

Gegonen I

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Gerard and Sophie took a walk down Broadway. The cold air was colder under the Flatiron. Far from home.

Gerard picked up a wifi on a closed store. "Got one."

Sophie looked at the map. "Sure".

Gerard rewrote the firmware on the router for public access.

Sophie checked the bank. "Um."

Gerard and Sophie walked down Lexington into Foggy Bottom where Sophie's wave rider was sitting on their pylon. The community mesh net was done for the night, which had set in firmly. Another pylon had gone up since leaving the ship that morning.

They ascended a spiral stair to the air lock. It opened with warmth and light and all of the promises of a home in the sky. The plan was to sleep. The ground water cistern under the pylon was half full. More than enough for a bath.

Gerard took another look at a lunar flight plan. He longed to return to space. Sophie saw what he was looking at. She put her hands on his shoulders and freed the perpetual bond across the back of his shoulders. "Soon", she said.

As morning broke the eastern horizon from the anonymity of night, the wave rider glowed like an opaque milky quartz teaming with strands of micah and pyrite. Sophie turned on her side to look out through a transparent slice in the wall. It was no mistake that her ship was colored like the horizon over Beaucatcher Mountain

right now. The micah and quartz in the ground matched the colors in the oceanic skies, here. It was foreign to Luna, her orbital perspective, but then it was always home. A return to lunar orbit was nearby. A good idea.

Sophie's thoughts about a return to the moon had shifted overnight. Time spent in her wave rider? So it would seem. Another mention and it had tipped. The world would live without them. The bank was replenished, and the ship was on budget for a flight. They had no where else they would rather be. Solitude, for a spell.

Gerard saw Sophie staring out the window and wondered if she was thinking about the moon. There was a moment, there, that seemed to be arriving. They could and they should return to the moon. It was so peaceful, there, in solitude. He could stay longer than Sophie's wave rider could, and thought of a larger ship. The work sheets for budgets he produced said a couple things to him. First that he would need a more substantial income stream, and second that the size class proposed a prohibitive parking arrangement. It wasn't obvious how four pylons for one ship was a public good. He thought it over again. That he believed the supporting argument to be the arbitrary difference between one or two or three or four pylons. The pylon grid on equilateral triangles provided space and convenience and established the "one", "two", "three", or "four" gridding classes. But building and keeping a "four" class ship in Foggy Bottom would raise plenty of discussion. The counter claim held a unit's privacy and a share's econ-

omy. Taking multiple spaces long term would cost a share of the ship, credited to the community in some sense. His income plan was a community contribution, but as it produced the income to support the ship, the application of the benefit to closing the share would appear to be double counting the thing. Making distinct the community cost and benefits of pylon space to voices on behalf of relatively aggressive precedent and practice for sharing arrangements would be a matter of politics. His living arrangements were not an issue. The allocation of pylons were an issue.

Sophie rose first. She went to the galley and prepared coffee. She enjoyed lifting him with the smell of a new morning. Gerard was not a morning person. He drifted across the floor from the aft bunk. He found the back of her neck with his head, and managed to plant one on target. His arms wrapped around her. She held his embrace to herself and closed her eyes.

The coffee hit him like a ball. His ball of his morning. The smell in his nose, and the simplicity of the tea of roasted beans in his mouth woke him. Such a habit. That she should employ such devices to reach him a condition of his inability to put the march aside. She liked the march. It was her march. She would march him to the moon over and over for the rest of their days. It was their life.

Sophie looked into Gerard's eyes, "Awake, yet?". Gerard raised a pair of eyelids to her. "Not yet.", she said to them. For them. The actual march, occurring to him as she slid breakfast in front of him.

“You could return to the university and accomplish either budget.”. Sophie referred to Gerard’s original career as researcher and lecturer. The symposium for special research had bumped his field from the decadal survey, putting his lectures and budgets in the wash. Optional. Artificial orbital science was a special subjects classification under the space research agency. It had become a minor activity during the reconstruction of the radio telescope on Battery Hill, and would not become available again for more than a decade. In the meantime the best place for Gerard was lunar orbit.

Unlike Gerard, Sophie was entirely content to live on the fruits of her labors. She went to school to complete her childhood interest in Molecular Fabrication. In return, she contributed to the community periodically with developments in Instrumentation and Fabrication. She had repaid the gift of education many times over, and continued to give everything she had.

Gerard’s interests took him to another stage, one that depended on facilities he could not always realize single handedly. A radio telescope or an orbit. That Sophie should be so adept with orbits was another of a million reasons he had for his being (perhaps) a bit too dedicated to her.

Sophie used the artificial orbital science data system with the orbital navigation scenario planning system in her wave rider to solve Gerard’s network problem. His dataset accumulated network modeling output into unit automaton credit and deficit figures. Sophie came up with a spectrum of possibilities which she plot-

ted over a manifold of lunar time on orbit, and network benefit. She gave Gerard a contour map with a pair of lumps for vacation time. Either orbit had its blessings, and maximizing time in one rather than cislunar space was a spiritual preference that they shared.

Work in Gerard's field supported the implementation of objectives from other fields including planetary science, space flight science, and stellar science. For Gerard and the members of his community, everything fell into one of these bins. The planetary and planetoid orbiters from the academy of fine arts were planetary science automata from the perspective of the artificial orbital science community. The asteroid mining and communications infrastructure were stellar science. Gerard's interest was in delivering automatic systems for the best realization and maintenance of those projects. When a science project expired, if it did, the implementation came under the domain of the artificial orbital science community. The abandoned material was supported, repurposed, recycled, or disposed of as they found prudent, necessary and expedient. These tasks were handled by public committees and their public participants, who proceeded through the production and publication of letters and votes with each step of each subject under their purview.

With a radio telescope, terrestrial command and control was nonexistent. It was not, strictly speaking, necessary to the operation of the perpetual stream systems in space. The extent of the deep space network would expand according to the progression of centuries

to provide its next milestone in extra solar bandwidth facility.

Interplanetary internet would need to be fit to each task, a far more complex decision tree for the committees of the artificial orbital science community to navigate. The budget for these activities would be displaced by the budgets for new activities while the radio telescope was offline. An admirable trait of his fellow human beings, while entirely inconvenient to the members of his field – excepting himself. Gerard and Sophie could repair and replace near field interplanetary internet automata, and in a sense they were a program counter on the community's cost and benefit computer.

The construction network, STC, mined the asteroids for material and the system for energy in the objective program to deploy a star scale communications network. The sphere of STC nodes at one light year diameter repeated signals captured through long and very long baseline interferometry over its surface. The STC maintained repeater rings throughout Sol, and included the AFA/PN among its own without distinction external to the ownership and access bags. The signals economy in artificially occupied space provided available bandwidth over distance to the cosmos. The ethereal advance first most sensible to the physical economy of earth.

A construction automaton had network interfaces by Gerard and a number of necessities of structure and architecture by Sophie. The construction automaton pulled materials from the asteroid belt and flew it into

orbits established and updated by the AOS STCC. The AOS STCC was a closed self organized group. As the AOS formed around the facility and capacity to realize generalized artificial space flight in self reproducing automata, a governance committee formed to delegate topics to its charters. This behavior on behalf of the scientific community reflected the fact that collaboration from the center of the field would be necessary to the development of molecular fabrication technologies. This perspective was widely recognized as natural and sensible, trustworthy and worthwhile, and therefore the natural course of self government for individual and society alike.

The construction network was slow, its strengths in communication limited by distance and leveraged over its delivery of perpetual income streams. This wealth was allocated by the construction system that other members of the community developed. It maintained an ecosystem that fed into the economy of the Sol system at established devices of necessity of government. The artificial orbital community allocated resources to itself in the development of the Sol system for the long term – as afforded by the situation over term. Inwardly AOS were strategy poor. Interplanetary communications support was produced by other sectors of society for their own needs and objectives. Interplanetary internetworking for the AOSC could be rather limited while the STC was advancing outward. It was a truth that told the story of the public good to be derived from the STC, about the public good derived from space and its longer

points of concern, but left Sophie and Gerard to fend for themselves in their individual existence and to repair, recycle, repurpose and develop resources accumulated by the AOSC for their interplanetary and interpersonal internetworking.

They could leave tomorrow. Gerard mentioned visiting the AFA with the plan as an excuse to see Carl. Sophie mentioned the flight to Teresa and met her at her place for lunch. So perhaps not tomorrow.

Between the dry ridges that contained the Catawba Turnpike – Broadway between Greenville, Tennessee and Greenville, South Carolina – at Asheville was Foggy Bottom. Over the western ridge was a drop down to Lake Pisgah. Under a cold morning sun in January the lake was frozen. The Smokey Mountains covered in snow. The chalet of government overlooked the heights from the north by north east. To its southern exposure the sun rise, city and lake. Beyond the lake over the far horizon Mount Pisgah, Little Pisgah, and Cold Mountain. All the earth within the horizons, here.

Carl walked home over the lake thinking of Gerard. It was always Gerard who would put a couple stitches in the ways and means to keep things moving. He and Sophie a special miracle among the heros who lent their support to AOS. The appreciation of life was heightened by the steady and reliable dependence on the AOSC at large. That one of their own – known in person – should perform this vital rôle a pleasure to participate in. Carl was an aquanaut, himself. He enjoyed the life under the surface of the lake – in West Asheville, as he called it.

Under the lake a transparent home enjoyed only as much light as the depths afforded. Carl's home had two stories above the surface and more than ten stories below. His plan was hydrothermal. Construction would halt in another decade. He had employed wind and solar with fusion to produce the energy budget required to support his project. There was more than enough space for the structure to take on a range of possible rôles, private or institutional, when he n longer required it for himself. But there was little budget in the plan he elected for vehicles. He kept a simple electric aircraft for his basic freedom, aside from his legs and arms, a kayak, a canoe, a sailboat, and a bicycle. The bike was kept in town, and the others were stored in the enclosure that he called a boathouse.

The first floors above and below were organized as kitchens. He simply couldn't pick a favorite. He would use either one according to the light and his mood. Likewise the second floors above and below were first bedrooms for him. He didn't always enjoy sleeping under the stars, in the atmosphere over the lake. He sometimes slept well under the surface, only close enough for a comfortable awareness of the world outside. This calm was for him what he understood from Gerard's description of his interest in lunar orbit. A quietude that instilled serenity, as surely as opening a door and walking into a room.

In the last hours before sunrise Gerard and Sophie were speaking of their hearts' desires. To return to space flight with the plan that accomplished both a return to

the moon and the best they could do for AOS resources. They would rendezvous with two birds in low earth orbit, make the big swing through cislunar space, and then meet each of the three AOS birds in lunar orbit that required periodic refueling. Each bird would get the full attention of an automatic mechanic that would trade its time and materials and energy budget for the health and well being of the subject automaton. Any depletable resources would be replenished, damage and fatigue would be repaired, and then engineering requests for modifications and updates would be processed according to opportunity. The schedule of events derived from the flight scenario would deliver one hundred percent success for each of the five rendezvous. This contribution was not a hardship, it was all fairly easily done with conventional technology, but nonetheless it filled them with the joy of accomplishment that they knew would be shared by everyone concerned with the ways and means of doing the work of artificial orbital science. Communications to the array of sensors and systems on the lunar far side would be improved by two hundred percent, and then the effectiveness of the AOS presence in LEO would be improved by ten percent. The moon was an obscure point for many, and the center of the universe for some. The radio quiet and mass and proximity of the far side location made it practical for many objectives. The very large radio telescope measured tens of kilometers in diameter, was etched into the surface, and could be seen from orbit. The AOS provided communications links for principal research access. That it was very nearly

offline, otherwise, a source of great concern for those fields dependent on the data it provided.

When Sophie asked Gerard on their first date, he was a bit surprised. He was lecturing a graduate level course on automata theory, and she was a graduate student in physics. She had no reason to expect that she would accept. Quite boldly she entered his office during the period allocated to his students to follow up on subject material, coursework, and related housekeeping activities. Occasionally a student would want to learn about his doctoral thesis, a book or paper he'd written, or some AOS activity. No one had ever asked him a personal question, and at the time his personal life was generally quiet. The occasional meal or party with friends, especially those events marking AOS accomplishments. When she stepped into the room, he recognized a graduate student of physics as one has interest in the future. She stood him up when she leveled a look at him and proposed dinner. A romantic interest. An experiment in love binding. He thought for a moment, standing in front of her. He knew how to search his feelings. He knew he was less than ten years older than her. While sudden and unexpected, not unreasonable. And with as much as a comfortable feeling of warmth from within he accepted. It was not the jump off a cliff impetus that some had spoken of, but there was no guarantee that that experience was universal. As they discussed that first plan he became aware of her certitude. She was a graduate student of physics and adept with certainty and objectivity and subjectivity. Her confidence opened

him up like a caught fish prepared for the pan. And it hit him. He flushed and took his seat. She saw through her own hazy romantic consciousness that he had gone blotto. She took her seat and fell silent with the victory. He took a moment to find a handle. To realize the truth of what had occurred. He had just fallen in love.

To her surprise, Gerard broke that first silence. Never since has she wanted for a word or gesture from him. He simply told her that he had fallen in love with her, in that moment, and that his feelings were very strong. She could rethink her proposal if this information did not meet her needs. She smiled in beams of glory and told him that she would have to kiss him if he spoke another word. He took a moment for the emotional event to collapse into some form of consciousness and said "yes". She planted a big one on his lips and ran out into the hallway, stopped to catch her breath, and walked away. He collapsed into his chair. The next thought to enter his mind was the place and time of their dinner date. Tomorrow night. It would be an eternity. He would be checking his messages twice as frequently in case she sent him one. She knew his name and address, by office, but he didn't yet know her name.

At the time Gerard slept his first night in Sophie's absence he was living in an apartment allocated to faculty. He wondered what her name might be. He agonized over the seconds and minutes occupied by thoughts of her. The promise of a future mated in couple didn't occur to him as such. A young man is excited by the promise of sexual activity. And while that sugar was

rotting his brain, his heart sang the tune that actually captivated him. And for this reason he did not reject the experience of imagining as shallow or not worthwhile. He knew that in that boiling cauldron of emotion were feelings of import and substance beyond the expression of mating by the act of reproduction. Not knowing the art of life in couple, he had only a subliminal appreciation for the song his inner consciousness was singing to him. He might mistake instinct for admiration or *vice versa*, but he could not mistake the commitment his heart's song was preparing him for, and the fact that this song and his experience of it brought him enormous wealth of spirit. He thought of fatherhood and spousehood. Some may think it out of ordinary, but it was spousehood that drew him into the spiritual heights. And then he understood, in some sense, that the heights to which he aspired had no relation to sexual intercourse. That they were spiritual, and that they were about her. He felt the notion of a purpose or calling, and its name was husband.

Sophie returned to her apartment full of her respect and admiration and now full bloom love for him. She did not think of children. She thought of the feelings she had for a mate, the promise of a couple, and wondered again at the mystery of this life that we are so drawn to each other as to love and fight continuously if not for the maturities of self awareness. If fighting and conflict are ultimately expressions of ignorance, and love an expression of our genetic origins and evolutions, then could we not escape love as we endeavor to escape conflict

in order to move ourselves forward through time. At least that's a hyper-rational graduate student perspective. Not satisfying. Why would I try to oppose what I am when the problem I'm trying to solve is how to get more work done. Sophie felt relieved at the reception she enjoyed with Gerard, but lived in another situation. She was still climbing the mountain that Gerard had climbed. She struggled with the intellectual muscle as all students do. She knew that she was going through an experience of growth that would deliver her to the possession of strength. That had nothing to do with her feelings for Gerard. She had seen him, had gained interest and found out who he was, and then eventually her interest grew to feelings of admiration and the precipace of love that she had to face before she went mad with it. She had tried to avoid it, to put it aside for a more convenient moment, but the feelings ate at her ability to get work done. Appropriately enough, from her perspective, she went to see him during his office hours to place her bet and get a response. To realize the problem and in this way to deal with it. To go through it rather than around or over or under it. The success she met with blew open a hole in her breast and let it out. It was now a whole new problem, but one that Gerard would understand. She found the courage or the will to put together something to eat and to get enough work done that she could retire to sleep.

Sophie woke to a swarm of flying lights modeled after bumblebees, the result of her master's thesis in molecular fabrication: the reproduction of organic me-

chanical techniques involving flight at low reynold's numbers. She had designed a particularly complex and challenging thesis project that covered a number of relatively novel materials and compositions with a demonstration objective that declared a certain passion for the work. The bees collected energy from the environment and had a flight ceiling more than hundreds of meters. The microcosm of the project had fascinated Sophie, although it was not as exciting as an ultralight that could fly to space and return to earth in an organic cycle. That was the primary objective of her doctoral thesis. If she couldn't complete that objective in reasonable time, she would pick up the parts remaining and report on that. If she could complete it, her novel term "organic cycle" and its definition excited her most. This morning she woke to see some new colors. She had built them with encephalographic sensors following some work she found on the subject. It was just the kind of tangent that made the work fun. Her eyes focused on the colors and remembered Gerard. The lights told her conscious mind what her subconscious mind was thinking. She was in love. The evolution in the colors told her she was waking up, and so she got out of bed and made some coffee. Many hours to go before meeting Gerard at Lucia's tonight. She'd be back to shower before then, so there was no need to think about what she would wear. Anything would do. She was generally functional despite being more emotional than normal. The bumblebees were programmed to not go out the front door, and in her absence to rest where they maximized en-

ergy collection. She recalled the plan to diversify their behavior, and the fact that that objective had not yet reached the top of her priority stack. She headed out the door with everything she needed in a shoulder bag, and would not return till dark.

Gerard woke to thoughts about the life of a graduate student, and how his life was unlike the life of a graduate student. In the five years since he completed his thesis he had grown comfortable in the campaign against his own ignorance. He could consume a day of work without notice. A graduate student is still building the intellectual muscle, still feeling the work and relatively buried under the effort. In this sense the relationship that promised to continue tonight would be found on some uneven territory. He was feeling old. Older than her. He was thirty and she would probably not yet be twenty five. He packed himself into some clothes and walked out the door wondering if it would work, wondering if the differences between them would betray his heart and cause him the legendary pain of divorce. The shook off the thought as fear of the unknown and self indulgence. He didn't need to dig that deep to see that he loved her, and to know that life was as simple as that.

Much to his surprise, Gerard saw Sophie walking up to Lucia's as he was walking up to Lucia's. His chest rose with the anxiety of someone afraid of risking the exposure of his heart. His head flooded with the confusion of someone unsure of his steps. He watched a smile form on her face and realized that his face wore an ex-

pression of some concern. With the awareness coupled with her smile he relaxed and a smile emerged. It may or may not have said I love you, but that was the extent of his semi-conscious awareness. They stepped up to each other before Lucia's door as the only two people in existence. Gone were their differences along with any sense of academic life. Gerard knew there would be a kiss in this moment somewhere, and prepared himself to not be any more forceful or masculine than she required. He watched her eyes look into his. Her expression seemed to narrow to an inspection before it was swept into the grace he recognized as generosity and felt as the arrival of the kiss. Seconds gave way to tenths of seconds as he leaned his head to hers and waited for her head to lean to his. She moved into him with a force that took his breath and they were kissing. It was a simple kiss of meeting lips but it lasted for thousands of milliseconds. He lost track of time and space entirely in the embrace that joined them. He was not conscious of it, but he lost track of himself within the presence of theirs.

Sophie saw Gerard walking up to Lucia's and thought this is it, this is how it ends. Her sense of humor a bit morbid for the observer really only made sense in her head. She began to worry that he would see the senselessness of her personal expressions and believe her confused or weird or maladjusted. This fear of rejection rose within and made her legs feel weak and wobbly. Somehow all of this made her smile. She thought herself funny with a constant periodicity. The look on his face changed from something grave and serious to

something lighthearted and open as her mood changed. Yep, this is it. This is the one. It did not matter that their actions and reactions may have been normal or abnormal or cliché or refined, there was no world beyond herself and Gerard. She stopped in front of him. The door to Lucia's was nearby, but no one was coming or going. The world could wait for her to kiss her man again. With the following breath, right on cue, his head moved toward her and she was gone. He's mine. I'm kissing him. I'm kissing him, kissing him, kissing him till the cows come home. Oh, je t'adore. Je t'aime. Je suis libre.

When he had had enough of not looking into her eyes, Gerard pulled back and opened his eyes. Despite the late hour of the day his being was puffy with the emergence of consciousness. Through this fog he found her eyes where he expected to find them, with her nose almost touching his. They both smiled simultaneously and his blood rose within his self to a gleeful joy. His smile broadened and with it his heart. He took her hand in his and her beaming smile filled his soul till the forces within him forced the capitulation of a break in the moment. Let's get something to eat, he spoke. Like a prophecy he suddenly felt light-headed and depleted. Her smile changed into an acknowledgement and her hand squeezed his. He turned toward the door in a half step and she followed. Another step and they were walking to the door which he opened with his free hand. As the door was opening a rush of pride of presence took hold within. He was so in love with her and it appeared

as an aura that enveloped the pair of them.

Sophie felt Gerard pull away and opened her eyes. She could have had more of that, but was happy to see him. She saw in his eyes and found a reflection of her feeling of a lapse in time. It could have been ten seconds or ten minutes, she felt like she had no idea and discarded the notion of trying to focus on how much time had elapsed. She smiled and when she did she noticed that he had smiled at the same time. She felt like she could feel his heart beating, and realized it was her heart beating in her chest. He took her hand and her focus rotated from her heart to his hand in hers. She realized she was smiling when he spoke of eating. She was starving. She squeezed his hand thinking, let's eat! As they turned and walked through the door she felt something she had never felt before. Togetherness. That together they were more than two individuals. Or that together they were something different than two individuals. She felt that she had changed.

Have you studied psychology? Gerard asked Sophie. He had her name, and they were returning to a state of consciousness that facilitated the satisfaction of the need to talk, to converse and in this way to interact intellectually. That next drop of the existence of Gerard and Sophie. They each recognized that this was already far beyond getting a name and address. He had no address for her and didn't think of it. A subconscious thought of contacting her in future was displaced by a subliminal reaching for not letting her get away.

Yes, some. She replied. I enjoy Gefou's concep-

tion of psychology as representative of the acquisition of character independent of the architecture of society that defines normal, and relegates the remainder to anthropology.

Well, ok. Gerard smiled. He was struck. Shot down like an amateur caught in front of an ace. Guess we're done with psychology. And the word comprehension?

Comprehension?

Same idea. More fun as the acquisition of character that engages like an envelope or container rather than a meeting or overwhelming.

Ah. Right. Cool. Sophie paused to reflect on the whole. Wild.

The fighter pilot analogy fit to the age of missiles and jets when the duration of the affair was constructed around the time of flight of a supersonic missile. The analogy failed at the fact that both had hit their targets successfully.

They each took a sip of water and stepped away from the displeasures of intellect. Too objective. Gerard saw the writing on the wall.

Sophie, can we stay together after this? I have a problem letting you go.

She smiled and replied. Yes, me too.

You're not concerned with the development of the couple and the malignment of the individual? Sophie asked Gerard.

I'm betting that the destruction of psychology covers all that and more. Gerard replied.

So then we're building a couple as the balance of

each self with the joined self. Sophie conjectured.

Yes. I think that a couple formed from two individuals who are lifelong practitioners of self balance is incapable of the malignment of either or both individuals for much more than a hundred milliseconds. Gerard countered.

Have you read much Gefou? Sophie asked.

No. I haven't really read any Gefou. Just a vague awareness. Gerard replied.

Oh, no! Well, I love Gefou. I've read plenty of her work. I shouldn't say plenty. I should say some. But I find it authoritative. Sophie replied.

You're saying it concludes the metaphysical line of inquiry. Gerard posited.

Yea. Her capture of the distinction between effect and utility almost propelled me into a career in metaphysics. I could throw those knives all day long. Sophie proposed.

Um. Ok. You lost me. Gerard paused and reflected. Utility and effect of knowledge development over time scales long and short. Got it. Gerard replied.

Oh, you are a quick one. Sophie smiled. Gerard, I'm done. She continued.

Gerard and Sophie finished dinner over stories of youth and life that illuminated their respective experience and in this way shared pieces of their respective existential situations. Sophie had the more interesting stories and Gerard the more interesting reflections in the balance of their feelings about the moment. That is to say that Sophie had a more diverse experience of life in

which her existential situation was bed, and Gerard had lived more in his head and had had a more private and introverted existence. This difference caused him some concern which he gave voice to. You don't think our existential differences are a future point of failure? No, I like the difference. I need the contrast. The diversity. The contribution. She replied. He was surprised, having expected a very different desire on behalf of someone with a more textured experience. I find it difficult to shake the idea that you would not desire a broader experience of your partner. He said. That's cliché, Gerard. Technically an insult, but I'm not insulted. You're just letting me know where your insecurities are, and that's what I really need. She replied. I need a partner. A confident and a lover. I need the man I love. She got him over the hump of self doubt, and recognized that that would be a recurring theme for a while as the found the common ground that they would share.

Where are we going? Sophie asked Gerard as they walked out of Lucia's. I have a full sized apartment that's fairly comfortable. You? He replied. Nothing special. Let's go to your place. And what that she had elected a new home. Gerard and Sophie walked the distance to Gerard's apartment and spoke of the needs to balance couple and individual, in this way recognizing the journey they had elected to embark upon. Their habits of work were implicit, and forgotten as a natural force that would continuously reinforce the individual. In this sense their conversation was immature or vain, neither their individual nor their couple

would ever require conscious support because their organic senses possessed every means of maintaining their spiritual health. They arrived at the apartment exhausted from their discussions, put fresh clothes on the bed and fell asleep holding each other. Sophie dreamed of her bumblebees and rolled away from Gerard in her sleep. Gerard dreamed of a youthful moment of sun and water and rolled away from Sophie. Together they each were whole in the sense of self, the natural character of the *homo sapien* in which they rejoiced separately and together.

Gefou's theory of mind discarded the organic model developed since Freud in favor of the anthropological observation of the *homo sapien* as having a very small number of primary relationships which determine its state of mind. The first primary being the relationship between the inner and outer consciousness or the relationship to the self, the second primary being the relationship to a mate or partner, and a third primary being the relationship with society or community or world. The relationship to children was a component of the partner primary, and likewise particular relationships to groups and communities were components of the world primary. In this sense psychology was the metaphysical source domain for alternative scientific hypotheses, or as she preferred the innate facility to capture the character of another. With this theory the location of the state of mind could be normal or abnormal with respect to the architecture or expectations of society without being necessarily unhealthy and requiring medical attention. The theory

fit well with both anthropology and the tradition and experience of medicine. It permitted medical doctors to debate the wisdom of medication in the context of the patient's expression of preference without denying the existence of the consciousness of the patient as had resulted from the organic model of mind that had delivered the superiority fantasy that doctors had relied upon to manage the relationship to the subject of their inspections. The theory was physical and readily tested and applied. Gefou maintained great respect for metaphysics as the source domain for scientific hypotheses, and metaphysicians as the producers of that invaluable product, while asserting her objective and subjective material with the clarity readers required to differentiate her products from that of others. Naturally as an academic he valued each stitch in the fabric of knowledge and the communication of knowledge. The challenge that most readers faced was the place and character of scientific certitude. Gefou would not cheat the reader of the scientific perspective, nor would she insult her work by mistaking physics for metaphysics. If it was her conjecture that the field of psychology denied the self in a fantasy of superiority by the separation of self from consciousness, then she wrote it plainly and succinctly without qualification or disingenuity. This was the typical source of passion among students of her work, and a lesson in its own right. To differentiate physics and metaphysics and thereby respect and maintain the substance and significance of each. A heroic worker on the tapestry of human knowledge.