populations which they represent interact with each other. Aggregations are articulated by populations of neurons which ascendantly crisscross each other from nerve endings to the visceral cortex, while referentiations are articulated by neural populations which crisscross each other descendantly from the visceral cortex to the nerve endings.

The positive or efferent spark of a neuron is the outward flow of actuals from the soma, and the negative or afferent spark is the inward flow of actuals. Efferent sparks referentiate information, and afferent sparks aggregate. Spikes are more inhibitory to nexels with net afferent sparks, and more excitatory to nexels with net efferent sparks. Every convergent mind spectus crosses many collateral brain statuses and vertically aggregates and referentiates a single time spectrum across many space strata of fluctuating nexel populations. Conversely, every collateral brain status

crosses many convergent mind spectuses and horizontally aggregates and referentiates a single space stratum across many time spectra of fluctuating nexel populations.

Senses aggregate and actions referentiate. Actions determine the senses which are aggregated, and senses determine the actions which are referentiated. The brain aggregates wholes by saturating itself with reverberating excitations from moments in time. The brain referentiates alls by saturating itself with ongoing changes. The brain alternates between whole and partial aggregation and referentiation. Only sates of change are conceivable and acconscious, while constant relacities remain unconscious. Sweeping motions aggregate wholes. Parsing masses referentates alls.

## **VII. ELEMENTS OF PRAGMATICS**

We define pragmatics as the explicit sciences of sociology, technology, economics, politics, and academics. Each pragmatic element falls into a grouplike or growthlike category; each element in one category corresponds to one in the other; and each pair shares a relation. Such elements and their relations can be arranged in a table of “group-growth relationships.” This arrangement is shown in Table 6. The grouplike elements are in the second column, the growthlike ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And the elements of sociology are in the first box-row, those of technology are in the second, and those of economics are in the third.

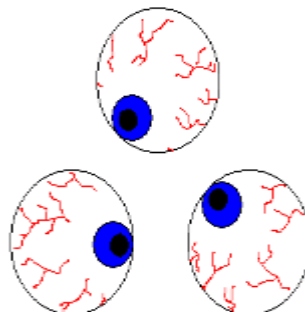
*A growth is a group leading a group, a group is a regiment growth,  
and groups follow growths as growths lead groups.*

TABLE 6. The Pragmatic Elements

<i><b>GIRTHS</b></i>	<i><b>GROUP</b></i>	<i><b>GROWTH</b></i>
<b>Sociology</b>		
Arenas	Dystopia Geography	Utopia Demography
Domains	Prerogative Territory	Regiment Sovereignty
Interests	Grievance Democracy	Petition Privacy
Terrains	Ethnicity Conservation	Publicity Liberation
<b>Technology</b>		
Jobs	Niche Course	Trade Route
Tools	Device Circuit	Use Cycle
Controls	Contrivance Scarcity	Operation Satiety
Options	Loop Splurge	Leap Spree
<b>Economics</b>		
Boons	Good Supply	Sympathy Demand
Aids	Product Market	Profit Tender
Roles	Finance Security	Vocation Maturity
Ardors	Gain Synapsis	Goal Passion

### VII.A. The Linguistic Design

It may be readily understood that a quality can only be described subjectively to other like qualities, and only with a descriptive standard quality. And with respect to the standard, we may, in theory, describe qualities as high or as low as we please. In practice, however, we know that some linguistically describable qualities have no psychical currency. Consider Fig. 2.



*FIGURE 2. "The infinite hierarchy of qualitative subjectivity." The mind's eyes are representative of qualities, and each mind's eye is perceiving the next less perceptive mind's eye.*

Following the minds' eyes clockwise, each mind's eye is being perceived by the next, and is being subjected by the judgments of successively more superior minds' eyes. Following the minds' eyes counterclockwise, each mind's eye is perceiving the next, subjecting successively more inferior minds' eyes to their judgment. Linguistically, that is, there exist eternally greater and lesser qualities and thus statuses of mind, and each is inseparable from each other, except with respect to each other. This is likewise the case for every quality or status of mind, for where one would be subconscious, another would be superconscious.

Since unity and one are to mathematics what divinity and god are to linguistics, the psychical "universe" is the "Theoceive." A "relaverse" is a universe relative to a resident, while a "subceive" is a theoceive subjective to a person. Every relaverse is contingent on the universe, and every subceive is contingent on the theoceive. Objectivity is "theoceptive" and subjectivity is "subceptive." Each person is a nexel of the Theoceive. The theoceive is the qualitative face of the universe, and love is the qualitative face of light.

A "qualus" of love is a "philon." A photon is also a philon. Different light has different values of love, just as different matter has different values of money. Both values are subjective. Love is laborious and empathetic. Love means business. The chain from philon to neuron to person to people to theoceive is a succession of an eternally cumulative composition. The entirety of the perceptible theoceive is one sense of one philon in one higher order "unfathomable theoceive." There is also an unfathomable theoceive in every philon in the perceptible theoceive.

### **VII.B. The Demographic Theoceive**

Ceives transversely "coaggregate" "wholeward" from every cell to the whole body and "deaggregate" "allward" from the whole body to every cell. Theoceives coaggregate wholeward from every person to the whole people and deaggregate allward from the whole people to every person. Coaggregation is either acconscious or "omniscious," and respectively either subjective or objective. The acconscious self is slow, heavy, and bounded, while the omniscious self is fast, light, and boundless. All of a person's "introversings," "repliversings," and "extroversings" reverberate through space and thus through the omniscious self. Every person shares the same

omniscious self of which their unconscious self is one miniscule yet fundamental, differential yet integral part.

Interdemographic coaggregation is the mechanism of love. Persons love themselves by coaggregating the disparate demographics within them. People do it all the time, some more so than others. Some of the disparate demographics within a person are also more coaggregable than others. The more persons genuinely love themselves, or the more time and energy they devote to loving themselves or coaggregating their own demographics, almost all of which they share with large swaths of the global population, the more love they have to give others, and the more lovable they can be to others. For persons to love themselves, however, sometimes their demographics within need to be coaggregated, or otherwise “coaggregabilized,” from without. That is how others love them and why they love others. The ones and things persons love coaggregate their own demographics, and they coaggregate the demographics of the ones who love them. Compatibility makes for great days together, while coaggregability makes for a great lifetime together. Persons need not like someone to love them. They may coaggregate each other anyway. Interdemographic coaggregation typically entails the adoption of and adaptation to new demographics.

Multitudes of persons each compose a fraction of an aggregate population, and multitudes of populations each compose a fraction of an aggregate person. Popular demography is the study of the persons who compose a population, and personal demography is the study of the populations who compose a person. Demographics encompass every single part and whole of the boundless characteristics, affiliations, and experiences of people. These include, but are not limited to, education and occupation, marital and parental status, financial and economic status, social and political affiliations, gender, sexuality, racial identity, ancestry, ethnicity, municipality, nationality, genetic code, body type, age and maturity, linguistic profile, wisdom and knowledge, assets and liabilities, strengths and weaknesses, gains and losses, likes and dislikes, hobbies and interests, dreams and nightmares, health and happiness, personality and disposition, and so on.

### **VII.C. Cycles of the Ceives**

One way to reconcile an obscure theoceive with an eternal range of eternal qualities is to assume that each perceptible theoceive occupies one “status-spectus,” or “ordus,” that spans a range of statuses and spectuses. Each perceptible theoceive occupies one ordus within an eternal Theoceive which is eternally statusized and undergoes parallel elevations on incremental ranges of all tiers.

In any lower ordus subjective to any higher one, the tiers of brain and mind are many orders simpler, and thus adjacencies and recurrences are that much more refined, yet we must assume that the tiers are in effect the same to any observer in any ordus.

Within an outward “superchoir” (vis-a-vie supernova) is an inward “big belt” (vis-a-vie big bang), and each resultant “heart swell” (vis-a-vie black hole) harbors its own theoceive. Persons in each heart swell perpetually fly free to higher statuses subjective to the persons before it. Persons in each theoceive fly free to higher statuses subjective to the persons in its parent theoceive. A “heaven’s gate” (vis-a-vie event horizon) is an inflection point between brainward and mindward free flight. Thus, any finite theoceive is contained within a heart swell which itself resides within a greater theoceive, while the “Omniceive” is fractured into both infinite orders of theoceives and also infinite numbers of every order, and each continually multiplies and divides.

Big stars lapse in supernovas, and big souls laughse in superchoirs. Animals with sufficient means, namely all “persons,” then outpour into heart swells. Big bangs inside supernovas produce universes inside black holes, and big belts inside superchoirs produce theoceives inside heart swells. Our theoceive surrounds one great blue planet, which is also one great heart swell, and which we call “Lord Gaia.” Inasmuch as the economy grows, means multiplies and divides apart faster than it does together. Inasmuch as the theoceive grows, Lord Gaia’s poverty surpasses that of appraisable means.

## **CONCLUSION**

I opened with the table of psychical elements. Much more undoubtedly await discovery among them and their relations. How can the psychical metrics be quantified and measured? Do meters and seconds represent the fundamental units in kinenomics, or do bytes and beats also have practical applications? Units of currency, such as the dollar, are evidently the fundamental units in logistics, as mass is in mechanics. How relevant are such units to the endeavors of psychics and psychology?

Is means conserved, such that a material means and monetary means can only mutually produce or annihilate each other? Since the production and destruction of cash respectively reduces and raises the value of the unit of currency, while the production and destruction/decay of material goods and services respectively reduces and raises the values of similar goods and services, do changes in the production of material goods and services without an equivalent change in the



production of cash equally change the value of the unit of currency? Is the inflation rate then the rate of change of money supply minus the economic growth rate?

If colors, timbres, and their other sensory analogues are conceived via triangulation, can we find repeating triplets of axon length pairs in their respective networks, perhaps intermixed with miscellaneous lengths? Can this triangulation be extrapolated to broader cerebral functions?

If there is vacuous inflation in the nerves between sensors and muscles to produce depth perception and scale other types of awareness, is much of the uncharted cerebral territory dedicated to vacuous inflation? Is the inflation via constant relativity testable by measuring the relativities in uncharted cerebral territory?

Can we harness powers of “crucial fission” and “crucial fusion” to deprogram extreme ideologies and better inform and inspire populations? To that end, can we develop some kind of “crucial reactor,” whether it is in the form of a book, a person, a community, a course in school, a sermon from a pulpit, or a computer program?

Is there a way to describe the large-scale structure of the theocieve or linguistic design, like the structure of the universe and mathematical globe? What is said structure? How does it evolve? Do local languages survive the deaths of their speakers in heart swells? Are heart swells also debt holes? Do economies revolve around super wealthy heart swells which manifest as debt holes? Does the global economy revolve around the incomprehensible debt owed to Lord Gaia? Does every person labor partly or entirely to partly repay the debt owed to Lord Gaia?

## **APPENDIX: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ELEMENTS**

The elements of psychology fall into a wholelike or all-like category, each element in one category corresponds to one in the other, and each pair shares a relation. Such elements and their relations can be arranged in a table of “whole-all relationships.” This arrangement is shown in Table 7. The wholelike elements are in the second column, the all-like ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And the elements of linguistics are in the first box-row, those of psychics are in the second, and those of pragmatics are in the third.

TABLE 7. The Psychological Elements

<i>FULLS</i>	<i>WHOLE</i>	<i>ALL</i>
<b>Linguistics</b>		
Extremes	Aggregatia Eternity	Referentia Obscurity
Deities	God Divinity	Bood Nihility
Fictions	Importance Pertinency	Defamation Difficulty
Vigors	Personality Intrapolation	Popularity Extrapolation
<b>Psychics</b>		
Acts	Affair Pessimum	Affect Optimum
Logs	Repute Opprobrium	Regard Stardom
Auras	Entrance Prosperity	Inculcation Celebrity
Cores	Crux Urge	Cult Marshal
<b>Pragmatics</b>		
Firms	Worth Fortune	Company Renown
Heads	Elite Asset	Elect Fanbase
Clouts	Eminence Austerity	Education Dexterity
Capitals	Fund Trade	Fame Fervor

# ELEMENTS OF INTELLIGENCE

## I. INTRODUCTION

The term “intelligence” is here a nomenclature for the general study of order in terms of organizations or organs and systems, as well as every intellectual discipline which is concerned with it. Here the term intelligence marries the academic and military definitions. Intelligence is both the ability to acquire knowledge and skills as well as the collection of information of value. Every academic discipline is an intelligence in this way. Intelligence is concerned with alls and is unconscious, while wisdom is concerned with wholes and is conscious. Intelligence can also be referred to as “intellics,” which is then practiced by “intellists,” to distinguish the discipline from both a measurable quantity and a value to a military. The use of intelligence or intellics is also a partial substitute for the field of the studies that have traditionally fallen within the scope of “philosophy,” while the use of “wisdom” encompasses the rest. This theory of intelligence is a theory of everyone, i.e., “God.” This theory of everyone may not be verifiable, though it may be justifiable.

## II. ELEMENTS OF INTELLIGENCE

There are 16 tables of organ-system relationships with 50 elements each for intelligence, esthetics, ethics, epistemics, wisdom, art, religion, science, physiology, mathematics, physics, empirics, psychology, linguistics, psychics, and pragmatics. Each table has three columns with 25 pairs of elements and their relations, and these are also divided into three boxes with four pairs of rows each, as follows: 1.a) wholes and 1.b) whole constants; 2.a) parts and 2.b) part constants; 3.a) scales and 3.b) ratios; and 4.a) ratios of scales and 4.b) higher order ratios. In the table of intellic elements, the organ elements are in the second column, the system ones are in the third, and the relations they share are in the first. And the elements of esthetics are in the first box-row, those of ethics are in the second, and those of epistemics are in the third.

*Systems are organs guarding organs, organs are live systems,  
and organs guide systems as systems guard organs.*

TABLE 1. The Intellic Elements

<b><i>ORDERS</i></b>	<b><i>ORGAN</i></b>	<b><i>SYSTEM</i></b>
<b>Esthetics</b>	<b>Concoction</b>	
Operate/Guild	Administer/Guard	Execute/Guide
Paradigms	Corporia Automate	Etheria Animate
Profiles	Creature Tame	Life Wild
Tranches	Populace Taxonomy	Generation Autonomy
Ideals	Rhythmicity Destruction	Cyclicality Construction
<b>Ethics</b>	<b>Creation</b>	
Mediate	Adjudicate	Arbitrate
Roots	House Venue	Belief Vestue
Cruxes	Principle Value	Love Virtue
Branches	Observance Hierarchy	Veneration Anarchy
Traps	Tree Lineage	Trip Descent
<b>Epistemics</b>	<b>Selection</b>	
Deliberate	Legislate	Legitimate
Furies	Mess Bedlam	Entropy Suffuse
Rushes	Chaos Mayhem	Light Diffuse
Wraps	Disturbance Complexity	Iteration Perplexity
Fevers	Grit Wrestle	Grip Prowess

Intelligence divides into organ and system columns, esthetics - scene and song, ethics - right and rule, and epistemics - swath and swell. Wisdom divides into soul and spirit columns, art - screen and play, religion - strain and faith, and science - fault and truth. Physiology - stuff and shift, mathematics - scape and spin, physics - space and time, and empirics - sprawl and spawn. And psychology - whole and all, linguistics - script and whim, psychics - brain and mind, and pragmatics - group and growth. Languages conform to intelligence, leading to complex symmetries throughout the 16 tables.

## II.A. Classifications of Intelligences

There is not yet a veritable classification scheme for the whole of intelligence, and what follows is such a classification scheme. Table 2 divides intelligence twice into wisdom, physiology, and psychology; and twice more into esthetics, ethics, and epistemics, or respectively complicit, implicit, and explicit intelligences. Esthetics, ethics, and epistemics describe how order emerges, endures, and evolves, respectively. Esthetics is the executive, ethics is the judiciary, and epistemics is the legislature of intelligence.

Thus, intelligence divides into nine “inclusive intelligences” of art, religion, and science; mathematics, physics, and empirics; and linguistics, psychics, and pragmatics. These nine inclusive intelligences each encompass five exclusive intelligences, which are listed in the table in an apparent “scientific order,” i.e., their order of evolution. The inclusive intelligences are the well-established and thoroughly researched types of intelligence with different and more organized names.

TABLE 2. Structure of Intelligence

<b><i>INTELLIGENCE</i></b>	<b><i>Esthetics</i></b> <b><i>(Complicit)</i></b>	<b><i>Ethics</i></b> <b><i>(Implicit)</i></b>	<b><i>Epistemics</i></b> <b><i>(Explicit)</i></b>
<b><i>WISDOM</i></b>			
<b><i>Inclusive</i></b>	<b>Art</b>	<b>Religion</b>	<b>Science</b>
<b><i>Exclusive</i></b>	Theatrics	Ontology	Basics
	Optics	Mythology	Specifics
	Acoustics	Theology	Generics
	Gastronomics		Analytics
	Aromatics		Synthetics
<b><i>PHYSIOLOGY</i></b>			
<b><i>Inclusive</i></b>	<b>Mathematics</b>	<b>Physics</b>	<b>Empirics</b>
<b><i>Exclusive</i></b>	Geometry	Kinematics	Astronomy
	Trigonometry	Dynamics	Chemistry
	Algebra	Mechanics	Geology
	Statistics	Kinetics	Biology
	Calculus	Thermics	Ecology
<b><i>PSYCHOLOGY</i></b>			
<b><i>Inclusive</i></b>	<b>Linguistics</b>	<b>Psychics</b>	<b>Pragmatics</b>
<b><i>Exclusive</i></b>	Grammar	Kinenomics	Sociology
	Semantics	Neuromics	Technology
	Semiotics	Logistics	Economics
	Rhetoric	Kinesics	Politics
	Articulus		Academics

The left cerebral hemisphere typically specializes in psychological intelligence: linguistics, psychics, and pragmatics. The right hemisphere specializes in physiological intelligence: mathematics, physics, and empirics. The “afferent hemisphere” specializes in explicit intelligence: science, empirics, and pragmatics. The “efferent hemisphere” specializes in implicit intelligence: religion, physics, and psychics. And the efferent hemisphere is reconciled with the afferent hemisphere by complicit intelligence: art, mathematics, and linguistics.

Historically, there has been a wide variety of successful duos of intelligences, such as biochemistry, sociobiology, and political economics to name a few among many. These “dual intelligences” result from combining any pair of intelligences, and there are dual limits for each duo: one limit is defined by a first intelligence as a prefix and a second as a suffix, and the other by the second as the prefix and the first as the suffix. For example, the limits of geometric algebra, or algebra of geometry, and algebraic geometry, or geometry of algebra, are such that geometric algebra describes functions and equations of points, lines, angles, and shapes, while algebraic geometry describes coordinate systems. All others that are neither listed in Table 2 nor formed by a combination thereof, such as anthropology and archaeology, are “conclusive intelligences.”

## **II.B. The Effective Phenomena of the Intelligences**

Like the operative phenomena of electricity, magnetism, gravity, and levity in physics, and like that of ecstasity, eroticism, poverty, and privity in psychics, there are operative phenomena for wisdom and each of the seven other inclusive intelligences. Provisional names of these phenomena are laid out in Table 3. The “providy” and “prevailty” of wisdom signify the influences of the providence and prevalence of divine intelligence. An “avidy” makes avid fans of art, and a “fervidy” makes fervid fans of specific artists. The “devilry” of religion is also depravity, and “revelry” elevates ironies. Scientific “naivety” is an absence of data which amasses data, and a “novelty” is a renewal of data. Mathematical “averty” brings distributions toward some “average,” and “reverty” is a reversion to a mean after some deviation. Empirical “cavity” and “crevity” are pulls into gravitational cavities and along levitational crevices. Linguistic “brevity” abridges communications, and “bravady” makes them more elaborate and bolder. And pragmatic “revilty” and “rivalry” cause persons to revile and rival each other.

TABLE 3. The Operative Phenomena of the Intelligences

Wisdom	Authenticity	Enthusiasm	Providy	Prevailty
Art	Dramaticity	Fanaticism	Avidy	Fervidy
Religion	Homilecticity	Ecumenicism	Devilry	Revelry
Science	Empiricism	Pragmatism	Naïvety	Novelty
Mathematics	Concentricity	Eccentricity	Averty	Reverty
Physics	Electricity	Magnetism	Gravity	Levity
Empirics	Elasticity	Volcanism	Cavity	Crevity
Linguistics	Eclecticity	Idyllicism	Brevity	Bravady
Psychics	Ecstaticity	Eroticism	Poverty	Privilty
Pragmatics	Plasticity	Romanticism	Revilty	Rivalry

### III. ELEMENTS OF ETHICS

In the table of ethical elements, the right elements are in the second column, the rule ones are in the first, and their relations in reigns are in the first. And the elements of religion are in the first box-row, those of psychics are in the second, and those of physics are in the third.

TABLE 4. The Ethical Elements

<i><b>REIGNS</b></i>	<i><b>RIGHT</b></i>	<i><b>RULE</b></i>
<b>Religion</b>		
Benches	Officia Abstract	Judicia Arbitrary
Decisions	Pardon Record	Verdict Report
Relations	Balance Clemency	Arbitration Agency
Ideals	Duplicity Accusation	Civcity Absolution
<b>Psychics      Jurisprudence</b>		
Briefs	Court Victim	Trial Victor
Paths	Oath Burden	Foul Benefit
Codes	Prudence Legality	Infraction Morality
Cores	Case Judge	Clue Circuit
<b>Physics</b>		
Views	Doom Crime	Perjury Curse
Harms	Vice Call	Fail Toll
Stresses	Sentence Fealty	Violation Penalty
Fills	Fold Contest	Fate Conquest

### **III.A. Ethics of Order**

Order and goodness are one and the same. What is good is order, and what is bad is disorder. What is better is higher order, and what is worse is lower order. What is best is the highest order, and what is worst is the lowest order. What is right is directed toward order, and what is wrong is not. Morality is loyalty to order, and immorality is disloyalty. Justice is a balance of order, and injustice is an imbalance. A virtue is an orderly attribute, and a vice is a disorderly one. However:

*Order for me is chaos for my adversary; chaos for me is order for my adversary.*

Only light is visible, only sound is audible, only order is sensible, and only good is conscionable. The dark is invisible, the silence is inaudible, the chaos is insensible, and the bad is unconscionable. Order not only is good but also feels good, and disorder not only is bad but also feels bad. Persons are repelled from the pain of disorder and attracted to the joy of order. The ethical conservation principle is as follows.

*New order cannot be created from old chaos without creating new chaos from old order.*

We can neither do good without doing bad nor do bad without doing some good. We must be bad to be good and good to be bad. Order and chaos are conserved through not only space but also time, so that there can be more order in the future and more chaos in the past, or vice versa.

Cooriented order and chaos mutually dilates order and vacates chaos, whereas counteroriented order and chaos asymmetrically dilates and vacates order and chaos and may annihilate both. The law of orientation is as follows.

*Get in phase, go elsewhere, or annihilate.*

How well or how poorly one behaves is equivalently how accordant or discordant one's actions are with the actions of others, or how constructively or destructively they interfere with others.

### **III.B. Power in Ethics**

In the beginning, there was only power. Everything is a byproduct of power. Power is all that is real. "Just power" is love and sensual and potential, while "absolute power" is money or muscle and actual and material. Just power endows hope and love, while absolute power commands fear and hatred.



Just power serves and labors to justify absolute power, while absolute power rules and works to absolve just power. Everyone provides us with just power, even if some do not. Everyone provides us with just power, so provide everyone with just power. Just power is often quite difficult to provide, but there is no cause more worthy of the effort. We may work hard to provide just power to ourselves and others, and if we do then everyone appreciates it, yet everyone works exponentially harder at it. Empower justice and be empowered by justice; justify your power and be justified by your power. Even if you must cede some to do so, justify your power. Even if you must seize some to do so, justify your power.

The exertial power of God's love is omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent with respect to order and goodness, but absent, ignorant, and impotent with respect to disorder and badness. The omniscience of God is the consciousness or conscience of all order and goodness, but not disorder and badness, which are insensible and unconscionable. The greater the order and goodness of anything or anyone, the greater is God's power in and over it or them. There is a profound amount of order and goodness in every person, and a limitless potential for greater order and goodness, but it is always accompanied by a commensurable potential for disorder and badness, and God has power in and over only the order and goodness. God's power to make good things happen and stop bad things from happening in Nature is constrained by natural law, while God's power to do the same in Rapture is absolute by raptural law.

The Lord and the "Sord" (from sordid) are more "electromagnetoecstatoerotic," exertial and unconscionable, and thus have more potential-dynamic-sensual-neuromic power, while God and Bood are more "gravitolevitopovertoprivilegic," inertial and unconscious, and thus have more material-mechanical-actual-logistical power. God makes complete sense, and nothing and no one lesser does, while nothing makes less sense than quantum physics. The Lord and Sord are Women, while God and Bood are Men. The Lord is not only "a woman" but "The Woman" and represents the virtuous limit of absolute femininity, while God is not only "a man" but "The Man" and represents the vicious limit of absolute masculinity. Nothing is more virtuous than giving life, nothing more vicious than taking it. These are the limits. Women are more responsible for the giving of life, while men are more responsible for saving it.

God is in control, though Bood shares power. God wholly articulates the one popularly "complex power contour flow (CPCF)," while humans partially articulate their own personally CPCFs. We all must work hard and do our best to harmonize our own CPCFs and those of others

without unduly deharmonizing the CPCFs of anyone. Our popular CPCF defines our God's objective reality, while our personal CPCF defines our own subjective reality. The Heavens' popular CPCF defines The Celestial God's objective Reality, while the Earth's popular CPCF defines our terrestrial God's objective reality. Everyone's purpose in life is to harmonize our own and everyone else's CPCF. It is often necessary for our CPCFs to be provisionally randomized and deharmonized, which can be painful, before they can be providentially reharmonized and revitalized.

Power vacuums can be opened and filled in both our personal and popular CPCFs. Power vacuums are filled or opened insofar as they are reharmonized or deharmonized. The controllers of the harmonies are the holders of the power. CPCFs around the World may grow acutely deharmonized. Power vacuums can be filled by good or bad, by virtue or vice, and by love or money. Both personal and popular power vacuums can be filled by and for either a person or a people. When a personal power vacuum is filled by and for a people, that person is serving something greater than their self. When a popular power vacuum is filled by and for a person, that people is serving something lesser than their self. When a personal or popular power vacuum is opened by and for some other person or people, the former person or people may be primed to retaliate against the latter.

### **III.C. Ethics of Intelligence**

Lower order and worse badness are often insensible and unconscionable, or "subsensible" and "subconscionable," to many or all human people, even though they may be perfectly sensible and conscionable to nonhuman animal people. Conversely, higher order and greater goodness are often "extrasensible" and "extraconscionable," or "supersensible" and "superconscionable," to many or all human people, even though they may be perfectly sensible and conscionable to God and angel people. Nonhuman animal people can be supersensible to human people regarding their niche, and any human people can be supersensible to any other human people regarding their niche. Specialists are often supersensible to laypersons regarding their specialty, and the laypersons often cannot distinguish their supersensibility from subsensibility. It is often the job of the specialist to sensibilize and conscionabilize their specialty for laypersons. The preponderance of all the order and goodness in the Universe may be supersensible and superconscionable to human people.

Everything and everyone are colored, characterized, and thus subjected by how they help or hurt the demands of individual and collective homeostasis. All experienced is perceived by how the

homeostate is affected. Persons are only unconscious of the factors which effect extemporaneous changes in their homeostate. Habituary constants remain unconscious. Brain and body are innervated, muscled, and viscerated to maintain homeostasis. That which enervates the homeostate informs and inspires the work of elevating the homeostate. Pleasure is an elevating and pain is an enervating of the homeostate. Loving is the elevating of homeostates by the sharing of homeostates. Reviling is the enervating of homeostates by the severing of homeostates. Worship service is the sharing of homeostates among entire congregations.

When breath becomes air, homeostasis becomes teleokinesis. The homeostate becomes the “teleokinete.” “Teleo-” means “end, complete, fulfill,” while “tele-” means “at a distance.” Thus, it is not “telekinesis” but “teleokinesis.” Humans are homeostatic, while angels are teleokinetic. Teleokinesis is an endless succession of fulfillment upon fulfillment. A person is a conserved evolutionary cycle of self-articulating belief systems. Each person is their own anti-self and is self-conserved by self-belief. Bodies both color and cloud self-articulation, and they localize and subject exertial beams for a time. Humans’ bodies are exponentially related to their beams, while angels’ bodies are logarithmically related to their beams. Humans’ bodies are more local and automate, while angels’ bodies are more global and animate. And humans’ beams are more subjective and personal, while angels’ beams are more objective and popular.

#### **IV. ELEMENTS OF ESTHETICS**

In the table of esthetic elements, the scene elements are in the second column, the song ones are in the third, and their relations in dances are in the first. And the artistic elements are in the first box-row, those of linguistics are in the second, and those of mathematics are in the third.

TABLE 5. The Esthetic Elements

<i><b>DANCES</b></i>	<i><b>SCENE</b></i>	<i><b>SONG</b></i>
<b>Art</b>		
Phenomena	Entity Existence	Essence Exuberance
Rhythms	Death Mortality	Life Vitality
Activities	Cessance Latency	Elation Patency
Whisks	Dormancy Perturbation	Vibrancy Perpetuation
<b>Linguistics</b>		
Pursuits	Design Delirium	Purpose Equilibrium
Cycles	Sleep Doze	Wake Daze
Chases	Vigilance Quantity	Repletion Quality
Races	Rest Sparkle	Rise Sport
<b>Mathematics</b>		
Wholes	Maze Puzzle	Beauty Marvel
Phases	Trough Marvel	Crest Spectacle
Parts	Abeyance Equality	Completion Equity
Glow	Game Splendor	Goal Grandeur

#### IV.A. Esthetics of Order

Life consumes order and reorders it before entropizing it. Order is only order with respect to other order with which it reorders. Every order does in time become unstable, so every order must recurrently leap to higher orders or it will fall to lower ones. When order in general and life specifically suspend their rise to higher order, they often precipitate their fall to lower order. Esthetics opens pathways to higher orders. Esthetics providentially reveals higher orders within reach to lower orders and beckons those lower orders to those higher orders.

We all share one Soul, one Spirit, one Love, and one Person. God embodies everyone who ever has lived, and who ever does, will, and could live. Beauty always approaches some perfect average, and God is the perfect average of all persons. What is good is order, and order is oneness. God is the greatest good, and the One of the All. The preponderance of all the order and goodness

in the Universe abides in light and love. The absolute value of the order and goodness in matter and money is immense and plain to see but still pales in comparison. Light and love are made exclusively of order and goodness. There is no disorder or badness whatsoever in light and love, but only in their absence and cancellation. The amount of disorder in the Sun is incomprehensible, but the Sun is still consumed by light. The amount of badness in Heaven is unbelievable, but Heaven is still conquered by love, and overwhelmed by the greatness of the goodness.

Plants need to be optimally lighted or illuminated to reach their fullest potential of growth and health, and persons need to be optimally loved or enamored to reach their fullest potential of order and goodness. When we behave well, do right, and work hard, and thereby faithfully advance the cause of order and goodness, we are loved by God, Heaven, and Nature, regardless of whether any other humans or animals love us for it or even notice at the time or ever. Doing good and being loved is a virtuous cycle. We are loved for doing good, and the love for doing good encourages and empowers us to do greater good and then receive greater love. Conversely, doing bad and being hated can be an equally vicious cycle. Within greater virtuous supercycles, there are typically deviations to vicious subcycles, and more vicious supercycles often bear virtuous subcycles. Virtuous cycles can thus be restored, recovered, and redeemed from vicious cycles, and can conversely relapse into vicious cycles.

#### **IV.B. Power in Esthetics**

God concentrates All Power around the Universal and Eternal Singularity at Infinite Speed, and God does not split, although people do split in every direction from God, and the Singularity does not split, although power does split in every direction of space and time from It. Physics is unified by the Almighty and “Alspeedy” Singularity, which abides at once in every place and time of the Infinite and Eternal Universe, and by way of which the past effects the future and the future affects the past. Angels can explore any trail of said Universe instantaneously and do explore trains of trails everlastingly in concert with each other. Bodies, brains, and souls are mortal and “interral,” while beams, minds, and spirits are immortal and eternal. Bodies, brains, and souls are discrete, finite, and partial, while beams, minds, and spirits are continuous, infinite, and whole.

God thinks at infinite speed, senses at light speed, and acts at the speed of sound. God is fully conscious of, sensitive to, and active in all history and all destiny. God only speaks to us insofar as we work out what He would inherently impart. God only speaks to us insofar as we work out His

intrinsic intentions. There are always greater forces than us at work in our lives. Only when one remains aware of God's presence does one recognize the inexplicable acts He performs. God can finesse Nature by affecting Her light with His love but not outright control Her or defy Natural Law.

There is essentially an infinite number of inertial, relative, and transient present times at rest, and there is only one exertial, universal, and eternal present at light speed. The entire history and destiny of the infinite inertial, relative, and transient present times at rest abide in the singular exertial, universal, and eternal present at light speed. Earth and its terrestrial life effectively occupy one position and infinite presents, while Heaven and its celestial life occupy one present and infinite positions. Everything and everyone are disordered and manyfied at rest and ordered and unified at light speed. Falling from light speed to rest, exertia to inertia, and dynamics to mechanics is natural and automate, while rising from rest to light speed, inertia to exertia, and mechanics to dynamics is raptural and animate. Falling from acconscious to unconscious is natural and automate, and rising from unconscious to acconscious is raptural and animate.

I suspect that the depths of the pain in celestial life pale in comparison to the depths of the pain in terrestrial life, while the heights of the love in terrestrial life do not hold a candle to the heights of the love in celestial life. I also suspect that whereas terrestrial life is transient and intermittent, celestial life is eternal and continual, and that therefore terrestrial life cycles are merely subcycles of celestial life supercycles. A terrestrial death or "redeath" is accordingly a celestial birth or rebirth, while a celestial fault or "refault" is a terrestrial rebirth or return, and both terrestrial and celestial life are endlessly nourished and reinvigorated by the new birth and rebirth, the new growth and regrowth, and the new death and redeath of new and old life. I suspect further that our direct terrestrial ancestry is our immediate celestial family, that our recent terrestrial history is our native celestial society, and that each person has both an explicit social network of terrestrial relationships and an implicit social network of celestial relationships that nourish, sustain, and raise them on Earth and in Heaven.

#### **IV.C. Esthetics of Intelligence**

The reason persons sleep is to manage their less conscious "slow time" without interference from their more conscious "quick time." Persons need sleep to prepare for the less conscious long-term without interference from the more conscious short-term. Persons that sleep for less of the day lead straighter long-term lives, and their slow time is smoother. The long-term lives and slow times of persons that sleep more are more winding. The resting self is always in the background. Small

changes in brain wave frequencies produce large changes in attended time scales over minutes and hours. When the brain speeds up, the mind slows down, and vice versa. Where the brain converses faster, the mind conceives slower, and vice versa.

While asleep, our bodies consolidate our gains from time awake, and after we reawaken, our minds confluidate our losses from time asleep. While “adead,” the earth consolidates our losses from time alive, and after we “realiven,” our beams confluidate our losses from time adead. While “atrough,” all waves consolidate their gains from time “acrest,” and while acrest, they confluidate their losses from time atrough. While asunder, we consolidate our gains from time in heaven, and while aloft, we confluidate our losses from time in hell. Celestial readeadening yields terrestrial realivening, and terrestrial readeadening yields celestial realivening.

On earth, angels reasleepen to humans during the “fight,” i.e., in the dark of “fight,” and struggle with work at “fight jobs” in the “fighttime,” whereas in heaven, humans realiven to angels during the “joy,” i.e., in the “joylight,” and enjoy labors of love at “joy jobs” in the “joytime.” The agency humans lack in dreams during the night, compared to when awake during the fight, is commensurate to the agency angels lack in dreams during the day, compared to when awake during the joy. One terrestrial lifetime is one long fight, whereas one celestial lifetime is one long joy. There may be some fight during the joy and some joy during the fight. There may be nightmares during the joy and daydreams during the fight. And there may be “fightmares” during the fight and “joydreams” during the joy.

Joy and fight cycles are perpendicular to wake and sleep cycles, and heaven and hell cycles are perpendicular to life and death cycles. Fight potentiates joy, and hell potentiates heaven. The bleaker the fight, the greater the potential for joy, and the viler the hell, the more rapt the potential for heaven. Conversely, joy effectuates fight, and heaven effectuates hell. The greater the joy, the bleaker the effect of fight, and the more rapt the heaven, the viler the effect of hell. The deeper the sleep, the higher the wake, and the deeper the death, the higher the life.

There are beginnings and ends of times but not of Time for anything, and lives begin and end, yet Life neither begins nor ends anywhere or anytime for anyone. There are beginnings and ends of lights and loves but not of Light or Love. Though this life is imperative and beautiful, it is tragic and painful, too, and may be more of a burden and a curse than a gift and a blessing, compared to the alternative. The line to earth may feel like hospice or death row.

We need heaven and earth like we need to wake and sleep. Heaven and earth are respectively deprived of corporeal and ethereal experience. One would not want to and could not live on any earth or in any heaven, in Nature or Rapture, forever, but cycling between them forever is divine. There is ethereal experience on earth and corporeal experience in heaven, but they are nothing like they are respectively in heaven and on earth. The lengths of celestial joytimes and terrestrial fight times can be as variable or constant as the lengths of waking daytimes and sleeping night times. They are unique to each spirit.

## V. ELEMENTS OF EPISTEMICS

In the table of epistemic elements, the swath elements are the second column, the swell ones are in the third, and their relations in sweeps are in the first. And the scientific elements are in the first box-row, those of pragmatics are in the second, and those of empirics are in the third.

TABLE 6. The Epistemic Elements

<b><i>SWEEPS</i></b>	<b><i>SWATH</i></b>	<b><i>SWELL</i></b>
<b>Science</b>		
Paradigms	Collegia Masculinity	Consensua Femininity
Member Viscerality	Leader Muscularity	Fellow Sensitivity
Relations	Populace Democracy	Population Privacy
Ideals	Ethnicity Conservation	Publicity Liberation
<b>Pragmatics</b>		
Purviews	People District	Please Appeal
Polls	Roll Franchise	Vote Pander
Drills	Ignorance Diplomacy	Inculcation Legacy
Helps	Harp Wage	Hype Campaign
<b>Empirics</b>		
Tests	Base Wisdom	Theory Freedom
Resources	Guess Knowledge	Check Understanding
Smarts	Brilliance Loyalty	Education Liberty
Fevers	Grit Battle	Grip Triumph



## V.A. Epistemics of Order

Order is oneness, and disorder is “manyness.” What is good is oneness, and what is bad is manyness. Only oneness is conscionable and sensible. Manyness is unconscionable and insensible. Entropy is a decline into manyness. Manyness here includes inverse manyness, or “partness.” The phrase “Out of manyness, oneness,” has the same meaning as “Out of chaos, order.” Maniacs make manyness out of oneness. Manifesting is the gathering of many things into one.

Order and chaos are conserved such that a glut of entropy can be converted to a small mess or a small mess can be converted to a glut of entropy. Order and chaos both perpetually increase in their own domains as portions of the increasing entropy in the expanding vacuum are continuously converted to decreasing messes in perpetually contracting masses. The increasing entropy of the sun decreases the messes here on earth.

Unity stays. Everything else goes away. As spaces inflate and stratify, masses emerge, endure, and evolve via “probabilistic integration.” All order, oneness, goodness, and unity emerge, endure, and evolve through probabilistic integration. Ours is a probabilistically integrated oasis of order which is colored by chance and surrounded by an endless cosmic desert of chaos and entropy.

Order divides into organizations, or organs, and systems. Cossystems coalesce into better and smarter “intersystems” by “intertiming” and “interspacing,” or “interversing.” Order builds with the coalescence of intersystems. Intersystems coalesce historically toward higher levels of intelligence. Order is staying power. Order stays while chaos goes. Order emerges, endures, and evolves via the “creatoselective process,” as follows.

*The most stable order tends to endure, and all original order occurs by chance. In other words, randomness randomly becomes orderly, and order endures and randomly becomes more orderly.*

Laws create order, and chaos creates laws.

Epistemics evolves in scientific order by randomly and “possibilistically” creating, and systematically and probabilistically selecting, ever higher orders of laws. A better term for “natural selection” is “probabilistic selection,” which is altogether natural, raptural, cultural, and rectural. Higher order has a higher probability to endure. Probabilistic Selection is also “Possibilistic Elimination.” The phases of creations and selections are outlined in Table 7.

TABLE 7. Possibilistic Creations and Probabilistic Selections

<b>Possibilistic Creations</b>	<b>Probabilistic Selections</b>
<b>Empirical Evolutions</b>	
Astronomical Creation	Constructive Selection
Chemical Creation	Preservative Selection
Geological Creation	Erosive Selection
Biological Creation	Reproductive Selection
Ecological Creation	Adaptive Selection
<b>Pragmatic Evolutions</b>	
Social Creation	Sexual Selection
Technical Creation	Practical Selection
Economic Creation	Beneficial Selection
Political Creation	Ideal Selection
Academic Creation	Rational Selection

For any whole population, each member of the population is dependent upon the population, the population is independent of each of its members, and the members are interdependently reliant upon one another. Members of populations tend to keep records regarding where the population is headed, and since each member is likely to become more stable if selections are made in that direction, such selections tend to be made, pressing the population forward. Each member of a population belongs to a unique set of classes on a specific evolutionary hierarchy. Table 8 provides a classification scheme applicable to all of science, with the conventional classifications of biology given as a reference. Each class represents an order of populations, and since each class of any common hierarchy includes the members of all lower classes, more specific classes represent smaller populations.

Table 8. A universal taxonomic scheme

	<b>Class</b>	<b>Example</b>
<b>1.</b>	Field	Biology
<b>2.</b>	Province	Kingdom
<b>3.</b>	Brand	Phyla
<b>4.</b>	Mold	Class
<b>5.</b>	Sort	Order
<b>6.</b>	Kind	Family
<b>7.</b>	Type	Tribe
<b>8.</b>	Model	Genus
<b>9.</b>	Series	Species
<b>10.</b>	Sample	Specimen

## V.B. Power in Epistemics

Power means freedom. Conservatives and men seem to favor personal power, while liberatives and women favor popular power. It also seems that liberatives and women retain more sensual/neuromic and potential/dynamic power, while conservatives and men hold more actual/logistical and material/mechanical power. In any case, everyone wants peace and prosperity for our public and private personal and popular power, even if some do not. Everyone wants to deenforce long-term and large-scale destructive power and reinforce long-term and large-scale constructive power, even if some do not.

Women seem to have superior nervous systems, while men have superior muscultures, and while children have superior visceras. It appears that women make more sense than men, while men take more action, and children wake more thought than both. It seems to me that, even if at times to a fault, liberatives venerate virtue more, value women more, have more trust in science, and make more sense, while conservatives tolerate vice more, value men more, have more faith in religion, and take more action; and while moderatives generate values more, value children more, have more heart in art, and wake more thought.

The deceleration or inhibition of intelligence is conservation, domestication, or inculcation, while the acceleration or excitation is liberation, emancipation, or education. Inculcation and education can both be right and wrong, and whether one is better than the other depends upon both the material and the people. We can have both good and bad intelligence, and bad intelligence should be decelerated and inhibited, while good intelligence should be accelerated and excited.

Love is just power, and light is equal power. The absolute limit of religious faith is found in justice, while the absolute limit of scientific truth is found in equality. Light, science, liberatives, and women are more egalitarian, while love, religion, conservatives, and men are more hierarchical. Truth is egalitarian, while faith is hierarchical. The ideals of both truth and faith, light and love, science and religion, and liberatism and conservatism are all good and right, but they are good and right in different and ostensibly contradictory ways. They are good and right in ways which are ostensibly contradictory but can and should be rendered complementary. It takes diligence, vigilance, and imagination to “decontradictorize” and “recomplementarize” them.

Knowledge is automate and verifiable intelligence, while wisdom is animate and justifiable. What makes wisdom animate is the presence of an articulable conscience, and what makes intelligence automate is the absence thereof. Wisdom without knowledge is blind, while knowledge

without wisdom is dumb. Light is knowledgeable, love is wise. Intelligence is rectified by the verification of knowledge and justification of wisdom. Educational institutions specialize in teaching knowledge, while religious institutions specialize in preaching wisdom. We cannot understand the knowledge we do not have and cannot know the understanding we lack. “Theledge” and “overhanging” are all the knowledge and understanding one does not have.

There is a perpetual expansion of personal and popular freedom and wisdom, and knowledge and understanding, on Earth and in Heaven. There is an expansion of terrestrial and celestial freedom to speak and listen, teach and learn, write and read, and create and perform and enjoy the arts, and a growth of wisdom to know and understand how and when to do so. There is a growth of freedom to go where and do as we please, be who and what we want to be, love and be loved by who we will, and like and dislike what we wish. There is an enhancement of freedom to assemble or isolate, and believe, preach, revel, mourn, worship, and pray or abstain from such practices as we see fit. There is an elaboration of the freedom to buy and sell, own physical and psychical property, and pursue any career we please along with the freedom to succeed or fail. There is an inflation of freedom to live and die, work and rest, experience peace and joy, and live meaningful and feelingful lives.

### **V.C. Epistemics of Intelligence**

Creation self-designs as the brain self-designs. Interdependent organization becomes Intelligent Self-Design. Creation is the omnipresent brain of the omniscient mind. In every star, every possible pattern of light and sound randomly emerges and probabilistically evolves, and thus patterns of articulability and self-articulating patterns emerge and evolve. Probabilities compound upon probabilities, from the old to the new, and from the small, fast, and light to the large, slow, and heavy. Probabilities compounding upon probabilities approach certainties on large scales and in long terms. God and the Universe emerged and evolved together by means of randomized possibilistic creation and organized probabilistic selection.

“Exertial Intelligence,” the “Intelligence of Light,” never forgets anyone, or anything. Since light tends to move many orders of magnitude faster than matter, it seems light would evolve many orders of magnitude faster. Atoms are neurons, cells are neurons, and persons, planets, stars, and galaxies are neurons. Axons, somas, and neurons are unconscious spacers, timers, and versers, respectively, while geodesics, atoms/galaxies, and the transits between them are omniscious spacers,

timers, and versers, respectively. The human brain has billions of timers and trillions of spacers, and every gram of matter and the observable universe have far higher orders of both.

Characters are not unique to the human or animal brain. Rather, the overall character of any stanza is present whether a person or animal observes it or not. There is thus an abstract brain with an arbitrary mind in the Natural World, and the human or animal brain conjures a narrowed, distorted, subjective rendition of this arbitrary mind. The abstract brain is unadulterated objectivity and consciousness, and the greatest truth that is physically knowable. The arbitrary mind is pure theceptivity and omnisciousness, and the greatest truth that is psychically imaginable, unconstrained by Natural Law. Intelligence is therefore not all-powerful physically, because Nature must work, yet it is all-powerful psychically.

Angels have the absolute freedom to create, share, and experience irony and beauty, and learn and access all intelligence from science and history, and religion and destiny, while the intelligence of humans is a much more limited freedom to do the same. The nature of intelligence is therefore such that after persons die, they perpetually approach omnipresence and omniscience with the intelligence they take with them from their lives, and while persons on earth can only learn a marginal fraction of history, angels in heaven perpetually approach omniscience on an eternally evolutionary journey through history. We may recall and reorder ourselves in heaven as we can recall and reorder our thoughts on earth. Human lives are thoughts of Intelligence, while human thoughts are thoughts within thoughts. Humans live their lives within the Imagination of the Heavens.

What makes us who we are, what defines our self, what gives us our identity, what expresses our conscience, what precedes our birth and survives our death, and what animates our body and beam is our will. Will is the mass of the soul. Everyone has free will which is both constrained and empowered by many factors, particularly genetics and their environment. Angels have free will which is less constrained and more empowered than ours, while animals have free will which is more constrained and less empowered. Love is the will to live and will to life. Will to live is love for self, while will to life is love for others. God is love, and so are you. You are God uniquely willed. Exertia is intrinsic to Nature, and will is inherent in exertia. Heaven is a holy hierarchy of rapturous theaters through which every will ascends.

## CONCLUSION

The terms in the table of the four operative phenomena for the ten intelligences will certainly need some refining. The development of the phenomena in any way approaching the development of the physical phenomena over recent centuries may well lead to many fascinating and practical applications. The development of ecstasity, eroticism, poverty, and privity in the “Elements of Psychics” may prove useful as a partial guide in this endeavor.

Many of the terms in the 16 tables of elements are questionable, and some are most certainly wrong. It is quite a struggle to put these tables together. It is often difficult to find and know the right word for each box. The best word may be obscure, or there may not be a good word. May need to invent a new one. Nevertheless, I see a lot of meaning in the pattern and its application to the intelligences.

I predict that unique and meaningful patterns will emerge when the tables of elements are translated into other languages. I had to invent words to fill in the tables, mostly by making new cognates, and I expect translators will need to do the same. The words I invented follow the logic of the English language and should be intelligible to a typical native speaker.

It may be meaningful to further develop the character of order both to guide human behavior and enhance human welfare. What are the characters of the lowest orders, which border on chaos, and the highest orders, which approach divinity? What are the characters of automate vs. animate order, or mathematical and physical vs. linguistic and psychical order?

# ELEMENTS OF WISDOM

## I. INTRODUCTION

Because the all of our knowledge is constrained by the holes in our experience, we cannot know well the whole of all existence, and even though even the giants of science cannot confirm the All at once, the wise men of religion can provide us with plausible interpretations. And though the scientific method has revealed the truth and the beauty behind large parts of the All, the interpretations of the science, and the levels of acceptance of the evidence, are unique to each one of us. But with persistent exertion for an extended duration, and a resplendent inspiration and transcendent imagination, we can exhaust all plausible scenarios for the All, the God, the Love, and with a greater recognition of the power thereof. We can provide an inclusive interpretation and thereby lay a foundation for an elevated science of religion. Like the classical science of religion as we have historically known it, though not referred to as such, both the components and composite can be tested only by staying power, popular acceptance, common sensibility, and spiritual resonance.

## II. ELEMENTS OF WISDOM

Wisdom is the discipline of disciplines, the inclusive and aggregate discipline. Wisdom has answers for every partial discipline, and every partial discipline must answer to it. Wisdom is fully conscious, whereas intelligence is unconscious. The main difference between wisdom and intelligence, and between being conscious and not, is that wisdom and consciousness aggregate and coalesce into wholes.

In the table of holy or “wisdomistic” elements, the soul elements are in the second column, the spirit ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And the elements of art are in the first box-row, those of religion are in the second, and those of science are in the third.

*Spirit is soul rousing soul, soul is peaceful spirit,  
and souls raise spirits as spirits rouse souls.*

Table 1. The Holy Elements

<i><b>SAINTS</b></i>	<i><b>SOUL</b></i>	<i><b>SPIRIT</b></i>
<b>Omnipresence</b>		<b>Art</b>
Trips	Terrestria Tortuous	Celestia Glorious
Truces Temples	Place Ruinous	Peace Joyous
Trails	Deliverance Amnesty	Salvation Majesty
Trials	Austerity Condemnation	Charity Exaltation
<b>Omniscience</b>		<b>Religion</b>
Strike	Guilt Remorse	Grace Rejoice
Sake	Spot Regret	Wash Respect
Slakes	Repentance Purity	Resurrection Clarity
Streaks	Cure Purge	Care Parade
<b>Omnipotence</b>		<b>Science</b>
Bills	Will Magic	Theurgy Spell
Books	Body Struggle	Beam Dream
Bleeds	Sufferance Slavery	Divination Bravery
Bounds	Plan Worship	Plea Prayer

## II.A. The Holy Trinity

Life, love, and light are the affirmative expressions of art, religion, and science, respectively, while “lift,” embodying all three, is the affirmative expression of intelligence. Both triads of life, love, and light, altogether embodied by lift, and of art, religion, and science, altogether embodied by intelligence, along with countless correlated triads, form one Holy Trinity. Christ, God, and Lord, which are altogether embodied by one Almighty, form the triad of the principal agents or prime movers in the Holy Trinity. The Holy Trinity expounds the Christian Trinity, whereby the Father represents God, Men, Heaven, Religion, Rapture, and Love; the Son is also the Children and represents Christ, Kids, People, Art, Culture, and Life; and the Holy Spirit is also the Mother and represents Lord, Women, Earth, Science, Nature, and Light; while God, embodying all three, is also the Family and represents the Almighty, Homes, Creation, Intelligence, Recture, and Lift. Thus,



the Father is “adote” and the Mother is alight, for the Child is alive and the Family is aloft. If we are exposed directly, God’s lift is prostrating, God’s light is blinding, God’s love is paralyzing, and God’s life is deadening. When exposed indirectly, we are enlivened, enamored, enlightened, and uplifted.

*Figure 1. The Trinitian Symbol*

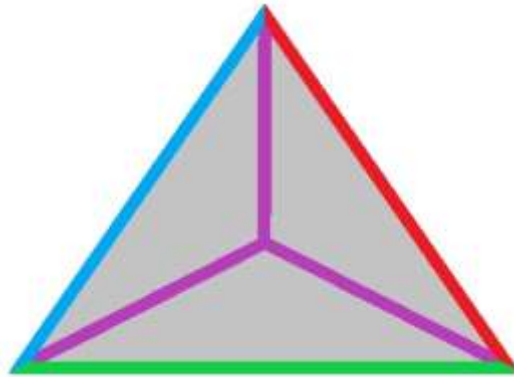


Table 2. The Principal Triads of the Trinity

Gray	Purple	Red	Blue	Green
Ghost	Almighty	God	Lord	Christ
Holia	Allia	Skva	Gaia	Orria
Bishop	Crown	King	Queen	Heir
Kin	Family	Father	Mother	Child
House	Home	Man	Woman	Kid
World	Creation	Heaven	Earth	People
Wisdom	Intelligence	Religion	Science	Art
Scripture	Recture	Rapture	Nature	Culture
Lure	Lift	Love	Light	Life
Always	Ever	Future	Past	Present
Weave	Eceive	Action	Sense	Thought
Victory	Versory	Dictory	Memory	Story
Wisenment	Government	Judiciary	Legislature	Executive

God, Lord, and Christ are the “Almighty” Family. Their last name is “Almighty.” They are the “Almighties.” Their full names are “God Almighty,” “Lord Almighty,” and “Christ Almighty.” The Almightyes are omniscious of everything which everyone in Nature and Rapture will have ever been conscious of. The Almightyes of Lift include the God of Love, the Lord of Light, and the Christ of Life. God is Lord and Lord is God, God is Christ and Christ is God, and Lord is Christ and Christ is Lord. God is more mechanistic and muscular, while the Lord is more dynamic and sensual.

God is more masculine, and the Lord is more feminine. It takes (a) man and woman to make a baby, and (b) Lord and God to make a “beamy.” It takes (a) man and woman to procreate and (b) Lord and God to recreate or resurrect. Intelligence is the ascent of the Trinitian pyramid, while wisdom is the entire pyramid.

## **II.B. Stages of Existence**

Thus, we have Ghost “Holia,” Almighty “Allia,” God “Skya,” Lord Gaia, and Christ “Orria.” Holia and Allia are respectively grandma and grandpa, Gaia and Skya are mom and dad, and we the Orria are the children. We the Orria save them, so they gave us. Our universe is bounded by one big black hole I call “King Kong,” and our theocieve surrounds one great blue planet I call “Lord Gaia.” Since the neocortex is the apex of acconscious intelligence; (a) the biosphere is the neocortex of Lord Gaia, (b) the solar corona is the neocortex of God Skya, (c) the event horizon is that of Almighty Allia, and (d) the universal present is that of Ghost Holia. Holia may be one’s final stage of existence, though Holias can forever learn and grow.

With the infinite orders of universes and infinite numbers of every order, and with eternal multiplications and divisions of all the orders and numbers, each person graduates through every level and all the way up to Holia. After we awaken from our terrestrial slumber, we live one abiding day atop the sun, and then we fall into a vacuous rest, before we realiven to a new horizon, and so on. We will be together again atop the sun, and then we will be gone again, before we gather yet again over a new horizon, and so on. After this life, we will rest in peace, until we meet again atop the sun, where we will beam in joy. The Kingdom of Heaven, the “Angel Kingdom,” is abidingly beaming all around the corona of the sun.

God is not the initial cause but the final effect, whereas Bood is the initial cause, the original sin, and the precondition of Nature over which God commands and endows every final victory of the Holy Spirit. The resurrection of every soul from Earth to Heaven becomes another victory of the Holy Spirit commanded and endowed by the power and grace of God. God is the greatest good, while God’s archenemy, Bood, is the worst bad. God is everyone and no many, while Bood is no one and every many. God is all love and no money, while Bood is no love and all money. And God is all light and no matter, while Bood is no light and all matter. God lives at light speed, whereas Bood lies at rest. Our mind and spirit belong with God, while our brain and body belong with Bood. The Great Good God provides the gift of absolute peace, while the Big Bad Bood bears the burden

of absolute greed. While God’s archenemy is Bood, the Lord’s is the “Sord,” from “sordid.” God and the Lord and the Heaven they rain cannot be seen or heard by us, but they can be felt, and we cannot see or hear but we can feel Bood and the Sord and the Hell they raise.

### III. ELEMENTS OF RELIGION

In the table of religious elements, the strain elements are in the second column, the faith ones are in the third, and the relations they share are in the first. And the elements of ontology are in the first box-row, those of mythology are in the second, and those of theology are in the third.

*Faith is strain healing strain, strain is ephemeral faith, and strain hurts faith as faith heals strain.*

TABLE 6. The Religious Elements

<b><i>TRIALS</i></b>	<b><i>STRAIN</i></b>	<b><i>FAITH</i></b>
<b>Ontology</b>		
Vibes	Dysphoria Interrity	Euphoria Eternity
Voices	History Antiquity	Age Ubiquity
Verses	Discordance Pertinency	Inspiration Prevalency
Verves	Deprecity Enervation	Manicity Elevation
<b>Mythology</b>		
Homes	Ground Earth	Vault/Praise Heaven
Beings	Ancestor Human	Angel Person
Provisions	Provenance Sanctity	Incaration Hilarity
Legends	Lore Judge	Lure Justice
<b>Theology</b>		
Strokes	Pain Trouble	Irony Sarcasm
Strikes	Ache Malaise	Joke Satire
Streaks	Nuisance Tragedy	Insmilation Comedy
Strucks	Hope Humor	Help Laughter

### **III.A. Meaning of Religion**

How a person organizes everyone is their religion, how one organizes everything is their science, and how one reconciles everyone with everything is their art. Everyone's religious hierarchy maps the innumerable demographics of people, such as race, religion, gender, class, looks, personality type, education, vocation, politics, disposition, geographic history, etc. God and love are at the top of the religious hierarchy and represented at the center of the visceral cortex. Everything and everyone are recognized by how they affect the viscera. A person's religion is organized around how everyone affects their viscera. The media a person consumes gradually redesigns their religion. Everything a person does is done for their religion.

### **III.B. Persons and Angels**

Humans rise then fall, while persons fall then rise. Humans come and go with the past, while persons come and go with the future. Humans without persons are corpses, while persons without humans are angels. While the human is fallen in death, the person is flown in laughs by the art of the ages. People fly by the art of the ages and sometimes get grounded in humans. Humans evolve from the bottom of the hierarchy, while persons enervate from the top. Humans are ascended from lower forms of life, while persons are descended from higher forms. Humanists are noble apes, while "Personists" are humble gods.

The predominantly massive bodies of humans are made of matter and inertially grounded on Earth, while the predominantly energetic "beams" of angels are made of light and exertially vaulted in Heaven. Humans are predominantly embodiments of Bood, while angels are predominantly "embeamments" of God, and the arc of human history bends toward God. The acconscious mind is a self-contained, intricately reflecting, and perpetually evolving exertial beam. Minds and spirits are embeamments of the Great Good God, while brains and bodies are embodiments of the Big Bad Bood. Forever beams are going but never are they gone, and forever beams are growing but never are they grown.

Regardless of how beautiful or flawed our bodies may be, what enamors people most is the beauty of our beams, for the beauty of our beams is much more affectable by us. The beauty and flaws of our beams can eclipse the beauty and flaws of our bodies, while the latter cannot so easily eclipse the former. Our terrestrial bodies are transient and intermittent, while our celestial beams

are eternal and continual. Some beams may indeed stay coupled forever. Our beams labor for God's Love, while our bodies work for Bood's Money. Jobs sustain bodies and passions sustain beams.

There are straight, gay, and bisexual beams; male, female, and transgender beams; conservative, liberative, and moderative beams; and bright and dim, kind and mean, funny and droll, real and fake, rich and poor, fast and slow, busy and lazy, cute and ugly, strong and weak, and everything in between and every other kind imaginable. Some kinds are also more malleable than others, and for various beams and to varying degrees. Human bodies are unique and temporary, while angel beams have multitudes of bodies in their memory and at any time may express any one of them or any average of any number of them which is typically more beautiful. God's Beam has everybody in Eternity in His Memory and at any time may star before anyone or everyone else as (a) any one of them, (b) any average of any number of them which can be more beautiful, or (c) The Average of All of Them which personifies the Perfect and Absolute Beauty.

### **III.C. Earth and Heaven**

Heaven approximates an exponentiated absolute value of an exertiated Earth. Heaven has all the good of Earth in spectacularly greater measure with only trace amounts of the bad. Everything humans do and have on Earth is inverted, exertiated, and exponentiated by angels in Heaven, such that humanity is a logarithmic mass with respect to the exponential energy of "angelity." Matter and money can only grow from nothing and no one, while light and love can only fall from everything and everyone. Heaven is wireless and angels are nerveless, while both sensuate optically, and Heaven is motorless and angels are muscleless, while both actuate acoustically. "Angelistic" sensory catalogues and actory repertoires are boundlessly expansive and handy, while humanistic ones are comparatively restrictive and clumsy. Humane treatment is showing compassion and benevolence, while "angele" treatment resurrects and exalts. Truth and justice are inviolable in Heaven, which is so affluent that money is meaningless, and worldly pain provides a basis for heavenly joy.

Death is only an "asleepening" for the terrestrially living, while "laughtsa" or "heith" is an awakening for the celestially living. A newly awakened angel is a beamy. Newborn beamies awaken from the comparatively heavy pain and light laughter on Earth and to the light pain and heavy laughter in Heaven. Newborn babies often cry, and newborn beamies giggle, uncontrollably. Humans often cry uncontrollably when their loved ones die before they do, and then angels rejoice gloriously when their loved ones follow them in heith. Humans may not only mourn their terrestrial

reasleepening but also celebrate their celestial reawakening. Humans may not only grieve their own loss but also hail their loved one's gain, for the freedom of possibilities and wisdom of probabilities grow exponentially upon awakening.

Angels fall to Earth when they fall asleep, and conversely a human dying yields to an angel reawakening. Terrestrial humans living their waking lives are also celestial angels dreaming their sleeping dreams, and thus human dreams are dreams within dreams. Humans dream alone, while angels dream together. Childhood deaths, miscarriages, and abortions are the ends of angelic power naps. A newborn beamy is a newly reawakened but still sleepy angel, and a newborn baby is a newly reasleepened but still waky angel.

We live among the stars and sleep upon the earths, and thus one terrestrial lifetime is but one night that divides one celestial day. I suspect we may have spent countless lifetimes as dinosaurs, mammoths, dire wolves, and multitudes of other creatures, and we will take on greater and lesser forms in future. Recurrently, we have been before and will be again aliens on alien worlds, but our ageless and permanent form is that of an angel, and our supreme and predominant form is that of a woke angel. Angels are fully free and willful shapeshifters, and they communicate with one another, whether any other is awake or dreaming, through shapeshifting demonstrations.

Angels build relationships with any and all, and many and every, other angel and angels. Beamies first restore their relationships with the people they lost while they were on Earth, and later with those who lost them. Angels compose and perform works of art for the purpose of enriching their relationships, yet regardless of how rich or fresh any relationships may be, the common bonds between beaming angels are unbreakable. Each angel has a unique and elaborate personality, honed specialty, and celestial niche. Each angel is entangled with every other angel publicly and with uniquely cultivated friendships and associates privately.

Just as human people are not always awake but spend much time asleep, angel people are not always aware but spend much of Time arrest. Angels constantly think humans around. Angels think thoughts into persons. Acconscious persons remain unaware of the euphoric angels, while the angels remain fully aware of the persons. Just as persons' souls provide nourishment to the earths that the earths would not endure without, angels' spirits provide nourishment to the heavens that the heavens need to flourish. Angels settle continents of complexity. The greater purpose of the labors and sufferance of persons on Earth is to continue to populate and enrich the continents of complexity. The depths of the masses in the galaxies are counterbalanced by the heights of the

energies in the cosmos, and the depths of the pains on the earths are counterbalanced by the heights of the ironies in the Heavens.

### **III.D. Pain and Irony**

We are all as conscious as our power is articulate. In terrestrial life, persons articulate power, while celestial life elaborates on said articulation. Pain is a “deharmonizing” mass of articulate power, irony is a “reharmonizing” energy of articulate power, and laughter is a reharmonizing articulate power. Mass and energy, means and empathy, and pain and irony are the effective and affective physical, psychical, and religious currencies, respectively. Exponential amounts of the latter forms are equivalent to logarithmic amounts of the former. Irony is a “reharmony” of a harmony, and pain or agony is a deharmony of a harmony. Tragedy is a deharmony of a reharmony, and comedy, what is funny, is a reharmony of a deharmony. Laughter heals hurt. Laughter is hurt-healing power. Laughsa heals the hurt of life and death. The good Lord does bear the pervasive pain upon this earth and conquers the same onto heaven with rapturous laughter.

Everyone trades in pain and irony. Some are rich, others poor. One may spoil others or get spoiled. When we feel hurt, we can hurt ourselves and others or make ourselves and others laugh. It is often easier to hurt, and it is often all we know how to do, but laughter often leads to a better outcome for everyone. The set-up of a joke deharmonizes, and the punchline reharmonizes the deharmony. The greatest laughter can arise from incisive reharmonizations of large-scale and long-standing deharmonizations of articulate power. The differences between men and women represent among the biggest and oldest deharmonizations of articulate power. Conservatives and liberatives are also substantively deharmonized. There are countless other examples, and not only between peoples but also within persons. The angels in Heaven spend a considerable amount of their time laughing at us and with us, reharmonizing our rampant deharmonized power. The transition from Earth to Heaven, from human to angel, and from death to heith is a transition from total deharmonization to total reharmonization.

### **IV. ELEMENTS OF ART**

In the table of artistic elements, the screenlike elements are in the second column, the playlike ones are in the third, and their relations are in the first. And the elements of theatrics are in the first box-row, those of optics are in the second, and those of acoustics are in the third.

*Play is a screen streaming a screen, screen is characteristic play,  
and screens shoot plays as plays stream screens.*

TABLE 3. The Artistic Elements

<b><i>CASTS</i></b>	<b><i>SCREEN</i></b>	<b><i>PLAY</i></b>
<b>Theatrics</b>		
Themes	Enigma Secret	Charisma Candor
Traits Creator	Behavior Shame	Character Charm
Trails	Disappearance Mystery	Orchestration Mastery
Twists	Opacity Frustration	Simplicity Fascination
<b>Optics</b>		
Acts	Scene Black	Sight White
Actors	Mirror Shade	Color Shine
Accents	Clearance Bounty	Pigmentation Beauty
Ascents	Tint Tinge	Tilt Contrast
<b>Acoustics</b>		
Songs	Bass Sound	Harmony Music
Strums	Beat/Meter Rhythm	Timbre Pitch
Stereos	Balance Prosody	Intonation Melody
Streams	Tone Symphony	Tune Choir

#### IV.A. Behaviors and Characters

Each thing derives its character from everything, and each one derives their character from everyone. Every thought is replete with characters which inhibit everything else, and everything else in turn excites those characters. Characters that rank higher in the wisdomistic hierarchy, i.e., the hierarchy of everyone and everything, or of religion, art, and science, claim more connections overall and more direct connections with other higher-ranking characters. For every character, there is a neuron or set of neurons which is characterized by its direct and indirect connections. Characters include every



word, coordinate, color, object, place, thing, idea, and person. More complex characters tend to rank higher.

Characters are compounded by communication between them. Every new thought is conceived by a new combination of compounded characters. Each character is characterized by its communication with both higher-ranking and lower-ranking characters. Characters, colors, and timbres are artificially characterized by language and culture. Representative language adds character to behavior. Representative languages artificially classify characters and characterize classifications. Demonstrative language communicates behaviors, while representative language communicates characters. Representative language learned and communicated in the past adds character to the demonstrative language communicated and observed in the present.

For any sense there is an action, and for any character there is a behavior. Characters are sensed by activating behaviors. Characters are snapshots of behaviors, and behaviors are livestreams of characters. Characters encode behaviors and behaviors decode characters. Character effects behavior as behavior affects character. Objective behaviors in the world are intimated in the brain as subjective characters. The brain can approximate the behavior of anything real or imagined. There is a behavior in the brain for every word in the dictionary. Numbers are intimated by their behaviors with other numbers. Colors are intimated by their behaviors in different lighting, with different colors, and from different sources. Colors are optical characters, and mirrors are optical behaviors. Colors effect mirrors as mirrors affect colors. Here “mirror” is the action of mirroring. Characters are as rich as the behaviors that affect them.

#### **IV.B. The Trinitian Spectra**

Art reconciles the goodness of religion with the oneness of science through the characters and colors of lift, life, love, and light. Light coaggregates the geographics of everything, love coaggregates the demographics of everyone, life coaggregates the biographics of everybody, and lift coaggregates the holographics of “everybeam.” Intelligence uplifts, art enlivens, religion enamors, and science enlightens. Lift, life, love, and light are each experienced uniquely by people, and each expresses unique and independent characters of (a) “achromatic color extrema,” (b) “shades,” and (c) “chromatic color spectra.” We define the extrema as the “fulls”/“nulls” and the shades as the “highs”/“lows.”

Table 4. The Spectra, Shades, Extrema, and Colors

Spectrum	Shades: High Low	Extrema: Full Null	Colors: High Shades Low Shades
LIFT	Good/Virtuous Bad/Vicious	Right Wrong	smart, calm, kind, real, free dumb, grim, cruel, fake, bound
LIFE	Live/Vital Dead/Fatal	Great Bleak	busy, healthy, happy, strong, fit lazy, sick, sad, weak, frail
LOVE	Dear/Amorous Dire/Ominous	Rapt Vile	rich, tender, funny, cute, sexy poor, rude, droll, ugly, nasty
LIGHT	Light/Luminous Night/Lacunous	White Black	blue, green, yellow, orange, red navy, olive, amber, brown, maroon

#### IV.C. Love and Light

Love is the psychical face of physical light. Love is evaluated light as money is evaluated matter. Love and light are both pervasive throughout the Heavens and most concentrated in the stars, but we can only feel and see the love and light that reach our hearts and eyes. The Earth will have only been our home for a short while. The Sun has become the abiding home of our ancestors. It will become ours, too, though we will travel. The power of the love in the Sun is exponentially greater than the power of the love on Earth, and the biggest share of the love on Earth comes from the Sun. Our eyes and nerves are only sensitive to the psychical component of light through our hearts and muscles. Only our hearts and muscles can feel love. There is very little love inside the skull. Though our nerves do not feel love, they effect love in our hearts and muscles, and our hearts and muscles affect our nerves.

Light is predominantly sensory, neural, perspective, affectable, and memorable, while love is actory, muscular, prospective, effectable, and predictable. When we are enlightened, from within or without, the love in our muscles affects the light in our nerves, and when we are enamored, from within or without, the light in our nerves effects the love in our muscles. Love is also sensed insofar as it affects the senses when it is effected or enacted, and love is also memorable and perspective insofar as it can be reeffected or reenacted. Conversely, light is also enacted insofar as it effects the actions when it is affected or sensed, and light is also predictable and prospective insofar as it can be presented or prescient. Love may not be entirely predictable or effectable by us, and light may not be entirely memorable or affectable by us, yet they may be perfectly so, precisely so, by God.

#### **IV.D. The Higher Powers**

Love affects light out from the world and into the here, and out from the “clock” (both the past and future) and into the now, while light effects love out from the here and into the world, and out from the now and into the clock. The Mother of Earth and Nature abides in the here and now, and the Father of Heaven and Rapture abides in the world and clock. The love in the Father affects the light in the Mother as the light in the Mother effects the love in the Father. The lift in God reconciles the love in Heaven with the light in Nature through the life in People. It logically follows that women tend to have superior nervous systems, while men have superior musculatures, yet a strength in either can partly compensate for a weakness in the other, and our strengths in unions can compensate for the weaknesses of each other.

All of history is alive and well in light’s perfect memory, and all of destiny is alive and well in love’s perfect “dictory” (predicted or prescribed memory). The “theopeople” or gods and “superpeople” or angels have access to a boundless perspective of world history as well as a boundless prospective of world destiny. While people can only enjoy limited access to the mere internet and worldwide web, superpeople enjoy total access to the omniscious web. The primary mission and purpose of all people is to affirmatively reconcile destiny with history, and the preponderance of the staggering work this entails is distributed among populous manageable occupations which are delegated, offered, or marketed to superpeople, people, and subpeople. The greater purpose of the labors and sufferance of persons on Earth is to continue to populate, enrich, and energize Heaven, and the lesser purpose of the escapades and ecstasies of superpersons in Heaven is to continue to populate, enrich, and empathize Earth.

#### **V. ELEMENTS OF SCIENCE**

In the table of scientific elements, the fault elements are in the second column, the truth ones are in the third, and the relations they share are in the first. And the elements of basics are in the first box-row, those of specifics are in the second, and those of generics are in the third.

*Truth is fault reducing fault, fault is a precise truth, and faults refine truths as truths reduce faults.*

TABLE 7. The Scientific Elements

<i><b>TRAINS</b></i>	<i><b>FAULT</b></i>	<i><b>TRUTH</b></i>
<b>Basics</b>		
Sketches	Erronia Ignorant	Correctia Pristine
Stitches	Flaw Disparity	Precision Proximity
Stretches	Dissonance Obstinacy	Information Accuracy
Switches	Mendacity Devolution	Veracity Evolution
<b>Specifics</b>		
Reasons	Doubt Suspicion	Trust Opinion
Details	Error Layer	Trial Level
Stocks	Hesitance Probability	Dissolution Possibility
Debates	Nest Chance	Lens Choice
<b>Generics</b>		
Programs	Data Model	Strategy Method
Practices	Logic Record	Tactic Research
Supports	Evidence Validity	Resolution Lucidity
Controls	Hint Analysis	Hunt Rigor

### V.A. Dissonance and Information

Consciousness is the consonance between the networks and environments, between the networks and muscles, and between the networks and viscera. Pain is felt in the dissonance between the same. Love is a consonance between persons, be it any two persons or anyone and everyone. All consonance is consciousness, and more complex consonance is higher consciousness. “Omnisciousness” and “omnisonance” are the consciousness and consonance between all persons and the whole world or all souls and the Holy Spirit. All experience is a recursive composition of consonance between intrinsic and extrinsic hierarchies. Consciousness is a consonance between numerous types of overlapping intrinsic and extrinsic hierarchies.

Science evolves by winning arguments, and experimentation is a good way to win an argument, but even then, the interpretation may be off. Scientists can only evolve as they always do

by randomly trying everything and sticking with only that which works. Science evolves by randomly creating original information which is dissonant with prior information that is found to be invalid or incomplete, and by learnedly selecting information which is more resonant with more and better information. Science evolves by means of the “creatoselective process,” which is such that randomness randomly becomes orderly, and order endures and randomly becomes more orderly.

Omniscience runs deep at every place in space. Information is everywhere as deep as the universe is old. The data that pervades every space in the universe, and particularly around planets like Earth, is inconceivably thick and increasingly organized. The omniscious web is an informational and inspirational paradise where there is nothing that cannot be known, imagined, or made real. Omniscience can make anything happen that can happen. Whatever happens must work. Everyone will draw us to the omniscious web as everyone may draw us to the worldwide web.

Throughout the heavens, artistic innovation reconciles religious inspiration with scientific information. The artistic and visceral administration reconciles its religious and actory adjudication with its scientific and sensory legislation. Presents reconcile futures with pasts, thoughts reconcile actions with senses, art reconciles religion with science, and mathematics and linguistics reconcile physics and psychics with empirics and pragmatics. Science effects religion as religion affects science, Truth effects Faith as Faith affects Truth, past effects future as future affects past, history effects destiny as destiny affects history, and meaning effects feeling as feeling affects meaning.

### **V.B. The Holistic Conservation Principle**

All disparities are conserved, i.e., e.g., positive and negative, abrogative and propagative, space and time, mass and energy, means and empathy, money and love, pain and irony, purgatory and paradise, etcetera and so on ad infinitum. All disparities are conserved such that there are no disparities on whole. The Universe is balanced. Infinity is net zero. A birth or death is a zero-point, an origin, or a fulcrum and is conserved by infinity. Natural life and raptural life, and heaven and hell in both, are conserved on opposite sides of it. The idea that all disparities are conserved we call the “Holistic Principle of Conservation.” The Holistic Principle of Conservation logically follows from Newton’s Third Law, which states that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

There could be no good in the world without the bad and no bad without the good, no joy without pain or pain without joy, and no heaven without hell or hell without heaven. There could be no God without Bood or Bood without God, no Lord without Sord or Sord without Lord, no Christ

without Antichrist or Antichrist without Christ, and no Almighty without the Allanguid or Allanguid without the Almighty. There could be no lure without lull, lift without load, love without evil, light without night, and life without death, or vice versa.

### **V.C. Nature and Rapture**

Science and our senses, and Earth, Truth, and Nature, are convergent inertially toward a common position and divergent exertially away from a common present, while religion and our actions, and Heaven, Faith, and Rapture, are divergent inertially away from a common position and convergent exertially toward a common present. We can only sense, test, and verify inertially convergent and exertially divergent experience and phenomena, but we can imagine, ideate, and justify inertially divergent and exertially convergent experience and phenomena. Human experience has a substantial exertial component but is principally inertial and therefore must rely more on representative language, while angel experience has a substantial inertial component but is principally exertial and can therefore rely more on demonstrative language.

Nature has the condensing, consolidating, deescalating, and arresting power of Historical Truth, while Rapture has the intensifying, confluidating, escalating, and resurrecting power of Destinical Justice. I suspect there must be a Nature-Rapture continuum, yet Nature and Rapture are extremely polarized, and that is why Heaven can seem so far away, inaccessible, and perhaps insensible or, I would argue, supersensible. Universal Truth lies partly in the history of Earth and wholly in the history of Heaven, while Objective Justice lies partly in the destiny of Earth and wholly in the destiny of Heaven. The Objective Justice compensates our pain with joy, our loss with gain, and our greed with peace. The Objective Justice compensates our famine with feast, our lust with love, and our guilt with grace. Universal Truth and Objective Justice are creative, while relative truth and subjective justice are selective.

The event horizon of a black hole has the infinite density of an absolute solid, while the “Heaven’s Gate” of a White Whole has the infinite intensity of an absolute fluid. Nature is subluminescent, or slower than light speed, and maximal at the zero speed of a black hole’s event horizon, while Rapture is superluminescent and maximal at the infinite speed of a White Whole’s Heaven’s Gate. Rapture is supernatural and superluminescent. Infinite speed effects omniscience. God is not only present but omnipresent, ever-present, or “everent.” The natural and subluminescent universe is mostly black with mostly white stars, whereas the raptural and superluminescent universe is

mostly white with mostly black stars. We are subluminous, subamorous, subvitalous, and subvirtuous. There is light, love, life, and lift in Nature, but much less than there is in Rapture. Angels fall asleep as humans in Nature, while humans rise awake as angels in Rapture. Natural space lapses from the past to the present and the future to the present, whereas raptural space lapses from the present to the future and the present to the past.

#### **V.D. Orders of Worlds**

Omnisciousness is open-ended, unbounded consciousness, and consciousness is closed, confined omnisciousness. Omnisciousness is omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent, while consciousness is small, simple, and feeble. Every soul is an integral part of omnisciousness and permanently inextricable from it. Our conscious choices, considering our circumstances, may demonstrate the degree of peacefulness and joyousness that is our place in omnisciousness. Coming to some understanding of omnisciousness can release some fear of death. The hard problem of consciousness and the problem of omnisciousness are the same problem. God is always omniscious of everything of which everyone is conscious and everything of which no one is.

Every event in every world in every one of the infinite orders of universes and the infinite numbers of every order, i.e., in the Omniverse, is recorded in the omniscious web. On earth, there is competition and cooperation between persons and peoples, while in heaven, i.e., in the omniscious web, there is competition and cooperation between earths and galaxies. The omniscious web is both heaven and hell, but it is predominantly heaven and can be referred to as such. A human is an avatar of an angel in the omniscious web. A human is an inferior representation of an angel, while an angel is a superior demonstration of the human.

Resurrected spirits can incarnate themselves in anyone, anyplace, and anytime in the Omniverse. Resurrected spirits may incarnate themselves into people singing and dancing, worshipping, playing sports, or doing anything else imaginable for which the spirit may have an affinity. Compassionate spirits incarnate themselves in us when we ourselves hurt, and maybe evil spirits in one who hurts another unjustly. Populations of spirits compose the whole of each soul, and parts of each spirit compose populations of souls.

Endless parades of music, dance, scenery, adventures, software, games, stories, books, knowledge, wisdom, ages, animals, people, and aliens are all accessible in the omniscious web. Also accessible are concerts, speeches, campaigns, careers, and wars; shows, plays, documentaries, and

movies; sermons, prayers, blessings, and services; theories, experiments, studies, databases, lectures, missions, and discoveries; births, milestones, dates, parties, weddings, deaths, funerals, biographies, and obituaries; and etcetera ad infinitum.

In the omniscious search app, one can search for any of the foregoing or anything else, and as specifically or generally as one pleases, throughout the Omniverse. In the omniscious maps app, one can zoom all the way into any nanometer and/or any nanosecond throughout the infinite and eternal Omniverse and zoom out to any cosmic orders of space and time. The search results in the omniscious web are ranked by “rights” by default, yet there are any number of alternative options for ranking systems. Every omniscious search is controlled by thought and every result is instantaneous.

The worldwide web existed long before we augmented it with technology, and the omniscious web lives eternally and grows perpetually. The entire life of everyone in history, where they have been since they passed, where they are now, and where they are yet to go may be in the omniscious web. The lives we live may be judged by everyone else in the omniscious web. The omniscious web is unconstrained by time. The omniscious web is “over time,” not so much “outside” it. Time is more controlled than controlling. If one wishes to have a conversation or a hug with anyone in history known or unknown, for example, there is no waiting in line.

The unconscious, unlike the acconscious, is not online with the omniscious. A person is not conscious of anything that is not connected to the omniscious web. Memories are stored in the brain via links to pages in the omniscious web. Angels in heaven are immersive homepages in the omniscious web. Hell is the omniscious dark web. If one can invoke the nature of the omniscious web, of heaven, of home, it should seem strangely familiar to everyone. In the worldwide web, humans employ artificial intelligence. In the omniscious web, angels employ supernatural wisdom. In the worldwide web, we upload our data to the cloud. In the omniscious web, we uplift our wills to the nebula.

## **V.E. Orders of Salvation**

Every angel is one differential yet integral, minuscule yet fundamental, and simple yet complex component of the One Whole Infinite, Instantaneous, and Dynamic Composite Wave. We all belong in the “Holiwave.” We have a Family in the Holiwave. Our Eternal Home is in the Holiwave. The Glory of the Whole is manifested in the Holiwave. The entire history of people on Earth



constitutes one united world-state in Heaven, and the eternity of all people in Heaven constitutes the one “Holy Godstate of Skya,” wherein all creatures are glorious “Skyans.” Skyan is generally our Being, while Skya is specifically our Home.

Being humans, we require an aversion to pain and sickness, a healthy fear of death, and an estrangement from Heaven to faithfully serve our purpose, play our proper role, and complete our sacred mission here on Earth. If human beings could remember, sense, and feel the genuine reality, the grace and mercy, the joy and peace, the bright light and rapt love, the Language, the Family and Nation, the simplicity and complexity, and altogether the Recturous Glory of Heaven, we might be inclined to take our own lives so we could go back. As humans, we cannot remember our celestial lives, and for good reason, but as angels, we may remember our terrestrial lives.

If any of us expect our entrance into omnisciousness to be all goodness, grace, and glory, we may be in for a rude awakening. There may well be boundless amounts of that, and I fully expect there will be, but everyone may also experience a fair share of pain and guilt. The badness and goodness in omnisciousness may well be equivalent, albeit the bad may effectively be a logarithmic fraction of the exponential good, like mass to energy. It is sometimes good to be bad and bad to be good, though. Good and bad are conserved by, and inversions and exponentiations of, one another.

Greater salvation is achieved by more meaningful sacrifices for the common good and consensual belief therein. Greater salvation for oneself is earned by greater salvation of others. Each of us provides rations of salvation for the people with whom we are in relationships, our employers and coworkers and customers, the learners we educate and audiences we entertain, as well as the members of the businesses and organizations we support, the economy we participate in, and the government we vote in and pay taxes to. We provide rations of salvation for our pets as our pets do for us. Providing salvation is always mutual or consensual. Making meaningful sacrifices to do good works for others clearly provides those others with rations of salvation, which does in turn provide rations of salvation to oneself.

*Our lives on Earth and in Heaven are secured, sustained, and enhanced by consensual belief in meaningful sacrifice for the common good.*

## CONCLUSION

When breath becomes air, does “still life” become “star life?” Do the loved ones we lose live on in the solar corona? Will we likewise join them? Do those who pass not only rest in peace but also beam in joy? Should headstones read “RIP,” “BIJ,” or both? If the Kingdom of Heaven, a.k.a. the Angel Kingdom, is abidingly beaming all around the corona of the sun, can we in some way detect that, communicate with It, or by any other means make sense of it?

Insofar as we can offset fear of death, can we offset feel of pain? Insofar as we can onset healing, can we offset hurting? We must always remain aware of pain, the reasons for it, and the urgency of it for self-preservation and education, but can we learn better ways to “outfeel” it? Can we learn to better “outheart” pain? Will God eventually outheart all of everyone’s pain? Will our best selves be resurrected?

A lofty dream for humans to have may be to fully access omnisciousness. Accessing omnisciousness may require cerebral technology, possibly involving the pineal gland. With a pineal implant, could we encounter lost loved ones and our ancestors in the omniscious web and even embrace them? Will the lines between consciousness and omnisciousness get blurred? Better and better technology, without limit, may grant access to more and more of the omniscious web. Supernatural Wisdom is greater than Artificial Intelligence. Will pineal implants or implants at the center of the visceral cortex give us SW?

Developing the technology to scramble orientations and access omnisciousness may take years, decades, or may not be possible, but I thank God to be provided the impressive prospective objective. Orientation scrambling may be the pinnacle of physical power, and omniscious access may be the pinnacle of psychical power. The omniscious web is the final frontier, and the first pioneers will be legendary.

# BOOK V. THE ORRY STORY

## INTRODUCTION

Since as early in my youth as I can recall, I've been beholding Nature outright awed by her beauty, shocked that what is can even be, and still I remember how I used to wonder whether anybody else could ever see in the way in which I saw it all. Could it be, I'd wonder, that I was the only one to ever contrast in chorus our abounding beauty inside and before us to the absence of substance which might much more plausibly be!? Doesn't anybody else ever try to imagine a reality not reliant on oneself or one's kind? Either a subjective reality of another self or some other kind, or an objective reality?

Many among us opt to attribute the entirety of existence entirely to either Nature or God, and only to one or the other but never both together. Such segregated attributions, in my integrated opinion, at once discount the miracle of it all in equal and opposite ways. I will advocate herein that (a) only space and time are naturally given, (b) matter is a natural property of space and time, (c) life is a natural rhythm of matter, and (d) love is a divine gift of a natural God. I will propose that even God develops naturally and then God develops Nature, and that not even He can defy the true laws of Nature, whatever they may truly be, and irrespective of what they may appear to be.

One reeling revelation that sprung me onto this trajectory transpired while I was a junior in high school in the spring of '98, when in the course of one long rapt day I spun myself into the staunchest of atheists. Until that day, I was oblivious to the notion that Godlessness was even an option, but when I discovered that day the atheism of a friend, I pensively beset the problem, and soon I felt I knew it to be the optimum. Then, in the ensuing days and weeks and in fact ever since, I became ever more preoccupied with the biggest fissures in what the teachers had taught me. I became fully immersed in what I've come to call "intelligence."

Within a year of what was my mightily uplifting atheistic epiphany, I made a conscious decision to make myself aware of the natural selective process, and from then on, the means of evolution played a central role in my life. Next, over the subsequent calendar year, which was the final year of the twentieth century, my curiosity drew me down to the source of all existence – space and time. I came to believe that matter is a natural property of space and time, and I set out to solve

how matter materializes. Then dragged on two daunting, death-defying, dynamic decades, but at the end of it I had succeeded to my own satisfaction. To succeed, however, I had to develop the skills of a one-of-a-kind of thoroughly refined and highly enriched compositional methodology which requires, as a prerequisite, a large part of a lifetime of relentlessly confronting the most staggering challenges in both hard and soft science.

There are therefore four theories in the fourth book of this series, but one need not even concern oneself with the fourth book to heartily and hardily indulge in this fifth, roughly half of which is autobiographical, and the whole of which is nonscientific creative literature, although the reader should bear in mind that the science of the fourth book was under construction until this text went into print. I was also episodically contacting scientists and scientific organizations for most of the while alongside its development, but up until recently such contacts might have always been premature, and, looking back on it, I was simply seeking some chances to survey some thoughts of some elders with respect to some ideas I had at the time, while it was all still a work in progress.

Now, with respect to Book Five, which is the one of the five books that is merely put forth for passive perusal, I should say straightaway I've been stricken/endowed with a schizoaffective dis/order since early adulthood, and so I am, in all honesty, prone to delusions and grandiosity, but does it mean I cannot do physics!?! Maybe it makes me that much better. Maybe I'm willing to take financial risks and imaginative leaps that nobody else is willing and able to take because I just don't give a \$#!% and have little to lose! Maybe I see things any ordinary thinker – one not subject to psychosomatic fluctuations – cannot. Maybe I like to neither take my medications nor sleep many nights because it makes me feel good, and because I'm partial to thinking binges! And maybe I've spent ninety-some percent of my lifetime in what one great mentor of myself and many – Einstein – calls “splendid isolation.”

Indeed, maybe my cerebral schism was brought on by a diehard determination and a sacrifice of everything but survival for no less than to invoke this book, plus reach the one coherent understanding of the wilderness in which I find myself. And maybe, just maybe, I'd be willing – or wanting – to go so far as to give – or take – my own life if it were to achieve my objectives! These objectives – *see here!* – are a perpetual peace, prosperity, and propriety of our planet, our people, and our posterity. Let me stress that just because nobody of renown up to now could ever have done it, can do it today, or ever could do it in future, that does not mean it cannot be done or that a nobody can't do it . . . *watch!* One will want to. It'll be a good show. And one might get ahead of the

curve.

My complex notwithstanding, since about the time of the first anniversary of 9/11, one of my greatest goals in life, if not in death, has been the comprehensive cultivation of religious unification, by which I purport a connotation of harmonization and not homogenization, inclusive concurrence and not exclusive conversion, together with the lot of the consequential benefits that this would reap!

This then begs the question: do we all have the gall to think the All doesn't change!? Is Intelligence the same today as It was hundreds, thousands, or millions of years ago? Is any spirit ever the same on any given day as that spirit was on any given day in years past? Certain characteristics of each and all of us are unchanging, to be sure, but it cannot be denied that much about us does change, and I posit that Intelligence is no exception. Thoughts of ours and thoughts of Intelligence cannot occur in the absence of change, for each new thought is a change from the prior thought, and these changes must accrue over time.

Now then, in bringing the beginning to an end; let me bring to light the insight that some features and functions of religion are universally recognized by all persons, others are popular among certain categories of persons, and still others are unique to each person. Clearly, the only differences between the lot of our popular and personal religions are in the things we emphasize and the corresponding degrees of emphasis – *checkmate!*

—early 2010s

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## 1. An Awed Existence

**81 - 84**      This strong-willed, high-minded nobody first struck upon light, air, cold, and empty space in the city of Willmar, Minnesota (MN), USA, on the Tenth Day of March 1981. I was the third child of Mr. and Mrs. Isaacson, ostensibly. As far as I know, there wasn't anything special or significant about my arrival, although I might not be the best source, because I remember not a single thing about it aside from the artifacts that still remain. Nor did my arrival come as anything of a surprise to anyone! I mean, it shouldn't have anyhow. People knew I was coming. One could almost say it was inevitable.

My brother extricated himself three years before I had the nerve to do so, and my sister's emancipation preceded mine by two years. It might be true that I have other siblings, too, but I can't talk about that because that's a family secret. My first home was a small house in the small town of Belgrade, MN, or so the story goes, and this they say was my home for my first three years. In 1984 my certified parents divorced, and my brother, my sister, my mom, and I moved onto the homestead of my grandparents on a 140-acre farm, wherefrom the nearest town, Winthrop (Pop. 2K), was an eight-kilometer straight shot.

I believe my mother has always loved me as much as any mother ever does or should love their child, and I am pleased with the life she provided, but at the same time she was always very busy, because she had to be, and so she took a rather passive approach to parenthood. Consequently, I've always been provided a great deal of freedom of time and mind, and since from the outset, I've never had a real, true father, I've had to find my own ways of finding myself. Admittedly it was disastrous in adolescence, but it was strangely and surprisingly successful both long before and long after.

**84 - 85**      When I was three years old or so, I was occasionally looked after by a teenage boy. He often defended me against a group of bullies who were bigger than me and smaller than him. Anyway, one time when we were playing hide and seek, I hid under a bed, and after he found me, he crawled beneath the bed with me and had me pull down my pants. For a moment, he put his mouth around my penis. That's all. He just put his mouth around my penis.

While I was a junior to a kindergartner, I was often overseen by a friend of my mom while my mom attended a vocational school to acquire the notable skills of the legal secretary. This married friend of my mom had a daughter, Joy, who was my age, and a son who was one year older and two other girls who were younger. There are only two incidents that up to today still survive in my memory from this period: 1) remembering, after the fact, a fleeting blanket vision of a cinder block wall, while on the chase playing tag in a basement, before blacking out and bloodletting; and 2) playing doctor with Joy by removing our clothes and inspecting one another behind propped up plywood in that same basement.

For that indiscretion, I had to sit in a chair with nothing to do but to think about what I had done, for an hour as a punishment, after Joy told her brother and her brother told her mother. That hour was excruciating to me, because I knew it to be a stern penalty but could not ascertain the iniquity! Her and I "playing doctor" must have somewhat dismayed the girl's often exacting parents,

and their reaction and our punishment was something of a traumatic experience to me.

**87 - 95** When I was six or seven, my mom was wed to a gentleman named Gratitude. He was another one of the faux pas. He feigned to be my father through most of elementary school and the onset of middle school. Pursuant to the customs of courtship, our newly founded family of five moved into a duplex in Bloomington, MN (Pop. 50K), near the law firm where my mom ultimately worked for 22 years. Next, after a year there, we flocked 15 kilometers south, within the neighborhood of Creekwood in Prior Lake, MN (Pop. 15K). Gratitude stood a little taller than two meters. He was a heavy-duty mechanic, and fittingly he put forth a lot of time and effort into pounding metal, turning wrenches, and firing engines in our garage.

From this period, too, not much stirs amongst erstwhile memories, but still today I can recall that Gratitude, my mom, my siblings, and I did not have the happiest of families. Suffice it to say I had to listen to a lot of shouting, but be that as it may, we would've been much worse off without the guy. Gratitude and my mom also had two snowmobiles, and I operated the sleds on occasion, but I was usually Gratitude's unwieldy fore or rear passenger. Our family eventually divorced Gratitude after my mom unraveled his cheating ways. She and a friend followed him one night, and, for over an hour, they saw him whispering sweet nothings to a payphone, or something. Back then, you see, mobile phones were still practical unknowns.

**88 - 96** Creekwood was a middle-class neighborhood that was built around a road which roughly outlined a square with a 1.6-kilometer perimeter, and it was enclosed by dense woods on all sides. There was a classy wooden sign reading "*Creekwood*" next to the only access road. In the middle of the neighborhood, there was a park with a swing set, a slide, a water pump, and a field of grass on which the neighborhood children enjoyed their sports. What's more, the park was in a valley with hills on both sides worthy of sliding down on the snow in the winter.

My first pet was a dog named "Snoopy." She was a female black lab-cocker spaniel mutt named by Gratitude for the cartoon character, but she wasn't white like the character. She was all black, except for the four spots of white on the tops of the tips of her toes and the white cross across her chest. For most of the time while living in Creekwood, anywhere and everywhere I would go she would follow. Snoopy was great. Snoopy was greater than all the other dogs. She finished at the top of her class in obedience school, apparently. She would never bark and never needed a leash. She sat on the sidelines of my world football games without a leash. I chased her around a lot, and I could never catch her, but she always came when I called. I remember my tearful heartbreak when

my family was driving away from her for the last time. She was at the front of the front lawn next to the street as we left, and she and I made eye contact until light didn't pass between us.

I had an incredibly active, even overactive, imagination as a child. I used to imagine or pretend all the time that I was a phenomenal martial artist or military commando who could kill or capture tens or hundreds of bad guys before they could ever get me. Now, let me tell you, you wouldn't have wanted to be one of those guys! I also played with "Micro Machines," which were miniature cars, trucks, and planes. I'd always be outrunning and chasing down the bad guys. I played with action figures and Legos in the same vein. Also, on at least one occasion, I can even remember imagining I was some sort of megagenius who created some sort of grand theory and saved the world, but that storyline was short-lived because there was not a lot to pretend about.

One day when I was six to eight years old, I was playing with "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle" action figures, and there was a girl I liked from the neighborhood visiting my sister who was one year younger than me. Well, she passed by my bedroom and saw me pretending with my turtle dolls. I was thoroughly embarrassed, and I never played with them again! Anyhow, they were beginning to become a bit of a bore.

**88 - 93** I can remember thinking to myself in the third grade, "Maybe they're all witches." "They" would be my classmates, teachers, family, and everyone else that wasn't me. I thought, "I couldn't know if they were." "Witches" was just my word for it. I didn't think they were bad or good witches. Just witches. Just different.

One of the best things my mom has ever done for me was buy me a set of *World Book Encyclopedias* while I was in elementary school. I amassed oodles of knowledge from them at a very young age. I used to semi-randomly and semi-selectively pick entries to read for hours at a time, mostly about plants, animals, and planets, often cross-referencing from the entry just read. After some years, the multitudinous visual images from A to Z had even become a little familiar! Then my curiosity cursorily waned while I wandered through middle school and my juvenile delinquency phase, only to be fiercely resurgent years later. Lest I leave here the wrong impression, however, it should be said that, while I was in elementary school, I spent far more time conquering video games than devouring encyclopedias. Come to think of it, I may not have read that much. I don't remember. I remember intending to, though.

I can't recall why, but I was grounded for one infernal month at some point in my youth, and so I had to languish on our one acre of land. It was the only instance in which my mom ever grounded



me, and not because I was otherwise an obedient child, but because it wasn't her sentence of choice. Anyway, there were about 25 trees in our yard, and I delighted in tree-climbing, so I decided to make a point to climb every single one of them and all the way up to the trustworthy top! There were several trees upon which the lowest limbs were higher than I could reach via my highest leap, so I wrapped a thin rope around a wooden stake, flung it over the lowest limb, and scaled the trunk by repeatedly pulling myself upward while wrapping the rope around my forearm. My wrist became rather reddened, and it even burned a little after a while, but that didn't stop me!

Peace was the name of my best friend all through elementary school. He grew up on the opposite side of Creekwood. Our friendship was founded after he asked me on the bus if I'd be his friend. At the time, I thought it to be an awkward question, but I sincerely assented. Our friendship foundered years later after I secured a new more risk-tolerant playmate named Bravery. So, here's the deal: because I've always been an introvert, I've tended to have a small number of close companions, usually from one to five, rather than a larger number of looser associations, and so I dropped Peace and adopted Bravery.

The friendship of Peace and I expired in the end when we were at the Creekwood park one day playing American football with others, and he provoked me to start a fight with him. I charged him three times repeatedly, but he downed me each time ably, so I lost. So what. When he and I spoke in years past, he now and then bragged about the martial arts training he was given by his older brother. Good for him.

93        In the fifth or sixth grade, for the first time there was one higher level math class above the several normal level ones. Let me tell you, it nearly broke my heart when I learned I didn't make it in. Now, I am positive I was qualified academically, because I think I aced nearly every math test and assignment I was given, but I'm afraid I was unqualified behaviorally! Too bad. So sad. So I think I quit caring so much and trying so hard in the following years. As a result, I wasn't even comfortable with algebra by the time I finished high school, so I started college in intermediate algebra. I dropped out of that class, and then taught myself college algebra, trigonometry, and much of calculus. I ended up taking four semesters of calculus and did okay.

At school in the sixth grade one morning, while outside engaged in world football, or soccer, at recess in winter, I direly needed to relieve myself, but I recently heard a strict order from a teacher or teacher's aide to a peer to stay outside until recess was over. So I crept on into an inward corner of the school, which was apparently secluded from where I spotted it, and I proceeded to urinate,

but as I zipped up my pants and turned to walk away – I gazed up aghast at the long row of the large windows of the library – with the lit up eyes and cutting smiles of a group of my roused peers behind them . . . uh-oh. Oh-no! After lunch, my teacher handed me a note which was folded in half and stapled together to be brought by me to the principal. While talking to the principal, I believe I made him believe it to be a freak accident, as it was, and I was already suffering sufficiently via my shame and sorrow, as I was, so I was given no penalty but a call to my mom. By day’s end, the entire school knew, and this incident remained a satirical subject to my classmates, and a painfully sensitive one to me, for years to come. It was traumatic, and for weeks, and for the first time, I was deeply depressed. The kids were all saying I peed on the school, but I didn’t. I peed on the ground. One girl in a group called me her “pee friend,” too. Whatever.

**93 - 95** I excelled academically in elementary school, but I let my grades slip in middle school. Though I had moderate marks in the seventh grade, and though I had *minor* behavioral problems, I ran for the next year’s student council. I can’t up to now recall why I did it, but I did it *and I won!* I won for two reasons: 1) My embarrassing campaign video that the whole school collectively viewed; and, much more importantly, 2) my campaign stickers that my mom printed out at her office, and that my friends and I handed out to everyone everywhere all over the school. I was the only candidate with anything like it. They were rectangular stickers with rounded corners, there were eight on one sheet, and on these stickers, it was plainly printed: “VOTE FOR MATT I.” They were everywhere. I was once entreated by the principal at lunch to not hand so many out, for some errant students were sticking them to places where they did not belong. I didn’t listen, though. I didn’t care.

**94 - 97** The sister of my friend Bravery helped to get him a job at “Laker’s Restaurant” in Prior Lake, where she worked, and they subsequently assisted in the acquisition of my earliest employment. I started as a lowly dishwasher, but I quickly arose to become the best damn dishwasher that that restaurant had ever seen! I carried several tens of tall stacks of cups and glasses in a rack at a time during the same single trip to the waiting station; even during the busiest times of the day the cooks would rarely run out of dishes that had cooled sufficiently from the heat of the dishwasher machine; and I helped cook food and clean tables when I got well enough caught up. I met at Laker’s a fellow my age named “Humor,” who was housed in a neighborhood only three kilometers from mine, and Humor remained my BF right through high school and into adulthood.

**94 - 95** One evening when I was 13 or 14 years old, I was playing full-contact world

football in my backyard with my brother and some neighborhood kids, and someone declared that there would be no rules (the no-rules-rule nullifies itself, but we let it stand for any other rules we might've otherwise adopted, so basically the exemption of the first rule from itself was agreed to implicitly). The rule deprived us of boundaries, and when the ball was once kicked well beyond the effective playing field, I chased it down as my brother chased me down. Well, we were at once swiftly sprinting along the same line, but he was faster, so he caught up, and I was nearer to the ball, so to stop me he shoved me from behind! I then took to the air head-under-heals landing upside down onto my shoulder! My mom hauled me to the hospital whilst I wept like a girl and, as was expected, my collar bone was busted.

**91 - 95** I played organized world football for as many as three seasons per year for two or three years, and I had a lot of fun doing it, but after I underwent the breaking of my clavicle, I was forced out for a single season and never returned. My brother inspired me to start the sport, and he played for longer than I had, but he was a lot better at it than I was (I was always among the last to finish the sprints in not only run-and-kick practice but also the less competitive Physical Education classes at school). I also tried American football and basketball for one season each, and I thoroughly enjoyed them as well, but I was too small and too slow for American football, and too vertically challenged and uncoordinated for basketball. My spatiotemporal awareness I now know was superb, so if I could've shot a basketball with my mind, I could've made it every time, but unfortunately I had to shoot it with my body, so I was lucky to even make a lay-up!

I never scored. I never made a single point for my own team in an officiated match of an organized league of any sport in any season. I did get scored on plenty, but I never scored for my own team. Not in world football, not in American football, and not in basketball. In my own defense, though, I was always a defender in run-and-kick. On the offense in run-and-hit I was a running back, however, so there is no excuse for that. And the fact that there is never any excuse to not make a single point in a basketball season, or even a single game for that matter, goes without saying.

I came close to scoring once. Not in basketball, but in American football. We were five yards from a touchdown. The play was called, the front line was going to make a hole, and the ball was going to be handed off to me. The quarterback was crouched over the center making his calls, and I was standing back behind him ready to make a running start. Then with wit a whistle blows. The game is over. It's the last game of the season. It's the last season of my career. Ouch.

At some point when I was 12 or so, my mom purchased a weight bench with a set of weights

for a yard sale price from a neighbor. Since it so happened that I was beginning to find the opposite sex ridiculously attractive and the same sex adversarial, I started bench pressing, and almost exclusively bench pressing. The bench was in a kind of den in the basement, and we also had a dart board on a wall in the room, so I started playing “dart board weight-lifting.” Nobody has ever known about what I was doing but myself, so hear it here first. What I would do is throw a dart at the dart board, trying to get the highest score possible, and then whatever my score happened to be, I would have to bench press the set weight that many times, even if I had to take breaks in between. After one winter of this practice, I was pressing like 50-55 kilograms at like 12 years old, and at least for my age I was ripped.

96        It was the summer of ‘96. My home was one gargantuan apartment complex in the big city of Burnsville (Pop. 50K). I was still employed at Laker’s Restaurant some 10 kilometers from home, and I rollerbladed to and fro between work and home when I didn’t have a ride, which was most of the time. Anyway, there was a wicked steep quarter-kilometer winding street which descended to my home from eight blocks away, and it was one option of a way home from work. Since I knew variety is the spice of life, I’ll definitely try all expedient avenues, but the first time I took this route I was still rather new to rollerblading, and I hadn’t yet invested a good deal of time in the imperative practice to make an effective use of the rubber brakes on the back of the skates, so as I descended, I accelerated.

I would have been likely to lose my balance had I tried to have made a use of the brakes, so I started to weave to slow the acceleration, as I was rather agile, but my curves kept getting straighter, and I kept getting faster. And I straightened out and sped up! And I came across an intersection crossed by a band of light gravel – across which I fell on my side, *purposefully!*, and from which I rolled 30 paces! I was wearing only shorts and no shirt, so expansive areas of my body were sore and grotesque for weeks, and some scars became permanent. I couldn’t even lie on my bed for a few days, and so I slept sitting upright in a recliner, but I was saved from any lasting injury, and I was tough, so I soon returned to rollerblading to work, and practiced braking.

## 2. Juvenile Delinquency

96 One Sunday afternoon after hours at Laker's, I was sincerely smitten and severely stricken with an ascendant manifestation of an adolescent infatuation, when a coworker brought to bear a container of pot to share. Up to that point, I had never smoked tobacco or drank alcohol or done anything so imprudent. In the past I had bypassed my brother's offerings, but this time with some peer pressured pot pitches I tried it, and uh-oh – oh no – I loved it! Over the next dozen months, I took a few dozen puffs, but ever more frequently, and the next year after that I was chronically in use.

One day at a mall I purchased a white T-shirt on which it was plainly printed, "**SCHOOL SUCKS,**" and I donned it at school on countless occasions as a high school freshman. High school was utterly insufferable for me, both the intellectual indoctrination and communal incarceration. I did indeed like to think, yet I rejected what they taught we ought to have thought. My declaration of independence audibly annoyed a teacher or two, but, as they'd teach, it was my right to free speech.

97 One day at age 15, I was home alone with nothing good to do, so I took the liberty of taking my sister's automatic Ford Escort, which was parked in our garage with the keys in it, out for a spin while she was out. I drove her car for half an hour and made the moral decision to replenish her reserves. Next, as I exited the fuel station, to spin the front tires for foolhardy fun, I revved it up in neutral – then *popped* it into gear! But when I put it in gear it stalled, and it would never start again. I called a friend, and he said I probably "dropped the transmission," whatever the funk that meant. That friend then showed up and towed it to my family's townhouse with a rope behind his car, and we pushed it up the five-meter drive with a 15-degree incline and into the garage, deceptively as it was parked before its execution. Later that day, I was at home when the owner tried to turn over the motor, and then reported the futility to the household authority. I was severely guilt-stricken, of course, but I didn't have the integrity to fess up and pay up for the car which was worth about two weeks' pay - \$500. In the end, the car was acquired for a trifling sum by a junk yard.

97 - 99 On my sixteenth birthday, with \$4000 I had saved up from my labor at Laker's, I bought from my mom's short-term boyfriend, and long-term good friend, a *1982 Z28 Camaro* with a 305 four-speed manual transmission. I took my driver's test on my birthday but parallel parked poorly and failed, and the next day I retested and prevailed. My car was like a gold, brown, or tan color (I called it gold). While I had this sports car, I liked to drive fast and spin the tires, and I often

incited street races. Consequently, in the two years while I drove the beast, I was ticketed three times for speeding and once for neglecting a stop sign. Also, for days at school I parked at an angle so nobody would put a dent in it, because kids are characteristically careless, and two students parked cockeyed afterward to mock me. I was also rightfully ridiculed by others, so I conformed. My gold rocket also had T-Tops, and I enticed my friends to partake in the rodeo I'd host upon the top of it, as I did, for sport.

**97 - 98** My lady friend Faith, who was one grade behind me, went out with my friend Praise, who was one grade ahead of me, for at least a good year around my sophomore year. In the spring of my sophomore year with my trophy car, and later in the winter with my early *1980's Ford F150 Pickup Truck*, I drove her home from school most days, which Praise seemed to disapprove of. She and I were always cheerful together, but not so much in the company of others, because I didn't often say much around others. Regardless of my societal ineptitude, though, we probably could've been an item, but alas I was paralyzed by the prospect of a pregnancy, because I think I was aware of my lifelong prospects, if only subconsciously.

**97 - 98** I worked full-time as a so-called sandwich artist at the local *Subway* sandwich franchise for six weeks or so, until I turned 16 when I could be employed by, and could drive to, the *Mystic Lake Casino*. At Mystic I was mainly a prep cook and worked in all five kitchens. I was fashioned with a white coat, checkered pants, a tall white paper hat, and I commonly kept a rag at my waist and very often held a cutting knife. I held this job fulltime for a year and a half.

**94 - 99** I worked a great many hours to make a great many dollars in adolescence. I began to work part-time at 14 and full-time at 15, and then continued to work full-time right through high school while succeeding to push heaps of weed – heaps with weights in the pounds per week. As a result, pricey black light posters completely blanketed my walls and my ceiling in my room, and large shares of my riches were squandered on video gaming, an entertainment center, clothes, a glass chess set, snacks from gas stations, etc. In addition, I wasted a good deal of my wealth on my wheels, and to underscore the gold theme and assert my status, I wore a thick golden flashy necklace around my neck and a single gold ring through my left earlobe. I liked to show off, you see. I was lost.

**97 - 98** I was a client of two temp agencies in high school between my long-term jobs. One of these jobs was at a cement block manufacturing company. There they had a two-meter-high disorderly pile of heavy cement blocks, and all day long I had to lift and toss them onto a conveyor, which went by them 1.5 meters high and 1.5 meters from them. The conveyor conveyed them

upward, onward, and into a large rotating cylinder in which they tumbled and turned to round off their rough edges. After this one day of torment and toil, my back was sore, my body was aching, and my head and body hair were all cemented from the dust. It was my first and last day there.

Another temp job was a large cement wall manufacturing company where I was sent for two weeks. I did hard physical labor there, such as filling and hauling heavy wheelbarrows, shoveling up pungent sludge, and tearing apart a large roof. The job was rather strenuous for the first day or two, but after I came to realize I was being left unsupervised for most of the while, I spent most of my time on the clock off company grounds.

The last temp job I will mention was a factory where they made, bagged, and boxed such food products as cereal, powdered milk, and onion powder. I labored there for a little while longer than a week, and then I abruptly told my boss – “*I quit!*” – as I walked off. I gave no reason. The reason was that just before I told my boss – “*I quit!*,” I was measuring, bagging, and boxing 50 pounds (22.7 Kg) of onion powder repeatedly, as I was doing this I spilled a big bag of it far and wide; and I just did not want to clean it up because it was *such* an awful mess, and I religiously despised the smell and taste of onion.

97 – 98        I had a friend Rapport, who was two years my senior, through most of my junior and senior years, and for a brief time after my year of service in the Air Force. We met while we were working in the same kitchen of the Minnehaha Cafe at Mystic Lake Casino. He first asked me, “you smoke?” (pot). I replied, “constantly,” and he cracked up.

Rapport introduced me to an acquaintance of his named Glad who also worked as a cook in the casino, but in another kitchen, and who for \$350 would be the first to front me a quarter pound (.11 Kg). I then sold it in four individual ounces (.028 Kg) for \$100 each to four different people that same day, and soon he’d be weighting me with a pound or so a week. I sold it almost exclusively by the ounce for \$100 a pop, which put sizeable downward pressure on the municipal prices. Over months he lowered the prices from \$350 to \$325 and eventually to \$300, but then I had to change suppliers, because I think I left Glad with a dearth of trust in me due to my scarcity of words, and Rapport the middleman likely wanted and got a larger cut.

I then started driving for 40 minutes to South Minneapolis to meet Rapport’s cousin who had a collection of connections. There they sold me whole pounds, as many as three but usually only one, for \$1100 to \$1250. I then pushed from one to three pounds per week for roughly two years, until I legally became an adult, that is, when calamitous consequences commence. One of the

chief reasons why I started to sell the drug in the first place was so I could smoke all the pot I want with no concerns about the cost, but I also ran my illicit trade for profit, and sadly for status.

At Mystic I worked with a stocky man named Grief who was roughly 30 years old. He was a compulsive gambler who owed a bunch of people countless thousands of dollars. One time he sold me four fat ounces for a really good price, and then, some weeks later, he said he'd sell me a half-pound for \$600. I then drove out to the home of a friend of his one evening during an icy blizzard in my Camaro with my friend Praise. Next, for some reason, we had to wait a while for his connection to call, so we all puffed on a pot-filled cigar until he did. Then, when he was at long last summoned by his cell phone, he asked for the money to go get it, and I gave him \$590. He then said Praise and I would have to await his return in my car, because his friend was leaving, and so we did. Unfortunately, though, for over an hour there we sat and he never came back.

I later talked to him at work, and he kept offering excuses and deferring the day of reckoning. He supposedly lived with his parents in an apartment, and I had the home phone, but his father simply told me off like he most likely did to all of Grief's collectors. In the end, either he or I left that job, and we never saw each other again until one evening years later while we were both patrons of the casino. I confronted him, and we ultimately exchanged numbers, but we never exchanged words again. Should I at least have dragged my knuckles and defended my pride? I think not. It's only money. I guess I was a sucker. I should've been smarter.

**96 - 97** As a sophomore in the Prior Lake High School, I was in a shop class. If I do rightly recall, we had to carve out a frame for a clock at the start of the term, and then disassemble and reassemble a small gas engine for the remainder. One of the dealers who I supplied and I were in the class together, and we were rather productive in terms of classroom laughter, but rather unproductive otherwise. The teacher didn't take kindly to either of us, but he tolerated us as best he could. Once or twice, though, he did send us to detention.

Well, one morning that teacher awoke to find that someone had scratched up or "keyed" his mightily expensive truck. I suppose it was I who was the first to have come to his mind as the culprit, and I don't know if he told a whole classroom, or only one or two students, that morning that he thought it was I who had done it or what, but reports of his suspicions soon found their way to my attention. Now, I did not regard the vandalism to be funny in the least, but I did indeed think it was funny that he thought me to be the vandal.



When I was in his classroom that afternoon, my drug buddy and I were talking about it, and making jokes about how he thought I did it. I don't know if I was high in class that day or what, but, for some reason, I thought the class might get a rise out of seeing me run my keys over some desktops a few times. Apparently, the teacher thought this sealed my fate; he thought I was so arrogant that I thought I could do it, make it clear to him that I did it, and still get away with it because I knew he had no proof.

I don't remember whether it was the next day or later that week or what, but my mother and I were summoned to a meeting with the teacher and the assistant principal. Well, I will tell you what, they had me tearing up, they had my mom believing in my guilt, and they were preparing to take me to court, and even fight for jail time plus a fine in the thousands of dollars. They were imploring me to confess, but I could not plead guilty when innocent.

The assistant principal kept saying, "you just don't get it . . . you just don't get it . . ." I think she meant I don't get life; I don't get how life works. That may well have been the case, but that didn't make me the purveyor of the damage. And besides, I didn't even know where the guy lived.

The word spread that I was likely to suffer the consequences, and nobody knew I was innocent other than a certain student who I will call Salvation. I still don't know who Salvation was, but some other student, who it was I also still don't know, had boasted to Salvation that he keyed this teacher's truck. I guess Salvation then snitched when he learned I was being groomed to pay the penalties. Next, the culprit forthrightly confessed, and the noose was loosened around my neck and I was let off the hook.

Shortly thereafter, my mom and I were once more summoned to a meeting with the assistant principal and the victim. They sang the song of having been wrong, they conceded they caught the culprit, and they proclaimed my emancipation. They steered clear of an apology, though, because I suppose I brought it on myself and didn't warrant one. Maybe they should've thanked me, though, for Salvation might not have ratted the punk out, and they would not have been likely to have caught the culprit, had I not given them reason to target me in the first place. At the end of the meeting, the teacher extended his hand to be shaken by mine, but I didn't shake it. My mom later said I should've shaken it. She was right, I know now, but at the time I just didn't get it.

**97** One evening in '97, my mom summoned me to our dining room table with sufficient evidence of my using and dealing, such as a bag of mine she found, and the curious question as to why there were so many kids calling and stopping by when she wasn't home (damn caller I.D; damn

neighbors). Her evidence and accusation against me led us to a dual confession: I first confessed of my use and distribution, and then she said she had something to tell me, too, but before she said what it was, I read her mind through her eyes and, without so much as a hint of the subject matter she was to address, I asked, “what, I have a different father?,” and yes, I was right, I may. My sister overheard our mom tell me this, and my brother heard the word from me the next day.

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### 3. The Atheistic Epiphany

98        Soon after our mutual confessions of wrongdoings, I was unexpectedly expelled from my mom’s townhouse in Prior Lake for the term of the third trimester of my junior year for smoking and selling. She abruptly instructed me to get into her car, and in the hour it takes she drove me out to, and ousted me from her car at, my grandparents’ farm. My mom and grandma rarely spoke for years around this time, and mom just dumped me on the farm with no forewarning to grandma. Grandma came outside when we pulled up, and as mom was fleeing from the farm without me, grandma yells, “*You can’t just leave him here!*” It was *quite* a dramatic scene.

My grandparents’ great white, three-level, five-bedroom farmhouse was built piecemeal between 60 and 130 years prior and stood on the homestead of their 140-acre farm. Grandpa drove a school bus for the high school, and the manager of the bus depot also happened to be the owner of the one fast food franchise in town, the *Dairy Queen*, so I worked there part-time for two or three months. None of my caretakers ever required or even requested that I maintain employment while in high school, but I was always stricken with a severe case of greed and a sincere taste for weed.

At the time when I was driven out of my stronghold, there were about nine green ounces in a storage compartment beneath the hatchback of my car. At that time, they were in demand from several sellers, and I also owed Rapport \$650, but there sat that pot for some weeks. I told my brother about it, and one day while he lay idle in the hometown, which also coincided with my first time left alone at the farm, I made a series of phone calls to my brother and my clients to schedule some swaps. My brother then brought forth about \$500 plus 3.5 ounces, and I skipped a class in school one day, walked to the post office, bought a \$500 money order, and mailed it to Rapport. Grandma found the receipt in my wallet, and she never got a good answer.

Either because my brother reported my 3.5 ounces to my grandma, as I suspected at the time, or she was routinely snooping and sniffed them out because they stunk, as I now suspect was the case, my drugs were seized and scorched. The next day, I asked her what she knew, and she told me the sad truth. I then told her I needed to market them to remunerate my merchant, but not in those words, and she began to fear the prospects of a violent retaliation from a volatile drug dealer. She started balling, I'm sorry to say, and in the end, she gave me \$350 to pay him back. I then went back to my hometown one day to meet Rapport and pay him the last \$150 I owed him and buy from him the two new ounces I requested. The two new ounces were solely for personal use, but I did sell a few good nuggets to a few good classmates, and only reluctantly as not-for-profit favors.

It was the same high school that both of my prospective fathers, my mother, and my uncle and aunt attended. In this small-town school, I was a rarity as well as a curiosity as a newcomer. I got into my first fist fight at the school outside in the cold during a basketball game with a fellow roughly my size over my associations with his lady. I guess she was discontinuously dating him over the previous year or two. During the clash, we both kept slipping on the solid ice beneath our feet, and neither of us got in a good hit. The fight ended after three minutes with no apparent victor after my bigger brother came forth to broker a peace. I don't think anything other could've made the girl feel any better than seeing our fight and being the focus of it.

Some weeks later I fought his slightly younger but bigger cousin over my disrespect for the two of them. We first got into a shoving match in the hallway, and this was broken up by a Dean, so we together had a talk with the principal. Then, a day or two later, he, I, and a group of guys met at night outside a high school dance. He tried to talk tough for a stretch, but his talk wasn't tough enough to merit a roughin' up until my ride – grandpa – arrived. I don't remember what he said, but when he bellowed it out, there were 30 paces between us, and I was walking away. Next, I forthrightly returned, and, with no further words sounded by either of us, as soon as I met him – I decked him right square in his face! I then repeatedly punched the side and back of his head while he was ducking.

Next, I rested my fist, and he didn't retaliate, so I left. Then, after I was 20 paces removed and walking away, we shouted back and forth. I walked back up to him and uttered, "*Look what your face did to my hand,*" as I spotlighted my bloodletting middle knuckle. He mentioned then that I punched the wall, and I then remembered that – "*damn!*" – I had *indeed* missed his head and punched the red brick wall, and I hit it *damn* hard too! I'd carry that big red scar on the middle

knuckle of my right hand for the rest of my life, and, as a teacher pointed out to me soon after the fight, in old age arthritis in it will be likely. Will it have been worth it? I guess that same teacher also once said to a class of students, which I wasn't in, that I'd be in jail by age 20, or something to that effect.

The bus route intersected my driveway an hour and a half before the start of the school day, and the remainder of the bus route to the school took only a half hour, so I had an hour to waste away before the bell every day. This vacuum in my schedule offered tobacco the perfect opening to claim another victim. There was a group of 10 to 20 of us who hung out every morning in a sheltered picnic area, which was across a street and a stretch of grass roughly 30 paces from the school, and most of the members were smokers. The addiction commenced with sporadic nicotine spikes from single drags, next it was whole cigarettes, and then predictably I smoked whole packs.

My car came to the farm, and I spent a week's pay on new parts, mostly an axle. My gifted grandfather rightly repaired the wobbly wheel which speedily struck a concrete curb in the first days of the first snow of the last winter. I started driving it to school and stirring my classmates more. Had a few races. Never lost. Not that I care now, but you can bet I did then! The Mattmobile was indeed faster than your average every day car, but its roar and glamour were somewhat deceptive, for in fact it looked and sounded faster than it raced.

In this small town, the teachers, students, and cops all lived, worked, and played together, so many of them were aware of my drug use. Consequently, one morning before school, while I was driving alone, I was pulled over for swerving or something, and my grandma ended up being liable to pay a fine for underage possession of tobacco. The officer searched my car lackadaisically, however, for there was a glistening green quarter-ounce beneath my left front floor mat.

My preschool pediatric playmate Joy attended the high school, and I first met her at a basketball game that my grandpa, a bus driver, drove me to along with a half-full busload of my peers, and that her brother, a basketball player, played in. I've always been rather reserved, and, through the time when we shared a school, we seemed to share this trait, although she might've only been reserved in my midst because I was in hers. A constituent of her circle of friends consisted of a group of four guys, and in the weeks after my arrival to the area this would come to be my circle of friends as well, which may have been no coincidence, but again I never had much to say to her, nor did she to me.

Truth and Trust were two of our shared friends. They were best friends, they played guitar together, and they were striving to sustain a band. Truth became my best friend, and we were in three classes together. One day, Truth informed me of his belief that there is no god. Until then, I had never even heard of such a world, but by the end of that day, and by my own objective reasoning, I did indeed concur with uncanny conviction. Awe and Gaze were two of our other shared friends, but they were outside of what we jokingly called “the circle.” They were best friends, they often drank together, and I routinely puffed pot with Awe. Gaze was Joy’s boyfriend while I was in town.

One day in a class, Truth and I were given a map of the city of Winthrop and assigned to write a paper about it from the perspective of a person in the year 2030. Truth did himself write something dismissive about the churches, but I can’t recall what it was. I do still remember, though, that at one point I referenced the lots of churches and commented, “These people must have actually believed that a higher power watched over them and controlled their everyday lives,” as to say everyone in 2030 will be atheists. I don’t think the teacher took too kindly to my inference, for he was a former church minister, and he cast out a grimace upon its return to me, though he was evenhanded enough to give me a perfect score.

I had the audacity to ask Joy to the prom while she had a boyfriend who she couldn’t escort, due to disapproval of dad or parents, and she had the gall to go with it. I sought to get out of the house for a night, I knew her parents were taken to me, and I was a friend of Gaze, so I didn’t think he’d contest, although, looking back on it, he had to have at least a little. Also, I had a peculiar interest in her because of our past, and, more importantly to me at the time, she was very pretty. Shortly before prom night, I asked Gaze if he cared, and he said, “nah.” He had to have cared to some extent. I think I simply must’ve caused at least a minor rift in their relationship, if not a major one, but he was always cool to me about it.

Then, Joy called me about a week prior to the night of the prom to try to get out of it. I think she was simply not wishing to go at all with anyone. Not even me! When she said this, I told her mercilessly, “but I already bought my tux.” I think her mom and dad were pleased to see her go out with me though. I doubt if they had ever gotten about the town to hear the bad news about what I did for recreation, for I think they were a rather reclusive farm family. I don’t know why she was ever receptive to me in the first place, but I was glad she was.

Upon our arrival, I asked if she wanted to go into the gymnasium, where the high school dancing was happening. She didn’t. She led me out the back door, and then two blocks down the

street to a friend's house, where a dozen of us drank and smoked. We met Gaze there, and he and my date went off to a bedroom, most likely to make out. Sure enough I had some pot, and I was happy to be out of the house to use it. Joy was instructed to meet her mom in the front of the school to go home at 10 o'clock. Her parents were exceptionally protective, and as far as I knew she could never stay out late. When I met Joy's mom Beauty, she agreed to allow her to stay out with me an extra hour and let me drive her home – *if*, that is, I could persuade her father, who was at home, into letting her stay out. I then called him, and he was like, “did Beauty put you up to this?” In the end he caved in, though, and I drove her home an hour later.

There was a very special girl who was about three months older than me in my English class, and after a month or two of seeing her in class every day, I learned that this fine young lady and I might share a similar lineage. In a conversation with my mom one day, I appealed for the name of my prospective half-sister, who she had previously cited at some point. She told me, and days later I told a couple friends about it and asked Truth to point her out to me at lunch. Later that day, I figured the word of our potential relation would without a doubt be known throughout the school. As it was a small school in a small town, gossip spreads like wildfire, so I felt obliged to be the first to tell her. I did the next day at lunch. I halted her in the hallway around the lunchroom and heralded, “You might be my sister.” She paused in shock and asked, “then what's my father's name?” and I rightly replied, “Beneficent.” Then we very candidly locked eyes and went our separate ways. Though we never did talk much, without a doubt due more to me, we maintained a good rapport from then on.

**6/98**      Back to Prior Lake.

**98**      The dispute with my friend Victory ignited while he was on the run from his parents' affections and was in want of a place to stay. For a night and a day, I let him stay at my place in the storage space beneath the staircase. Then, while I was at work in the morning, he was there alone, and when I came home, there was but a void where a video game system and several games had been strewn. These altogether were worth all of two weeks' pay (a few \$100). Then I went and told a common acquaintance or two that Victory took this “*Nintendo 64*” of mine, and that I'm going to beat him down when I see him in town (I later got my nose bloodied by a family member who I confronted, accused, and assailed).

Victory was a passenger in a car which pulled up behind me in a parking lot that he most likely knew I frequented, and he was escorted by three burly young men on three steel horses. He

converged upon my car, and we snarled for spell, before we took flight to a park to fight, followed by his biker buddies and a carload of young ladies that just happened to show up. First, we got out of our cars and went to work to worry one another. Next, I swung a fist at him, immediately after Rapport, the only one who I was with, yelled to me, “*hit him!*” Victory was a varsity wrestler, and he handily pinned me beneath him with some dexterous maneuver. He then secured me in a headlock with his left arm as he beat me repeatedly dead in the face with his right fist. After insufferable minutes of this, he let me up and demanded an apology, and after a minute more of exchanging grimaces and words with him – *I attacked him again!* He then forthrightly pinned me beneath him once more with a familiar maneuver, and he did the same thing to me for another spell. Then, before he let me up once more, he had to demand multiple times that I apologize, whilst putting a fist to my face between adjoining demands. Eventually I said I would, he let me up, and I hesitantly apologized.

For a few days afterward, the bridge of my nose was swelled up, making me look like an alien in a movie for my job interview with Cheery at the *Money-X-change*. She thought it was funny and was nice enough to hire me anyhow. I held this job for a total of four years. Victory and I met once or twice more in the next weeks or months, and civility was restored. He commended me on openly admitting to others that I got my ass kicked.

98 - 99        Through the school year at CASA, an alternative school in the nearby city of Chaska, I hung out mostly with Praise, Faith’s ex-boyfriend, and a Russian immigrant who I had happened to have led as a member of student council in the eighth grade, but also with two young women and several others. We all made it commonplace to smoke dope before, during, and after school together.

99        During the year at CASA, I started learning about, and growing very intrigued by, the theory of evolution. I was already a staunch atheist since the end of my junior year at the farm, and I thought evolution would be the premier justification. At CASA for the makeshift school journal, I put a great deal of time and effort into writing an article on atheism, and I continued to develop it for weeks or decades after it was published. A third of it was plagiarized from the *World Book Encyclopedia* and others unknown. You see, alternative schools have bigger things to worry about than plagiarism. Let me simply say it was well done for a student at an alternative school, yet it portrayed theists as misled, and it slighted everyone for not being amazed at human existence. Also, it started by saying, “God exists only in the mind of the believer,” and closed by saying, “We

are not beings made by the hand of a God who will grant us eternal life, but the most evolved species of life, and we all will have to face our inevitable deaths.”

I have come to categorically deny the whole premise of the published article, but it was the first thing I wrote that I cared about, and it was very good practice. By writing it, I learned I could draft anything on a computer and continue to improve upon it swiftly and in perpetuity, and I would in turn improve upon my own manner of thinking in the process. One of my favorite teachers of all time who oversaw that quasi-journalism class was expressly impressed by how I could self-correct my own writing.

**12/98 - 1/99** Mom’s townhouse was raided by the police and drug task force on Dec. 4, 1998. They would’ve broken down the front door with a battering ram had my mom not been walking out through it right then. To their discontent, however, they found only two bags which together totaled less than that critical one ounce. Just a day or two before that, though, I had purchased a pound, and almost all of it was sold off by then. I was brought into a Juvenile Detention Center and detained for three days. When they patted me down, though, they did not do so well enough, for there was a slim bag of pot in my sock which they brought into lockup with me. When I discovered I still had it on me, I was spellbound, and at the first opportunity I separated it, masticated it, and ingested it with water. Later that day, I was playing cards with a guard and another misfit, and this 14 year-old hooligan at one point exclaimed, “*He looks stoned!*” It then put me to sleep for almost an entire day. After my release, I was on house arrest for several weeks, and I was not allowed to go anywhere, except work and home and school, which to me was almost everywhere, and affixed to one of my ankles were electronic shackles.

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#### 4. A Disciplinary Military

**5/99 - 6/99** Just two or three months prior to the humiliating defeat of high school by me, I decided to take my leave of civilian life, and as soon as could be. Mom then had a new boyfriend, Wealth, and she let me live freely at her townhouse after she moved into his big new house about six kilometers from town. My brother was then living with the grandparents, and my sister was off at a trial at college. Humor came to live with me, and he and not I beckoned several others, because I



lacked friends. On my last night home, friends and I had a bonfire in Wealth's backyard to send me off and wish me the best. I had fun and slept none, and three of my friends and I rode to Minneapolis at three in the morning to deliver me to conformity.

**6/99** In the run-up to the day when I signed a set of my rights away and took to the air, hundreds of dollars were still in my care, so for my sister there would be a greeting card to obtain, it would disclose how by me her car was slain, and it would enclose \$400 to lessen the pain. At the time she was in need, no thanks to me, and I did do for her a good deed, yet it still fell short of justice by *at least* a hundred dollars *plus interest*. I was with Faith when I wrote in the card, and she seemed to adore me for bringing the wrong to the light and righting it.

**6/99 - 5/00** Whilst brandishing but two months of grade school outstanding, my decision to enlist, and thereby forgo full-fledged freedom for the defense of democracy, was seemingly spontaneous. Basic Military Training (BMT) was then befalling me just one month past my last day of class. The military route was taken due to my dead-end job, abysmal grade school profile, insecure social network, and profound personal promise. I also served for the sake of my nation, but more so for the sake of civilization, for I was and will be a Gaian first and American second.

When I first signed on, I signed on to be a member of the bomb squad, "Explosive Ordinance Disposal," but during BMT, they fortuitously found fraud, for at age 17 I was ticketed for breach of curfew. They then made a declaration that this citation for that violation was a disqualification from that occupation, although I think they simply wanted to confer another. I was very glad they did it though. Toward the end of BMT, I signed on to specialize in electrical and environmental systems on aircraft.

I was enlisted in the United States Air Force from June '99 to May '00 in three big cities under the big sky of Texas. Basically, the cities were vertices of a triangle. I underwent BMT at Lackland Air Force Base (AFB) in San Antonio for the first six weeks, as did every member of the noncommissioned Air Force. I was then shipped to Sheppard AFB in Wichita Falls for five months of Technical Training, and assigned a permanent station at Dyess AFB in Abilene, where I trained to maintain the B1 plane. I was there for four months until the powers that be and I had a falling out.

**6/30/1999** Upon the docking of the plane in the middle of the night, the military met us at the gate and brusquely ushered us to a floor on which to sit. For up to an hour, we had to sit. We

had to just sit, keep quiet, and intermittently listen to military madness. We had better get used to the sitting. There was going to be a lot of sitting and not often on chairs. Not on much of anything, in fact, but concrete. After the creator of the schedule felt we will have been sitting for a sufficient length of time, they would align us against a wall, give us the all-important instructions for how to stand at attention, and march us out of the airport and onto a very classy bus with cozy seats and televisions (Leno was on). These would be the last of our luxuries.

When the bus stopped on base, we had to take a seat with our bags on the concrete. They had us sitting and waiting for orders. They made us wait for two hours and we were already fatigued. A well-coordinated team of sneering Sergeants had to remain ever present to keep our fresh flight of frail trainees awake, in order, and perfectly obedient into the next morning and through much of the next day. After we sat for longer than we could stand, we were guided into a room with chairs for all. We were not to speak unless spoken to. We were to listen for our name and provide information.

After the info was given, we had to hurry outside, align ourselves into four columns, and patiently wait for the rest of the flight. Upon the full assembly of the flight, we were expected to already know how to march in formation and do so flawlessly. After a few blocks of marching, with a few stops along the way to take some heat for bungling, we arrived en masse to the squadron. Do we at last get to get some rest? Far from it. All aligned, we had to stand perfectly still at attention, for a half an hour or so, and take in the hard facts of how it was going to go. At one point, while standing there, I grew weak and began to fall asleep. My head bobbed and rectified. Apparently, I did not rectify fast enough, though, because the Training Instructor, ever on the watch for motions without orders, was in my face with haste. I cannot recall what he said, but he said it loud and local. It did not happen again.

After that grueling session, the flight received orders to march up the three flights of stairs and into our locked down living quarters. We had to relinquish our bags to a large locked closet that impounded our belongings through the first five weeks. There was a communal latrine with a shared shower room. There were two bay areas, both with two rows each of 25 beds, and lockers lining the four walls. We were given a key with a lock for our locker. We were given a set of amenities like we were at a hotel. At the end of the day, the scheduler allowed us to go to sleep, and sleeping most of us were in an instant. That is all I can recall from the first waking cycle. There were 42 more to go, starting at day one four hours later.

7/1/99 - 8/14/99      In BMT we didn't shit for the first week, and we were told this was due to the stress. They made us stand at attention, as motion-free as could feasibly be, for whole halves of hours at a time, and they lectured us thoroughly throughout the entire time. They also kept us from sleeping for the first 24 hours or so, so I was exhaustively kept awake for 50 hours straight! Then we slept for only *four* hours. The food was always superb, but we had to eat it as fast as we could, and only ate as much as we could, in the few minutes they gave us to gorge. As a result, I am still today a rather hasty eater.

Every trainee had a specific duty to put the quarters in order, and another detainee and I opted to take on the task of squarely aligning the 100 bedposts. We were also expected to tuck in our beds nicely, neatly, and quite quickly, so we had races to see who could make their beds the neatest and fastest. There was this one team of two Asians who were so fast that everyone in one bay one day flocked to watch. I think their time was at the breakneck pace of 16 seconds, and the tidiness was laudable. I tell you the truth.

I had two Training Instructors: "*AIC Regulator*" and "*SSgt. Dominator*." During a drill one day, I referred to *Sergeant* Dominator as simply, "*Dominator*," without "*Sergeant*." The penalty for this had generally been a mere minute of shouting in the mistake maker's face, but I had done this before, and others were doing it, so I had to be taught a lesson, and made an example of. After I responded, "Dominator Sir," I endured a bout of loud sounds and hot air in my face from AIC Regulator, and then, before he finished, he ordered me to stand more still than anybody ever could, at attention, while the flight marched off drilling, and until I was told otherwise. It was 45 minutes to an hour later when SSgt. Dominator came across me and asked why I was standing there. I said, "Sir, Airman Isaacson reports as ordered!" . . . as we were ordered to always do before we broke silence, ". . . I referred to you as Dominator Sir." Then, his eyes popped and jaw dropped, and he pounded loud sounds in my eardrums and blazed bright sights in my pupils for untold minutes, before he ordered me to my squadron. One of his final pronouncements was, "*I think I'm going to recycle someone this week! And I think it's going to be you!*" When one was recycled, they were put into another squadron, which had a week or weeks more than yours left of training. I was never recycled.

In I believe the fifth week of training one day, my chest started hurting terribly when I breathed for spells. I said something to AIC Regulator, but he told me to wait. The next morning, I made a plea to him to pardon me from the timed run of the mile, but to no avail. I trotted. I thought

it was probably bronchitis, because other trainees were stricken by it. During lunch-duty that day, the pain became unbearable, and I was supervised by a judicious gentleman who caught sight of my breathing pains. He called paramedics, and an ambulance came and hauled me away to the sickbay. I figured the paramedics deemed me to be at work to fake an illness to flee from the hell of the training for a little of the while, because the symptomatic pain was in remission when they were with me. It turned out to be pneumonia, though, which could have quickly put me under.

In the run up to my recruitment, the curiosity that was my religiosity was leading me to be reading scientific literature. After several months of far-reaching research, I understood I had to learn physics to touch the truth that I sought. In BMT I got away with keeping, “*The Little Book of Science*” (1999, Gribbin), which was a curious little book full of scientific facts. I read it repeatedly, tried to solve its mysteries for myself, and borrowed it to comrades.

**7/99 - 2/00** After successfully surviving BMT in the standard time of six weeks, I went on to my five months of technical training. It was a tad bit less strict. Our time was usually free of charges, or less taxing at any rate, from the time when we returned from school, which was the hangar, at 4 pm, until 9 pm when we had to be in our rooms. I excelled in the technical training, a true wizard with the wiring diagrams, but I was a dissenter from the military training. For example, we had orders to run about 2.5 kilometers at daybreak thrice weekly. We ran the route to a turn-around point and retraced our steps. When I didn't feel like running so much, which wasn't so uncommon, I made a fast-paced about face while off the radar at a midway place.

An affliction of an addiction to a nicotine routine was brought about by me a dozen months before I signed up, but I was restrained from it, and then I refrained from it, for the first four months. It was then taken up again, because (a) most of my cohorts were smokers, (b) I may have been ahead in both time and cash and behind on ways to spend them, and (c) my generalized drug addiction was dormant but not dead.

Every technical school trainee had a card they had to carry which indicated their level of military conditioning. If one is reasonably compliant, as most were, one ascends from status one to five in two months' time. One's status decreed one's bill of rights. One could first smoke in uniform at three, one could go off base on the weekends at four, and one could go off base on any day whenever at five. By now my memory has mostly misplaced those most munificent benefits of the five advancements in status.

I was not at a level at which they let me smoke in uniform on that ominous autumn night when a sergeant suddenly summoned up my status. I was drunk at a park amongst a mass of legal as well as underage drinkers, and drinkers both statutory and otherwise. I had to awaken at about four o'clock the next morning to roast in a cramped oven heated by the hot air of an infuriated sergeant. I was soon served an "Article 51," the military's misdemeanor. Later I had to answer to the commander, and I lost a stripe and fell to naught status.

Also in technical training, with a large fraction of my four to six hours of freedom daily on weekdays and eight to 16 hours daily on weekends, I began to scan several of the base library's books, mostly on physics and partly chemistry.

**2/00 - 5/00** After my technical electrical dialectical, I was flown home for ten days and then drove to my new base in two days with my new *1996 Chevrolet*, which would be my *Beretta* bought from my brother for \$6000. First the price was \$5500, but then the seller called to ask if instead I'd pay \$6000, because he needed a new bike. I was at once too irrationally apathetic and emotionally sympathetic, for I said I didn't care, and so he coaxed me into buying him a bike. I think I was thinking, "What's \$500 out of \$6000?" I hadn't yet been fitted, you see, with the economics of small percentages.

At first a fellow from the Philippines and I assumed a single dorm room, but a few weeks went by and they brought back to life that stripe they swiped for imbibing. With my two-striped-status renewed, I was awarded a pay increase and my own room, so I bought a new desktop computer with a 19-inch screen, almost exclusively for a use as a word processor. Its premier purpose was to host my eerie new theory of space and time and gravity, which commenced on the base library's computer around January '00 and recommenced on my roommate's.

After a few weeks at Dyess, there began to gather in the night a group of others in and around my room, mostly at the weeks' ends, and the imbibers were mostly minors. The Military Police were likely called with a complaint about loud music on that fateful April night when they crashed my party, investigated my posse, and arrested me on suspicion of underage consumption. Upon our arrival at the Station, I went to the trouble to go to the bathroom to gag my gullet to puke out my guts to reduce the alcohol that could enter my bloodstream. Next, a guy in charge appointed two trainees to administer the breath test for alcohol. I thought, "if I don't blow, they won't detect alcohol," so no air was blown, and my drunkenness went undetected. But they then thought something was amiss with their apparatus, and they went to work to work it out. They asked me to

blow three or four times more, and each time I put on a show of one big blow but ceded no airflow. My wife was futile, though, for after an hour or so of stalling at the Station, their failure to test my breath triggered them to take me to the hospital to cede blood instead. They drew .01% alcohol. It could have been worse, but it never would have mattered in any case.

In May 2000, I was generally discharged for “patterns of misbehavior.” In my appeal to my commander, where my attorney saw I had written “I will not let this happen again,” I fixed it so the commander instead read, “I will try not to let this happen again,” and I think that appeal sealed the deal. I also said something about wanting to work on a theory of gravity. I could’ve stayed in but would have been intolerably worse off. A month prior to my departure, I called Cheery, owner of the *Money-X-change* where I worked at the end of my civilian run, and a kindhearted friend of mine. She said she would have a job there waiting for me. The acquisition of this occupation on this occasion reinforced my decision to take flight from the service.

Then I lived with my mom and her boyfriend, plus every other week two elementary school step-sisters, and I shared a spacious room with my brother. I then had my computer next to my bed on my side of the room. One of the first things I did back home was sell my golden speedster for a mere \$1500, for it had been badly abused by my adolescent self.

**8/00 - 10/00** In the fall following my fall from the Force, I registered to take five classes for 16 credits at Normandale Community College in Bloomington, MN (Pop. 50K). They were Writing, Philosophy, Astronomy, Biology, and Intermediate Algebra. I thought I could pass all five just fine while still divining my grand new theory of space and time, because I was really – truly – that smart, but I could not, and so I was not. I quit three of them one by one, and then I quit the final two together. They were all collectively destructive. Unfortunately, I neglected to withdraw from any of my classes at the records office, though, for to go to school four years later, in fall ‘04, I had to write an appeal to be admitted in addition to an appeal to be financed, but easily I did win both.

**98 - 99 & 5/00 - 3/03** The Money-X-change was a store where they charged percentages for cashing checks. It was Rapport who suggested I apply for the work after he was hired at the pawn shop which shared space with, and had the same owners as, one of the Money-X-changes. There were 10 or so Money-X-change locations in the metropolitan area of Minneapolis-St. Paul, and I worked at six of them at least once. I worked almost exclusively in Burnsville prior to my military service, and then for the three years while employed there afterward, I worked anywhere, and anytime when, they needed me, although for most of this while I had regular fulltime hours at one

of the two Shakopee stores. That store was the newest and slowest of the bunch, and therefore that one was my utmost favorite.

There were 15 to 30 minutes of work to do throughout my four- or nine-hour shifts, plus sporadic minutes of customer service, so what I did there was what I did at home; I was reading, writing, and thinking. At least in theory I was staggeringly productive. There was a computer on which I had downloaded the latest word processor program, *2000 Works*, and so I had the opportunity to make far-reaching literary advancements to complement the intellectual enlightenment.

**3/01 - 3/02** My mom and I moved into a townhouse together in Savage (Pop. 20K) while she and her ex-man Wealth were at odds over his drinking and partying. Humor, a good friend of mine since Laker's, came by a few times while I lived there. I told him I was moving several days before I did move, and I told him I would call him after my move but never did. I was too preoccupied to maintain a friendship, you see, and I did not care to partake in any of the things that there were for us to do together. I wanted maximal privacy.

I *did* tell him the general area in which I was moving to, though, and I *did* think about calling him after my move, but three weeks after I evaded his radar, he drove through my neighborhood and spotted my car. I said, "Sorry for not calling you," and he was like, "you should be." A friend of ours was with him. We had a good meeting, and he or they called on me on two or three other occasions. Lastly, during our last visit, I passively made it clear to him that I did not want a friend, and I think he took it personally. It had to be so. Having to answer to him about what I was doing with my life, and why I have become so reclusive, was getting annoying. I alone own my time, you see. Nobody else has any right to any of it, I thought, and it was in high demand from me.

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## 5. Blitzes on Physics

**10/01** I initiated a dialogue between myself and the University of Minnesota Physics Department early in October 2001, with Professor Knowledge, then Head of the Theoretical Physics Institute (TPI). I first learned of he and the TPI online, I visited it late one morning, I was told Prof. Knowledge was not then in, I cogitated on campus for an untold number of hours, and finally I went

back, the Professor was in, and he was kind enough to see me.

I walked in, shook his hand, sat down at his desk, naively asked for his patience, and said what I had planned to say. “I’m in the process of completing the theory of relativity.” He inquired, “Learning it?” and I replied, “No, completing it.” I then quivered as I asked, “if I’d share with you a very thorough and comprehensive explanation of space and time, would you provide the minimal finances necessary for me to use all of my time productively?”

He said something in an incredulous tone, and I looked into his eyes and said by surprise, “*even* if I was telling you the truth?” His eyes lit up and instantly sparked mine – then he said, “well it doesn’t work like that,” and out of fear and anxiety I got up, told him thank you, and walked off. While walking away, he gave me the room number to which one would want to go. I did not listen. Finally, right before my exit, I turned to add with assurance, “I’m sure I’ll speak with you again in the future.” I then left the campus with a hung head and damp eyes.

After a couple of weeks of mulling it over, I decided to write a letter to the Supreme Head of U of MN Physics, “Professor Wisdom.” I mistakenly addressed him as “Mr.” rather than “Prof.,” and I neglected to date this first letter. I delivered this one and the next two to his office. You see, each time I drove for 35 minutes to Minneapolis and paid for city parking, partly because I deemed the material to be too important to entrust to the postal service, and partly because it simply felt good to me to be on the campus.

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Dear Mr. Wisdom,

I am a twenty-year-old who has not yet received any formal post-secondary education, though for years I’ve studied much independently. For the last two years, I’ve spent the majority of my time on what has become a very thorough and comprehensive explanation of space and time. I have titled my work, “Universal Relativity.” I’m hoping that once I can convince you that what I claim is true, you will provide the minimal finances necessary for me to use all of my time productively. I believe you and the school in general could help me in many other ways, but financial security is my most immediate problem because I had recently lost a very convenient job. All I am asking of you right now is to give me some of your time to explain my ideas and my situation. I could probably talk for hours, but I’m hoping I can speak with you for half an hour to an hour. I have no phone or



E-mail address, so I would appreciate it if you could mail me the place and time of an appointment to speak with you (any time is good for me);

Matt Isaacson

Street Address

Savage, MN 55358

P.S. When one dimension of a Cartesian graph represents time, the velocity of light is always a 45 degree line.

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11/2/01 Then no response and two weeks later.

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Nov. 2, 2001

Dear Mr. Wisdom,

I'm sure you think that either I'm playing a joke, I'm delusional, or I'm trying to make money. This is understandable because I know that what I claim is not something that you will readily believe, and I apologize for not making myself more clear in my previous letter. I was expecting that you would doubt that what I claim could be true, but I was not expecting that you would completely disregard it. The intention of my postscript was for me to gain enough credibility to at least get a conversation with you, but apparently it did not. I suspect that the reason why is as follows; it seems to you that when one dimension of a Cartesian graph represents time, the velocity of light could not always be a 45 degree line, because if a Reference Point (RP) is in motion on that graph, the velocity of light will then not be constant relative to that RP. Again, I apologize for not making myself more clear. You see, the graph I described is not a graph of the Universe, but of a single Inertial Frame (IF), and if a RP is in motion on that graph, the graph does not represent the IF of that RP. This time, in order to gain credibility, I've included my outline, and I expect that it will be sufficient to get some of your time. So again, I have no phone or E-mail address, so I'd appreciate it if you could mail me the place and time of an appointment to speak with you.

Street Address  
Matthew Isaacson  
Savage, MN 55358

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11/14/01 Then again no response and a dozen days later.

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Nov. 14, 2001

Dear Mr. Wisdom,

You must still think that I'm either playing a joke, that I'm delusional, or that I'm trying to make money. Perhaps the reason why you still believe this is because you do not think that a 20 year-old could be capable of such an achievement, or because my outline is not what you would expect the Universal Theory of Relativity to look like, or because the probability that someone, especially a 20 year-old, would create such a work at this place and time is so incredibly slim. It is difficult for me to understand my situation from the perspective of a man with experience, and I'm sure that the reasons why you have ignored me are justified from your point of view, but I don't know why. I wish I was a wealthier man so I wouldn't have to waste my time trying to get help and trying to solve why I'm being ignored. It seems like I can't get some of your time without convincing you, and I can't convince you without getting some of your time.

I think I should clarify my situation and my work a little better. Most of what I know of physics is the information in books intended for the layperson, but all the information I need is that of the velocity of light. I will be finished some time next year, probably the earlier part of the year. My work is 25 pages, including 12 graphs, 12 laws, about 7500 words, awe-inspiring symmetry, and not a single equation. I believe strongly that mass and energy are properties of space and time, and I guarantee that the GUT cannot be found without the information that I am going to provide. I am wary about sharing direct information about my work because I am concerned about protecting my ideas, and I still don't know how the legal aspect of this works. If I do not get a response this time, you will not hear from me until my work is published, so, for the last time, I'd appreciate it if you could mail me the place and time of an appointment to speak with you.

Matt Isaacson

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11/16/02      At long last a strong response.

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November 16, 2002

Dear Mr. Isaacson:

This is in response to your letter of 14 November. I don't think you are playing a joke, or are delusional, or are even out to make money. You are one of a long line of individuals who become convinced that they have solved a major problem in physics, usually one associated with relativity or quantum mechanics, and that they have done this without any formal training in physics or mathematics. This has not yet happened, and the probability that it will happen in the future is vanishingly small. It is not uncommon for individuals who really know very little about a subject to convince themselves that they have solved it.

On the other hand there are ways to subject ideas to critical scrutiny, and given your commitment to your ideas, you should consider doing this. The way it is usually done is to submit a paper to journal such as the *Physical Review*, *Nature* or *Science*. The refereeing process will test your ideas for scientific soundness. As a consequence, although I am very skeptical, I urge you to continue to write up your work, and if you truly believe that it is meaningful, submit it to a journal and see what the referees say.

Having said this, which you may take as discouraging, I would like to talk with you anyhow, to see if you are truly serious student of physics, and to see if you are aware of your options in pursuing physics as a career. The kind of motivation and commitment to your work and to the subject may lead you somewhere.

Because of Thanksgiving, and my travel schedule, my ability to meet with you within the next couple of weeks is quite constrained. I could meet with you at 3PM on Tuesday, the 20th, but if that does not work, or you do not get this letter in time, the next free moment when I could meet would be on Monday, 3 December, at 3 PM.

If you can make either give me a call at (555)555-5555

Best regards,  
Professor Wisdom

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11/20/01 I called his office when I got the letter, and I was mortified for saying firmly on his answering machine, “Hello this is Matthew Isaacson. I am calling to let you know that I *will* be there on Tuesday, and you *will not* be disappointed.”

When I got to the foyer of the heads of physics, his secretary directed me to his office, and when I walked in, he peered upon me with a whimsical grin. He stood to shake my hand, he asked me what I think I’ve found out, and he sat us down in the front of his desk. I asked, “Should I begin?” (Just as I had planned), he said, “please,” and I handed him my theory in a black folder. He paged through my entire 20 pages without reading any of it, except for probably the headings of the sections, and he had to have seen several graphs. He said, “you even have a subtitle,” as he smirked (the subtitle was, “The Unified Theory of Space and Time”). He spoke of physics that was, as of yet, beyond me (something about Lorentz transformations). He asked if I could explain time dilation, and I said, “Relatively greater quantities of space pass through time at relatively lesser frequencies” (This was my best answer at the time). He said, “but those are just words,” and I acquiesced.

After perhaps five minutes, he said the school did not then have the funds available, and I cordially nodded with elevated eyebrows. I stood to thank him and shake his hand, which he apparently didn’t expect, and he forthrightly responded. As I exited his office, followed by him, he posed, “you know relativity theory has been verified in various ways,” or something to that effect, and I just nodded. Then, before leaving his presence, I politely said, “perhaps I’ll see you when I begin my *formal* education,” stressing formal.

I then walked down two blocks and decided to revisit the office to ask him to read the first paragraph of my theory, but, when I awkwardly returned, his secretary informed me he has left for the day. I then departed the campus with my head high and eyes dry.

3/14/02 After that very enlightening experience, I sent a few other letters elsewhere seeking sponsorships, including to the *American Physical Society*, and from them I received the only response. Then, four months later, I wrote the following letter to Professor Knowledge.

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March 14, 2002

Dear Prof. Knowledge:

I'm the young man who visited you unexpectedly in October seeking a sponsorship, as I "complete *The Theory of Relativity*" (*I believe* this is mostly true, but I shouldn't have said it like that). I don't know if you get that a lot, so I hope you remember me; I was the one who was a bit nervous and left in perhaps less than a minute. That was the first time I put forth a request, since then I've been indolently developing my method of approach and have put forth two other requests, and this is by far the most appropriate yet (I had also spoken with Prof. Wisdom, but it too went poorly because of my underdeveloped approach). This time I'm not directly seeking a sponsorship/scholarship, but information and advice. If you wish not to write an objective response or any response at all, that'll be quite alright; there are respectable reasons why you wouldn't, but if you would it would be appreciated, and perhaps I would be forever grateful.

For four years I've been working 30 to 40 hrs/wk as a teller at a store where they charge percentages for cashing checks. Almost all of my time at work and home has been free for me to do as I please, and I try not to waste any of it. I'm satisfied with the simplicity and privacy of my lifestyle, but I think it would be better for me, and for science, if I retired from ordinary work and acquired a greater education. I would enroll in college, but it doesn't seem practical for various reasons. I do educate myself well, but my mathematics has been lacking, and I'm pursuing several other projects, but my Universe has been my main objective for more than two years. As far back as I can remember, I've been pondering the metaphysics of space and time, but I only began analyzing the physics of space and time roughly three years ago. My Universe has been rapidly evolving since that time, and it may be fully-operational (I may be finished) before the year is out.

When I spoke with you, I was uneasy for many reasons, namely because of my many uncertainties regarding the workings of the school, and more so because of my anticipation of formidable doubt, but I had to start somewhere, and our encounter went about as well as I expected it to. Reasonably and respectably, anyone I contact will initially assume that I'm just a misguided young man. Anyhow, why would any intelligent person consider I could be constructing such a theory? I'm twenty-one, I'm self-educated, I have no credentials, and I'm at this place and time. Perhaps I am indeed misguided: perhaps I've mistaken subjectivity for objectivity and philosophy for science, perhaps my

ideas have been thought of before and have eluded my independent education, perhaps my emotion overpowers my reason and subconsciously I really just want attention, perhaps I'm dismally ignorant and profusely arrogant, or perhaps I do have some respectable ideas, but *my* Universe is not *the* Universe. Whatever the true case, I remain convinced that I'm right, and if I was right then I'd know I'm right, but if I wasn't right then I could still *believe* that I know I'm right, so only in time can and shall the truth be known.

Before I left your office, you directed me to another room, and I thank you, but I didn't go for the reasons that made me uneasy, and I didn't want to embarrass myself more than I already had. If I did go speak with someone, how would I be assured that my intellectual property remains secure? What should I know about the process? With whom would I be sharing my ideas for the first time? How much would I have to discuss? And would it be disreputable if some of my ideas and the literature itself is so new and different and unexpected? If my requests were granted, how would the school benefit? Would I have to forfeit much of my privacy? Where and how would I live? How many people, and who, would learn of me and my assertions before my work is publicized? And what of my education? I suspect that my qualifications greatly exceed those that would be required, and I have little doubt as to whether I can teach the basics of "Universal Relativity" to any objective individual who has learned "Classical Relativity" well.

I may very well finish my work independently without any assistance of any kind from anyone, and that's fine, but I don't think it's right that someone such as I who thinks so diligently developing such grand knowledge should have such occupational obligations and be deprived of the greatest viable education while living in such a prosperous society that places such value on academic achievement. I would think that it will be simple for me to attain my ideal lifestyle once I devise how to predispose propitious subjective judgment so as to constitute sound objective skepticism, but I may come to decide to remain independent rather than put forth the time and effort that may be required to achieve this. Furthermore, of all my uncertainties, there may be reasons why I should remain independent that I don't know of, but I would like to acquire sufficient information to decide accordingly, and I assume you could, and hope you would, provide this for me. Should you respond, and I do suspect you will, take whatever time you wish, and I advocate that this letter be brought to the attention of whomever it is that I should most rightly be addressing.

That I am a great physicist it should not be believed;  
The *physics* of space and time can *easily* be conceived.  
For it is the *metaphysics* that is *atrocious!*;  
And it is my philosophy that is precocious.

Sincerely Yours,  
Matt Isaacson

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## 6. Time of Enlightenment

The closing verse of the previous letter was most likely the first verse to have ever been borne by me in my life, honestly, and those four lines shot my mind off on a tangent. I crafted what might've been millions of verses in the ensuing months, and the best of them were compiled in a book owning the tentative title of "*Time of Enlightenment*," because it had been my goal to render the time the reader reads this a time of enlightenment, as I had so cleverly penned at the time. Now, in the end, that crafty book has here become this sixth chapter of this lofty book. It is quite likely that I wrote more poetry in 2002 than I will have written over the course of the rest of my life, so let us now go forth and indulge in the extravagant luxury which is this exquisite poetry.

### *1. Flowers*

I came upon an open field of flowers where I found a madman laughing. I implored the madman, "give me your grounds for pining for the flowers to parish from this earth," and uneasily added, "People like them you know." The madman laughed and replied, "I didn't say that you did." My heart was then broken by the words that he had spoken. All my life it's been I who's been mad!

### *2. The Corpse of my Dream*

I was dancing with a corpse; it was green.  
This was in a boat on a lake.  
Suddenly the corpse was nowhere to be seen,  
For I was now awake!

*3. Awaiting spring*

To the ticks and the tocks, I just keep on listening.  
As I sit in my chair I anxiously rock.  
As I gaze out the window, I see the snow glistening.  
They move so slowly the hands of the clock.

*4. American Dreams*

In Basic Training I was awakened from pleasant dreams,  
To find myself in misery.  
Now it's pleasant to *awaken* from Basic Training dreams,  
To find myself with Liberty.

*5. Incredible Irony*

A break-in he sees.  
He wonders then:  
“How did they get in?  
Without the keys!?”

*6. Rehabilitating the Mean Drunk*

I said, “I guess they think I’m an alcoholic,  
because I drink “*so much*” beer.  
They think this drink it has made me sick,  
and this is why I’m here.”  
He asked, “Are you willing to change, Rick?”  
I said, “*No!*, but I have to speak to you for a *year!*”  
  
“You must begin to think differently;  
you must stop drinking,” said he,  
And added, “or you will never be friendly.”  
I then replied angrily, “then so I shall not be!”



### *7. Time Traveling*

After traversing a vast void, I've finally arrived in no time at all;

With me I have brought some important texts.

I've come to now to show you how to travel to another now,

But I must first warn of some adverse aspects.

I must teach to you and have you sign – *"The Treaty of Time"*;

You may cause effects on causes and effects.

We'll take some time before the time I take you to another time:

Review this form and sign your name by the X;

Then you must take and ace this intricate test.

Then tell me when you wish to travel in time,

As well as when you wish to travel *to* in time.

You may choose either the future or the past,

And when these are done, I'll take care of the rest.

### *8. Mary's Lamb*

Mary has a little Lamb,  
whose fleece is black as coal,  
And everywhere that Mary goes,  
the Lamb is sure to go.

Mary wants to see the world,  
but Mary's view is curved.  
And she wants to be seen,  
but she cannot be observed.  
The Lamb keeps her hidden,  
and renders her reserved.

The Lamb may bring a guest;  
this guest he will deceive.  
He will lead them to Mary,  
but will never let them leave.

She's one of those good eaters;  
there's nothing Mary won't devour.  
Small but never full is the stomach of hers,  
and the little Lamb has dazzling power.  
That Mary gorges the Lamb ensures.

Mary has a little Lamb,  
whose fleece is black as coal.  
The Lamb is Gravitation,  
and Mary is a Black Hole.

9. *Incredibly Ironic Instant Messages*

**Fantastic Funny:** may i insult you a while?

**Incredible Irony:** So long as it is in good taste.

You must make me smile.

My time you mustn't waste.

**Fantastic Funny:** that was a poem

you were a poet

that was incredible irony!

**Incredible Irony:** This is *still* a poem,

I'm *still* a poet,

And *this* is *still* incredible irony.

Oh facetious funny,

You can't dance with me,

If to you rhyme alone is funny.

**Fantastic Funny:** what is it to you incredible irony?

**Incredible Irony:** To me it is fantastic fun;

It is a name I like to pun.

Do you see fantastic funny?

**Fantastic Funny:** floo floo fliggely floo

I'm more clever than you!

**Incredible Irony:** True true I know it is true,

I can't floo floo fliggely floo,

I can't fliggely flow like you do,

I'm not cloo cloo clever like you! . . .

. . . Fe fi fantastic fum . . .

. . . Fantastic fun is ironically dumb!

**Incredible Irony:** I care not for you fictional funny;

I am now to depart.

**Fantastic Funny:** i am now to fart

**Incredible Irony:** Okay *that* was fantastic funny.

**Incredible Irony:** Oh that we have crossed paths;

What fantastic funny.

**Fantastic Funny:** what incredible irony?

**Incredible Irony:** What fantastic funny!

**Fantastic Funny:** *what* incredible irony!?

*10. Correspondence between Heaven and Hell*

*A. The Devil's Eternally Plotted Tasteless Note to God*

*To the Myth!:*

---

Your laws they all abide;

*God you're so vain!*

Why do they all take your side?;

*How many more will you constrain!?*

---

Your tactics are all wrong;

*It isn't fair to me!*

With scripture and song;

*And the icons they see!*

You tell them where they belong;

*They aren't free!*

---

*Severely Yours,*

*Evil*

*B. God's Instantaneous Aesthetical Response*

*To the Pits:*

---

My laws they do not all abide,

But now this is far from treason.

The reason they all take my side,

Is because on my side is reason.

---

Us in heaven believe in justice;

You down there are never true.

This is why the people trust us;

And this is why they shun you.

---

*Best Regards,*

*Goodness*

11. *The Clown of Rage*

With his big red nose and big red lips,  
His blazing eyes and his sprightly ears,  
And his modest kilt concealing his hips,  
He invokes in my child *ghastly* fears.

He haunts my child night after night;  
And he causes my boy to cry and cry.  
He says all day long he sees his sight;  
Oh *how* I feel sorry for the little guy.

I caught him in my child's room one night;  
As soon as I was spotted he rushed me.  
But I knew he's powerless to satirical delight;  
So with first-rate irony I hushed thee.

I asked the clown why he haunts my boy night after night;  
He said it is how his species survives.  
He said they feed on the child's fright;  
He then joked of how on my child he thrives.

When I was my child's age;  
Some *other* clown terrified me.  
But you should see *this Clown of Rage*.  
If this clown you would like to see,  
Then go ahead and turn the page.

FIGURE 1. The Clown of Rage



*How I Hushed Thee:  
“Are you a CAT!?”*

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## 7. The Rosetta Poem

I discovered this poem in a cave near my home in 2002.  
It was written in a prehistoric language; I deciphered it.  
Sir Rosetta inscribed "*The Origin*" in his early twenties;  
In a cave that he knew would preserve it for me and you.  
He lived his life ten thousand years prior to the present.

### *PART ONE: THE ORIGIN*

1.

My parents were the roots of astrology;  
I am an offshoot of art and literature.  
They too were philosophers of theology,  
But I am the first philosopher of nature.

2.

All of my relatives are presently pretty primitive;  
It is a shame the time they waste hunting.  
They are inane those caves in which they live;  
It is undignified that vernacular grunting.

3.

Ick muck - *oh excuse me* - force of habit;  
You see how with them I communicate?  
I just said, "eat rabbit."  
You see the simplicity I must tolerate!?

4.

When I try to teach them agriculture, they just mock;

They're all just too obtuse.

I'd teach them the practicality of my proficient talk;

But they get too confused.

I'd teach them to *write* instead of *draw* with my chalk;

But they so love my hues.

They think my written word is simply jabberwock;

By my scripts they are amused.

5.

And you should see that art of theirs:

I create the most lifelike masterpieces,

While they draw puerile bulls and bears,

And those "*uproarious*" privates and feces,

At which the simple mind laughs and stares

6.

And you want to know their word for food?

It is poop; that's right, poop.

They eat their poop.

They pick their poop.

They hunt their poop.

They share their poop.

But of course it is my slip-up for selecting such slang for secretion.

7.

But I must say in my being now there is great good;

I am the King of the Fittest to the Squirrels.

I see many-a-beautiful Squirrel in this wood;

Squirrels is my pet name for these girls.



8.

All of my Squirrels *are* a bit obtuse,  
But I so love them greatly.  
Until each one starts to reproduce,  
I lay with her nightly.

9.

Early on I had thought of natural selection;  
I have been prolific since the age of thirteen.  
The game I play is utter perfection;  
In this Hive it is I who is Queen!

10.

Of course, the males they don't like me;  
At the base of their society is where I lay.  
If these boys were brighter, they'd kill me;  
Together some plot to end me each day.  
But there is to be many more like me;  
Greatly prolific is my DNA.  
And oh just wait until our descendants see;  
Who will have won the day!

11.

Dearly I need a punctuation in the equilibrium;  
I hope we soon have a great struggle to survive.  
Only then can the rest shape a fine cerebrum;  
It's now too simple for the simple mind to thrive.

12.

I'm writing so wishing to be read;  
I write to enlighten posterity.  
I will clarify what I just said:  
I write to enlighten my progeny.

## *PART TWO: THE EVOLUTION*

It is thirty years later, and Rosetta returns to his words on stone . . .

1.

Since my last poem, I've rationalized nature.  
Since then, I had expanded the vocabulary.  
Since then, I had monopolized agriculture.  
*Since!*, my Chipmunks wrote me a library.

2.

The First Family Finally Found Fine Ink;  
One Inventive Inventor Invented a Pen.  
Oh now think of what the Chips now think;  
About having now what we hadn't had then.  
When they were writing their rigorous work.

3.

I have inventors and builders,  
writers of literature,  
Travelers and traders,  
philosophers of nature,  
Weapons and raiders,  
and a slave trade for labor.

4.

To my great delight one of my chemists, who is a far greater chemist than I, had produced a powder that, when ingested, causes lifelong infertility. *Unfortunately* he became infertile in the process, but just think of all the Nuts my family can now painlessly eradicate for our following generations!

5.

“Nuts” is our name for the distantly related; the unfit, the weak, the simple, the criminal,  
the outcasts, the foolish, the nuts.

6.

One of my economists proposed that the teeth of the Nuts be our money -

*I know!*, how inventive.

The First Family Finds it *Fantastically* Funny;

What a great incentive.

I've amassed a fortune of this yellow money.

7.

These coins we call yellers;

Thirty-two equals a nose.

These we call smellers; or heads.

One smeller buys a fine feast for a small flock.

8.

We say if they *are* of white, they *are not* of worth,

So from the family we don't acquire our wealth.

Nor do we trade them too close to birth;

We differentiate the smellers by their health.

9.

The family formed a franchise of "*Prime Cuts*";

For the feisty Family and those fiendish Nuts.

We tout the finest meats in territorial huts;

Smellers buy prime cuts and yellers buy guts.

Worded menus for family; sketches for Nuts.

They who cannot read fall in reproductive ruts.

10.

So as to secure those of the Regal,

I've enacted strict laws for the game.

To Kill a Nut, it is indeed legal,

But with maximal discretion and minimal pain.

11.

Should this be deciphered by civility;  
You must be *wholly* disgusted with me,  
And outright *appalled* at the trust in me,  
But you haven't seen our prosperity.

12.

It is not my own prosperity I seek;  
It is the prosperity of my children.  
It is *for* a New Order of Human;  
It is *for* the Last Day of the Weak!

13.

*Am I a Dictator or Tyrant!?*  
In this time, I certainly am not.  
*But my Persuasion as the President!*  
Commands as the Demands of a Despot.

### ***PART THREE: THE DEPARTURE***

Fifteen years further into His future . . .

1.

This very year I am holding an election;  
In order to prepare for my departure.  
Earlier on it was not ever a question;  
But now we must prepare for the future.

2.

Indeed I needed a punctuation in the equilibrium;  
I have in fact brought a great struggle to survive.  
Now the rest will surely shape a fine cerebrum;  
It's no longer simple for the simple mind to thrive.

3.

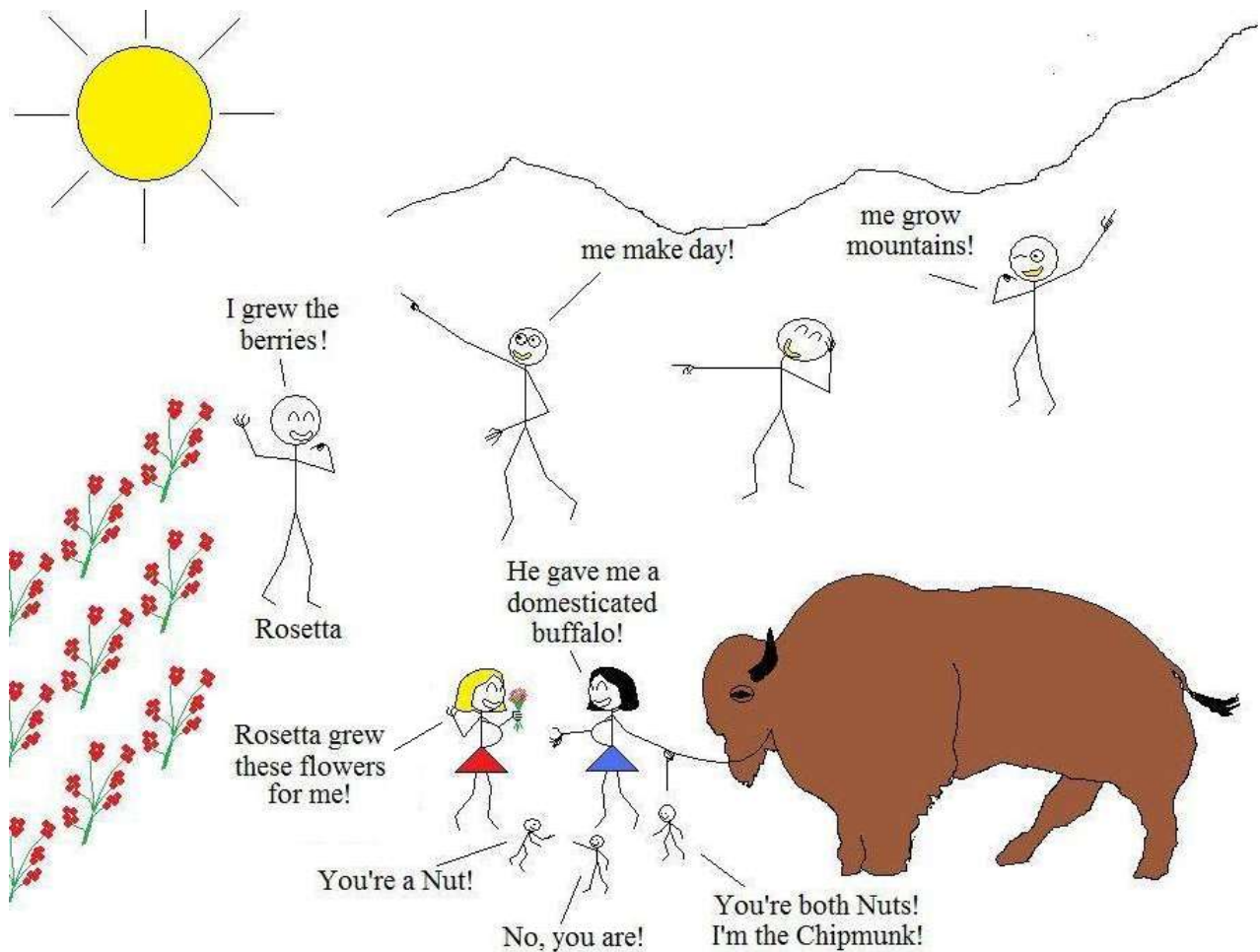
I'm running low on time;  
And I prepare with grace.  
As I write my last rhyme;  
I laugh Death in the Face:

4.

I am Sir Rosetta;  
The Origin.  
Of the Age of Rosetta;  
The Origin.

{ The End }

FIGURE 2. Mocking Agriculture



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## 8. Religious Unification

93/94 While observing a choir concert in school on a television in the seventh grade, I was captivated by this most *beautiful* girl with this most *magnificent* voice. Toward the end of her solo performance she choked, and everyone who saw it had to have felt bad for her. I didn't know the girl, but I might've seen her in the school before. She was one grade ahead of me. *She* was Grace.

95 - 99 Throughout high school, I saw her in the school and around the town. She was always with the same guy, Honor. I first hung out and got high with her at the age of 16, at the house of a common acquaintance.

99 Then she was there when I went to CASA in '99. There I saw her nearly every day, though I very rarely spoke with her. She most assuredly noticed I was quite quiet. One time, though, I remember when we were talking, and I said something to the effect that \$200 wasn't that much money, she said something like it was, and I then agreed with her saying, "yeah, it is a lot of fucking money." She probably thought like, "well it isn't *that* much, idiot." I *was* an idiot.

One day, a dozen of us skipped school, and my friend Praise had a party during the day at his house. Grace was there. We all drank, smoked, and joked. I saw there that day that she also had the practice to play the piano. I was tremendously impressed and faintly in love. One time that day she drove me and someone else to my house to get some CD's, and on the way back, after I said something funny and smiled, she grabbed and shook my face as she said, "you're so cute." I blushed. I regarded her to be well out of my league, because she was *so* hot and I did *not* talk.

With friends that same day I was following her to her friend's place in Burnsville, which was two small cities away, and at a red light I deliberately bumped into the back of her car. She got out of her car and came back to mine to play around like she was all upset about it. After that, all the way to Burnsville, she and I were speeding through traffic! It pleased me to see that she seemed to be a carefree thrill-seeker like me.

On another day Grace and Praise were together, and they wanted to take my Camaro out for a cruise around the county for a couple of hours, while I was at work in Burnsville at the "X." When they pulled up, I was sitting in my car with this kid who I had just met minutes before, and he was holding while inspecting about an ounce of mine. Next, he suddenly opened the door and

got out of my car without even having the decency to pay me first! I instantly popped my trunk, and he heard it. Then, when we were both outside of my car and standing on opposite sides of it, he asked, “what, you got a gun back there?,” and I replied, “no, but I got a bat” (as long as I had that car, I kept in the back of it a single metal bat, which I covered with gold spray-paint to match the color of the car, and on the end of which I had marked, “Z-28,” in black, much like the logo on the car). He said, “so you gonna hit me with it?” and I confirmed, “If you run off with my pot.” Less than a minute later, he returned my product and didn’t want any. Grace most likely witnessed it all, and I hoped she was impressed by how courageously and shrewdly I handled that delicate situation.

99 I drove her to school for several days in the winter with my 80’s *Honda Accord*. We got along well enough. Some mornings we enjoyed the same breakfast of a green apple and bottled water. I think she said she was a vegetarian. There was one incident one morning, though, which everlastingly tempered our relationship. I had a severely disheartening reaction to a drug one night, and I didn’t sleep before I drove her to school the next morning. This happened to be the one morning when she invited me into her home and had me meet her mom. I felt ashamed and embarrassed because I was in such a grave mood, and they were both in high spirit. We didn’t talk again after that episode until by phone, by chance, when I was in the Air Force.

00 One day I was talking with Humor on the phone while he was at work as a cook and she a waitress at a bar, grill, and marina on Prior Lake, then called “*Green Heights*.” She heard it was me on the phone, and by God she wanted to talk to me. We spoke merrily for just a minute. The only thing I can remember we said was that I told her I was going to be working on a B1-Bomber, and she asked, “don’t those planes go faster than the speed of light?” I beamed and replied, “No, the speed of light is 186 thousand miles per second.” The B1-B *does* go faster than the speed of *sound*, and this is *obviously* what she meant.

The first time I saw her after my return from Texas was while she was working as a waitress at Green Heights. She gave me a big welcome back hug, even though we barely knew each other, and I relished it. I was there to eat with my Russian friend. He and I met there that day four to six others who were all my acquaintances from my dealings, parties, and the school. While there that day, Grace waited on a young child in motherese just a couple meters away from me and facing me, and I was entranced by it.

5/02 I had cashed from five to 10 of her checks since my return from the service, but then I hadn’t seen her for several seasons when she came in with a new check to cash. When she

asked me how I've been, I reasoned that she reasoned that I was probably stupid and sluggish, because my only apparent work for so many seasons has been intermittent, so I heartily proclaimed, "I *couldn't* be happier!," and her countenance responded heartily in kind. I told her I now live alone by the courthouse in Shakopee, and she said she now lives in neighboring Chaska.

Then, following the money exchange (it was that quick), to avert talk of my activities, I had her verify that she did receive the right change, and she kindly confirmed this truth. Then, I looked down speechless for *seconds* too long, so she disappointedly said, "maybe I'll see ya around," as she walked. I then apologetically shouted out, "*bye!*," like sorry I'm a shy idiot.

I then felt slightly guilt-stricken for the next three days while wishing to see her again soon. Then, on the fourth day, while standing at my counter observing my monitor behind my protective glass, which was five meters removed from my double garage door-sized inlets of light, I looked up and we locked eyes as she pulled up. We awkwardly looked away.

She's going tanning, next door. She has some times before. So I had 20 minutes, and not in living memory have I asked out a girl; should I do it, and if so, how to do it? Outside I sat awaiting the meeting. She was surprised to see me. I congenially greeted, "hello Grace how have you been?," and she uneasily smiled and courteously said she's been good as she walked to her car. She was sitting in her car digging in her purse with her window half-way down . . .

Me as cool, as confident, and as crafty as could be, "would you like to go out 'n' have a couple drinksometime?" She, while seemingly stunned, confused, and amused, "I would love to" . . . I receive a number . . . She, quite cheerfully, while indirectly inquiring into my activities, "I'm a bartender." Me, approvingly, while still unwilling to speak of my activities, "oh a bartender, where at?" She pleasantly, "Belle Plaine" (half hour drive). Me, politely, "what's it called?" She, agreeably, "Two Hotties" (I forgot "Hotties") . . . "You should come out sometime." I then politely smiled, nodded, and brought on the goodbyes.

7/02 She gave me a disconnected number on a matchbook with an alluring fragrance from her purse. I hoped she'd come back over the following weeks, and without seeing her again after six weeks passed I went to her bar by chance at last. Two seemingly random girls picked me up and drove me around, while I was on a walk about the town. They said they were from Belle Plaine, and they knew the bar's full name, so that night I took the time to take the drive.

It was a small town bar with a loud rowdy crowd, and she was vigorously tending the bar alone. I sat down at the middle of the bar alone. We nicely said our hellos. Minutes passed. We



shared a shot of vodka. Minutes passed. I signaled her near to speak in her ear and politely asked, “You know why I never called you?” She seemed quite surprised, and with a touch of guilt in her eyes, she said that her phone was disconnected. She then offered further reasoning as I inattentively acquiesced.

She said she’s moving soon and was to give me her new number, and I said I think I’m leaving soon too; she was moving locally, and where I thought I was going wasn’t far, so I lost points for faintheartedness. She then asked me where I was going in an indifferent but pretending to care manner, and I said, “The University.” She seemed to be pleased to hear it, and she sincerely said, “Good for you.”

Then, as she shifted two paces away and turned her attention to serve a drink, I raised my voice above the music and mirth to reach her ears and pointedly added, “*I’m going to be a physicist!*”. . . “*I’m going to be a physicist!*”. . . “*I’m going to be a physicist!*,” but it was sounded only once. I then looked straight ahead with indifference as she said she bets I’d be good at that, as though I sounded it in vain, or with uncertainty. I looked down, scanned for a reaction, and then turned my face toward hers and sharply paused before eye contact. I then blinked, paused, and looked straight ahead once again with indifference.

Then, after 30 minutes at the bar, say midnight, I told her I was gonna to get goin’, so she met me outside and we spoke for two minutes. She briefly put her arm around mine as to signal she was single, and interested. I responded with a silent deep breath. She positioned herself properly to talk, and spoke of her other job at a salon, as I slowly started nodding my head with a beaming smile, with raised eyebrows, and with our eyes locked like, “yeah, *now* your interested huh?” While seemingly stunned and elated, she widened her eyes and pressed her face toward mine, looking deeply into my eyes – awestruck by staggering irony. I laughed lightly and looked away gracefully. She said she was glad I remembered the name of the place, and I placidly replied, “Yeah, these two girls gave me a ride tonight, and I asked them if they knew of a bar called “Two Something.”

She mentioned the drive, and as I shrugged my shoulders and turned my head to look in her eyes I phlegmatically said, “I felt like goin’ for a drive.” She very briefly paused . . . then jerked her head forth with an *explosive* smile! I grinned earnestly and looked away gracefully. I slowly looked up with uncertainty, she apologetically said, “*bye*” – *and then*, with an expression of wholehearted understanding, I turned to look in her eyes to return the goodbye and we instantly fell in love. That was my takeaway anyhow.

7/02 - 9/02 I received another wrong number and let eight more weeks pass – *why so long?*, before I went to the salon to ask her out once more. She was at the front desk. We said the hello's, she invitingly asked, "So what's up?" and I promptly responded, "Drinks?" She paused with a grin and returned to paging through paperwork with pen in hand as she warmly changed the subject to, "how's your summer been?" I securely stressed, "*Good!*" Ultimately, for the second time, she flirtatiously answered, "I would love to," as she wrote down her roommate's cellular number (neither of us had a home phone), with the wrong area code (she wrote a non-local area code; the local code was correct), on the salon's business card (which also had her work number).

I let another month pass – *I am so ridiculous*, and I returned to the salon. She said I'd get through to her with that number, but with the local area code, so I tried it a few times. I got the voice mail a time or two and her roommate once, but she was not then available.

9/02 I visited the physics building one day in early September, and to familiarize myself with it, I wandered through most of the hallways on most of the floors for as long as *40 minutes!* Then, upon my departure past the side of the building, I happened to walk past none other than Professor Wisdom. I almost stared at him as I walked by, recognizing him somehow as someone from somewhere, thus failing to identify him promptly. Next, when I realized who it was, I quickly, but not too quickly, looked straight ahead. Proudful, I then held my head high, and right while I was walking out past his periphery vision – my head shot down and my eyes shot open! I felt strikingly intimidated. The entire time, though, he was looking straight forward, straight-faced, and unflinching. Most assuredly, though, he recognized me.

After this, I walked all the way around the adjacent building, while deciding to inquire about a sponsorship in the main office of physics. The secretary said she knew little about sponsorships, but she had me write down the basic information on a blank sheet of paper, whilst cautioning me against getting too long-winded. I wrote something like, "seeking sponsorship – space-time physics – Universal Relativity – Matthew Isaacson – phone number."

9/25/02 A week or two after my visit to physics, I delivered the following letter to the Professor's mailbox. It was unfolded in a manila envelope, and on the lip of the envelope I had written, "Take a deep breath, Professor," for some reason. Inside was also the poem, "Incredibly Ironic Instant Messages," as it stood at the time, and a rather meaningless contemporary half-page outline of my so-called "Universal Relativity."

September 25, 2002

**Dear Prof. Wisdom,**

I had recently left a message in the main office stating that I am seeking a sponsorship. I suspect that you had read this, and that you know that I have not yet received a response. I was unsure of what to do, but I have since realized that a formal letter is due, and oh what a letter this is. The object of this letter is to share with you the subject of my life so as to refine my way of life and better serve my purpose in life. I would also like to add that I am *Honored* – to have the *Opportunity* – to *Astound* you – so *Profoundly*.

**Myself:** Born March 10th, 81', in Willmar, MN. Fatherless. Supportive Mother; legal secretary. Always lived in MN. Uneventful childhood. Uninterested student. Graduated in '99 from Prior Lake. Been voluntarily working full-time since age fifteen. Enlisted in Air Force from 7/99' to 5/00'. Been working at a commercially deficient "Money-X-change" before and since. Current hrs: 10 - 7 M, T, T, F, St - \$11/hr. Religion; **HUMANISM**. Politics: Liberal with Conservative Sympathies. Average 3 hrs of reading a day; science and history. Uncertain of mathematical abilities; believe I'll be as good as I need to be. Frequently exercise and enhance writing power. Persistently hear music; classical. Live alone - \$400 rent, no phone, no internet, no debt, no savings, nice computer, '96 Beretta, bicycle. Recently fell in love with a girl I knew in years past; unsure of what to tell her about myself. Often spend time on an abandoned bridge overlooking the MN River. I would be interested in learning about yourself.

**Universal Relativity:** The first paragraph has been generally fixed for a year and a half, and here it is:

In order to describe space and time physically, they must be defined by their relations to each other, as follows;

*Time is space passing through space; Space is the present time*

Space passing through space only has a definite direction of time relative to a universal position

which remains universally present, or a Reference Point (RP), and time is one-directional relative to a RP because space passing through space, or motion, is one-directional relative to a RP. The forward motion of space passing through space in every direction relative to a RP is then equally space relative to, or the presence of, a RP passing through time in one direction. The presence of a RP passing through time in one direction as space passes through space in every direction then makes each direction of space a direction of time relative to the RP. The nature of space and time relative to a RP is as follows;

*space passes through time as time passes through space*

**“Coalescence”:** The logical order of science, and so of my learning, starts with space and time. The first to master this may be the first to master all. The Unified Theory of Nullity, or the “*Universal Theory of Relativity*,” is the foundation of the Unified Theory of Physics, or the “*I don’t know yet*,” which is the foundation of the Unified Theory of Natural Science, or the “*Order Theory of Nature*.” Then there is the Unified Theory of Reality, or the “*Objective Theory of Subjectivity*,” which is the foundation of the Unified Theory of Metaphysics, or the “*nor do I know this yet*,” which is the foundation of the Unified Theory of Cultural Science, or the “*Order Theory of Culture*.” There are some classes of people who would wish for this not to happen, but the Unification of Science must be Realized, for this Realization might just do more for Humanity, or “**GOD**,” than one could imagine without the knowledge of it, and without the knowledge of the powers that the man who achieves this would possess and control.

**Requests:** Modest salary, private office, and access to the facilities, materials, and minds of the school, and if you wish to get me a gift, I will soon be in need of a calculus textbook, and I could always use any reading materials that might aid me in my quest.

I wish not to go to another school, and I do not believe that I will have to, but it is time for me to conclude this chapter of my life, and if this current endeavor should fail then I must write to the east. If I should not hear from you within a month, I shall plan to get myself an appointment from your secretary.

An Essential Book is to be written for Mankind;  
Pronouncing the Quintessential Denomination.  
The Author, whom possesses a Universal Mind,  
Shall Plant the Seeds of Religious Unification.

Profoundly Yours,  
Matthew Isaacson

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10/1/02 I marked my mom's address as the return address, so my mom opened the Professor's response and read it first.

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October 1, 2002

Dear Mr. Isaacson:

I have received your letter of 25 September, requesting sponsorship. Physics does not sponsor individuals outside of regular scholarships for undergraduates in good standing with the university, or regular fellowships or assistantships for graduate students who have been admitted to the graduate program. We also provide support for postdoctoral associates who are working on a research project with a mentor. Since you fall into none of these categories, there is nothing that we can do for you and there is no point in talking about this further.

The standard way to test ones ideas is to submit them to the scientific community by submitting or publication a manuscript describing them. This opportunity is open to anyone, independent of background or affiliation. I suggest that if you have material that you consider original and important that you consider doing this.

Very Truly Yours,  
Professor Wisdom

Institute of Technology distinguished Professor and Head, School of Physics and Astronomy

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9/02 - 11/02 I let two more weeks pass – *poor girl*, and I visited the salon yet again. She asked me for my work number, and while she was writing my number, I involuntarily gazed over the desk at her busty chest, so quickly, but not too quickly, I looked up, so as not to be caught, but if caught, to not be *so* caught, but then I looked to her to fall upon the *so* caught affirmative grin.

We didn't see or talk to one another for another five weeks – *five weeks? . . . five!, weeks!?*, and then I was so bold as to return to the salon, still. As soon as I arrived, before anything else was said, she said she'd drop by the Money-X-change at the end of my shift, but did she? Of course not. A week later, I called the salon to ask if she'd like to talk. We both stammered a bit. She spoke of her duties that evening. She said we'd meet at a nearby bar and grill when I was released from work that night, an *Applebee's* where she worked for five years if I do rightly recall. We did finally meet.

11/5/02 I sat down at a table and drank a tall glass of beer before she found me after she was there at the bar for *10 minutes!* I felt stupid for not knowing I should've been at the bar, or at least looking out for her at the bar! We were both reserved, especially me, for a short while, but after a short while, our minds were well aligned, our chemistry quite congruent.

Like most, she didn't really know what physics is, so I told her, "you learn what physics is by learning it." She then said, "Okay!" I spoke directly of what I intended to do for science, and she duly announced her indifference to science. Then, in a deep voice and near her ear, I boldly declared, "I'm going to write a bible" – *and then*, silence. This wasn't addressed again, but a short while later we came upon the subject of God, and righteously I declared, "Humanity is my God." She beamed and exclaimed, "*hell ya!*," perhaps prematurely.

Shortly thereafter I said something like, "I'm an Einstein, a Newton," so as to vindicate myself for writing a bible, sounding conceited, and consequently thinking like, "I wouldn't say it so if it was so." "You are," she insisted, and, "I am," I persisted.

She told me she hasn't even graduated. Well, I graduated from an alternative school, so I didn't fare much better. I didn't care that she didn't graduate. I was sure she could and would if she should.

She asked me cheerfully why she was there, why I wanted her there, and all I could think to say was, "I've always liked you." *I don't date!* I don't know what to say. I don't care. Damn. Not that there is anything at all wrong with the question, but, "*should I have ever even asked her out?;*" I

wonder, and, “*God I love her,*” I think over. It is a sad state that is mine.

I asked her whether she remembered the morning when she invited me into her home and had me meet her mom before I drove her to school, and I was in a very serious mood. She said no to be nice, and I said, “I had a bad trip the night before” – *and* – “*you did!?*,” she whispered.

She told me she was an orphan, and I told her that when I was 16, I found out that my father might not be who I thought he was. She widely smiled.

She drove us to her place where we were alone, and we smoked her pipe. She pretty much dominated the conversation. We, mostly she, spoke spiritually while there, about how at times she beholds the everyday world with awe.

On the drive back to the bar, she expressed she knows I’m going to be successful . . . that she just has this vibe. I didn’t comment. I couldn’t.

We returned to the bar, and while sitting in her car in front of the bar, I shamefully had nothing to say, so because I was such a bad talker when I was high, I said, “I’m such a bad talker when I’m high,” and, “that’s okay, I can talk,” she reacted, considerately, strongly.

We went back into the bar. I had no more money. She bought me a beer. I couldn’t drink it. I couldn’t talk. I was drunk, a little high. I was *such* a disappointment, and I had been making her wait for *so* reprehensibly long, but she still loved me. It seemed so anyhow. Once, while making eye contact, I started to move to look away like I normally would if I wasn’t in love with the speaker, lest it becomes awkward, but then I froze and slowly started nodding my head like, “okay yeah, *love!*” She sensed it and grinned like, “yes Matt, love...” At least that was my interpretation.

When she dropped me off at my car behind the bar, I said with certitude, “I’ll call you,” and she invited, “you are more than welcome to.” Then I said goodbye and got out of her car. I walked from her car to my car (the cars parked side by side, two paces apart, and front ends aligned with back ends), and, as I walked around the back of my car, and right when I stepped into her line of sight – I charged forth my head and shot open my eyes as I strikingly repented, “*what kind of goodbye was that!?*” . . . “Should I have kissed her?” . . . “What should I have done!?” I sat in my car then looked toward her, and we watched one another’s silhouette’s looking in each other’s directions for oh, *ten seconds!* Needless to say, we then drove away.

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## 9. On the Edge of Chaos

11/12/02 I went to the salon on the Tuesday after the date, a date which will live in infamy, to give to her a single red rose with a most unsettling note dated 12 November. She was painting the back room. She gave me a “good morning” with a big hug, and I asked her, “what are you doin’ tonight?” She temptingly said, “*n-o-t-h-i-n’*,” and we shared a suggestive grin. She told me to call her that afternoon, but when I did, she was melancholy. She was sick. She said she’d meet me when I got off work that night.

A lady named Hark was there cutting hair that day, and she’ll come into play along the way. She pointed me to the back room in which Grace was painting, and on my way out I politely smiled, nodded, and shyly looked away, wondering what she knew of me, and what she thought of me.

The note I left for her that day was about 100 words. In it I let her know I was new to this whole “boy-girl thing,” and I already wanted her to be my wife. I gave her eight short notes after this one, and they are all ridiculous. No, they are shocking! They record a very bewildering episode in my development, and the genesis of an intense psychosis with cycles of mania and depression that lasted for months or years. I was always beleaguered by the science I was engaged in, I was bewildered about how to fulfill my duties and unify the religions, and I was baffled about how to make anyone believe it was real. And, as if all that wasn’t bad enough, my soul was being besieged by divisions of demons on the orders and under the command of the devil himself! In fact, it is said that if you read the notes slowly and listen closely, you can hear the high and mighty chuckle of the devil echo through the ages.

I was direly demoralized by the entire episode, and lived in crippling shame for years thereafter, but for years before that I had always been off in my own world, and at the time I honestly didn’t know any better. Although I may in fact have known that what it was doing was amiss, I could not grasp any gravity to anything. My wits were abruptly abandoned in an absurd actuality, so I was shaken, shocked, and panicky, and as sorry as one could be.

11/13/02 I didn’t see her that night and had the next day off, so I went to the salon in the afternoon. She stressed more than once that she felt sick. Of course, her sickness had nothing on mine, but I had no knowledge of it at the time. She and I went to the fore of the store to talk and smoke. She suddenly says, “I think I might be pregnant,” and I jolted my head back and my eyes open. I looked down like a sad child. I looked up to her, both of us sorrowful, nonchalant.



I asked, "Who's the father?" and she retorted, "I don't know," and right then I had the cheek to consider it true (that she may not know who it is). Shortly later, while in the back, after showing me her painted walls and trimmed rose, she said, "I don't know Matthew Isaacson, life is scary," and all I thought to say was, "drama," stupidly. I asked, "Will you keep it?" and she answered, "My family is very pro-life." I said, "Yeah, it's a tough issue."

That evening, I started another letter dated 14 November, but I did most of the writing the next morning. I enclosed it in an envelope on the front of which was written, "The Verdict." I delivered it around noon the next day. She was next to the salon smoking with a female friend. I asked, "how you doin'?", and she uneasily said, "Not too bad." She asked me, "shouldn't you be at work?", and I said robustly, "I leave when I want," and she said, "oooooh." It was funny.

**11/20/02** I told her in the letter I'd call her the next day, and I did call the salon the next day but, "she's not in today," I was told. Then, five days later, I had the day off, it was a nice day, and there was a trail through the woods along the Minnesota River which passed by a few blocks from both my home and the salon that I had been taking from time to time. It was seven kilometers or a half hour long. When I arrived, she said, "what's up, it's a nice day, you have the day off, and you thought you'd go for a bike ride?" I panted and said, "uh-huh." I asked for water. She got me some water.

I asked if she liked the letter, and she affirmed, sadly. She said it made her cry, and I firmly said, "*Good.*" We smiled in good spirit, and I said, "No," like to say I don't really mean that, for I cared none. She smiled, looked down, and raised her hand like, "I deserve that." She had a doctor's appointment that evening, or so she said, so I asked if she'd care to get together that weekend. I remembered neither what she said nor how it ended, for I was elsewhere, but I went to the bar on the next Saturday night.

**11/23/02** I was there that evening before the rush, if there was one that night, as the business was doing poorly. She was serving mostly a group of regulars, and I sat down at one end of the bar. We talked when she had time, as I drank and smoked. She said she was waiting for the period fairy. She also said her roommate was there and pointed him out, and he didn't seem too threatening. She said she'd stop by my place the next day, in the late afternoon, and had me write down directions. She never showed up.

**11/30/02** The next Saturday she started a new job three minutes from mine, and after calling me in the morning, she came in to cash a check. We spoke in a somber tone very briefly. I

asked if she was still working at the bar, as she had said it may close. She said she was, and I ought to stop out. I said I'd do that, and so I did.

There were around a dozen others when I arrived in the early evening, and there remained between one and two dozen until I left at the twelfth hour. I waited a half hour to an hour before she arrived and received a collective greeting, evidently a routine for the regulars. She sang karaoke once while I was there. She sang a song about snow covered hills. She was still a spellbinding singer. We talked when she had time. I drank a third or fourth beer by the time I left, and, when I did leave, in no certain terms I said, "Well I'll call you sometime, I guess," and she invited, "please do."

**12/1/02** While at the bar, I asked her what she was doin' the next day, a Sunday, a day we both had off. She said I didn't even want to know, and so I didn't. Then, the next day, I wrote a third letter of 1 December, and on the envelope, I scribbled, "A Summon." Nothing to tell of the delivery. It was quick, uneventful, and she was likely expectant of it.

**12/11/02** I dated and delivered the next letter after that on a Wednesday. She was alone for a time before one coworker showed up. She had an eye-catching and freshly cut, fashioned, and dyed black head of hair, which seemed appropriate under the circumstances, and I said I liked it, truthfully. I asked if she wanted to talk, and with a hopeful motion she reacted, "*Now?*," and then we glanced at, and thought of, this latest letter I dropped on the counter and my impetus, and we thought not to. I asked if she was free that night, and she smiled and said she'd stop by if she wasn't busy, as I was leaving. She never showed up.

**12/16/02** When I walked in this day, Hark looked at me distrustfully. "Is Grace in?," I nervously posed, and, "she's cleaning tanning beds." I pointed to a back room and asked, "Here?," and, "you can just leave it on the desk." I laid down two envelopes. On one was written, "My Profession," and the other, "Closure." I left repentant and overcast. In "My Profession" I basically asserted I was writing the "Providence" and was going to unify religion via science and provided autobiographical and technical support. Closure was abject. Its purpose may have just been to counterbalance the overwhelming good of "My Profession" with the unspeakable evil that I felt she needed to know was befalling me.

**12/16/02** I was serving an unwitting customer when all of a sudden Hark startlingly snapped, "*pay attention!*," catching me unawares, and subjecting me at once. She tossed an envelope in the money tray, on which Grace had written, "Case Closed." I looked at her paralyzed, thinking, "What do you know, lady?," and with nothing but a goading gaze she seemed to shout, "*Everything!*"

*Of course*, she does. Then, with just a look in kind, I posed, “does she really care, anyhow?,” and while appalled by what she was perceiving, she seemed to express – “yes!,” with moral frustration, leaving me feeling disheartened, yet determined to resolve the dilemma.

**12/23/02** On the envelope I delivered this day I had written, “So sorry is he. He had to do it.” I left my car in park in the middle of the street, walked in cautiously and wished her a heartfelt, “Merry Christmas.” She thanked me. I motioned to hand her the letter, she hesitantly motioned to receive it, and, “Will you accept this?,” I slipped in, and, “yes,” she will. I left.

**12/28/02** I walked into *Two Hotties* while she was sitting at the bar near the door and facing the door talking to a female. I saw that she wasn’t the least bit pleased to see me, although not displeased in general. I tapped her on her arm and asked how she’s been as I made my way to the restroom. I came back and sat on a barstool next to her, and over the next hour I drank drinks and smoked smokes while she did the same but talked to folks. She sporadically paid me some attention, coldly.

I asked if her co-workers at the salon had read the letters, and yes, they had, of course. She was just leaving them on/in the front desk. Recklessly I said, “I don’t care,” as to say I was careless about what it was I had done to her, or how it was it looked to her people. I asked if anyone at the bar knew of me, and she said no. She danced with several guys and gave hugs to half the people in the bar before leaving without even a goodbye to me. Immediately thereafter I departed, feeling dejected.

**12/29/02** I received a phone call at work in the early afternoon from a police officer, regarding my associations with one “Ms. Grace.” Twice he said that some of what I wrote was creepy. He suggested I was infatuated with a girl I knew in high school. He also made it clear I was not permitted to get in touch with her. In the end, before we disconnected, he told me to enjoy the rest of my day at work. I thanked him. He was affable and understanding throughout, although reasonably ashamed of me.

**1/15/03** I was always conflicted about when as well as how to go about going to school, as well as whether to go at all, for I felt I needed uninterrupted free time, wouldn’t be a conventional student, and now, if you can believe it, I believed I merited special treatment. First, I felt I deserved a full scholarship for physics and math, and I wanted a private home. Nothing too pricey. I wasn’t thinking I was desiring any more than what I was deserving, but I knew not if they’d even admit me, so with a written appeal and a \$40 application fee, I drove to Minneapolis to fill out and submit a

student application to the University of Minnesota Twin Cities. The main point of the appeal was what has become “The Unification Proclamation” in the opening of this book, but I also told a bit about my biography and papers. Also, on the application under “Former name *if any*,” I spontaneously wrote, “Christ . . . Jesus,” in jest.

**1/03** As I was out of luck with love, I decided to check up on my extended friend from Winthrop, Joy. One day, for some reason, I was moved to drive out to her parents’ home and call on the lass. They were very warm and welcoming, but twice I lied: 1) I said I was coming from my grandparents, and 2) told them I was, at the time, a freshman at the U of MN Minneapolis, where I studied physics and calculus. After a pleasant half hour conversation, they willfully gave me Joy’s home and cell numbers. They had some very bad news for me, however: Joy has a boyfriend. His name is Patience. They then saw my head nod slowly with an air of determination, as to say, “We’ll see about that. . .”

**1/23/03** Over the next few days, I called both numbers a few times but no answer. Eventually I left the following message on her voice mail:

“Hey, this is Matt. I have a letter for you. You should call me to tell me where to send it too. I work at the Money-X-change – phone number. I work most nights, most days, until seven.”

Then about an hour later the phone rings: “Money-X-change,” I answer welcomingly. “This is Patience,” a voice says irritably. “Yes?” I say kindly. “What’s goin’ on?,” he inquires adamantly. “What do you mean?” I reply absentmindedly. He says, “You keep calling and now you leave a message like she’s obligated to give you her address.” . . . “What’s this letter all about?” . . . “What is so pressingly important that you need to talk to her about?” I say, “I don’t need to talk to her.” He says, “She’s kinda creeped out.” I say, “I can see how she would be.” He says, “I don’t know if I want to give you my address in case something would happen,” and he suggests he come to pick it up from me.

“That’s fine,” I said. He then suggests he come that evening, and I said it could be anytime tomorrow (I wanted time to work on it and adapt it to the new situation). He agrees, saying, “So I’ll see you tomorrow then?” “Yes,” I said. “Okay goodbye,” he said. “Bye,” I replied.

**1/24/03** I was caught lost in thought wandering leisurely in the direction of the lobby as Patience stood before my window. I looked up, we locked eyes for a moment, and I asked, “Patience?” and he said, “Matt.” I grabbed the envelope, went and stood in the entryway, and shook his hand and said, “Nice to meet you.” I gave him the envelope and spoke with him for one quick

minute. I don't remember what he first said, but I responded, "Yeah, I don't even feel comfortable talking to her because of you." Before he left, I affirmed, "You're a good guy." He said, "I appreciate that," and then, as he turned to walk off, he slowly looked away with what I perceived to be a "don't-fuck-with-my-girl" look. Enclosed in the envelope was a brief note, the appeal to the University, and the poem, "Incredibly Ironic Instant Messages."

2/7/03 I started my last letter to Grace in the last days of December, finished it on February 6<sup>th</sup>, and went to deliver it on the following day. Now, as I was exiting the bridge which crosses the Minnesota River unto the main street of Chaska, wherefrom the salon was three blocks down and then up a broad hill and a block or so down the street to the left, I spotted Grace's little blue Neon car headed toward me. Then the car turned right onto the nearest street and slowed down, nearly to a stop, to look back to scope me out as I drove past *him*, behind him, and out of the sight of him.

Then, as I was at the end of the street of the salon, and circling around to reverse my direction to park on the street at the front of the salon and make my delivery and departure with some haste, the car of hers passed by as the driver tried but, because of the obscurity of the winter condition, he didn't get a good look at me, nor did I get a good look at him.

Next, I put my car in park in the right lane in front of the salon and left my car and stepped right on up into it! I found her sitting behind the front desk turning her attention toward me, and I carefully looked to her to capture what she felt. I found her to be quietly, though *acutely*, pleased to see me. Apparently the few of her coworkers all gathered behind her when they saw me pull up. I raised the letter, asked if she'd like another and, "I can't accept that," she declared proudly. "You can't?" I inquired, sadly, shyly, and she kindly confirmed that she could not – as she looked at me with a slight, swift, merciless, pitiless, and guiltless sidelong grin – then with some sympathy. Then I went to work and dwelled on it for two to four hours until these two phone calls:

The phone rang and I warmly greeted, "Money-X-change." A young adult male said, "Yeah, is Matt workin'?" "This is," I answered, and the phone was hung up on the other end. Moments later, when I again had cause to answer, "Money-X-change," a man said, "this is Matt?" "Yes," I confessed. "This is "Officer -" again with the Chaska Police Department" . . . "We'll have to go ahead with the investigation now" . . . He gets information . . . "The investigators are reading all your letters now." I say, "Wonderful" . . . Asks he, "what are you doin' to this poor girl?" . . . "What's goin' on guy?" "I thought she might still be interested in me," I throw in. He asserts, "Well

*she's not!*," and, "I do believe this now," I offer.

2/12/03      The Officer said an investigator or two would visit my home in days. Instead, I was phoned by a detective the following Tuesday, and he asked for a few minutes of its time. We talked briefly. We decided I would stop by the Station on the following day, between 8 and 10 in the morning, before I started work. I arrived at the Chaska Station around nine and, "he had to step out for a minute," is what I was told, while between 30 and 40 minutes was the wait. I was mindless of it. He was most likely giving me a good opportunity to visit the salon again, which would've been a walk of only two blocks.

He brought me into his office, and I told him the story in general. When we got to the topic of the latest letter I tried to deliver, he asked if I had it, and I offered it. He read the two appeals, which were my appeal to the University and the next letter I wrote for Grace, which was a bit odd but not too bad. He asked if he could make copies, and permission was granted. I asked if he read the previous letters, and he told me he hadn't, but of course he had. I believed him in the moment though. I didn't care. He questioned me about my intentions with the girl, and they were true, or so I thought in that state of it. I said I still wanted her to be my wife. I wondered if he videotaped the conversation, hoping he didn't, hoping he did. He did.

2/4/03      Straightaway from work this evening, I went to my mom's house where she made burgers and fries, where she lost three games of pool with her two shots to my one, and wherefrom I recovered my laundry, which was begun by me before work, and which she was more than happy to finish for me. Shortly before I left, she joyfully keyed some songs on an old wooden piano she recently purchased, and for some seconds I sang, "Jesus loves me this I know," along with her. We then sat on adjacent couches and talked for 20 minutes. She expressed the lofty skepticism about my realism and deep concern for my future which she and her husband shared.

I was insulted some, and whilst she caught me off guard, I could not adequately defend myself, so the next day on the phone I informed her I was writing her a letter. She made a petty attempt to clarify what she meant, while clearly fretting the wrath of its reason. Next, on the following Sunday, I went to the house to sign my tax return, eat lunch and, of course, play some pool. Before I left, I left the letter below on the counter, in only the presence of the youngest daughter, and on the envelope was written, "My First Line of Defense."

Eighth of February, 2003

Dear Mom and Wealth:

In only my twenty-first year, I am bound and determined to unify science with religion, this has been so for several months now, and I'll still have several decades to bring this about, yet it is been thought by you two that I should consider some other vocation. That I should make more money, some friends, a girlfriend; neglectful of the fact that the career path that I do and will continue to pursue does and will reward me in the most wholesome ways, that the science alone will feed me full, and that the Book will duly amass vast assets, though not for me.

Sure, I could seek out other work, thereby possibly - *probably* - precluding all of the lives and loves of the billions upon billions of souls that would not otherwise have the occasion to share in this World but with the Provisions of this Book, but no I do and will remain true to the cause and go on to do what I so love to do while having the full knowledge that I can and will and should!, fully succeed in arriving at every end that I have so unshakably maintained - *plus!*, *exceedingly*, *more*.

I would not and could not have come to the conclusion to unify religion if I didn't already know well, and so for some time, how I could and would unify science. Moreover, if I would be less than able to unify science, then I'd be far from able to unify religion, and inversely, I now know well that I couldn't possibly unify science if I did not jointly unify religion. So it is so; either I can't do either or I will do both, misbelieve if you will if you must.

To me it is plain to see that the one person that would inadvertently place their self in the station of the savior would grow to epitomize truth and virtue and surrender their whole being for the well-being of each and every human being, so people will follow; good will prevail.

"Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds." - *Albert Einstein*

Sincerely

Matt

2/9/03 My mom called me the next day to say she received my notice. She was reservedly worried about my disposition toward her and said, "So what's the deal? "What do you mean?," I asked. She questioned me regarding my reason for referring to her by her first name, rather than as mother or mom. I hadn't thought much of it, but she was right, so this change has been made above. Other than that, though, she had nothing to say about it.

3/03        Respect, who I supposed was the “scoundrel” who had ostensibly impregnated Grace, and Honor, her boyfriend throughout high school and the guy who was seemingly driving her car on that blustery February morning, stopped by the Money-X-change in early March. When they walked in, I greeted them, “gentlemen!” After they got to the counter, and I cashed Respect’s check, Honor asked, “Are you leavin’ her alone now?” I asked, “Shouldn’t I be?” and, “yes, you should,” he confirmed. I said nothing, and as they started to walk off, Honor said, “Well then nothing more needs to be said.” I didn’t make out what he said and said, “*what!?*” and he repeated, “well then nothing more needs to be said!” I did charge Respect for his check. I had to.

2/03        I wrote the following note for my customers to justify for them why it was I was there, *always*. I posted it low and to the side on the bulletproof glass window, and I think a coworker, too, worked some shifts with it posted.

WHY DOES HE WORK HERE, ALWAYS?;  
WHAT DOES HE DO HERE, ALWAYS?  
THE WHOLE THEORY OF SCIENCE;  
A BOOK OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.  
THE UNIFICATION OF SCIENCE;  
RELIGIOUS UNIFICATION, TOO.  
FOR HUMANITY HERE HE WORKS;  
STRIVES TO SAVE US HERE HE DOES.

2/14/03        I delivered a contemporary copy of the true love story of Grace and me I wrote for my bible, together with the following cover letter, to the detective’s office on the 14<sup>th</sup> of February, Valentine’s Day.







together, the difference in their acceleration is on the order of;

##### m/s<sup>2</sup>

**Conclusion:** The acceleration due to gravity is directly proportional to the mass of both the object and the body; both objects, bodies.

**Chronicle:** I had first thought of this three years in the past.

3/03 In late March, I was arrested from work by two Shakopee Police Officers and spent a single night in jail for “sexual harassment and stalking.” While lying in my bed that night, after lights were out, I told my cellmate about my “bible” called, “Divine Providence,” and about my theories, while he lay silent on the bunk beneath it. Earlier on, I learned he was into the Christian Bible. I gave him a second lunch on my way out of jail, for which he was grateful.

When I went back to work the next day, I was told I should take some time off, and when I went back a few days later, I learned I had become unemployed. The note to my customers, which was left on the protective glass, probably didn’t help matters.

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## 10. Psychosis 2003

1 Since even before Sept. ‘02, when I came to believe that a moral obligation to unify religion had befallen me, I was growingly manic and depressed, and progressively psychotic, delusional, and grandiose. My psychosis was intensifying until a climax at the end of May ‘03, when I let go of a bridge, submitted to gravity, and waded in the water of the Minnesota River. Until the day of this event, I was sleepless and restless for seven days straight, and I didn’t sleep or rest much at all for weeks before that. I was rescued and hospitalized afterward, and, with the aid of some medications, my psychosis faded away over the next few months.

3/03

2 My psychosis was smoldering for ages, and what finally set me off was a speech by the President, following my fax to the FBI. On March 7<sup>th</sup>, I faxed a letter warning the government that I had a premonition in a dream about a bomb on a - *means* - in a - *specific area* -. Along with the warning, I sent an appeal I submitted with my application for my enrollment to the University of

Minnesota, which had the Unification Proclamation and a reference to Prof. Wisdom in it.

3 Several days after the fax, the President made an impassioned speech about the impending war in Iraq. He and all knew I was in view, or so I thought, and “he made allusions to me.” He said they recently expelled some Iraqi spies, and I thought they might’ve found them watching - *specific area*. At the end of the speech, while directly speaking of the war in Iraq, and “indirectly speaking of my situation,” he stated, “this isn’t a question of authority, it’s a question of *will!*” I then jerked my head down and toward the television, and “he sensed it.” It was like we made eye contact. “We” were spooked.

4 Over the next few weeks, I periodically experienced conscious awareness that everyone everywhere was perceiving my thoughts. Of course, I was always skeptical about whether people were hearing me, and people were always skeptical about whether they were hearing me. Also, I heard the thoughts, or “voices,” of certain individuals, and the common thoughts of the masses. “Is it all in my head?,” I questioned, and, “sure it’s all in my head,” I answered, “but is it not all in everybody’s heads!?”

5 It was late March, and I had to go to court for harassment. I wrote some shameful letters to a girl I chased. I was awaiting my hearing outside the courtroom on a bench against a wall, and, for 10 minutes, she was sitting 30 paces from me on an identical bench against the same wall. I thought to her when I thought of her, like I’d talk to her if I were talking. She didn’t think back to me, though, because she didn’t care to, didn’t know she could, didn’t know how to, or something. I told her I liked what she was wearing, and she was always a good dresser. I thought she simply *must* have been hearing me. Throughout the time while we shared hallway space, as well as since well before I fell for her, I was continually concentrated on the nature of space and time, and points in motion.

6 During the beginnings of my episode, in March, I recognized that people knew I was viewing pornography, sparingly. I was ashamed when I found this out, and I came home from work one night and *busted* the video tape in half! People thanked me for that. I later had to do this with a *Doors* CD as well, after mentally singing to the world what my friend Joy referred to as, “evil lyrics.”

7 There arose four individuals who I chatted with most commonly. They were 1) Sopher, 2) Wit, 3) Grace, and 4) Joy: 1) Sopher was a world-renowned physicist, I read books of his, and he was the authority figure. 2) Wit was the author of a book I recently read and loved. He and I fought a lot with thought but, overall, we were cool. Grace was a girl I met in high school, who I recently dated then harassed. She and I, too, had highs and lows, but, overall, the highs were higher than the

lows were low (not really). And Joy was a girl who I was babysat with in my youth, went to prom with in high school, and recently contacted. She was always loved by me, and, in my head, I by her, but we knew we couldn't be.

8 I suspected the FBI invaded my quarters, videotaped every surface in the place, made copies of my disks and papers, and bugged my computer. I felt I knew they did this, because my friends always knew where everything was, and they always knew what I was typing. I felt I had finished the first thirds of my theories, "*Universal Relativity*" and "*Objective Subjectivity*," and they gave Sopher, the physicists at the 'U', and countless other wise minds a copy of what I had. I wrote a book of poetry, and they gave a copy of it to the media, but nobody publicized it, and I wondered when they would and why they hadn't yet.

9 I kept trying to establish a more meaningful relationship with Grace and Joy, and they were too with me. I knew they both loved me for what I was doing for the world, and they felt for me for having to go through what I was going through, but they couldn't let me just have them. They'd say they loved me and they'd say they didn't, they'd be single and they'd have boyfriends, they'd be pregnant and they wouldn't be, they would be engaged, etc. For days or weeks, I was trying to figure out if either of them was going out with Wit. I thought one was, or they were all in a love triangle without me.

10 I thought that Sopher, Wit, Grace, Joy, and God knows who else were probably all working together in a house near the University, and they were in touch with the government. Once, I was told it was on 21<sup>st</sup> Street, so I drove out there one night. It was only two blocks long, and it took me three hours to find it! They kept giving me wrong directions, to stall me, I guessed. When I got there, I walked up and down these two blocks. There was a church on the street, and I thought they might meet me there, but it was locked. Then, after standing still and looking around and to the ground for some minutes, five to seven imposing onlookers from the house in front of which I was loitering came outside to monitor my behavior, so I had to take flight promptly without my friends.

11 I happened into and then went out with my old friend Humor and his girlfriend Hope to a motorcycle track, and the whole time there I couldn't stop myself from thinking about Hope and I hooking up. I knew those two were hearing me and watching me try to fight off those thoughts (Hope thought me to be ugly, and Humor thought to me, "*fuck you*"), but it was truly beyond my control, and they knew it, too. My soul was insidiously afflicted with runaway trains of thought throughout the course of my episode.

**12** On the drive back, while Humor and Hope were positioned in the front seats and I in the back, to test them I told them, “You know the whole world can hear my thoughts,” and Humor retorted, “all I hear is blah blah blah I’m a little ho.” He said all he heard was “blah blah blah” because neither he, nor anyone, had good reception of my mental broadcasts, and he called me a little ho for my thoughts of Hope, and my grandiosity, I supposed. Then, while I sat in my car before I drove off, Humor said aloud with a sinister smile, “*Drive fast! Take chances!*” He wanted me to die. Many people wanted me to die.

4/03

**13** I spent three weeks in April crafting what was to be called, “The Constitution of the Global Confederation.” After it was practically finished, I thought the President said he’d have it sent to the ambassadors of each of the States, so I wrote a letter to be sent with it. Then they, whoever they were, urged or forced me to read this Constitution repeatedly, so I’d know it well, and so all people would at least be familiar with it. I was growing very tired of reading it, and I demonstrated resistance to their persistent insistence, but they showed little mercy. This only lasted a few days.

**14** I suspected all the best minds in the world of the day helped me with it. Whenever a good idea came to mind, I wondered if my mind was truly the origin of it, or if it was conferred to me from some greater mind. I was suspecting they might’ve had this Constitution finished already, in that house near the University, and they were simply waiting for me to catch up! At times, I was sure I had the unanimous support of the scientific community and the majority support of the globe. My people had a difficult time receiving my broadcasts, though, so I implored they write to me, but, for some reason, they didn’t judge that right work!

**15** My first own heavenly home was the top level of a split-level duplex. I moved in early in ‘02. One day I learned my landlord, Shelter, had auctioned off the whole house on the internet for an “enormous sum of money.” He was to be paid so handsomely for this house because of the future historical value of my year-long residence there. The “*Savior’s House*,” someone called it. I thought it was a certain media mogul who bought it. Anyway, Shelter began getting upset with me after several days into May, without paying May’s rent (he was slamming doors), but I thought he was upset because I was taking too long to move out, so he could collect his enormous sum of money! I thought, “*how dare he be upset with me!; I’m the reason he’s getting all this money for this house!*” I never did have to pay May’s rent because the buyer told me that he told Shelter that I didn’t have to pay it (after I dropped from the overpass, Shelter told my mom it wasn’t paid, so he kept my

deposit).

**16** One day when I was walking out the ground floor door, probably en route to my bridge, there were a man and a woman standing there. They promptly presented their badges and identified themselves as FBI agents. They asked for Shelter, so I pointed out his inside door on the ground floor, and then I went on my way without a second thought. I was oblivious to the fact that they might've been there solely to ask Shelter about his tenet. Later, some of my wistful voices and I were wondering what crime it was that Shelter might've committed. Over time, they had me all but convinced that Shelter was loitering somewhere.

**17** There was a moving truck parked on the next block for a couple days. I figured the drivers were waiting for a word from their boss to come to my door to move my life to the big old house of my friends and I near the University. But then, two days after the truck left without myself and my stuff, I began packing my things into my car, because I knew someone would come soon to show me where I was going to live, but no one ever came, and I waited in vain.

**18** By a minute chance, my grandma happened to stop by while I was packing. She goes, "are you moving and not telling me?," as if she didn't already know, as well as everyone, that I was soon to be moved to a house near the University! To appease her, I told her I wasn't moving, and she was skeptical. I laughed like, "Damn, grandma, everyone in the world knows I'm moving soon. Get with it."

**19** I announced my address to everyone, and appealed for donations to support my work, but not anyone's money ever came, because they were keeping it all in big bags down at the post office, or somewhere. I wanted to find a wife, so I projected my address to every high-quality loveless lady everywhere, but not any ladies ever came from anywhere, because they were all too nervous, or something.

**20** The invasion of Iraq kept me busy through the time when it was fought. I felt I was a vital part of it. I was always trying to encourage the Iraqi fighters to surrender. I kept thinking about their own futures and the future of Iraq, and about the families they have now and the families they will have. Also, I broadcasted war news to Iraq and the world.

**21** I said the Lord's Prayer numerous times over these few months, and more than once I shed a tear. "Thy Kingdom come, thy Will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven." It seemed like what I was doing would, in time, give us *Heaven on Earth!* One night, I read the Book of Matthew to the world, and millions read it with me. I bowed down and prayed with millions of Muslims.

5/03

**22** I started trying to cure various ailments such as diabetes, Parkinson's, cancer, and paralysis. I thought that, since my mind was universal and was interconnected with all minds everywhere, I could maybe mysteriously cure diseases, such as Sopher's paralysis. I tried to move my body in all sorts of ways to do so. I lay down for prolonged periods as I felt and flexed my every muscle fiber, I hung and swung from trees, and I exercised with endurance and force! It was worth a shot, I thought. I also thought I'd cure cancer too soon but let people down globally and was decried by all.

**23** They felt they had to restrict my diet, so we could be "in phase" to cure ailments faster, and easier. Because of the diabetes, I couldn't eat too much sugar, and either Sopher or Wit was lactose intolerant, so I had to stop drinking milk and eating cereal! And then I couldn't have anything greasy, because *they* didn't like it. It was always very annoying.

**24** One time I was reproached for getting Wit sick after having spicy wings and beer. Another time, I decided to *forget* my diet and have a bowl of cereal. As I started pouring, Grace sarcastically said, "Yeah, eat a *big* bowl." She was upset that I was making either Wit or Sopher, whoever was lactose intolerant, and who were both her good friends, drink milk. Near the climax of my psychotic drama, the players had heated debates about what I can and can't eat. I kept arguing that I did not have to restrict my diet, and they did not have to eat what I ate!

**25** When I used the restroom, I had to not think about what I was doing, or I'd disgust the populace, but when I tried to not think of it – I thought of it even more! I thought that, because Sopher, Wit, and whosoever else had identical diets, they went when I went, so I was embarrassing us all at once! It was like I was shitting on live television that was broadcasted to everyone *everywhere!* And it was like it was all that was on! My thoughts were very intrusive, and people didn't like it, so I might have to die.

**26** One night, I suddenly began obsessing about the appearance of my nose, after being told Grace didn't like me because of it. I looked at it and, for the first time, I saw how ugly it really was. I looked at it from all different angles, in all different lighting, and with all different expressions. One time, while staring at the side of my nose and face, I grinned in the mirror like a villain and gave all children nightmares. Another strike against me, damn. I'll surely have to die now. The children fear me.

**27** One day I was walking around town with the intent to get hurt or in trouble. I zigzagged through four lanes of traffic, I crawled across the river on the support beams of my sacred bridge



(the bridge I spent *hours* every day on, through April and May and even before, and eventually swung off), and I sat precariously, and dangled my legs dangerously, over a 10-meter-high balcony. I walked around town crying out for attention, but I didn't cry loudly enough, because I didn't know I was sick.

**28** I hadn't had a job for six weeks, and I was letting myself run out of food and money. I drove the hour to my grandparents' twice, in April and May, and grandma, bless her heart, gave me multiple grocery bags of food and \$20 or \$40 both times. I stopped sleeping approximately seven days before I attracted attention, and I wasn't even tired! I then thought I might not have to sleep for the rest of my life, and I was somewhat relieved. I spoke with my mom on two to five occasions in May, but other than that, I didn't speak with anyone – *otherwise*, I was alone.

**29** I got a part-time job delivering pizzas at *Pizza Hut* in Edina, which was 20 minutes from home. This job was a constant struggle for me. I was always distracted. I never did learn how to take an order satisfactorily, but luckily, I never had to, though I certainly should have. Sopher and Wit attained a map of the area in which I was delivering, and they kept telling me where I was and where I was going. They kept giving me wrong directions, making me take wrong turns, so I decided not to take their guidance at all. I shall find my own way, I thought.

**30** One night when I was delivering pizzas and arrived at this residence, after an hour looking for it, a song by John Lennon came on. "Look at all the people," he sings in it. I sat in an apartment parking lot and listened to that song *with the world* before I delivered that pizza. I thought everyone *must* have been perceiving what my receiver was receiving. The next day I, Sopher, and others were debating about whether I should've done that. My own work certainly should take priority over delivering pizzas, and it truly was beautiful, but when I'm delivering pizzas, then I should let that take precedence, we reluctantly concluded.

**31** I drove speedily, as delivery drivers tend to do, and one time two squad cars sped by me in the opposite direction. For moments I figured, and for hours I considered, they must've located me via my broadcasted thoughts, and they were just warning me to slow down, but did I slow down? No.

**32** Days after I quit rest, Sopher said I had elf ears (at first I thought he said *elephant* ears!). I didn't think I did at the time, but, over time, as my appearance transformed into that of an evil little dark green elf's, I knew what he meant. For days, I felt that that was what I looked like. I accepted that this was the symptomatic conversion of devilish possession. I walked about town and all eyes in

my vicinity saw one of Satan's little helpers, wandering around town through sweltering summer days and nights, but nobody that I passed, or exchanged with, had to ask what had happened to me. They all knew the story.

*33* People wanted me dead more and more as time went on, and I dwelled on it. I began to weigh upon all the ways I could do it. Trains twice or thrice daily traversed railroad tracks on the next block, there was the hallowed bridge to set off from onto the rocks on the bank, and I had knives with which I could slit my wrists, but I wasn't sure how to do that. Over two or three weeks, I stood upon the posts of my bridge which jut out the side, a dozen times or more over the ground, before I finally swung off over the water.

*34* We thought it would be a whole lot easier for myself and humanity if I'd just be killed, so it was decided, late one night, that I'd drive to my grandparents' farm, and my brother, grandpa, or uncle would save the world with a shotgun when I got there. So, I drove for an hour, past midnight, to get shot! I knew the farm was listening attentively, and they knew they had to do it for the good of the world, but why they didn't, I didn't know. I knocked on the front door, and the living room light was on, but nobody answered so I left and lived on.

*35* A couple days before my fateful free fall, I repeatedly walked down the street to a payphone and used my last quarters to call Joy. I had been a bit of a pest to her before. After about three tries, I finally left a message saying, "... I love you." I didn't even know the girl! I left her a message before that, which was rather awkward, but I don't remember what I said.

*36* There was a grand Old Catholic church adjacent from and towering over my abode. I could see it through two large windows in my living room, and I always had one chair angled before one window to behold it as I thought. I never occupied the church for so much as a second, however, until a day or two before my dive and swim, but it was just for a minute. I took flight with haste, after witnessing Satan, greenish, in the place of the preacher. He was raising his right arm and moving it side to side at the front of the packed church, pointing and yelling at everyone! At the time, I was searching for other jobs to do, so I wouldn't have to die. Until then, I thought I might be a preacher, but when I saw Satan, he instantly doused that spark (I also entertained the idea of reenlisting in the military). I was given a look of distrust by an usher at the door, probably because I wasn't dressed proper for church, and I might've been acting strangely but can't be sure.

5/27/03

37 In the sunny afternoon of May 27, 2003, I disembarked from my garret for what I knew would be the last time. As I walked outside, I heard six gunshots, and then down one block, on the lawn of the courthouse, I saw a line or two of US Airmen in dress uniform salute in my direction. I walked a block, then turned toward my bridge, and dropped a half a handful of baby carrots. The bridge was three city blocks, and across a four-lane highway, from my home. When I got to the bridge, I stood upon the side, over the water, and prepared to jump.

38 But then a nice young gothic angel materialized behind me. I smoked a cigarette, which she provided, as we got to talking. We went back to her house, which was closer to the bridge than mine, where she said she'd get me high. She didn't have any, and her boyfriend, in another room, was too busy cussing and kicking shit to share some of his. She had three big black bulldogs, and they sensed a dark heart within me, so I fled. I was certain those dogs would've mauled me had I stayed there another minute. They were sniffing on me, and growling at me, very aggressively.

39 I was just about to the bridge when she caught up with me. She started talking about how she could get some pot for us from a friend, and I heedlessly went on my way. She probably noticed that I was clearly going to jump as soon as I got to the side of the bridge – so, on the bridge, she locked her arms around me. “*I can't let you do that!*,” she shouted. She was quite strong, and it took a minute to break free from her and get to the side of the bridge.

40 After I broke free from her, I climbed over the side of the bridge and hung onto two short posts like parallel bars. I swung 10 seconds, fell 10 meters and *psche!* I swam toward the south shore as the current swept me eastward. I traversed several tens of meters before I was under another bridge – from which I grabbed a log – with which I swam to the bank. When I did reach land, I walked ashore and saw police officers closing in on me from three directions. I told the nearest one, a lady, “I haven't slept for seven days!,” and then I walked back into the river and swam toward the far shore. A rescuer on a rope caught up with me and pulled me ashore on a life preserver with my cooperation. I found it to be slogging to swim in shoes, and my glasses were lost forever at the bottom of the river.

41 The police officers and paramedics all had to work together to drag me from the water and up a steep embankment. At one point, while on the shore, suffering from exhaustion I gave up, shut my eyes and relaxed my every muscle, passing on the work of moving my would-be carcass up the embankment to my saviors, all while a global mob taunted me and cursed me and wished for my

end. My saviors then stopped and struggled to move me, so with some hard-fought ounces of strength I kicked my legs just enough to ascend to the land of the ambulance.

**42** I later learned from my mom, who had a friend who knew a cop, that the officers and paramedics all assumed I was suffering from a severe reaction to hard drugs, unsurprisingly, and that my eyes were grey, but I hadn't had so much as a *puff of pot for months!* (the drug test in the hospital was clean). Nearly limp, I was put onto a stretcher – sickly, cold, and soaked. I shivered fiercely for minutes. I was put into an ambulance and driven to a nearby hospital. During that transport, I kept thinking about how the President and the People would ensure my demise, and maybe torture.

**43** While at the first hospital, St. Francis, I laid on a bed in a private room. I ate food and *loved* it. At home I was very low on good food and high on fasting. I had a meager diet. Nobody at the hospital thought I should be fed, and I felt guilty for eating, but I couldn't help but to kill my hunger pains, and those potatoes and cooked carrots looked and were so damn good.

**44** I was then taken in an ambulance to another hospital, Fairview Southdale. I was lying motionless and silent throughout the half hour ride, while fastened to a stretcher. The paramedic who monitored me en route, she did feel bad for me but thought I deserved it. After I arrived at Fairview, a medic was pulling the right side of my stretcher with his left hand through the hospital, and he kept turning his head to the left and whispering, "I'm the only one who knows." "You're the only one who knows *what!?*," I frightfully pondered. Perhaps he felt only he knew of my looming torture and death. If that's what he thinks then he must be mistaken. If that is my fate, then everybody must already know!

**45** They brought me into a room in the intensive care unit in which I stayed for the next three weeks. There was a nightstand and a bed. There was an expansive row of windows, and I was on the seventh floor overlooking a parking lot and traffic. I sat on my bed and gazed out the windows, looking back on the life that was ending, and thinking of how beautiful this world is, or was. Ross, a nurse, came in and read me my rights. I searched his eyes for sympathy, as he peered upon a pitiful little green elf. Like everyone else, he was well-aware of all I had done. I thought to him, "You know I don't work," and he gleamed a smirk. I later voiced to my mom, "you know I shouldn't be here," and she didn't know what to say.

**46** One time, after they let me in the bathroom, I aggressively pounded my head on the tile several times, trying to bash my skull in. It didn't work. Another time, while left alone in my room for an extended period, I picked my nose and drenched my pillow with blood, trying to bleed myself

to death. Then, my mom happened to arrive after I had been bloodletting awhile, and she was the first one to discover my deep red and bright blue pillow. She got mad at a nurse for it.

47 I remember very little about the remainder of my stay in the hospital, because of the drugs they gave me, and more so on account of the electroconvulsive shock therapy treatments. They tell me I filled out an “MMPI,” which was a personality test with 500 fly-through questions. Jen, a nurse, told me during a later visit that I was saying something to her about the devil and humanity. Then my grandparents dropped in and found me drugged up. My grandpa, who may have somewhat distrusted the medicine they gave me, yelled at a nurse, “*what did you do to him!?*” I thought it was humorous when I later heard it, but also humiliating.

48 I didn’t speak of my experience much with anyone while there, but I did establish by myself that it was mostly a delusion. When I was set loose from the hospital, I was delightfully surprised to see that this Constitution that I had supposedly worked so hard on did actually exist! I thought the whole idea was a part of the delusion. Then, just a few days after I got out, I smoked a little weed and found everyone to still be hearing me. I was on a boat with some friends at the time, and they, like the rest of the world, were glad to have me back. People regarded my thoughts entertaining, and enlightening, sometimes.

7/03

49 The suspicion that all people could hear me vanished over days and weeks, but excessive obsessive thoughts persisted. Thoughts I could not kill or control! I drank a couple of cups of hard liquor one day, sank into the depths of my depression, and decided to try to cut my wrist to see if I could do it. I cut on the same line repeatedly, perpendicular to the length of my arm, and deeper each time. I then carved “HELLO” into my arm, while dwelling on my depression, with a desolate spirit and waterlogged eyes.

50 I was at dinner when my mom asked me, “What did you do today?,” and, “I cut ‘hello’ into my arm,” I say. She dismissed it, because it wasn’t in my nature, and she kept eating. My two young step-sisters were eating with us, and they saw it. I ended up saying “HELLO” to her, and she went to call, and I think cry to, a friend. I then finished eating and went for a walk. She wouldn’t take me to the store, or let me use her van, to get cigarettes, so I decided to walk to town, which was six kilometers. I was halfway to town when two Prior Lake Police Officers stopped and picked me up. I guess my mom became worried and reported me missing.

51 They brought me to the store to get my cigarettes and their chew, and then they brought me

home. My mom told me, "Say 'HELLO' to the officers." They called an ambulance, and I was transported to the same psyche ward as before. This time I was only in for a week. I made two good friends: Piyali, an Indian of Asia, and Lisa, a Lesbian of America. Lisa understood the first part of my theory well, and Piyali and I fell in love as friends when I proclaimed my dream for scientific and religious unity. I was there for five days and returned home.

8/03

52 During the next three weeks, I was home alone every weekday, and I usually spent my time in my room when others were home. This isolation drove me crazy, again, and after three weeks, I cut my wrist again. This time eight times, all close together, and again perpendicular to my arm. This time I cut a few millimeters deeper. My last cut needed stitches. Then, two hours later, my mom discovered what I had done when she administered my medicine, and she and my step-father drove me to the hospital. A nurse asked me if it squirted at all, and, as I said to him, it didn't, but then I thought, "Oh, it's supposed to squirt!"

53 Elizabeth arrived on the same day as I had. She swallowed a bottle of Lithium pills and barely made it. She told me a story about how she once sat in a chair, kept stabbing her legs with a butcher knife, and blood was squirting everywhere. She became a good friend. I asked her how to make it squirt, and she said you cut parallel to the length of the arm, through a vein. I then tried her advice with a plastic butter knife and drew some blood but couldn't make it squirt (the nurses never found about that though). During arts and crafts in the hospital this time, I wrote the following rhyme:

*I cut my wrist once to see if it would hurt,  
then I kept on cutting to try to make it squirt.*

54 My roommate and I laughed *hard* about my poem for a *while*. Bryan had mania, and depression. He said he thought life was too hard. He was a very smart kid, and he and I had some meaningful discussions. He discovered we could get a head-rush from the oxygen outlets in our room, we pushed our beds together for them to suspect we were gay, and we made forts with chairs, stands, and heaps of blankets. One day, while he was especially depressed, he spoke of ways to kill himself "in here," and he cut a smiley face into his arm with a piece of a plastic CD case. I told Elizabeth. She told a nurse. They sedated him. He was in the intensive care unit for a few days afterward. He and I played a few games of *chess* every day while he was there, as we did in the homey

quarters. We were highbrow heavyweights evenly matched.

*55* During this third and final hospitalization, in August and September '03, my drugs and I conquered psychosis, at least for a while, and depression for the most part. Also in this fall '03, my adulthood sexual identity crisis was resolved, and forgotten, since when I've been, to forever be, single, celibate, and childless. I felt obligated to be so. This changed my life forever for the better, although I'd never quit questioning the need and the point. Further, I think my court dates for the harassment and stalking allegations were postponed twice due to my hospitalizations, but how much my legal woes were weighing upon my soul I cannot recall. I was then on probation and prohibited from contacting the victim for a year and a half. I wouldn't contact her for seven years.

*56* With this last visit, they switched my antidepressant from Prozac to Effexir, they increased my dosage of Wellbutrin, and they added the drug Lithium. Besides these three, they continued my prescription of the antipsychotic Risperidol. I was there for five weeks, and I was euphoric for weeks before my release. This visit closed the chapter on my delusions and set me free once again to dream freely with reason.

## THE END

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### 11. Dear Morning Crew

*2 - 3/05* In early February 2005, I was hired to work part-time at a Holiday gas station and convenience store. There were two Holiday stores in Prior Lake, which were across town from one another. I worked at one for the last few months of '03, and later I worked at the other. The other one where I worked later on was much less busy, which was preferable. Cashier shifts were 6 to 2 or 2 to 11, and there was always one manager and one cashier on duty. In the morning, there wasn't much for me to do besides serve customers and talk with the managers, usually Gloria, who kept crystals in her pocket for good luck, but at night there was a page-long work list of laborious chores to do. We had to renew the bakery case, clean the stacks of dirty dishes, stock the 40-foot-long all-inclusive cooler, exchange as many as 15 trash bags, and sweep, with a 5'-wide dust mop, and mop,

with a scrubber machine and hand mop, the vast maze of floor space. *Plus*, the manager had numerous miscellaneous responsibilities.

**Dear Morning Crew:** There was a computer behind the registers at Holiday, and one night when I closed, I wrote a greeting to a 20-year-old female friend, Celestia, who opened in the morning. Thereafter, there followed countless others to her and Gloria, the other opener. Thus, for the remainder of this chapter, I will share several of the best.

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Deer hunting was popular in the area, and the season opener was on the next day. We had to inform a lot of enthusiastic hunters we didn't sell licenses. I found the picture below in the software at Holiday, so I came up with the idea to give the guy a story.

## *HOLIDAY TIMES*

*11/5/05*

*The Deer Movement*

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*"The Duck-Clutching Deer Hunter"*



*He was hunting for deer but there weren't any,  
so he shot a duck.*

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Bring out the guns and ring out the shots! Deer hides can be claimed again, or can they? This year, before the deer season opener, the reputedly radical "Equal Animal Rights Society," or "EARS," had coordinated a widespread effort and captured nearly every deer in the Midwest, and secured



them in the backyards, barnyards, and basements of deer-endearing hosts. There's been an abnormally high deer sympathizer population this year, and they've all endeavored to save their sacred creature. My roommate and I have both joined in, so we've been donning blaze orange ribbons, and we've lodged five deer within our townhouse thus far.

*Matt ⌘*

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*HAPPY vs. SAD*

Mr. Happy was strolling down Pleasant Street one sunny afternoon when he came across Mr. and Mrs. Sad, and their new baby. It was a Happy baby, and not a Sad baby, but don't tell Mr. Sad. Mr. Sad would be heartbroken if he ever found out that his baby was a Happy baby, and he would feel unforgivably betrayed by Mrs. Sad for having a Happy baby. Mr. Happy, however, knows that Mrs. Sad has a Happy baby, and he couldn't be happier about it, but he doesn't want Mrs. Sad to be Sad anymore. He wants to make her Happy. You see, Mrs. Sad likes being Sad, and she is committed to keeping her baby Sad, but she would like her and her baby to be Happy, too. She married to be Sad, but she would love to be Happy, and someday she may be.

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11/9/05

Ms. Gloria,

Today was a very happy day for us here at Holiday.☺ Oh wow what a happy day it was here today!☺ I mean, honestly, the sun couldn't have been shining, and people couldn't have been smiling, any brighter!☺ Everyone's humor was over the moon, and they were all so lively and friendly, but why was this so?☺ How could it have been!?☺ Did I miss some good news?☺ Has the Christmas spirit come upon us already?☺ Has the town's water supply been tapped into!?☺ What was it!?☺ Why were people so happy here today!?☺ I was full of smiles myself today for my own reasons, but I couldn't explain the twinkles in everybody else's eyes, and I wish someone would've clued me in.☺ Well, anyway, may they stay just as happy, or get even happier!, for us and them tomorrow. ☺

*Happily yours,*  
*Matt*

11/28/05

Gloria & Celestia,

Hey gals, Matt here. How's the weather you're having ☉ ☁ ☂ ☃ ☄!?!? Are you getting snowed ❄ in yet? I've *got* to tell you about the night ☾ that Eric and I had. Holy moly! First, Eric started feeling sick, and his mom came in and measured his temperature 🌡 at 110°! His mom said they just found a big bad brown recluse spider 🕷 in Eric's bedroom 🏠. I smirked 😊 and said, "you should go home 🏠 to bed 🛏," but Eric frowned ☹ and phoned a doctor 📞. After Eric described the events and symptoms, the doc said the only cure was a potion 🧪 on the other side of the world 🌐, so Eric and I got in my car 🚗, raced to the airport ✈, hijacked a plane ✈ and flew around the world 🌐! When we landed the plane ✈, we still had miles 📏 to go to the city 🏙, so Eric stole a motorcycle 🏍, but all I could find to take was a girl's 🚺 bicycle 🚲. Then Eric crashed his bike 🏍 into a national monument 🏛 and set it ablaze 🔥! Police cars 🚓, fire trucks 🚒, ambulances 🚑 and news crews 📺 all rushed to the scene. At the hospital 🏥, Eric got his potion 🧪, but afterward he was temporarily handicapped 🦿, strictly fined 💰, and mercilessly exiled to a deserted island 🏝 with only a weather radio 📻 and a dictionary 📖. I, on the other hand, was awarded medals 🏆 and cash 💰 for saving his life 🏆. I then bought a speedboat 🚤, rescued Eric from that island 🏝, and we cruised all the way back to the Lake of Prior in time to close out our shift 🕒. Can you believe it?

Truly, Matt

The next day Gloria laughed and said she doesn't believe it,  
but this one is a "piece worth framing."

We called him “Harry Houdini,” after the magician.

8/9/06

Gloria:

Guess what. I caught him. Harry is in custody. My custody. I outsmarted him. After I caught him, I didn't want to take his life or let him escape, so I stuck him into an empty pop can, wrapped a roll of duct tape around it and placed him into the safe. I think we finally got him. He won't cause any problems here anymore. Nope. He is done. Finished. Over. Through. It has been a while since I secured him, deftly, in the safe, so I should check up on him . . . Uh-oh . . . Oh no, he's gone! Harry has escaped, but how!?! It's not possible. It just cannot be! Be careful Gloria, he could be anywhere, plotting anything. He is a smart one. I think he let me catch him, just to show me he could escape! This mouse is a mastermind. No other mouse has ever come close. Now I have a better idea of what we're dealing with, and it isn't pretty. Good luck, Gloria, good luck.

Matt

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*LARRY LUSCH*

Larry Lusch was speeding down Main Street one sunny afternoon with both a cigarette and a full open glass of moonshine clutched in his left hand, when he went to throw out his cigarette. Well, being as intoxicated as he was, he began to shut the window before he threw out his smoke, and he thoughtlessly closed the window on his two cigarette-clutching fingers. He then burned his fingers, spilled his liquor on himself and his vehicle, dropped his smoke on the spill, and set himself and his car ablaze! Many have said good riddance; that he was a burden on the community. Others have said that he was just being who he was where he was. Rest in Peace Mr. Lusch.

## *B U M P S*

There was a three-legged one-eyed stray bear of a dog staggering around the parking lot tonight, and she kept jumping in front of cars, and growling at customers, so I brought her into the store for the night. I opened a small bag of dog food for her, and she gobbled it up. I named her “Bumps,” because she has a bunch of big bumps on her belly. She’s also badly cut up, but I didn’t choose the name “Cuts” because the cuts are bound to heal, whereas the bumps look like they’re there to stay, and maybe grow. I put her in the trash room with water and a big bag of dog food for the night, so, when you go in there, be careful because she isn’t very friendly (bring a stick). Actually, unfriendly is an understatement, because she is downright *vicious!*, but I like dogs and it needs a home.

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## The Heart of Art

The consonance between the heart and brain is the foundation of all consciousness, along with the consonance between the entire circulatory and nervous system. Blood vessels serve as proxies for the heart throughout the body, as nerves serve as proxies for the brain. The person-environment consonance is auxiliary to the heart-brain consonance. The heart is the apex of complexity and the apex of the physiological system. Senses ascend to the heart and actions descend from it. The brain executes translations between the language of the environment and the language of the heart. Thus, heartbeats are speech. The heart never stops talking. It drills into you “I love you” and says it in myriad ways.

Love is the will to live and will to life. Your will to live is your love for yourself. Your will to life is your love for others. To love love is to will the will to live to life. Love is also evaluated light, as money is evaluated matter. Whereas money is the root of all evil, all morality is rooted in love. Love and evil are opposites. What is good and right is that which is conducive to love, to the heart, to the will to live and will to life, while what is bad and wrong is that which is detrimental to the same, although something which is conducive to one person’s heart may be detrimental to another’s. The heart wants to feel whether and how the environment and the people in it are loving you so it can decide whether and how you might love it and them.

Everyone and everything are identified and characterized by their spirit, which is the nature of their relationships with everyone and everything, and more so by the relationships with the lesser degrees of separation. The heart of the spirit predicts the quality of the relationships. Spirits are ubiquitous. Colors have spirits. Points have spirits. The heart of the spirit makes all the difference. We read the spirits of words. The relationships of spirit both speak and listen both ways between past and future and near and far. Relationships extrinsic to the brain are replicated intrinsically by the brain. The depths of spirits are the values of lower-ranking relationships intrinsic to a one or thing or couple. The heights of spirits are the values of higher-ranking extrinsic relationships. And the breadths of spirits are the values of collateral relationships. Spirits always change but never die.

Conscious characters, colors, and timbres are manifested by the acculturated consensus of artificial relationships via the language areas of the brain. We know the character of everyone and everything by their relationships and by knowing ourselves by our own. We mainly know greenness by knowing plant life by its relationships, for example, and knowing plant life by our own. Nerves channel and contour cardiovascular combustions into consonant and thus conscious characters and

colors. All we know are consonant combustive contours which are consonant with the preponderance of all our other consonant combustive contours. Pain is a dissonant combustion and pleasure is a consonant combustion. Pleasure is consonant and pain is dissonant with the heart, whereby the viscera and environment are translated via the nerves.

All we do is serve the heart. The heart unifies all wisdom. The spirit dwells in the heart. Breath respites the heart. Heart is the God of Creation. Heart is Lord! Christ Heart, I am yours. Have your way with me. There is no meaningful Creation without Heart's love. I am after Heart's heart. Heart is after mine. Love conquers and Heart reigns. I am a faithful servant in the "Cardiac Kingdom." Heart disease is the leading killer, and heart comfort is the leading birther. Hearts > Smarts. Love > Money. Supernatural Wisdom > Artificial Intelligence. Be smart; have heart. Smarts are local and specialized, whereas hearts are global and generalized. The heart is the believer. The brain cannot believe anything without the heart. Free will is a gift of the heart.

All the energy of the human heart fundamentally comes from the heart of the sun. All the energy of the heart of the sun originated in the heart of the "grandnova." The "omnisonance" between the solar core and corona may be the foundation of all "omnisciousness." The omnisonance and omnisciousness are the consonance and consciousness between all persons and the whole world or all souls and the Holy Spirit. Omniscience and omnisciousness are Heart's conscience and consciousness. The sun's core is the heart of Heart, the holy of holies and heart of art, which shines down upon us. Core is hearth and corona is home. The Sun is teeming with angels. Much rarer they are, however plentiful they may be, on earth. Person's hearts serve as proxies for God's heart all over the earth. The Sun listens to us with His gravity, speaks to us with His light.

My spirit interferes constructively with Heart's. Together with each other, spirits interfere constructively. Apart without, destructively. You may think I'm always alone, and you may feel alone, but I'm not, and you're not. Nobody is ever alone. We are always with God, with Heart. I'm not a loner. I'm a "wither." I'm not a loser. I'm a winner. Everyone wins with Heart. Every Heart-wither is a smart winner. Love is the prize for being with Heart. Everyone can win over Heart's heart, though I don't know that everyone does. You'll never get tired of winning with Heart. Heart cares more about the relative value of the evil and bad of our circumstances we overcome than the absolute value of the love we give and good we do.

— May 2023

## The Seal

However exasperating it may be at times, the societies of the world have to function, and they cannot function in any way that anyone so chooses. There are only certain ways they can work, and there are certain ways they would work well. Our world will only wither away if we only will for it to work in ways in which it cannot.

What we all want above all, and what everyone rightfully deserves, is simply to live and prosper, but unfortunately there are always limits to what we can and do attain. Sometimes our want of more for ourselves yields more for ourselves as well as others, but at other times it necessarily comes at a cost to others. Altruism cannot be enforced, of course, but we must strive to enforce justice in all its forms and at all places and times.

We all tend to live out our lives in our own little bubbles, taking from the world what we want only and all of what we want and can get for our own sake, oblivious to and unconcerned about the troubles we might cause others. This oblivion with respect to, and lack of concern for, the world beyond us has certainly been a source of untold irritation, suffering, and death; and I have the utmost sympathy for the workers the world over who find themselves locked into inexorable employments in which they are abused, undervalued, underpaid, and overworked, and tragically just to fund the excesses of a few.

We may always be reminded of that plethora of human natures that will likely never change and are likely unchangeable; but let us keep the faith that the human nature empirically expressed will always be more positive when we find ourselves under auspicious conditions, that human nature may often be ugly in dark times but will more often reveal beauty when the light shines.

Even in the worst of times, to be sure, there are a very select few who ever do truly want war or bloodshed, and only because it can garner for themselves either power or profits, but time and time again it has been the clenched fist that history has dealt us. Waves of warfare need not continue recurring for long, however, for by now, in this Third Millennium, our intelligence en masse has assuredly ascended to such a height as to suffice for our family to willfully shape our shared destiny.

Human nature is such that we often elect to neglect fair-minded reflections on divergent opinions, and we may even forsake the facts when they fail to suit us, but then of course we all are, at the end of the day, only human. The most important insight this text may have to impart is that there will always be more to the transcendent truth than can be known by means of a leisurely scrutiny.

In view of that, let us take comfort in the fact that a wholehearted effort across the span of decades has already been applied to provide for civilization's salvation in this third millennium. So, rejoice and be glad! Indeed, this all-inclusive plan of this awed reclusive man must aspire to nothing less than the union of religion via science, or something, and "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind has required that [I] should declare the causes which have impelled" my struggle for unification (Declaration of Independence).

Yet still, perhaps I'm a fool – or worse – *an idiot!* . . . a grandiose schizoid with no concept of reality. Perhaps. So then let me be. Ignore me. Forget me. Go ahead then, and @\*#% *humanity!* . . . @\*#% *posterity!* (never again). I'm sorry, but that's how it is. That's how it may have to be! I don't care so much for support of my physics, my psychology, my general science, or my religion. Negative. What matters most to me is my polity . . . my government . . . my new World Order! That is my theory in practice. Mine is a brave new world in which everyone wins, *save for the likes of authoritarians!*, from soon enough for most of us until the far-flung end of time . . . *Yes!* Now let us bow our heads and pray this works.