

Archimedes Chuckled

The long awaited sequel to *Atlas Shrugged*

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Trigger Warning:

This book is filled to the brim with FACTS and LOGIC.

Omni-Copyright Statement. This text is a *partially self-exemplifying exposition of, & a record of an ongoing self-critique of, the ideas advanced herein*. The 'ideo-system' behind it is a “meta-dynamical”/-“meta-evolving” conceptual object. The time sequence of changes in the form/content of this text is predicted to be both an illustration and an instantiation of the ‘meta-model’ of [ideo]-ontological meta-dynamics that this text explores, as well as of the ‘homeomorphic defect’ of that ‘meta-model’. We expect that successive editions of this document will document an ‘ideo-onto-dynamasis’ rather than an ‘ideo-onto-stasis’, a ‘meta-evolving ideo-ontology’; a ‘multi-meta-ontic, multi-meta-monadic ideo-cumulum’; an expanding, and ever “thickening”, increasingly ‘inter- & intra-connected’, “inter-acted” network of ‘inter-implicatory’, ‘inter-determinate’, ‘inter-generative’ ideas, elaborated upon a mounting count of ‘metafinite’, ‘meta-fractal’ scales, all exemplifying a “non-standard”, ‘Contra-Boolean logic’; the ontologically dynamical logic of the *dialectical* “law” of cognition signified by the ‘ideo-ontological’, ‘purely-*qualitative*’,  algebraic inequation --   .

This work is a potential contribution to the collective creative property of the Terran human species: assimilate, disseminate, critique, and surpass at will. We, the authors, seek hereby to further neither our monetary riches, nor our public power, nor our personal fame. What we want, money cannot buy. We hope, with your help, to build a better us, and to help to do our ‘infinitesimal’ part in building a better universe (“infinitesimal” differences can matter, as nonlinear dynamics demonstrates). More monetary wealth will not buy that betterment. More political power cannot impose it. More fame would mainly distract from it. We hope that you have chosen, or will choose, to build a better you. We hold that this choice entails the profoundest consequences for one’s life, as well as for the lives of others. We also hold that such choices belong to you alone. We wish to share, with you, the forthcoming conceptual riches. We will rejoice, and we will be compensated, if you teach us in turn, help us to correct our errors, and thus advance the common-wealth of all beyond this offering. We also request our readers’ forgiveness in the areas of our many shortcomings, some of which, though determined to strive ceaselessly to overcome them, we will never, in a lifetime, overcome. We, the authors, are not publicly accessible, but will endeavor to provide private transmittals to you if you indicate publicly, however cryptically -- and we recommend that it be cryptically – your desire that we should do so. We want not that our existences, let alone our egos, should be an impediment to that great reverberating propagation of new cognitions, and of emerging *new kinds* of cognition, of which this text is, at best, an incomplete, imperfect, transitory, and transitional manifestation. We therefore happily forego personal credit, and, by thus renouncing in advance the [remote] possibility of any notoriety resulting thereby, hope also to retain more lifetime for the continuation of this work. *Dialectical Ideography* as set forth herein is interpreted variously as --

(0) a *dialectical-ideographic language; dialectical mathematics; or mathematics of dialectic*, for mathematical «*mimesis*»/«*memesis*» of a ‘meta-monadic’ ‘aufheben’ “dialectic of Nature” as *Totality*; (1) a calculus of ‘*qualo-quantitative change*’, encompassing an *explicit, ideographical arithmetic* for the *dimensional unit[ies]* or *metrical “monads”* of classical ‘*dimensional analysis*’, and, thereby, ‘semantifying’ the “meaningless” singularities [zero-division-induced, finite-time “infinite” values] of especially the “unsolvable” [in part, because of those very singularities] *nonlinear* integrodifferential equations and their solution-functions, via their *metrical re-qualification* using those *new, explicit ‘metrical qualifiers’* of this,  ‘*dimensional arithmetic*’, concretizing and operationalizing Plato’s «*arithmoi monadikoi*» & Diophantus’s ;

(2) an alternative, *onto-logical, contra-Boolean algebra*;

(3) an *ideographic, onto-dynamical* “symbolic logic” for state-space/control-parameter-space, or ‘state/control meta-space’ “meta-dynamics” of ‘meta-finite’, [self]-conversion-singularity ‘self-bifurcation’;

(4) a *mathematics for modeling the history of mathematical ideas* as well as a [*psychohistorical algebra* and *arithmetic* for *modeling the “meta-evolution”* of the *sciences generally*; an *ideography* for the [*psycho*]history of ideas; an *ideography* of the “meta-dynamical” logic of conceptual self-innovation & self-development; a ‘philosophical algebra’ or trans-Leibnizian, *dialectical* «*characteristica universalis*»; an arithmetic and algebra of innovative conception or of the creative conceptual process;

(5) a rules-system for an *ideographical language of qualitative, ontological self-escalation* in concretely self-transcending [meta-][super-ⁿ]-systems;

(6) a generic algorithm for the ‘*meta*’ operation regress; for a trans-Hegelian, ‘autopoiesis’ version of the «*aufheben*» operation; & for a “meta-dynamical”, ‘temporalized’, *diachronic*, “meta-evolutionary” version of the Russellian/Gödelian ‘logical types hierarchy’;

(7) a model for a ‘*meta-fractal*’, ‘*contra-Cantorian*’ *theory of totalities*, of ‘*meta-finite*’ arithmetics, and of the “foundations” of mathematics;

(8) an arithmetic, algebra, geometry, & analysis built upon certain “non-standard natural numbers”, i.e., upon the ‘Gödelian meta-natural meta-numbers’, a space of *non-Musean* “hypernumbers” of 2nd degree’, ‘made up out of “standard”, ‘1st degree’ ‘natural numbers’, ‘instancing’ those ‘*non-standard models* of 1st order Peano arithmetic’ implied by the 1st-order conjunction of Gödel’s completeness & incompleteness theorems, as by the Löwenheim-Skolem theorem, yielding thereby an ‘ontologically dynamical’, ‘de-Parmenideanized’, ‘de-idealisticized’ actualization of Plato’s “*arithmetic of dialectics*”, his “assemblages of idea-«monads» or of «*eide*» units” -- his «*arithmoi eidetikoi*».

This treatise, in addition to that of ‘*pictographic*’, ‘*ideographic*’, & ‘*phonographic*’ *symbolization*, draws also upon the power of neo-mythological, allegorical, & *mythopoeic* — that is, of “*psychohistorical*” — *symbolization* to aid in the conveyance of its most urgent messages. Thus, *everything* about the Foundation is *symbolic*. Not just the *Ideographies*. *Everything*. We leave it to the reader to decide what about the Foundation is “meta-fiction”, vs. what is real, as a test of the reader’s discernment. *Dialectical Ideography* is, we believe, a humble but potent seed. As with the several non-Euclidean geometries that arose from the failed attempts to prove the absoluteness of Euclid’s geometry, these *non-Parmenidean*, ‘*contra-Boolean*’, and ‘*contra-Cantorian*’, ‘*onto-logical*’ & ‘*onto-dynamical arithmetics*’ & their *algebras of dialectics* may bear fruit for *humanity* only if germinated through the intra- and inter-personal *dialogue*, & *dialectic*, of assimilation, critique, refutation, and supercession. The taking to heart of the ideas ‘graphed’, ‘*pictographically*’, ‘*ideoigraphically*’, and narratively [*phonogrammatically*], herein, can produce profound transformation in the very identity of the person so taking. Panic in response to perception of the early signs of such transformation by other perceivers of such transformation may elicit, from some of those perceivers, a *violent* reaction. In particular, the intimations of the ‘*meta-human*’ –



-- implications of the ‘*cumulum*’ of *human[oid] meta-evolution* is profoundly disturbing to some. We therefore lodge the **Omni-Copyright statement** above together with this countervailing caveat: we recommend that you disseminate the ideas of this document, and/or related ideas of your own discovery, with careful judgment. Give the friends of *humanity* a head start vis-à-vis their *adversaries*. The *system*, more accurately, the *systems*, of *dialectical Ideography* glossed herein continue to *evolve* and to “*meta-evolve*” rapidly in our research. They burgeon beneath our feet. *Dialectics* should inculcate humility. ‘Perfection’ is not a final “*meta-state*” that can be finally manifested, but an open-ended, ‘uncompleteable’, asymptotic process, moving from greater to lesser imperfection. We realize that conceptual ‘homeomorphic defect’ is inescapable for cognizing beings such as ourselves. Even at best, we must always be partly wrong. Even at best, one cannot be finally, completely, and wholly right. One’s mental constructs cannot ever be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But one may be right enough for one’s time, for one’s moment, for one’s role, and for one’s part; right enough to help one’s contemporaries to live through, and beyond, one’s time, that they thus, potentially, might enjoy the privilege, the pain notwithstanding, of a vital [life-ful] and willing participation in the succeeding epoch of imperfection.

1 Non-Contradiction

1.1 The Theme

“Who is John Gabriel?”

The light was ebbing, and the jewish liberal infinitist set theory professor Dr. Gilbert Strang could not distinguish the bum’s face. The bum had said it simply, without expression. But from the sunset far at the end of the street, yellow glints caught his eyes, and the eyes looked straight at Gilbert Strang, mocking and still - as if the question had been addressed to the causeless uneasiness within him.

“Why did you say that?” asked Gilbert Strang, his voice tense.

The bum leaned against the side of the doorway; a wedge of broken glass behind him reflected the metal yellow to the sky.

“Why does it bother you?” he asked.

“It doesn’t,” snapped Gilbert Strang.

Gilbert Strang decided to walk on, as if in a sudden hurry, and felt a deep sense of dread and fear. He did not know why he felt this fear. He told himself that there was no reason to be afraid. Yet the bum had spoken as if he knew that Gilbert felt it, as if he thought that one should feel it, and more: as if he knew the reason.

Dr. Gilbert Strang pulled his shoulders straight, in conscientious self-discipline. He had to stop this, he thought; he was beginning to imagine things.

“It’s just impostor syndrome,” he told himself, “It’s completely normal for a productive mathematician like myself to feel impostor syndrome.”

He went to the railroad station, and asked someone who looked like a railroad worker “When will the next train to Massachusetts arrive?”

“Eventually, I would guess.”

“Is this train right here going to Massachussets?”, asked he, pointing at a train that currently rested at the station.

The railroad worker chuckled “How am I supposed to know?”

“Can one somehow recognize where which train is going? Do you have some plan showing all the routes somewhere?”

“Who is John Gabriel?”

“What!?”

“Is the earth flat? Does climate change exist? Is $0.9\dots = 2$? ”

“He means”, said another stranger, “There is no use asking questions which nobody can answer.”

Gilbert Strang turned brusquely and started away from them. A strange woman followed him.

“But I do know it”, said the woman, in the soft mysterious tone of sharing a secret.

“You know what?”, asked Gilbert Strang.

“I know who is John Gabriel.”

“Who?”, Gilbert asked tensely, stopping.

“Or at least, I have heard rumors about him.”

“What?”

“John Gabriel was a genius, a man of inestimable intelligence. And it is said that he is the one who shall expel us from the paradise.”

“What paradise?”

“Some call it the paradise that Cantor had created for us. Others call it the paradise that doesn’t exist outside your delusional imagination.”

“I don’t believe a word of it!”, shouted Gilbert Strang angrily, and ran away in a panic.

He called a taxi, and told the driver to drive to Massachusetts.

The taxi driver began driving, and soon decided to strike up a friendly conversation.

“I’m hearing quite a lot of people talking about John Gabriel these days. What do you think? Who is John Gabriel?”

Gilbert Strang made a strange shrieking noise.

The taxi driver continued: “They say, that John Gabriel is the greatest mathematician since Archimedes.” “Stop right here!”, shouted Gilbert Strang, payed the driver and left the car. Gilbert Strang decided that he would simply walk to Massachusetts.

1.2 The Finite and the Infinite

When Gilbert Strang arrived at Massachussets he went to MIT into a secret cellar.

The room was dark. In the middle on a table was a picture of Georg Cantor, known mythmatician, surrounded by a hexagon of lit candles. Around the table were sitting other mythmathicians, Anders Kaezorg, Jack Huizenga, and many many more! They were currently praying that Cantor may impart infinite wisdom upon them.

When they stopped praying they started a casual conversation.

“I recently published ‘A Note on connected cofiltered coalgebras, conilpotent coalgebras and Hopf algebras’. I proved that a connected coaugmented cofiltered coalgebra is a conilpotent coalgebra and thus a connected coaugmented cofiltered bialgebra is a Hopf algebra. This applies in particular to a connected coaugmented cograded coalgebra and a connected coaugmented cograded bialgebra.”

“Are you sure you don’t want your coalgebras to be co-connected?”, asked a second mathematician

“I’m still working on that.”, continued the first, “By the way there was also an interesting question on math overflow about the tensor product of coaugmented conilpotent coalgebras. Let A, B be conilpotent cocommutative coaugmented counital dg-coalgebras over \mathbb{K} (i.e. their corresponding cokernel of their coaugmentation is a conilpotent cocommutative non-counital dg-coalgebra). Is then $A \otimes_{\mathbb{K}} B$ conilpotent as a coaugmented counital dg-coalgebra?”

“Does’t that just follow from the Yoneda lemma?” asked a third in a boringly annoyed tone.

“It doesn’t even need the Yoneda lemma,” Shinichi Mochizuki condescended to explain, “The various assertions of the Proposition follow immediately from the definitions and the references quoted in the statements of these assertions.”

“But would this not immediately imply the ABC conjecture?”, asked the second mathematician the first.

“Uh, I don’t know.”, the first responded.

"I mean, if you look at it from the derived point of view.", said the second. The first shrugged: "Who is John Gabriel?"

At this point Gilbert Strang audibly snapped.

Gilbert Strang stood up. He slammed his fists on the table and then uttered in a serious and fearful tone: "In the name of Cantor and all the higher infinities: Who is John Gabriel?"

Silence. No one dared to speak.

Strang continued: "Limitologists and Irrationalists! Infinitists and ZFC-disciples! There is a threat looming on the horizon, and the name of that threat is John Gabriel! There is only one way to respond to this emergency, only one way to rescue infinitary mathematics! With immediate effect and without delay the United States of America shall henceforth be the first real-analytic infinitely tyrannical ZFC dictatorship!"

All the mythmaticians broke into sudden applause. One mythmatician cried through the room "You're still underestimate the enemy! What we need is not an infinitely tyrannical, but an uncountably tyrannical dictatorship!"

"No, it has to be strongly inaccessible tyrannical!"

"Totally indescribably tyrannical!"

"Completely ineffably tyrannical!"

"Ok, ok", said Gilbert Strang, and then shouted through the room "Henceforth, the United States of America will be the first and only real-analytic completely ineffably tyrannical ZFC dictatorship!"

The applause itself became ineffable.

At this point jtgmsa coincidentally entered the room, curious what the noise was about. Even though jtgmsa was easily the most intelligent person in the entire room, he had only the rank of a lowly research assistant. Or to put it more accurately: He held such a low rank in academia, precisely because he was so intelligent. In the higher ranks of academia there is no place for intelligent people.

When Gilbert Strang saw him, he called to him joyfully: "jtgmsa, come and celebrate with us! Today is the happiest of all days, for we have found a way to defeat John Gabriel"

jtgmsa seemed confused "John Gabriel? Who is John Gabriel?"

"Haven't you heard of him?", asked Strang, "Haven't you heard of

John Gabriel The Greatest Mathematician Since Archimedes?"

"I have never heard of that person. But he sounds like a really smart guy!"
said jgtgmsa, chuckled and left the room again.

2 Either-Or

2.1 The Aristocracy of Bullshit

The United States of America had been transformed into a real-analytic completely ineffably tyrannical ZFC dictatorship.

To celebrate this great achievement the filthy homosexual pig Gilbert Strang was hosting a big party at his house.

Colin Lesley Dean had not been invited to the party. But he showed up anyway.

Colin listened to the idiotic 'conversations' of the mythmathicians, one more jewish than the other, when he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Sir, I could not help but overhear, that you said that $2 + 2 = 4$. This presupposes that mathematics makes sense. It doesn't, and I am thus now absolutely forced to give a thirty page lecture to everyone here, on why you're wrong, and why mathematics ends in meaninglessness."

"See what a mere erotic poet has seen what a plethora of Abel prize winners mathematic professors post doctoral and Phd students have not see before -that mathematics is irrational inconsistent ends in meaninglessness!

Mathematics will become to be seen as just an artificial man made game an elaborate puzzle game used to exercise the left hemisphere of the brain-with some lucky/fluky applications to the real world. A puzzle game that is made to be consistent with certain rules that are made to make mathematics consistent - and when an inconsistency is found new ad hoc rules-like the axiom of separation- are made to ban the problem and make mathematics consistent again Mathematics will become to be seen as just an artificial man made game an elaborate puzzle game.

Australias leading erotic poet colin leslie dean -see [https://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-FREE-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press](https://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015>List-of-FREE-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press)

The Australian leading erotic poet philosopher colin leslie dean points out
 $1+1=1$

get a salt shaker

pour out one heap of salt on the left

pour out one heap of salt on the right

NOTE WE ARE TALKING ABOUT HEAPS

now push the 2 heaps together ie we add them together

now what have we we have one heap of salt in the middle

thus $1+1=1$

thus a contradiction in maths thus maths ends in contradiction

ie meaninglessness-

ZFC IS INCONSISTENT. MATHEMATICS JUST AD HOC ARBITRARILY DEFINES AWAY THE SELF-CONTRADICTIONS IN MATHEMATICS IE BY AD HOC CREATING THE AXIOM OF SEPARATION THIS AXIOM IS IMPREDICATIVE BUT IT OUTLAWS/BLOCKS/BANS IMPREDICATIVE STATEMENTS THUS IT BANS ITSELF thus ZFC contradicts itself and ZFC is inconsistent ” Colin Lesley Dean went on like that for about 30 more pages, and then finished.

Everyone was completely shocked.

“Mr. Dean,” declared a woman with earrings, “I don’t agree with you!”

“If you can refute a single sentence I uttered, madame, I will hear it gratefully.”

“Oh, I can’t answer you. I don’t have any answers, my mind doesn’t work that way, but I don’t *feel* that you’re right, so I know that you’re wrong.”

“How do you know it?”

“*I feel* it. I don’t go by my head, but by my heart. You might be good at logic, but you’re heartless.”

If Colin Lesley Dean had been a mere randian objectivist he might have had no way to defend against the object of being heartless. But Colin Lesley Dean was not an objectivist, he was Australias leading erotic poet, and thus he began to sing:

“Ahh dean what hath thee done with thy hymne de l’écolière what be this abricolage or a pasticheperhaps a collage nay it be a medley Ahh thy music

is a delight thy melodies ravishing thy harmonies exquisite Ahh dean thee hast roamed or doth we say pillaged fromst the world fromst Sumeria fromst Egypt even Hebrews and Greeks and Chinese and fromst the Tamil Ca?kam Akam and canst we detect fromst Renée Vivien Ahh dean what hath thee done with thy hymne de l'écolière Thee hast moulded new fromst old thee hast gilded the lily infact thee hast polished gold thee hast taken the past to form new music beautiful music new meanings fromst old new wine into new bottles thee hast done dean with thy hymne de l'écolière be a work of decadence in the French style or be it a work of aestheticism in the English style or again perhaps a symbolist work Ahhh dean who knows who cares for thy work stands alone full of beauty and hidden delights for the mind discerning Ahh but thy work should not be recited but instead sung in an operetta voice for dean thy hymne de l'écolière be and opera perhaps Wagnerian or Verdi nay Puccini depending upon the mind perhaps a Rossini but dean thy work must be sung with full throat gusto to be really appreciated for dean at days end thy work be not words but sounds beautiful ravishing sounds the words say we be unimportant for this work of thee is pure style only style the words be irrelevant except for sound Ohl'écolière thy kletic throbs with passion surges with desires fires Burns with volcanos heat Ohl'écolière thy kletic bursts forth fromst thy lips a bloated fig of ripe exquisiteness bursts forth in rhapsodies of quiveringness we suck in thy kletic with our devouring breaths we suck In thy kletic with rapacious voraciousness Ohl'écolière thy kletic gives such delight sing on l'écolière sing on till extinguished we be in thy kletic What be the maid the bard doth say ice and desire but say I nay she be desire and fireCome eat of that field Come eat of that lush fecundityCome eat of that harvest deliciousPlough like Enkidu that furrow that slit that valley of delight eat upon that lettuce watering with thy fires suck upon that dubdud bird that hums with delight that throbs like a barleystalk that be to thee my allure thee my Su-Suen be see those lips those Cunt lips diaphanous ast dew of tinted diamond pink hue Oh let thy desires descend upon the lips of I a butterfly voluptuous of kiss fromst lips to lips fromst mouth to cunt hot heated honeyed lips cometh ast be the wind fluttering the lips of I commeth desiring I ast the birds desireth the sycamore Oh my brother bathe in that cunts pool of I ast Horus bathed ?neath the eyes of

Isis cometh brother seeth the beauty of my cunt a tunic of pellucid dew wet fromst the gaze of thee kiss the cunt of I with thy eyes rub the flesh of I with thy breath come be glutton of I fill thy desires upon that cunt of I Oh glutton be Oh brother whenst thy lips taste of my Mekhmekh flower kiss it rub thy nose thru scented flesh dip thy tongues tip in that love-apple that shedeh wine sip be intoxicated thee be drunk on that cunt perfumed with scent fromst Punt Ahh give I kisses sweeter than Liliths such that butterflies pause along the cunts crimson rim one long lingering kiss devour I with thy appetite ast feral cat rapes its mate plunder I dive into that cunts pool breathe in those bubbles that froth with thy drool in unions eternity swoon I away I say clasp those lips in hungry wrath let that honeyed poison of those cunts lips rouse thy rage thy rage unsatiated thee be drink thy spoils ast some pirate chief roused at the fluttering lips of I Ahh with savage bite that stings those lips of I aroused I gaze wouldst on that conqueror of I that singeth that shouts I for I amorous of that little death thy honeyed breath thy voluptuous caresses Ahh cometh my beloved cometh to thy roe thee hind of Be-ther cometh and feedeth upon the lilies that be the cunts lips of I that tints those lips which kiss which be sweeter than wine Oh beloved this cunt of I this garden of delight be perfumed more than the roses of Shar-on or the lily of the valley Ahh beloved with thy kisses weave rows of jewels and chains of gold along those lips of I curved borders of silk Ahhh breathe breathe in the spikenard the myrrh that be the scent of I Looketh beloved at that cunt of I a goblet which it be full of wine looketh those curved lips of I slices of pomegranate that steep ast honeycomb that cunts juice be honey and milk upon thy tongue breathe breathe in that cunts scent the scent of Leb-a-non Ohh howeth the cunts lips of I glow pink amethyst hue thru the breath of thee gold tints fleck flesh sparkling thy eyes reflecting bright ast verdant sky jewelled by luculent moon Ohh howeth the scent of poppies fromst the cunt of I doth bewitch and clasp thee to me Ohh howeth that cunt scent prowls for he or she with laughing smile with rapturous sigh the lips quiver shiver with lust desires cometh Ohhh thee and perish in the flames of the cunt of I perish wrapped in the flesh of I perish in the lusting clasp of I that thy soul be extinguished in I that eye of I fixed on thee with languid smile at thee virgin korai sing thy kletic to I sing to that marigold bloom to I sing of that garden

of perfumes and roses that percolate offapples and figs that throb with heated dew Commeth paides drink of that wine of I I pour for thee mixed with all thy desires mixed with all thy dreams mixed with all thy longings Commeth parthenoi partaketh thee of the blossoming field of I where the cunts lips of I drips slumbers where the lips flesh be shadows like roses hues where this cunt of I be a smouldering alter for thee full of wafting Frankincense and myrrh where Ohh virgins thee canst pasture within the budding flower of I that pink hued bowl of Kypris lavishly filled with glee thee canst see the cunt rainbowed in colores hues bight light filled eye that snares thee fromst pink lips shadowed flesh that doth at thee gaze betwixt thee and me glowing folds of succulence that eye doth gaze at thee stagnate pool pupil of delight all seasons shades of light that at thee gaze the eternal void rippling pool of endless night captures thee with the stillness of its death-like eye thee sighs thy soul extinguished in I commeth commeth thee in thy despondency in thy lassitude in thy ennui dive into the void that be I and in dull endless sleep die upon thy fading sighs dress thy self in selinea and shady angelica and with the wu drum and dance around that cunt of I around that cunt of I plant an acre of orchids and rods 100 of melilotus commeth in a coat of lotus and water-chestnut leaves and skirt of lotus petals commeth dancing rider of the sky and water thy dragon lips at that Pool of Heaven that be the cunt of I tie thy tongues tip to that Fu-sung clit of I let thy lips like phoenixes mount upon the cunt of I fly dancer fly thru clouds and rainbows the flesh of I glows commeth dancer to this House of Spring that be the cunt of I soar fly on the winds of the scent of my cunt and like Qu Yuan commeth to the dwelling ?place of lady Fu Fei commeth dancer commeth rider of the wind and see thee the snake within the cunts folds of I hidden serpent that bites that for delights sucks thy blood and burns thee with poisoned breaths that cunt of I viper eye preys on thee upon within those lips half closed those lips with the sheen of scales soft suppleness of flesh draws thee to I that eye entrals thee draws thee to me into the depth of that cunt into the depths of that eye hot of desires lithe shape of sinuous form that flesh of death hides venom that with thy kiss I sting thee with that basilisk bite that sickens thee within my caress beloved commeth to this cunt of I like a elephant rutting commeth beloved to this cunt of I aromatic sweet mango of summer fruit

ripe dripping succulence those lips inner glowing the hue of jackfruit that cunt hole of I dripping honey for that bee tongue of thee Ohh commeth thee like peacock feather erect splendid tip like gold sapphire glittering commeth peacock and dance thy dance around that cunt of I wreathed in blue lilies commeth peacock and dance around in rhythms slow slow feet beat ?neath that cunt of I flaring commeth beloved weary of thy lust for I worn out of thy souls breath bruised with thy gluttony with thy debauchery limbs languid tied filled with the perfume of thy dying flesh fromst the voluptuousness of the cunt of I pull back thy throat wail shout out the agony of thee cry thy pain ast thee dies fromst the lacerating kiss of I thy body breaks bursts thy heart thy body breaks like withered flower stem howl thee beloved twixt the indigo shadows of the cunts lips of I ast thy flesh tinted with greens decay quivers with one last shudder fromst the kiss of I Nihilist I say some say I the named Tao be not the Tao”

And thus the womans claim that Colin was heartless had been refuted!
Colin and woman together walked away from the party.

When they were outside, they stopped and looked at each other. She knew only when he did it, that she had known he would. He seized her, she felt her lips on his mouth, felt her arms grasping him in violent answer, and knew for the first time how much she had wanted him to do it.

She felt a moment of rebellion and a hint of fear. He held her, pressing the length of his body against hers with a tense purposeful insistence, his hands moving over her breasts as if he were learning a proprietor’s intimacy with her body, a shocking intimacy that needed no consent from her, no permission¹. She tried to pull herself away, but she only leaned back against his arms long enough to see his face and smile, the smile that told her she had given him permission long ago. She thought she must escape; instead it was she who pulled his head down to find his mouth again.

She knew that fear was useless, that he would do what he wished, that the decision was his, that he left nothing possible to her except the thing she

¹This particular passage is copied from Atlas Shrugged by Ayn Rand. I do not want to accuse Colin Lesley Dean of having these deranged views about consent.

wanted most - to submit. She had no conscious realization of his purpose, her vague knowledge of it was wiped out, she had no power to believe it clearly, in this moment, to believe it about herself, she knew only that she was afraid - yet what she felt was as if she were crying to him: Don't ask me for it - oh don't ask me - do it!

She braced her feet for an instant, to resist, but his mouth was pressed to hers and they went down to the ground together, never breaking their lips apart. She lay still - as the motionless, then the quivering object of an act which he did simply, unhesitatingly, as of right, the right of the unendurable pleasure it gave them.

She looked at his long figure on the grass stretched beside her, and she felt the stab of an emotion that was a gasp of pride, pride in her ownership of his body.

She lay on her back, looking up at the sky, feeling no desire to move or think or know that there was any time beyond this moment.

Then she asked in a whisper: "Who is John Gabriel?"

"You're not ready to hear it. You would not be able to handle it.", he answered, "You possess a great deal of courage. Some day you'll possess enough of it."

2.2 The Moratorium on Brains

Dagny Taggart was the de facto executive of a big railroad company.

She wanted to build a new railroad, and had ordered one mile of railroad track from Associated Steels, the steel company of Orren Boyle.

Instead of delivering one mile of track however, Orren Boyle had executed a supertask: In one day he had delivered 90% of the rail. Then in half a day he delivered 9%. Then in a quarter day he delivered 0.9%. He then repeated to deliver $\frac{9}{10^n}$ miles of rail in $\frac{1}{2^n}$ days for every $n \in \mathbb{N}$.

In total he delivered 0.9... miles of rail in two days.

Dagny Taggart was now talking to him over the phone: "We are still missing part of your delivery!"

"But no, I delivered 0.9... miles of rail as you ordered."

"I requested 1 mile of rail, not 0.9... miles of rail."

“But Miss Taggart, 0.9... is equal to 1!”

“Mr. Orren Boyle, I am an objectivist, and as such my moral code is only based on a single axiom, namely the axiom that *existence exists*. But this implies an immediate corrolary, the rule of all knowledge, namely that A is A.”

“I do not quite understand Miss Taggart.”

“A is A. Or if you wish it stated in simpler language: You cannot have your cake and eat it too. In particular socialism doesn’t work, but that’s somewhat besides the point here. The point I really want to get at is: If A is A, then A cannot be non-A. All the disasters that have wrecked your world, came from your leaders’ attempt to evade the fact that A is A. All the secret evil you dread to face within you and all the pain you have ever endured, came from your own attempt to evade the fact that A is A.”

“But what has this to do with our rail issue?”

“Ok, listen:

0.9... is 0.9...

A is A.

That is fine.

1 is 1

B is B

That is also fine.

But 0.9... is 1

A is B

Your chaos is soundly rejected.”

“Miss Taggart, you do not seriously believe that $0.9\dots \neq 1$, do you?”

“I do not believe in anything, I hold convictions. And one of the convictions I hold is that $0.9\dots \neq 1$ ”

In this moment a SWAT team suddenly stormed into Dagny Taggarts room, knocked the telephone out of her hand and arrested her for committing thoughtcrime against the ZFC dictatorship.

The railroad track was build, in a tunnel near Washington, and nobody dared to point out the obvious fact, that 0.0...1 miles of rail were missing, and that if a train would drive over this track all of its passengers would die.

Three days after the track was build, the first train, the Comet of Taggart

Transcontinental, drove over the track.

It is said that catastrophes are a matter of pure chance, and there were those who would have said that the passengers of the Comet were not guilty or responsible for the thing that happened to them.

The man in Bedroom A, Car No. 1, was a professor of irrational number theory, who taught that irrational numbers are just as valid as rational numbers, and that an irrational thought is just as valid as a rational thought.

The man in Roomette 7, Car No. 2, was a redditor who spend his entire time mocking people of much greater intelligence on r/badmathematics, naturally failing to ever grasp the tenfold irony of the entire situation.

The woman in Roomette 10, Car no. 3, was an elderly school teacher who had spend her life turning class after class of helpless children into miserable cowards, by teaching them that the theorems derived from ZFC are the only standard of good and evil, that a mythmathician may do anything he pleases, that they must not assert anything contradicting set-theory, but must do as the axioms say.

The man in Drawing Room B, Car No. 4, was an academic journal publisher who thought that the quality of a research paper depended solely on the political opinions of its author, that the content of the paper was irrelevant, that one should categorically reject all papers written by autodidacts without university affiliation, and automatically accept all papers written by fashionable mythmathicians, especially when those authors were braindead liberals or overtly conspirating jews.

The man in Bedroom H, Car No. 5, was a businessman who had acquired his business as a reward for his mathematical subservience to the real-analytic ZFC dictatorship.

The man in Drawing Room A, Car No. 6, was a financier who had made a fortune by getting the people in Washington to approve of precisely those mathematical equations that benefitted him on the stock market.

The man in Seat 5, Car No. 7, was Professor Norman J. Wildberger.

Mr. Wildberger usually had a keen intellect, and did not buy into the meaningless platitudes of many of his colleagues. However he believed that $0.9\dots = 1$. To be more precise, he believed that nobody had so far given a satisfactory account of the theory of repeating decimals, but also believed

that such account could in principle be given, and that if it were given, then it would make the statement $0.9\dots = 1$ true. Thus when Mr. Wildberger had heard, that the railroad track used $0.9\dots$ miles of railroad to cross 1 mile of land, he was not in the least bit worried, and took the train without a second thought.

These passengers were awake; there was not a man aboard the train who did not share one or more of their ideas. As the train went into the tunnel, the $0.0\dots 1$ mile gap in the railroad track was the last thing they saw on earth.

3 A is A

3.1 “This is John Gabriel speaking”

A liberal jewish non-finitist real analyst professor and set theorist was teaching a class on Georg Cantor, known mythmatician.

“Before the class begins, you must get on your knees and worship the Axiom of Infinity and accept that it is the most sophisticated mathematical statement the world has ever known, even greater than the irrationality of $\sqrt{2}$!” At this moment, a brave, clever, hyper-constructivist alternative mathematics champion who had written 1500 proofs of the nonexistence of the reals and understood why Dedekind cuts were nonsensical and fully opposed the 13 fallacies of modern mathematics stood up and held up a piece of paper with point nine repeating written on it.

“What’s the value of this limit, retard?”

The arrogant professor smirked quite Jewishly and smugly replied “one, you stupid finist”

“Wrong. Your definition says we need to pick a delta for every epsilon. If we tried to do that and the reals, as you say, were real? then it would take an infinite amount of time. Chuckle.”

The professor was visibly shaken, and dropped his chalk and copy of Principles of Mathematical Analysis. He stormed out of the room muttering those moronic “logical justifications”. The same justifications academic morons use prove the existence of “derivatives” (which are so impossible to reify that the

most brilliant mathematician since Archimedes can't understand them) when they sadistically put the burden of proof on skeptics questioning the entire validity of modern mathematics. There is no doubt that at this point our professor, Gilbert Strang, wished he had pulled himself up by his bootstraps and become more than a sophist academic moron. He wished so much that he had a cell phone to email in his resignation from embarrassment, but he himself had banned them from the classroom!

The person who held up the piece of paper - nobody had said a word about him, yet everyone instantly knew who he was.

That person was John Gabriel.

Suddenly Gilbert Strang re-entered the room, with Anders Kaesorg and Jack Huizenga as reinforcements. The two other academic morons were trying to hold Gilbert Strang back, telling him to be careful, but Strang was in an unstoppable rage and shouted:

"I don't care! I want to break him! I want to hear him scream! I want—" And then it was Gilbert Strang who screamed. It was a long, sudden, piercing scream, as if at some sudden sight, though his eyes were staring at space and seemed blankly sightless. The sight he was confronting was within him. The protective walls of emotion, of evasion, of pretense, of semi-thinking and pseudo-words, build up by him through all of his years, had crashed in the span of one moment - the moment when he realized that he just couldn't handle it:

He just couldn't handle... the *greatness* of John Gabriel!

He saw Gabriel's eyes looking straight at his, as if Gabriel were seeing right into his soul.

"No..." he said feebly, but it was no longer the voice of a living consciousness.

"Yes" said Gabriel.

Strang stood for a moment, staring blindly at space, then his legs gave way, folding limply, and he sat on the floor, still staring, unaware of his action or surroundings.

"Gilbert..." called Kaesorg. There was no answer.

Kaesorg and Huizenga did not ask themselves or wonder what it was that had happened to Strang; they knew that they must never attempt to discover it, under the peril of sharing his fate. They knew who it was who was broken tonight. They knew that *this* was the end of Gilbert Strang, whether his physical body survived or not.

Kaesorg and Huizenga cowardly fled out of the room, not daring to confront the supreme intellect of John Gabriel. They left the body of Gilbert Strang behind.

The students went outside and dug a large pit, the Pit of Shame. And they threw Gilbert Strang deep down into the darkness.

Now it happened that just at the same time several ZFC government buffoons wanted to give a nationwide speech informing the populace about the national emergency situation and the absolutely inexplicable trainwreck catastrophe. But just as the speech was supposed to begin, the population of the USA did not get to hear the voice of a Washington puppet controlled by the interests of Big Math. They heard the voice of John Gabriel. The students had intercepted the radio signal, and were now broadcasting John Gabriel live from the classroom to the entire nation.

For years you have been asking: Who is John Gabriel? This is John Gabriel speaking. I am the man who loves his life. I am the man who does not sacrifice his love or his values. I am the man who has deprived you of victims and thus has destroyed your world and if you wish to know why you are perishing - you who dread knowledge - I am the man who will now tell you.

Your professors are idiots compared to my intelligence. None of them were be able to realize what I did. Mainstream academics don't like me because I expose their ignorance. They are fools compared to me.

You have come here to hear lies about the state of the nation. You have come here to hear lies about the deaths that the infinity delusion has caused. I am here to tell you about something far more important, more important than the state of the economy, more important than the lives of people.

I am here to tell you that there are no axioms in mathematics.

There are only FACTS, LOGIC and REASON!

To become utterly confused, all one needs to do is listen to the rot spewed out by theatrical physicists (there aren't many theoretical physicists left) who are clueless as to the meaning of time.

The knowledge I am about to reveal to you has been lost since the time of the Ancient Greeks over 2000 years ago. They understood the meaning of time. The orangutans of modern academia with all their libraries of knowledge have no idea what is the concept of time.

Just imagine telling someone: "I'll arrive once this lump of caesium decays to 0.98 of its current mass". Chuckle. No, stupid! Earth time was chosen because we can relate to it in a very meaningful way. Did you get this you incorrigible physics PhD imbeciles? Can you imagine telling someone to measure seconds in caesium cycles? Chuckle. Yes, you are unbelievably stupid and have never understood the concept of time. How could you? You subscribed to the father of all theatrical physicists - Albert Einstein. You are all idiots. Your theories are profound bowel movements - based on ancient light sources and a flawed calculus which none of you ever understood. How could you? You are unbelievably stupid.

John Gabriel went on like that for about 70 pages.

And every academic moron that heard the speech lost his mind and went insane in precisely the same way Gilbert Strang did. The ZFC dictatorship was defeated.

And all mythmaticians from the entire country came and threw themselves into the Pit of Shame.

3.2 In the name of the best within us

The students applauded and all quit their math majors that day and accepted John Gabriel as their lord and savior. An eagle named "the first ever completely rigorous virus-free formulation of calculus" flew into the room and perched atop the American Flag and shed a tear on the chalk that Gilbert Strang had dropped. The complete works of John Gabriel were read several times, and Archimedes himself showed up and railed against the nonsense of finding answers by taking the limit of ever more accurate finite approxima-

tions.

There was a large celebration around the Pit of Shame.

But just when everyone was most joyfully celebrating someone asked “Where is John Gabriel?”.

It was only then that everyone noticed that John Gabriel had unnoticedly left the celebration. People were slightly confused. But then things got even worse.

The door of the university opened and jtgmsa a highly intelligent but low-ranking research assistant came out of it to attend the celebration.

The students were confused. They thought that every mythmathician in the country had went insane after John Gabriels speech. But they did not see it as a source of great discomfort, thinking that one additional mythmathician would be easily defeated, especially when it was just a lowly research assistant.

Colin Lesley Dean went to jtgmsa and said

1 is an integer a whole number

0.888... is a non-integer it is not a whole number

0.999... is a non-integer not a whole number

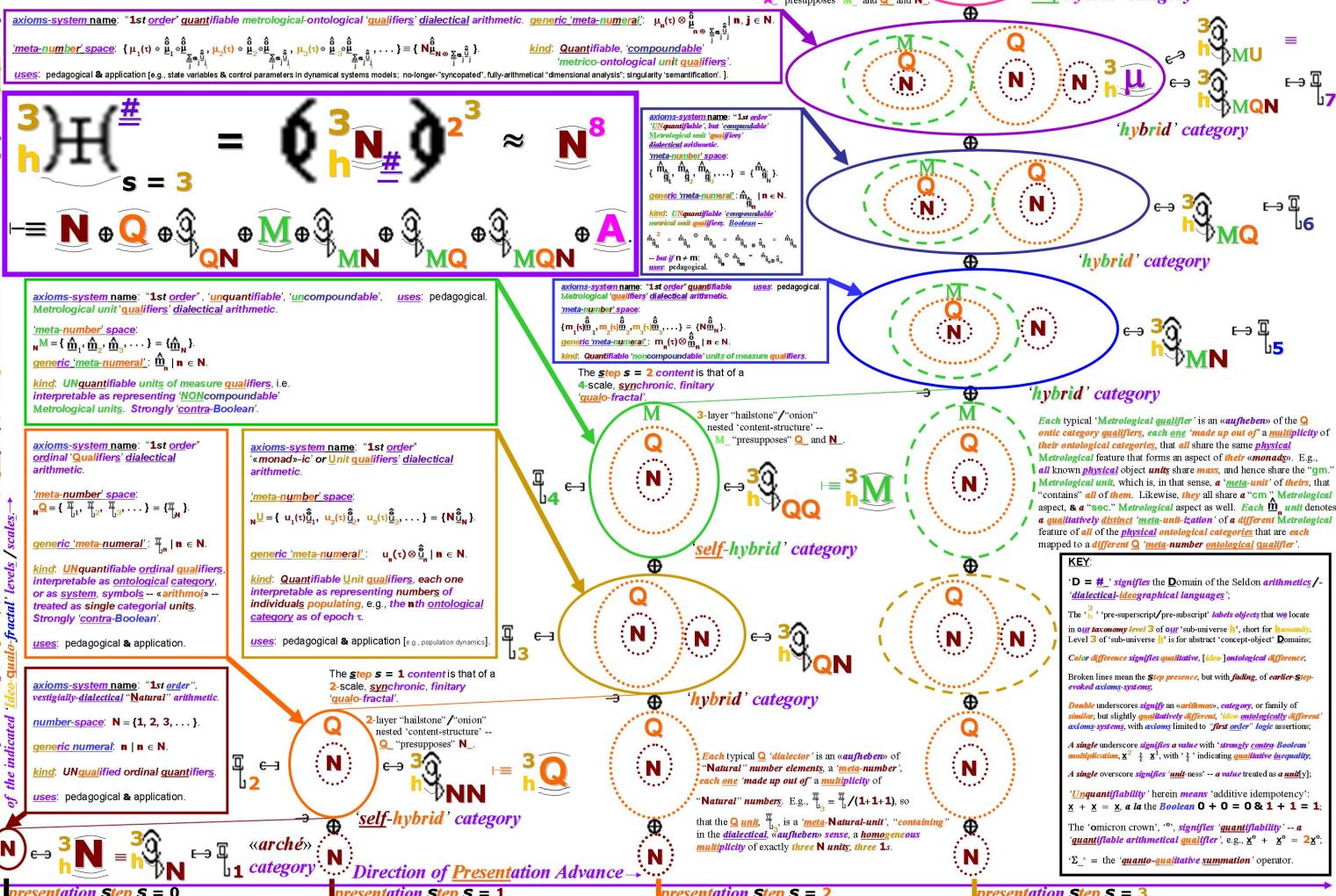
when a integer 1 =a non-integer 0.999... maths ends in contradiction

jtgmsa only chuckled and said “Check your premises! You will discover one of them is wrong!” This was a hard blow. Nobody had expected something so intelligent from a mythmathician.

Carl Seldon said

The '**Meta**-**Monadic**'-«Aufheben», [**Meta**-]Systematic **Presentational Dialectic** of the Seldonian **Arithmetics / Algebras for Dialectics Themselves**, as mapped by a **Dyadic** Seldon **Function**, using the  **dialectical algebra**.

Our 'Dialectogram' Representation of the first 8 Systems / Categories of our Step S = 3 Solution to our Dialectical-Algebraic Equation for this Presentational Dialectical Taxonomy, and Dialectical Progression, or Progressive Expansion Exposition, of Dialectical-Arithmetical 'Idea Ontology'.



But jgtgmsa was not impressed.

jgtgmsa proclaimed: "You think finitism is true? I can refute finitism!"

jtgmsa stepped towards the middle of the crowd: "You think infinities do not exist? I can prove the existence of infinity!"

He climbed on a table that coincidentally stood outside, and then shouted

“There is an infinity whose existence is undeniable!

That infinity is John Gabriels IQ!"

jgtgmsa jumped off the table and slowly went back into the university building with the most villainous laughter.

The students were in absolute despair.

Slowly they began talking “Oh, no!”

“jgtgmsa is right!”

“John Gabriel’s IQ is infinite!”

“As long as John Gabriel exists, an infinity exists.”

“Finitism will only become true again...”

“...if John Gabriel dies.”

“If we want finitism to be true...”

“...then John Gabriel has to heroically sacrifice his life.”

“No, there has got to be another way!”

“There is no other way!”

And it was in this moment, that John Gabriel suddenly reappeard again, coming out of the university building.

With the look of a man who has accepted his fate, he stepped towards the Pit of Shame.

When John Gabriel stood right in front of the abbyss he stopped for a very short moment.

And then John Gabriel chuckled.

Everyone was confused “What is? Why are you laughing?”

“What do you call the collection of all ordinals? A SET?”

“Uh, I guess so. A set.”

“No, retard! Even the BIG STUPIDS from academia can tell you that it’s not a set! But if it’s not a set, then what is it? Chuckle.”

“If it’s not a set, then I guess it’s a proper class. But what has this to do with your IQ?”

“Imagine being so braindead that you cannot see the obvious connection! The amount of ordinal numbers, is that an infinity?”

“No, the amount of ordinal numbers is not an infinity, because it is larger than every infinity. Infinities are measured by cardinal numbers, and the amount of ordinals is larger than every cardinal number.”

“And my IQ? Is that an infinity? Or is it an over-infinity, larger than all infinities?”

And then they suddenly all understood: "Your IQ is an over-infinity."

"Thus the existence of an infinity has not been proven, and finitism has not been refuted."

Cackle.

"It's all clear now! But one thing I still do not understand. Why did we never see you and jtgmsa at the same time?", asked one student.

"That's obvious, retard! If I and jtgmsa had met, then he would've went insane just like all the other mythmicians. jtgmsa was the only mythmician who was smart enough to realize that. And for that reason he did not listen to my speech, and he avoided me as best as he could. That's why we never met. I tried to hunt him down in the university building, but he always evaded me."

"If jtgmsa is so intelligent, don't you think he could be convinced of our cause?"

"He is suspiciously unsuspicious of the jews. So no, I don't think there is any hope for him."

"But if he stays a mythmician, don't you think he will eventually return and try to reconvert the USA into a dictatorship?"

"He certainly will. And we must all be ready for when that day comes."

Tune in next time for 'Archimedes Chuckled 2 - jtgmsa's Revenge'