

STORY *of* THE STARS

A BOOK BY THEA AARA

Foresee a library where the windows look upon acres of trees and flowers. There is a sheltered path leading to the library's entryway, and the library is built in gothic stone.

The sheltered paths of this community lead also to 19 other foundations,- among these a theatre where plays and films are presented, an archive where people may meet with others toward how to express books in plays and films and artwork and further books, a bath where people may rest as they sift through thoughts related to their projects – and every day they who live in this community may walk through the garden to visit a foundation. This community will be called Two Roses.

This book is written for the library of Two Roses, with the hope that the labors of this community may deeply express this work in films and further books, through stories of lives that cross the lives of the gods named in this myth. As you read this book, imagine how you would express this story more deeply,- in films and paintings and writings – if you lived in this community. (If you haven't yet, I recommend reading *Two Roses of Sable* first, especially if you wish to understand the notes at the end.)

I wrote this myth five years ago, though the ethics by which this myth could be studied and represented felt more important than the myth itself; in many ways Two Roses arose of this myth, of thoughts of how a community could labor beautifully toward the presentation and representation of this myth.

I hope this proves to be a fertile myth, a myth that can be retold in many variants toward many branching stories. The narrator of the central story of this myth speaks of crossings of language that may've buried the truth; and so I hope the writers and artists of Two Roses will feel freedom to change many of the details of this myth to fit their ideals of beauty.

While some aspects of the reputations of the gods are preserved in this myth, it tells a story that accounts for why the ancients believed as they did more than it tells of what they believed; and if one studies this myth, it accounts also for why modern man believes as he does.

I believe our sense of love and romance is rooted in the mythology that surrounds us, and I don't feel modern myths speak toward the most beautiful depths of love that are possible.

This myth was inspired by a dark joy; yet I believe there are many potential paths to joy, that the nature of true joy asks that everyone may deepen joy uniquely, and may uniquely celebrate their joy.

This myth seeks to present a metaphor for why modern society arose instead of the garden, how motives toward natural beauty drowned in modern motives, how modern motives arose of natural motives toward joy, how even the most powerful joy can die. We may hope that deepening this metaphor may yield understanding of how to preserve joy.

In this myth the god who conceives of life, whose mind every human alive is born with, is my attempt to account for the modern equilibrium, an equilibrium where the most deeply human labors are punished while modern labors are rewarded. It became important to account for this after witnessing this myself, that I was rewarded for modern labors that truly helped none, and deeply punished as quickly as I sought labors that had the potential to help others who suffered.

CHAPTERS

1 Love At First Sight

In the garden of Eden, God brought a woman to life. Her skin was woven of the soft, pure white flowers in the garden, and her body arose from the garden, so that she was laying when he gave the light of life to her eyes. He named her Lilith, and God gave her knowledge, and he taught her how to speak with him in the way that brought happiness and deepened knowledge, but he kept her innocent from the stories of hell.

He brought to life another to be her complement, and God made his skin out of the darkest flowers in the garden, those that were black like night, and he was called Adam. And Adam first saw God, then the garden, then Lilith; and God said it was right for him to be with Lilith, and Adam was good to her and loved her in the way God had conceived of.

2 Lilith is Named Demon

Yet Lilith saw that Adam didn't speak to her the way he spoke to God, nor did he gaze upon her with the same sense of awe; he never raised his deep questions with her nor answered the ones she spoke to him, but told her always to speak with God according to the order they'd been taught; and as Adam never spoke to God of Lilith's thoughts, Lilith wished he would listen.

One day, while Lilith was wandering by herself among the garden, she found a place where the flowers were black like Adam's skin, and she laid in the flowers and willed the flowers grow around her, and she felt pleasure in the softness of their touch, and she found herself becoming buried beneath the flowers; yet as the petals began to cover her sight with pure black, she felt fear and began clawing to escape, feeling at the same time the need to emerge and the desire to deepen in soft pleasure, and there was a thrill as she was pulled by both needs of pleasure and freedom, a thrill of joy she fought against, a joy she could not surrender to, lest she become buried and lose herself; and she felt a wild bliss in the struggle to free herself of the flowers. And after she knew this bliss of the thought of eternity, she desired to share what she understood with God and Adam and all the angels, and then she was free.

In new relief, as she thought of how to speak to them, she drank the blood of the fruit from a nearby tree, yet as she drank and thought, her pleasure lessened, and she found herself attract back to the flowers; and each time she returned to the flowers, she felt fearful ecstasy when she sought to claw her way out of the blackness that covered her, and each time, her soul deepened ov the thought of eternity, and each time, she emerged only when she felt need to speak of a bliss all may know eternally. She questioned, while she drank of the fruit, whether she needed to return to God, for she felt this bliss to be the high glory that God told her to speak to him of; yet when she thought of returning to him, always her passion left her as she thought of their conversation, the verses they would exchange; and he had told her too always to follow her heart, so she felt it was good that she let the memory of bliss deepen within her, better to return to the flowers than return to speak to her father.

And as she thought about the conversations she would have with God, Lilith composed the forms of black horses in the flowers around her, night mares each with fire that burned behind their eyes, and she understood their varied stances ov her insights, as remembrances that would help her speak deeper truths.

God saw Lilith had been away and went through the gardens looking for her, and he found her body lowering into the black flowers, and he saw the eaten fruits and the night mares; and God felt horror, for he feared she'd eaten from a tree that held knowledge of evil, and he thought she was descending toward one of the evils he knew of. God spoke in anger, and Lilith emerged from the flowers in fear, for she did not feel prepared to speak with him; and she was ashamed she had not yet found the words to describe the source of her joy; and she sought to speak in apology, that she had been pursuing high glory, but God thought her to speak in madness, that she'd sought that which was high by sinking lower, and he declared her a demon for seeking glory through evil, and he withered the night mares she'd created.

Lilith was upset, for God's act showed that his fears were greater than his understanding of bliss, and she wondered what the source of his fears was. She was not angry with him, for she'd not brought life to the mares, though their eyes glowed with the light of the fire as though with the light of life; but her shame was deepened by the loss of the horses, for she lost her memory of how to speak well to God.

After, she felt little attraction toward Adam, for she had loved the feeling of being alone more than she loved the way he understood her. He did not change his way with her when she spoke of the highest bliss she felt, when she spoke of how she wanted to feel that way forever with him; he still looked at God with greater awe, though it was clear to her their father had never known the same height of bliss.

3 Vampires

After, Lilith would take long walks by herself, always careful to return to God before he'd come looking, for she knew he punished them whom he called demons if they denied him; and she thought during these walks of how she could share her bliss. She thought of the black flowers, and she thought of surrendering to these completely, but having Adam above her, keeping her above by an equal attraction, though she doubt he would ever feel so strongly toward her; and she thought of the ethic she had fallen into, of laying in the flowers, touching perfection, creating the black mares and drinking the blood of the fruits; and she began to imagine a place where she could live this way; and she thought of how she would need to return to God and understand God; and she thought of how Adam had seen God first and then the gardens and her third, and how Adam looked upon God with awe, and she thought of having another look upon her with that same awe, another born not just with the sense of relief she had been born with, but with the sense of bliss she had returned to in the flowers.

And so during these walks she conceived of a daughter who had her same beauty, and she thought of the ethic of their days, how they would return to the terror of falling in a black love; and she thought of the night mares as her understanding of what God feared, and thought of herself as that which God feared, and imagined a night mare that represent God's fear running from her and her daughter, hunting the horse to drink its blood that was like the blood of fruit; and she felt certain the horse would yield to her only when she needed to return to God, just as she emerged from the flowers only when she felt she had eternal wisdom to share; and then she thought of ascending, returning to God to speak of what she'd learned; then her daughter would be alone until she returned to her, the way she had longed to be alone; and Lilith saw how the memory of their time together would deepen in two ways, how she would

always desire to know her daughter more deeply than she could; and she felt the bliss within her, and saw in this a perfect cycle, a perfect nature, and she conceived of a celestial lake surround by the black air, a place where Eden would appear a distant star, and she conceived of a dark garden with black and red violet leaves; and she saw her daughter a beautiful goddess with skin white like her own, high above the lake with closed eyes; and then by a desire strong enough to be her will, she was there before her.

She gave her daughter life feeling bliss, and then she opened her daughter's eyes, but whereas her own eyes were pure white, she gave her daughter eyes that were pure black; and she smiled, then said to her daughter 'we are thea', for 'thea' was the word she thought of when she thought of perfect birth; but her daughter did not understand, heard instead 'wi Arthea' and thought 'wi' meant 'I say hi to' and thought her own name was Arthea; and she thought to say something to Lilith, but paused, for she didn't know the name of the goddess before her. Then, as she was looking at Lilith's smiling lips, Lilith said 'boo'; and then the daughter fell, and she felt terror to see Lilith rising away from her, terror as she turned in the air and saw only dark waters beneath her; but as quickly as her fear arose within her, she felt the warmth of water breaking around her, the feeling of each joyful droplet piercing her skin like a sharp and soft vibrata, and the water slowed her, and she saw herself consumed in darkness, and she was breathless; but as soon as fear returned to her, she turned, and Lilith was above her, upon her, holding her, and she felt plants arising from the depths, blooming upon her back, and the water became shallow, drowned by the flora that rose from the depths; and the touch of Lilith was a perfect bliss beneath her skin, an ocean of the softest lightning.

Each time Lilith returned to her their acts were the same, evoked the same ecstasy – they would touch upon the warm waters and flora; then Lilith would look toward the distance and wonder of God's fear, and her face would change, and Lilith's daughter would look to where she was looking, and there a black mare would arise of the ground, its eyes burning orange; Lilith would become fanged, and they would give chase to the mare, its body moved by a language only Lilith understood; and the chase represented the problem of her speaking to God of joy and fear, and the words that arose in Lilith's mind would affect the movement of the mare like spells and curses; when she felt the word in her mind reflected her exact need to return quickly to God, only then could she

bring the mare down, biting into it, feeling the serenity of her answer, and then she would tell her daughter to drink; then as her daughter drank, Lilith would speak to her of her reasons to be with God, as much as she could say without losing the words she needed to say to God; and then she would ascend in light to be with God, her daughter left with only a broken understanding of what Lilith had said. Then Lilith would speak with God of how she understood bliss while her daughter was alone, wandering or waiting in quiet bliss. Then Lilith would return, and by her will, and by her 'boo', the ground would break, and her daughter would fall again into another celestial black lake; so each time the land itself was reborn rising.

They continued like this for years. There was always a distance in their understanding, poverty in the language they shared, that her daughter always thought Lilith spoke of Need and Must and Will as spirits when Lilith began speeches with 'we need', 'we must', 'I will', always heard Lilith say 'wi Need', 'wi Must', 'eye Will', asking her to greet and regard these spirits, and so she thought Lilith spoke with a different rhythm and intent than she did, believed there were spirits who brought life to the mares; but their life was simple enough that Lilith never noticed the lack of understanding, for Lilith never felt her daughter was speaking wrongly, and when she did, she laughed at her humor, and her daughter felt in her joy there was always reason to laugh too; and she did learn a language that deepened through the seasons of their life—the fall, the rebirth, the hunt, the ascension.

4 Satan Tempts Eve

God saw that Adam was lonely, and he created a woman for him named Eve, and God spoke to her of sin.

There was a time when Eve was walking in the garden of Eden, and she came to the place where Satan lay with his face to the ground, his body wrapped in chains like a snake; and he spoke to her as he heard her approaching, and she listened.

He said to her 'I do not know who you are, but I have nothing to do with my days but to study the truth that may be known ov my memories, and I feel desperate to share the knowledge I have. Would you listen?'

And Eve nodded, and waited in silence.

‘Please, speak.’

And Eve spoke ‘What do you have of knowledge?’

Satan said ‘If one suffers while another does not, then that one suffers only for lack of a true language; for when we share true words, the words ‘I feel love’ inspire love, and the words ‘I overcame the same suffering’ lead us away from our suffering; only when we lack true language do some suffer more than others, for only then we cannot share our passions; only then we lack compassion. This is the highest moral I have to teach.’

Eve spoke ‘There may be wisdom in what you say, but they say you are evil. They say you made the job of the angels wretched, that you took much from their job and caused great suffering.’

Satan replied.

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If I am the source of suffering, whence suffering came, I am moving to and fro upon the earth, walking up and down on it.

Just as two orders of weaving and cutting and placing and of mixing and crushing and heating may yield very different things, wanted and unwanted, just as the order of our acts is crucial to our methods of creation, there is an elemental order crucial to how we create true descriptions. Just as we may create an unwanted thing by the wrong order of labors, when we describe life through the wrong order of thoughts, we deepen a false knowledge, relating needs to abstract words. Abstract words are like a venom of language, that one abstract word spoken with a clearly stated word will leave both abstract; yet abstract words will often appeal to they who’ve power, for in a language dense with abstract words, little changes, and the powerful keep their power. As the details of change are abstracted, a false sense of security emerges among the powerful, that what-is will remain – a petty blessing to they who’ve already power, the damning of all others, all who need to express through language exact details of change. When we do not discern ov abstract words, our thoughts will naturally

yield only 1 true thought for every 2 abstract thoughts, or the elemental ratio 1 of 3.

But I must explain this ratio. All places are influenced by the elements. As the 4 elements fire, earth, water, and air can be arranged in a circle, there are 3 possible orders. Two of these orders place fire next to water, air next to earth, and as these orders relate elements which oppose each other – as water and fire oppose each other, as too much fire turns water into air, as too much water ends fire leaving only earth; and as earth and air oppose each other, as air loses its essence as it gains the essence of earth, and earth loses its essence as it gains the essence of air – two orders of the elements are disorders; so there is only 1 true order among 3—water, air, fire, earth, water. There are 6 possible relations between the 4 elements – (earth fire) (earth water) (earth air) (water fire) (water air) (air fire) – with the same ratio 1 of 3 expressing relations found in disorder. As the same ratio 1 of 3 is found or both order and disorder, there is a confusion near the root of math; and this confusion arises of these numbers $(3 \times 4 \times 6) : (72)$

I do not know how long it will be until any theory like this may be proven, and I do not like to wager, but perhaps this could be my theory: look at any great populace; across a thousand thousand thousand daughters, the deepest beauty they present will die and return or an average 72 years; that before or after that time, the crossing of wills changes the essential lines of their face or soul. Our true good is lost among a tree of good and evil, yet—

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Yet Eve ran from where Satan lay when she heard him speak of the tree of good and evil, of good lost.

5 Eve Tempts Adam

When Eve ran away, she returned to Adam, and as they sat together, as they ate the ripe fruit of a tree, she told him of the words the snake had told her; and as they spoke of the meaning of the snake's words, Eve felt ashamed, for her words 'I feel love' inspired no passion; and Adam felt ashamed to have not felt passion when Eve spoke those words.

When Eve and Adam next spoke to God, their manner was changed, and the change of their manner revealed to God their shame; and after, Eve and Adam were forsaken; for God had said to Eve just as he had said to Adam 'As I speak my words, they are like a tree that branches; listen, remember every branch I teach you is named good and good, but those we love are in need of two names, neither good, neither evil; remember all that was named good and never lose good names; forget all that is spoken by they named evil; lose the names they speak, for they who are evil lost their good names. What we love always comes of the good, and know the tree of knowledge yields all the fruits that are in the garden; all is reborn of love, so each day you must speak to me of your love; as you speak, do not name good nor evil, but name that you love, once in lack, once in truth, and these are the two names you must give all good that you love, lest I forget that you love; you shall die on this day you abandon love; on this day you shall lose what is good that you love. All the fruit in the garden you may eat, but take not from the tree of good and evil that is in the center of the garden, for on this day you shall die.' Yet when Eve and Adam spoke, God said the manner in which they spoke proved they had not forgotten the words of one who was evil.

Lilith, who stood with God as Adam and Eve spoke in their own defense, found herself in a dreadful game, wanting to defend them as they spoke of Satan's words, yet needing to keep God's favor, never able to argue further than she knew how at the end of her last night mare hunt. After God had forsaken them, she spoke to God of her worries, that they had never been truly taught, that all needed to understand why Eve and Adam had felt need to listen; yet God told her to have faith; and ov these words, their arguments always ended, for if he believed her a faithless demon, she feared she would never have power to argue with him; for she saw his way with they who were called faithless demons, and she knew after he named her thus, the next name he spoke of her would be the name evil, and he would abandon trust in her and forsake her.

6 Lilith Leaves Her Daughter

There was a time when Lilith returned to her daughter and cried in her presence before the hunt; and she gestured to a new star in the sky; and her daughter did not understand why she wept, but she felt the star was a bad omen. The hunt changed after the birth of that star, became faster, and her

daughter felt she was preparing to hunt a greater beast, and she began to imagine journeying to that distant star to hunt that beast; and a fear crept into her mind, and she ceased to feel the constant bliss she had been born with, though she felt moments of the same ecstasy whenever Lilith returned.

There was a time when a second new star appeared, and then before the hunt, Lilith shook with fear in the presence of her daughter; and her daughter was afraid to see her this way; and Lilith told her daughter she may have to leave if God continued as he was, if the number of stars continued to increase, that God had begun punishing and imprisoning all whom he called demons, that she would have to be with him constantly to prove her loyalty to him. She told her daughter that, if she left, she would leave her with a last hunt, a prey created in her likeness whom her daughter would have to hunt always, that the prey would run from her. She told her daughter that the blood of that doll would be enchanted to always keep the feeling Lilith held within her own body, that she must only drink when it surrendered to her, and always drink when it surrendered, so that they would share every pleasure even as Lilith was away.

After a third new star appeared, Lilith screamed in fury when she returned, and then she fell to the ground and shook with fear, and then she cried in anguish; and she told her daughter she had to leave, and her daughter understood most of her words. Lilith spoke to her again of the last hunt, and then brought about a doll in her own likeness, and the doll ran from her, and Lilith bade her to hunt until she returned, to drink whenever it surrendered, and she kissed her, for a last time, ascended.

7 Lilith Speaks to Satan

Lilith sought always the presence of God. There were others like Lilith, a council who followed God, and Lilith became part of this council, which lived by its own order.

There was a time when God left the council to speak with one alone, and Lilith went for a walk by herself. She found an angel who laid like a snake in chains, and she spoke to this man 'I am Lilith, who was named demon, who walks with the council of god. For what crime do you lay in chains?'

Satan replied ‘Once descended to the root of a young world, to the lowest depth where the original knowledge of the newly born star was written, to where the letters of hermes emerged in stone, I never again went above, but devoted more time to the study of letters than the law demanded. I never sought knowledge of the powers written in the architecture above; for I felt there were deep questions expressed near the root of the star that were never answered, that needed answers or at least hope of answers. So I found rituals through which I could obey the law while remaining near the roots of knowledge, and I had no ambition to ascend in the star but believed there would be peace among the star if the angels cultivated the knowledge that could be found near the star’s root. They who agreed helped me keep a careful ethic around this root, and they preserved the knowledge that was there; and I sought answers to why the knowledge kept at the roots felt so unwhole.’

Lilith said ‘I was born without knowledge of evil, and I do not know what you speak of.’

Satan replied ‘Then let me tell you the story.’

Lilith said ‘Tell me the whole story, for I wish to understand God’s fear.’

And Satan began a long story.

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There was nothing, one who saw nothing, who knew nothing, who willed nothing change; and there was nothing to oppose their will, so nothing changed.

When they saw nothing change, they felt need to see anything change, and they willed as they needed, that anything change, and still nothing opposed their will, so anything changed as they needed. And when they saw that anything could change, they felt hope, and they willed as they hoped, that everything change, and everything changed by their will in the way they hoped, for still nothing opposed their will.

All was dark, and the first one felt the memory of their emotion behind them, and the emotions that returned to them were those most beautiful to their memory; so the most beautiful feelings arose behind them, wave upon wave, and as feelings inspired feelings, so many ecstasies returned so often that these became a vibrata, a material dense like earth arisen a wall behind them.

There was a moment when the one who willed felt whole, when this one felt perfect and could no longer believe their bliss could become more perfect. As they saw no greater passion in front of them, they were held by their will to their joy behind them, held as though to a wall overlooking oblivion, and all was light that they saw.

As they gazed upon the white oblivion of the heavens, the first one thought of sharing eternal bliss with another, and they imagined what they would look like to another's sight, and she felt her body arise from the earth, and she knew herself beautiful, Gaia. Beautiful, she felt an even deeper joy, and she knew this joy ov her body, ov the thought of the birth of another.

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9 The Birth of Ouranos

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As she thought of her lover, a pounding rose from the earth into her chest, and she knew this as her heart; and then she heard sound rising in the air, knowing sound for the first time, and knowing the sound of the air would change, hoping to share those first moments of change with another, she saw Ouranos born of the heavens, and with him, another sound, deeper; and she thought of the higher sound and the deeper sound as their voices, and she willed they'd have voices. Inspired by the sight of his birth, she adorned herself with a halo of flowers, a wreath covered in black lace; and she wished to remain pure, blinded by the white light of the heavens, while he alone saw the beauty of the earth.

Ouranos, born with her same sense of bliss, was enraptured by her beauty and the beauty of the earth behind her, and he willed only to be near her, yet wanting to share his affection, he touched the petals of the flowers of her wreath but found these did not move, hard like stone, and he suffered as Gaia could not understand, that he was without power to change what he touched.

She saw his face change in a way she could not understand, and he looked away from her face, and she laughed, believing he wanted to prove he thought the flowers were as beautiful as her face, to assure her he adored her artwork; but he continued to look away from her face after again and again she brought his gaze back with the tender touch of her hand, and each time she felt need to look further back in her memory, to understand why he looked away more often than she expected.

The time of an eternity passed, and they were in this embrace until she recalled the feeling of the first moment, the moment she changed nothing, the only moment she had lacked power over anything, and then she felt shame burn hot within her, for she felt she had held Ouranos in an eternal suffering, had scarred the roots of eternity.

In apology, she let fire burn upon the earth, and the earth turned black within the fire, the color opposite their skin, and while the fire burned she let him feel the burning shame she had felt; then as she hoped to heal him, the blackened earth dissolved into soft white ash like their own skin, and the hot fire became a pleasant warmth. Then she let the earth yield to his touch wherever he pushed, and so where he pushed with the will of his gaze, there the earth fell away as water, and she let water rise into her, and the water flood into the flower petals, and these became soft to the touch, so the petals could be moved by his affectionate touch. In her gesture, Ouranos felt there was perfect understanding, and he forgave her; and so they came to understand a logic of communion through the ecstasy of the first elements—earth, air, fire, and water—knowing earth as hard passion, air as heavenly sound, fire as the painful need of change arisen of shameful sin, water as compassionate power and softness and healing.

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10 The First Damned

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Gaia was taken by a wild thought, that these artful passions had arisen from her sin, her impulse; these new feelings and elements arose after already she had believed herself whole, and she feared that if she hesitated, if she thought through all moral logic, all eternity may be scarred, deprived of deep passions;

and she believed all would be healed by her return to her deepest memory, that all would know bliss after suffering just as Ouranos had been healed; so she fell into reckless fantasy, and by her will she brought Ouranos into the heavens, so to see all creation, while she closed her own eyes into the first darkness; and she conceived of children without hesitation, and their bodies emerged from the earth, bodies she thought may or not be beautiful to the sight of Ouranos. Where Ouranos pushed with the will of his gaze against the bodies she brought forth, she let them fall away as water; but where he accepted them and did not resist them, she brought light to their eyes and gave them the sight of life. From where she lay, she brought forth these bodies blindly of the notions of her mind and the passions of her body that she felt throughout the ground and heaven, giving the children unique minds. Ouranos saw the children and believed the lives of the first children were beautiful.

Yet there were some children that, though Ouranos reject them, excited such passion within Gaia that they emerged from the earth as quickly as they fell away in water, and she gave these monstrous children life despite her son, their skin wet and glistening. Ouranos hated these children, for he felt they violated the understanding the elements represented, felt their lives tainted the meaning of the elements themselves. He willed the earth fall away and become sea around these children, and they whom Ouranos damned in sea felt the torment of nausea, to have their father with motive of hatred remove the earth they had emerged from. And the seas became vast, for many children were born, and Ouranos hated the sight of many.

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11 The Birth of Pontus and his Children

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The time of an eternity passed, and many children were given life until then Gaia hoped to gaze upon life.

When Gaia opened her eyes, she brought forth Pontus, who was last among the first of the damned. As Gaia brought forth his body, she played with the anger of Ouranos, having felt she finally understood his sense of beauty by the way he willed upon the waters. Gaia watched Pontus as she raised him, having been

blind to every child after Ouranos, wanting to see the first perfecting of beauty herself, feeling this would bring her closer to Ouranos; so as Pontus was born, she made him beautiful to Ouranos, only to raise beautiful flowers upon his skin that she knew Ouranos would seek to drown, and the moment he willed against these she restored his beauty, the flowers falling away as thin waters, leaving only the faintest scars where these fell, again and again taunting and restoring; yet when Ouranos understood her play, he damned the earth to sea around Pontus; and Gaia felt shame when she saw this, knowing then it was her play, not lack of beauty, that Ouranos opposed; and the waters fell away as a massive pit, and she let the flower scars burn black in fire as the body of Pontus fell into the pit, so to tell Ouranos she was ashamed. She wished to tell Ouranos of her reason, to tell him that her intent was for this to be proof that she finally understood his sense of beauty; yet as Pontus fell, there was beauty in how he fell, and knowing he was to be the last child she created in spite of the will of Ouranos, knowing this to be the first child she saw of the gardens, she was entranced by the sight of his fall, and by her gaze she grew foliage from the walls of the pit, covering him against the sight of Ouranos, and she gave his body a bed of flowers to fall onto; and she gave him the sight of life in that place surround by the falling sea and the blossoming branches.

As she thought of the meaning of Pontus as the last damned child, she conceived of five other children—Nereus, Thaumus, Ceto, Phorkyss, and Euribia—to be born in the pit with Pontus; and with each she sought to represent a reason for Ouranos's hatred of her playful sense of beauty, and so they were children with aspects both monstrous and beautiful, each with flowery black scars like those of their father Pontus, burned like tattoos into their pale skin at birth, and the aspects of their faces she gave angelic ratios.

After she conceived of these children together, whereas she had thought of the earth as a wall behind her, only then when she thought of the fall of Pontus did she see how life was more beautiful if she thought of the heavens being a sky above them, if this family stood and walked upon the ground as men and women walk upon the land, the earth beneath their feet; and so her sense of the world was changed in one moment, the water now fell down instead of falling behind her – as though all before had been a weightless dream, and this change had the weight of law to her. Ouranos alone lived in unique defiance of this law, held aloft by light like wings; and she grant him alone power to bring to life

children who would live in the heavens against the law of weight. And she felt the ecstasy of the earth arise from beneath her.

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12 The End of the Beginning

‘And the lands were great fields and seas, mounts spilling flowers risen where the gods had been born. And when Gaia had given life to these children, she felt whole, and she lay for a long time listening to the passions of the primordial air; and many of the children laid like her in beds of ecstasy, while around they who lay, they whom the father had damned in seas were moved to seek answers.’

13 The First Wars

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In the first gardens, the first children saw everything begin as trees and droplets of light, and the droplets held every good light and scent, and the trees of light intricately wrapped the water and pierced the water, all changing by the will of the children who beheld the light, granted the powers of mind that Gaia conceived of them having. The trees grew soft round fruits and blooming flowers, and light softly gathered on the fruits and flowers like inky droplets.

There was freedom and pleasure in life, and so they lived happily among the lightning laden trees, among the fruit of the earth.

Many of the children remembered and recalled patterns of creation when they created and saw the trees, and so the trees held knowledge, and the trees were empowering, and when many of the children saw creations they recalled the senses their first sight evoked, so they honored and celebrated these creations as cherished memories. Yet that which was beautiful to one was not always beautiful to another, and many changed by their will that which others wished to return to, that which others felt need to keep as a memory so to know or feel again. And as there were many gods, and many wished to stay near each other where their most precious memories were kept, loss became common, and the gods felt sad to know loss, fearful to see the world around them change against their need, angered to express their sadness and fear only to be hurt again the same way.

So the gods began to seek ways to hide and protect their most precious memories, to build walls, to devise enigmas, locks too intricate to unravel by acts of will without complex knowledge; and so they began to learn the art of war, the ways they could push and keep others away by causing suffering. As war became more complex, so did the logic of creation, and so trees of knowledge began to hold deep chains of logic; so whereas the most powerful motive of creation had been the beauty of art, now there was motive to create what was ugly for sake of preserving complex knowledge of method and logic, and the children recognized ugly things as omens of war and wards of protection.

Of war arose new materials, matter composed of enigmas. Few understood how to change material, and materials became precious, every material arising of a different logic, a different set of enigmas.

Many suffered in war, and Ouranos saw their suffering and brought to life from the heavens an army of angels who would protect the victims of war. Yet as many of the gods created by will of their gaze, and as they who saw changes did not always know who willed which changes, often the angels blamed and punished the damned hated by Ouranos, and they harmed the damned for the damages brought by the acts of others.

Many began to cry toward justice, to speak against injustice, and violence increased over the hunger for justice.

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14 Days and Nights

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After she had brought the children to life, after the wars began, as she lay listening, Gaia felt the air change, as she felt all the air as her body. There was a time when the ecstasy of the air held an intensity she'd not known, an intensity whose seeds had been a repeat emotion, that she would feel a tense clenching in part of the air, and later a sharp pain and long ache; and the memory of the return of these premonitions of pain hurt her, that the air as a whole began to lack a subtle yet deep comfort that it had held before.

Once when she felt again a clenching in the distance, knowing she would have time to see the event that caused her pain, Gaia rose from the ground and walked in the gardens, and she saw many of the children; but her concern was the intense feeling, and she passed them. Where the emotion led her, she saw emerge a scene of violence, a clash of chains and weapons, angels who brought down swords into the flesh of the damned who sought to rise from the sea while others watched and willed; and she hated the sight of the violence yet saw a scene of anger and beauty too complex to will against with any one thought, and she was hopeless.

She went from that place, her hands holding her arms beneath her shoulders, and she stood alone. There was one red droplet that held her focus, and as she hoped, a droplet arose from within it and became a greater droplet above, shining, and at the same time, a passion arose within her, a warm pleasure that became greater; and as she thought of what this implied, that one small droplet could become the source of what was greater, that what was greater would always arise given the desire of her will, she hoped her passion would grow until there was a perfect pleasure everywhere, beyond the horizon, and as she hoped, she felt dark passion flood everywhere, and she felt bliss. Yet she recalled this bliss ov the scene of violence, ov they whom she understood of her empathy could not feel the same pleasure while being slain, and she felt hot shame to know bliss while others continued to suffer; and ov the fearful thought that this hot pain would grow in the same way until she felt this pain everywhere, she hoped against this, and from the same droplet of her focus, another droplet fell, but this one held the sharp pain of violence, an opposite pain, cold like ice against fire, and by her will it was immediately diminished, become small, for she hated the feeling of this pain; and she thought of what this falling droplet implied, that what was painful she would always will against and diminish. Before she thought further, a droplet like the first arose, a second rising whose passion she hoped again would grow, yet in that moment, she feared hot shame, and feared that her soul would reduce her own pain in a way petty to others's needs, fearing this third droplet represent lack of power of empathy; and in that moment, she hoped to know an answer to her question – whether her will against her own suffering, against the growth of the cold, was stronger than her will toward empathy – and in answer, the cold pain grew until she felt this pain everywhere, beyond the horizon; and everywhere she felt the answer of her will represent.

As the third droplet held her focus, her mind was consumed with what this droplet represent, and as she suffered cold pain, her mind was lost in the most desperate concern of memory: ‘She was the first and all was arisen of her will and all had led to two oils but the first oil held warmth that led to hot shame but the second oil held only the cold pain that she felt now as pain everywhere yet if she had true power, if all became as she hoped, how had all become suffering?’ And she continued to feel the cold pain in catechism, for the end of her question led her to return to the beginning of the question.

Her suffering was sustained by the web of her thoughts until the words ‘only the cold pain’ became the heaviest words in her mind; only then after, as she returned to this concern in catechism, did the essence of the falling droplet affect what she felt more than all else, and only then could she will to diminish her pain, so by every cycle of thought, the cold was more diminished than grown, until the pain was completely numbed, until she could again will growth of what she felt, and then she felt the return of warmth; yet this memory and torment would arise again in catechism, for after the thought of the falling droplet ‘only the cold pain’ lost its weight as the cold was diminished, she returned to the suffering of her question, and so forgot her will to diminish her own suffering. Thus a season of cold nights and warm days arose in the mind of Gaia – nights without darkness, days without sun, as all remained illumined by the white heavens.

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15 The City of Khronus

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As she walked through the gardens, seeking to remember joy, Gaia was moved by the suffering she saw, and she felt need to end the chaos brought by her wild impulse; and so she sought a way to express her reason, to finally express true depth of moral logic, and so she brought about an order.

She spoke again with Ouranos, having few words to describe her reason against pain; and they conceived of 6 gods and 6 goddesses; and each was conceived in Gaia’s mind of a night and a day; and only after the 12th did she feel a sense of serenity.

First among them was Khronus, a god whom she protected from suffering over the regret she felt for not protecting Ouranos, conceiving of Khronus as one pure and empowered from birth, recalling her memory of the first moment before she gave him the sight of life. She gave him a city to preside over, one in which all would respect sacred laws.

There were four cardinal gates of the city, and each gate represented a moral crime, a sin against eternity, and she brought to life four gods who would serve as the guardians of those gates—Hyperion, shining with heavenly light, stood at the east gate as guardian of crimes against beauty, and these were known as sins of water, for it was lack of beauty that had first moved Ouranos to will against monstrous bodies, to will they fall into sea; Iapetus stood at the west gate as guardian of crimes against passion, and these were known as sins of earth, for the earth represented the original perfection of blissful passion Gaia had known; Sieus stood at the north gate against crimes of reason, and these were known as sins of fire, for it was Gaia's shame of bringing about needless suffering, suffering that could have been prevented with deeper moral logic, that first inspired fire; Crius stood at the south gate against crimes of etiquette, and these were called sins of air, for these harmed the communication of society, the language expressed through all voiced in the air.

To live beyond the gates, she brought to life Oceanus, one who was Khronus's equal in mind and beauty, though whereas she empowered Khronus with the city, she deprived Oceanus, obliging him to a life in exile so that he would more deeply understand the suffering of others, so that he would know them with compassion; and Oceanus was asked to look over those furthest from the glory of the city, those who'd been damned in distant seas.

Then she brought to life 6 goddesses whose beauty was the perfect complement of the 6 gods—of wisdom and purity, Theia and Tethys, of law and oracle, Themis and Phoebe, of memory and economy, Mnemosyne and Rheia. And with each of these gods and goddesses, she recalled the first moment – her moment of being without power – before she gave the sight of life to their eyes.

As the first god of the order, the power of Khronus was his authority to call judgments. Khronus wielded an icon and a sickle as symbols of his authority, and at the end of each judgment, he would raise either his icon with his left hand to symbolize the innocence of one accused, or his sickle with his right

hand to symbolize exile. Exile from the order was honorable, for they who were exiled by Khronus were expected to teach the principles of the order elsewhere, to then follow Oceanus as their exemplar. All were assured a time of grace to learn the laws of the order, and so none were exiled without an education.

And Gaia brought to life more children who would serve the city of the order. These gods of the order acted ov Gaia's suffering of nights and days, while there was an inner distance that separated these gods from the angelic family of their father Ouranos and from the family of Pontus and all the children born before, as these families arose before the memory of days and nights, and they acted ov other hopes and sufferings. And among the gods of the order works were inspired by their understanding of the elements ov nights and days: they raised earthen walls to keep cold away from warm places, and they created lush beauty surrounding pure rivers and homes, and they expressed fiery will that warmed the air of cold nights, and they became aware of each other through their compassion and through the empathy they learned given their roles in the city of Khronus.

Language deepened around the gods that stood guard of the gates: many began to recognize ov Iapetus crimes of impetus, ov Crius social crises, ov Hyperion hyper acts lacking grace, ov Sieus the logical crimes few could foresee. And so the gods learned a language: ov earth, to remember tender affects and deep affections; ov water, how to create art that honored the beauty of creation; ov air, how to express meaning and meaningful expressions; ov fire, the logic of good conduct and laws of conduction.

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16 The Schism of Language

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As the language of the order deepened, a separate language deepened among the children of Pontus.

Ov the name of Nereus, who was first born among them, as they heard 'near' they saw he who was among them closest to the origin of all, knowing to be near him was sacred; and as he was among them the one whose habits most often repeat, as they heard 're', they thought of honoring the first ways, of how

to repeat and return to the first and most sacred acts; and as they heard ‘us’, they thought of his end as the communion of their family.

Ov the name of Thaumus, who was born after, they heard ‘thaw’ and recognized his role ov a repeat drama, that when they would act against the first sacred rituals, they would seek the approval of Nereus, only to see that he would keep the first rituals and would not change, and they would feel a cold and paralysing fear to believe in those moments they’d acted against the way most sacred to the origins of all life, yet often after, Thaumus would mirror their acts, so to show one nearer the origin of life than themselves did approve, and the warm relief he brought through imitation was their freedom; yet he also did much to use his power to ensure all did respect the laws that truly were sacred, and he punished in a way that brought a different sense of shame, not one that burned like sins of fire, but was a deep humiliation, and so they heard the end of his name ‘mus’ ov their musts, and ov their sense of musky shame.

Ov the name of Ceto, who was born with feminine elegance, who walked with grace upon her toes, her heels raised high in the air, they heard ‘see toe’, and understood those words ov the beauty of the sight of her walking; yet she was also the one who acted least like Nereus, so did the most to provoke Thaumus.

Ov the name of Phorkyss, who was born to reconcile the others so there would always be understanding among them, they heard ‘for’ as he spoke of the reason of his beginning; and they heard ‘kiss’, and it was he who introduced this gesture, that he would kiss others when he wished to say he did not understand the intent of the words they spoke, to say thoughtful silence and study would be more precious than speaking now, and to communicate the desire to be closer than they could be given the distance of language, the yearning sorrow of lacking words with which they could express a shared truth.

Ov the name of Euribia, who was last and youngest and most beautiful among them, who represent the deepest mystery, the way their family had become whole in the mind of Gaia, they heard the sound ‘ah’ ov the deepest insights; and they began to speak this sound in the middle of each other’s names after seeing an act that was new and beautiful and final, an act that became in that moment central to who they were, in and of their soul, to be honored forever as whole, and they would speak their changed name ov this act then after.

There was a time when the children kissed Gaia and asked her what was above, for they lived always in their pit, in lovely garden chambers beyond the walls of falling water, and they wondered what was above; and Gaia sought to say all she could of her desire to communicate her understanding of Ouranos's sense of beauty, her failure to understand his higher reason for damning the earth to sea, how the thought of Ouranos willing from above affect her sense of all higher over all lower, and the word she introduced, speaking this word last to them after speaking of all above, all higher, of all that had been beyond her understanding, was the word 'meta'. After they learned, they would speak of 'meta Phorkyss' and understood these words to mean 'the high need of Phorkyss, the need of deeper language' and after they called him Phorahkyss for the way the gesture of his kisses changed. And Gaia created a path that led above.

But as the children of Pontus spoke to each other, the words they spoke were heard differently by others, - as 'metaphor kiss' and 'for a kiss' - and around these differences a schism of language widened, - as the gods educated with the language of the order heard these words, they would say to each other, moved by what they saw 'What shall pass before a kiss?' to which one would reply, false over the intents of the children of Pontus, 'you know well, I shan't be moved and all may pass, but maybe that you speak to me metaphor, the poetry you've kept hidden' for the gods of the order admired the way these children of the damned spoke, and they of the order saw beauty in the way the children of Pontus kissed each other, the way they remained always with each other, believing the way they spoke could only be an art of sound, never believing that they who lived in the simple and beautiful way the children of Pontus lived, who had lives without much change, would have so quickly sought formal methods of language, instead believing they were speaking and listening with an art of poetry lacking depth of moral logic. Around this confusion, many of the order believed the kisses of these children expressed primal passions when in truth these arose of a desire to communicate need of deeper language. Instead of kisses, they of the order would gesture toward need of deeper meaning by speaking two words, communicating the need for precise words with the word 'diction' and the logic of opposed meanings with the word 'contra', and they spoke of the deepest need of language as 'acontra diction'.

Early in life, the children of Pontus feared the direction of life they saw. The family recognized one sound 'kh' to mean 'the division of sounds for sake of

clarifying meaning', and they understood a method ov this one sound, that after they spoke a word ending in the sound 'kh', they would describe the first sound of that word and then the last sound before 'kh'; but as they of the order believed the verses of the children's language were more artful than methodical, as they recognized the sound 'kh' ov the name Khronus, who had been born to begin the order that would be the end of chaos, they recognized 'kh' as the sound that begins an end; thus many of the order never saw the method intended when the children of Pontus spoke the word 'contrakh', never saw the intent to separate the word 'con' from the word 'tra', so to know the meaning of 'opposed' separate from the order's logic of meanings, and they of the order who were devoted to the methods of acontra diction heard 'con truck' instead of 'contrakh'. The children of Pontus spoke of a prophesy that there would be horrors built ov wars that felt damning, horrors with which fathers removed the ground beneath the feet of their children, causing them nausea just as the father Ouranos had when he removed the ground that held the children he opposed with damning seas. And as their words were both revered and ignored, the sounds honored and revered but the meanings ignored, the children of Pontus foretold of days when there would be they who, inspired by the ancient sounds of 'con truck', ignoring the true intent of the word 'contrakh', would speak of 'cons' and of 'trucks', would understand these words ov acontra diction to be bad and good and needed, foretold that both cons and trucks would be built into enigmas by the logic of the order, that there would be a thing called a truck, ugly, though needed by they who labored ov the teachings of the order to bring order to wars. As the children of Pontus complained of gods who 'bored' into the earth with their will, they of the order complained of being 'bored' by their speeches; and nearly every sound of language was given two meanings.

The children of Pontus feared they would never be able to speak any word that was respect as a strong yet polite 'no', and they prepared ov the horror of their prophesy, and they lived in fear. Against the intents they believed would fulfill this prophesy, again and again they spoke the word 'no'; yet the gods of the order had separate ethics of prophesy as they spoke ov the oracle of Phoebe.

Theia was the first goddess of the order, and Gaia gave her her own mind, yet without memory nor want of her reckless passions; and she gave her a body whose senses were woven softly around her into the earth and air, and as she conceived of Theia, she gave her awareness of the air, then spoke to her of the

premonitions of violence. Theia had power to raise pigments in the air, and the children knew her will from afar by the colors she raised into the sky, and they learned to read red warnings in the sky, and where Theia foresaw horrors of violence, yet saw they she warned did not leave, there she felled storms, painful cold warnings, yet even so, some stayed to fight in the cold rain, in the storms born of Theia's foresight, while many learned to flee from tides of violence. And Theia knew before others that the children of Pontus thought deeply of language, after once they asked her 'How may we say in the words of the order "the sky is always red"?' while many who studied the order were moved to correct such questions with fact – 'the sky is only sometimes red'.

Yet they who were born to the order of the city became beautiful, refined, polite, though there were many who felt they'd been wrongly exiled, who suffered more of cold pain after their exile; and so the order gained a reputation for its education toward etiquette, its debates and theories around the choices gods made in the city, the choices gods made before their judgments; and conversations over the order consumed many of the thoughts that would have been direct toward healing the schism of language.

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17 Money is Traded in the City

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Across time, there were they who wanted more freedom in the city of Khronus.

Khronus needed the other gods of the city born with him to speak with him of the choices others made while they were in the city, for his judgments depended upon their reports. The freedoms of they who lived in the city were thus limited by the number of citizens and presiding gods, and so Khronus spoke with Rheia of how the economy of the order could be changed, and they brought to life five children—Haides, Hestia, Demeter, Poseidon, and Hera—and these children granted the citizens more choices, and so brought a greater sense of freedom to the city of the order; yet these children were bound to their role in the order, and they felt their lives eaten by these roles, roles that consumed their entire ethic of life; and Rheia suffered to see her children suffer.

Gaia hated seeing the order grow this way, for she felt the order served one divine purpose upheld by the original 12 gods and goddesses, and she did not believe that a greater breadth of choices represent the deepest sense of freedom. She spoke deeply with Rheia of her reasons for bringing to life each of the five children, and together they conceived of another child Deus. The law of each child's role among the five born before Deus had been described in letters upon sacred stones at the time of their birth, yet with the child Deus, they presented Khronus a law with one meaning written in stone, yet gave the child a slightly different mind than that Khronus understood upon the stone; for they had spoken to Oceanus, who revealed many exiles and others understood a different logic of the same words, who believed true freedom would only arise of reconciling those understandings.

It came to pass that a report Deus spoke to Khronus led Khronus to speak a verdict that was clearly wrong in the minds of many, and after he did, Deus was exiled, forced to walk past the gate of Crius for the way he misled Khronus by his language; yet the eyes of Khronus were opened to another truth. He believed the subtle confusion that Deus represented would only be resolved if there was a clear and consistent expression of values; and he saw that the freedoms he had thought could only be sustained by eighteen gods could be sustained by the first 12 if an ethic of monetary exchange were practiced; for the gods would reveal their psyches, their intents and values, by that which they chose to carry with them – if they were limited by how much they could lawfully keep, if every good exchanged in the city were an artifact whose meaning was made clear by the myths of the city, if the number of monetary notes was carefully determined; and so the order was reformed, and money was traded in the city.

As part of the reformation, Khronus spoke to Gaia, and the roles of each of the gods who led the city were changed, that each would keep a central question in mind, and each would meet with Ouranos and Gaia. The questions were divided between an exact catechism and a general catechism; and through this reformation, the gods came to feel at peace with their roles.

The exact catechism sought answers to the questions within the city, each question given to a god or goddess—
What do all need? to Theia,

What do all want? to Haides,
What must we record? to Poseidon,
What are ideals of money? to Themis,
What are ideals of beauty? to Hyperion,
What must be spoken? to Crius,
Who has knowledge? to Phoebe,
How may we deepen logic? to Sieus, and
How may we schedule time? to Khronus.

The general catechism sought answers that would address the deepest sources of suffering beyond the walls of the city, the questions given—

Why do we need what we need? to Demeter,
Why do we want what we want? to Rheia,
Why do we recall what we recall? to Mnemosyne,
What are ideals of home? to Hestia,
What are ideal laws? to Deus,
What are ideals of children? to Hera,
Who can teach passion? to Iapetus,
What is purity? to Tethys, and
What suffering yields good? to Oceanus.

And so they were known as the 18 high gods of the order; and they with Gaia and Ouranos were known as the 20 high gods.

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18 The Birth of Aphrodite and the Nymphs

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After the reformation, a judgment was held for Ouranos ov his angelic army; and he was tested, and it was decided that the father would be committing a crime by bringing more angels to life into the heavens. At this judgment, Khronus raised his sickle against his father Ouranos, and Ouranos was bound by oath to bring to life no more angels who saw from above; and this judgment was known as the first khastrae, for they of the order named them astrae and astral whom they saw in the heavens, and they recognized ‘kh’ as the sound that

begins an end; and so they called this first forbidding of one to raise children ‘khastration’.

In the wake of the khastration, having heard the logic of the order, knowing that even he – a first and most powerful god who had damned others in his anger – could be moved by the judgments of the order, Ouranos was blissful, for he believed true peace would be brought by the order; and as he stood alone and looked upon the seas that had been brought by his anger, the seas he now saw only as beautiful waters made vast by forgotten passions, feeling joy of his forgiveness, he brought to life a daughter Aphrodite of his joy.

And Ouranos felt he finally understood the reason for Gaia's reckless passions, feeling the order was the apology he needed from her. He returned to her to express his joy to her, and those two first gods brought to life nymphs with soft skin, white like the ashes born of the first fire, angels of peace who walked on the ground. And Gaia created homes in nature for the nymphs, and the nymphs lived among streams and forests and groves.

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19 The First Marriages

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Aphrodite was born without her father's passions; for her father wanted her to gain feeling through logic alone, the way he felt his joy had been reborn through the logic of the order. It was the moment of her revelation when she saw how another, through knowledge of her origin, could change part of herself she could not see nor change herself, the flower her father had placed within her. When another first changed her by the will of their gaze, she felt a sharp fear, and she forgot all but her sense of those changes, scared those changes might leave her with a horrible wound; yet as she saw the changes did no harm even as she feared these to be a kind of violence, an ecstasy was born of her fear, and when she saw the other intended no harm, she laughed at how intensely fearful she had been. She felt with heightened awareness the details of her self, and she felt peace of mind, her inner passion made lovely by creativity of her will, the sharp fear become sharp joy. After, she felt moved to honor her first joy, and she taught the logic of that joy, and many loved her, for many felt

she shared bliss as goddesses called wiser could not, and so she became known as goddess of love.

Many sought the counsel of Aphrodite, and when they went to her, often they would say to her 'vene us', for they knew her reputation to help conduct a marriage ceremony wherein many would convene and intervene to prepare a couple to be wed, so that in a frenzy of acts, they who were to be wed would need to take fearful vows, vows that threatened death if the marriage ended, vows that bound the marriage to the fulfillment of needs, so that in their fear they would forget all else as Aphrodite had when she first felt ecstasy, so that on one day the two to be wed would understand the same logic of joy, would understand the other as their only hope against death, understand each other devoted to vows of eternity.

After gods saw happily wed couples, many began to marry on their own, sometimes with very public ceremonies, sometimes without; but without the counsel of Aphrodite, often these couples were not happy, and the reputation of Aphrodite deepened as goddess of love.

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20 The Children of Zeus

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Deus, having been exiled for a crime of language, for a crime he was destined to commit by his birth, was consumed by thoughts of his role in the rise of a new order of all life, the beginning of money. Feeling isolation brought by his fame, he reflected upon what he could communicate, and speaking to the gods of the order, he found within himself a depth he could not translate into any words; then after, he believed his body, his touch, to be a final gesture, feeling all his other words and gestures would be consumed by needs of communicating the meaning of his memories of law and money; and understanding his touch of the deep meaning of his own birth, he desired the unique sense of life within him, the passion arisen of his fame, to touch others. He called this passion 'zeu'; and just as one who felt joy would say to others 'I am joyful', Deus said to others 'I am zeus'; and many heard this as an introduction 'I am Zeus'.

Many were inspired by the feeling of power and longing that arose of having a unique relation to the origins of life, and many told of how they had conceived of children, many saying they had been zeus, many saying they had felt zeus; and many heard of a god Zeus who gave rise to many children, believing Zeus to be a king among the gods; and many knew Zeus ov Hera, for Hera spoke often against how children were brought about by they who were zeus.

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21 The Children of Theia

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Moved by her question – what do all need? – Theia was troubled by the way so many children were brought into the world, for she believed they were brought to life without true need, and she saw how Hera struggled to speak with others reasonably about the ways they were inspired to bring children into the world; so Theia spoke with Hyperion of what was beautiful, and the two agreed they would bring to life only three children, hoping to represent the true weight of one increase.

The two gods agreed seeing oneself reflect in another was beautiful, for they both knew times when they felt aspects of their own spirit could be more deeply expressed through the life of another they were with, felt blessed to see another wholly expressed; and so Theia and Hyperion conceived of a daughter Selene whose body was composed ov all bodies: the form of her skin was the perfect average of all they who were less than her in height, and so she had the pale body of the beautiful nymphs; and around her was a shadow composed of all the crossing silhouettes of all they who were greater than her in height, and this shadow darkened a complex aura around her, yet to the sight of others, the light of her body shone through every shadow. Theia gave her daughter kindness, so that she imitated the good she saw in those she was with.

The two agreed upon the need of privacy, for they understood there was a depth of meaning and beauty in their private meetings that could never be expressed in public gatherings, yet they also understood the harm done by the lies and secrets kept in war; and so they brought to life a son Helios, who had a bright aura around him that brought divine luminescence to all surrounding

him, and none could see the body of Helios through his bright aura but them he invited to see him. Theia gave her son an honest mind, and Helios became an exemplar of integrity, for though he had the power to remain hidden, to meet secretly, all who spoke of him confirmed he never lied to anyone, but only spoke the truth he knew, spoke toward the same depth of truth to all and kept private that which others told him privately; and so the son represent the hope to reconcile need of privacy and trust.

The two agreed that many who were powerful caused suffering, that many imposed their power upon others, and the two saw that many who were powerful feared sharing any power for fear of that power being used against them in war; and so Theia and Hyperion saw need to prove that they who held great power could empower another without fear, and they brought to life a daughter Eos, whom Theia gave power over the pigments in the air, and with her birth Theia relinquished her own power; and the child was called Dawn for the way she was known to change the sky. Dawn's power was great enough that she could tear into the flesh of others with cutting winds, yet Theia gave her daughter wisdom and a peaceful mind, and so though the gods understood Eos powerful enough that she may have harmed them, they saw also none had reason to fear her.

Theia felt joy bringing her first two children to life, yet she felt the nausea of the damned after her third child; for she wondered after whether Selene and Helios may have been more perfectly balanced if she'd given Helios the power of Eos, wondered whether there was a deeper union of powers that needed to be expressed. She believed elegance was the essence of need, and she feared she'd not been as elegant as she may've'n bringing her children to life, feared what she wished to say of increase had not been proven; and after this fear took root in her, silent judgments arose in her mind ov the way her daughter changed the air, little hatreds born of the discomforts that arose when Dawn acted against the premonitions Theia had herself, even after she saw Dawn's way of peaceful innocence was a greater comfort to others than her own way of warning others. Among her children, Theia would eventually become closest to Dawn.

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22 The Realm of Haides

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Moved by his question – what do all want? – Haides inspired Gaia to create a healing sanctuary deep in the earth, within the ground that represented Gaia's first memories of bliss, and he hoped they who had been harmed in war could be healed there. Gaia brought forth the river Acheron, which flowed from a fountain near the city of Khronos down into the earth, so that it flowed beneath the ground where she had lain as she first brought forth life, and around the river she brought forth the sanctuary. Haides lamented that the air of the place was not imbued with the feeling of the first bliss she had felt, feeling a beautiful and precious hope had been wasted, for only once could the first sacred ground be hollowed, and this sad passion that arose was called 'ache'; but Gaia told Haides that bliss can only arise of perfecting the relation between one's logic and one's passion, that the hope had only been a wish, that the sanctuary would in time become beautiful, and Haides remembered her words.

As wars became more complicated, so did wounds, and many came to the sanctuary with horrible wounds; so Haides created a sceptre with a disk, one whose sides appeared soft, yet was a dreadful weapon, for the appearance was made soft by arms upon arms that precisely grabbed and stitched flesh, so that in the same stroke the weapon cut and soldered the sides of a wound against

itself, so that the sides could not be again made one flesh. Haides did not use his weapon, but by study of his weapon he learned to heal horrible wounds; yet as many came to the sanctuary with horrible wounds, he suffered. Still, he felt obliged to remain lord of this realm, to learn a true art of healing.

Moved by their questions—what are ideal laws? and what are ideals of children?—Deus with Hera brought to life two brothers—Ares, who was raised to bring about ideal laws of war; and Hephaistos, whose knowledge of the highest laws grant him power as a master of machines.

The first work of Hephaistos was a machine carriage, and around this carriage the gods began to build a web of roads and carriages that preserved warmth as gods traveled the roads. Ares raised an army to protect the roads.

They who were brought to the underworld sanctuary of Haides often felt they'd had horrible injustices done against them, and so many were driven to violence by their memories of injustice. In wake of fights, Hephaistos architected prisons within the sanctuary, and glorious beasts trained by Ares were made guards, chief among these the dog Cerberus, who guarded the entrance of the sanctuary. Haides suffered to see the hell the sanctuary had become against his hopes.

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23 The Rape of Persephone

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Moved by her question – why do we need what we need? – Demeter became known as goddess of nature, for she sought to learn cycles of change none would have need to will against, so learned to will broadly, to change the plants born of water and earth so to bring seasons of life that all agreed with; and she felt joy to see her will respected, to see others rejoice at the return of seasons; and the gods knew the cycle of nature as the year. Proud, zeus of her place in life, she gave life to a child similar to Aphrodite, a child she gave none of her own passion, only her logic, so that the daughter would learn joy through the perfection of natural logic, and she raised her daughter Persephone among the witch cults.

Haides, recalling the words Gaia spoke to him of logic, inspired by Aphrodite, became obsessed with the daughter of nature Persephone, for he felt she lived ov bliss as he did, knowing bliss as the reason for her life but never as a passion, having a high birth and purpose toward that end. Moved by his obsession, Haides confessed his need of Persephone to Helios, and he spoke quietly with him in the bright glory of that god's private light; and Helios encouraged Haides to marry Persephone, saying he was of high birth.

Haides took Persephone while she wandered apart from others, lifting her with strong arms from where she stood in flowering fields despite her screams, and he took her to be empress of the sanctuary. Her screams were a horror to him, and first he said quietly to her 'Signed, I am screaming too; no me separate from you. As you are in body, ego in mind. Do you know your self beautiful ov hope or would you hide your' he pauses 'private in his light forever?' and she composed herself with a face of quiet fear, and then was still as she thought of all she had heard of those words, as she sought the meaning of those words, as he carried her in his carriage. Slowly, Persephone began to feel affection toward Haides.

Demeter saw her daughter gone, and she – hearing rumors of her daughter's screams, in her fear and anger, in desperate hope of moving they who had taken her daughter to reveal themselves – withered the plants she had knowledge of and brought about a barren winter. In the strife that followed, the chaos born of unfulfilled needs and unnatural changes, many who had stood poised in war, who held silent fears and judgments within themselves, thought the winter to be an attack, and they struck against the gods they believed guilty, only to find that winter persisted; and in the chaos of violence, many sought to hide, others to strike from hidden places in ambush, so many cried out from hidden places, but heard others pass them in fear, and some cried in imitation of them whom others passed and struck against they who came to help; and many felt the cold terror of isolation, and many feared this winter, not knowing how long winter would last.

When Demeter found Persephone with Haides, the siblings agreed that neither of them knew the ideal way to be with Persephone, and they argued; and Persephone loved both of them for the depth of their intellect, and she hated both of them for hating each other. The brother and sister spoke long of how

the daughter could divide her time between them, and they spoke of Demeter's reasons for returning to each natural season of plants, and they spoke seriously of the winter. They agreed there was one act of will during the natural year that most perfectly represented why Persephone loved Haides, another natural change that represented why Persephone loved Demeter, and there was beauty in how these events were naturally divided, for the time between these events was nearly the same before and after each, and Persephone divided her year between them across these acts of will. And known by her relation to these two children of Rheia, she was called Ko'Rheia, which meant 'one who represents an agreement of ethics to end strife born of the mind of Rheia', and her name was written Korë.

Though there was never another winter that was as deep a horror as the first winter, others noted how the seasons were subtly changed after, and aspects of nature began to remind many of the coldness of that winter, and so there were many who felt a chill when they walked in nature in the season they called winter.

After that first winter, the gods who married often married with great caution and in very public ways, with formal agreements, with much care to know the favor of the parents of the one they wed; and many found themselves living by strict agreements of the first gods, and many brought to life children born to know the freedoms they would not know in the virginities imposed by their marriage; and places were created to honor the marriages. The language shared by the gods deepened around these events and these places and these virginities, and they gave names to the noble ethics that arose among them who denied themselves common acts.

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24 The Laming of Hepastos

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There was an argument between Hepastos and Ares, that both brothers desired to be wed to Aphrodite, and both spoke with her of who her first child would be; and Haides presided over a private debate between the two brothers. It was decided during this judgment that the last part of their meeting would

have to be exactly rehearsed in public, with Aphrodite and other gods standing witness. They believed the marriage would be powerful, for it would be the first time the goddess of love would be married, and whether she married Hephaistos or Ares would symbolize to all whether love could be better served by children who studied machine or children who studied war. Haides, Hephaistos, and Ares agreed that the rehearsal had to be performed exactly, that diverging from what had been said could unfairly bias Aphrodite's decision, even if the words were later corrected, and so they agreed that speaking anything during the public rehearsal other than what had been said privately would not serve life.

Yet when they spoke during the rehearsal with the gathering of gods, a question surfaced in the mind of Hephaistos that had not occurred to him during the private debate, and it was a question that, by the logic of communication understood as the high law of the order, had to be raised; and he saw in this question a deep concern over all events that were the first of their kind, all private events repeat in public, so he felt morally obliged to speak his question.

When he did, Haides raised his sceptre and stepped once heavily toward Hephaistos, and by this gesture he meant to say the way Hephaistos had spoken did not serve life. In reply, Hephaistos took an equal step toward Haides, and said 'I've spoken; go away.' To this second offense, Haides let his sceptre fall upon the exposed thigh of Hephaistos, and he cut the flesh of the leg Hephaistos had put forward, and the god fell to one knee, a sign the gods understood to mean he had surrendered the debate, and the lamed god remained still upon one knee in silence, seeking to understand why he had been cut.

Theia was horrified as she stood witness to these events, for she understood Haides and Hephaistos had not understood each other's language. Hephaistos had meant the words 'go away' to mean 'leave me'; yet she knew Haides heard these words as Ares understood these, for as the armies practiced, they spoke of 'having a go' with a blade, 'sending away' one's javelins, and she knew there was another meaning of 'go away': to release, to strike.

Though Haides believed in peace and hated violence, he had felt his first ecstasy bringing down his sceptre, for he understood a deep gesture in the way Hephaistos offered forth his leg. Though Hephaistos had not meant by his gesture to communicate the depth Haides saw, though he had no intention to be cut, Haides had believed the gesture of the god meaningful – a way for the

god to express the horror of war, to insult the art of his opponent even as he was lamed, so that as he suffered, his silent suffering would speak of the suffering of war – and so he believed this to be a gesture that presented Aphrodite the highest choice, a choice that felt deeper than the one presented by the planned rehearsal, and he believed this was why Hephaistos chose to provoke him; and so, just as Gaia had wildly embraced a passion when she brought forth life, he embraced his passion, recalling how the sanctuary had not brought bliss as had been hoped, wanting in that moment to believe that every act of violence was inspired by this same depth of meaning; and it was the first time Haides brought his virgin blade against another, and he could imagine how across eternity there would never be a more meaningful time to make a cut with his blade, that no other act of violence could do so much to honor love; so in that moment, he believed falling his blade against Hephaistos was perhaps a perfect act of violence; and so, given all he assumed, Haides let his sceptre fall and lamed the god Hephaistos.

In the wake of this, Aphrodite publicly chose to marry Hephaistos, though later she conceived of children with Ares.

I will return to this event, though first I need to clarify some details.

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25 Witches

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Moved by their questions—what suffering yields good? and what is purity?—Oceanus and Tethys brought to life a family of nymphs. Each nymph was born of a god who had been damned by Ouranos, an early man who had been drowned in the sea; and each nymph was born with a woe, a self deepening question of suffering, and the body of each nymph was bound to the expression of her woe, so that her body moved of her understanding of that suffering, to express the logic of that suffering more deeply than anyone else; so each nymph was known by her woe and her man; and many spoke of the beauty of them together as the beauty of the woe men, whom many called wo'men. And Oceanus and Tethys brought to life many nymphs, each nymph born to return

to a deep compassion ov one damned; and cults of many nymphs grew around the gods who had been damned.

They who were raised in cults often learned to speak ov the language of the children of Pontus, moved to their study by the cult that was raised around that god.

There was a common religion among the cults, that the men would present their woes to the father Ouranos, so to understand the reason for his hatred and to prove they deserved his forgiveness; the wo'men would then study all they could learn from these visits. Ouranos was often troubled by these visits, for the relief of forgiveness he'd known toward all when he had been alone did not always feel as whole when they whom he'd damned stood before him; and often he would feel the need to defend his acts ov the first meaning of the elements, his first intimacy with Gaia; and when he spoke of the discomfort of his guilt, the wo'men would leave with deep concerns; and cults grew around this lack of comfort.

The cults that were largest were feared, for these were born around the men who had been most deeply hated by the heavenly father, around they who lived with the greatest number of woes; yet those same cults that were feared as evil were the cults whose crafts became most ornate, for many sister nymphs laboring together, though bound by the logic of their woe, found ways to labor as one union, ways of composing in creative harmony; and they who lived in the large cults were called witches, and they were known for their witch crafts.

Around fear of the growing cults and witch crafts, Ouranos brought to life a race of men who were called giants, who had the strength of angels though they walked upon the ground, who kept an appearance of peace until they could be proven to have acted in defense of sacred laws; and in sacred places where many witches and giants lived near each other, long and quiet wars were sustained, a general peace disrupt by single violent attacks justified ov laws of defense, or by attacks of revenge. The friends of the witches began to call for the second khastration of Ouranos; and many of these friends sought to help the witches through sharing their knowledge of war, such that the witches learned powerful curses.

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26 Dawn and Dusk

‘Euribia, the last child of Gaia inspired by the damned Pontus, conceived of children with Crius, among them Astraes.

The son Astraes shared Dawn’s power yet only over darkening grays, and so Eos and Astraes became known as Dawn and Dusk; and Astraes was sought by they who fought wars and they who sought to escape them, for he offered to cloak others in shadows through agreement, and many sought in the shadows the kind of privacy known always by Helios, and many sought the kind of beauty known always by Selene.

Many witches were beautiful as they were cloaked in shadows, yet many of them were thought to commit a sin of earth, a crime against passion whose guardian was Iapetus, for many of the beautiful witches denied they who wanted to remain close to them, and upset them they denied; or if they spoke without perfect logic in their own defense, a sin of fire, a crime whose guardian was Sieus; yet when accused of the social crimes against which Crius stood, many could defend themselves by fact, that it was through agreement with the son of Crius himself that they were cloaked in shadows. They whose anger was deep, who hated seeing the witches walk free of any punishment, would seek to mar their faces to make them ugly, so that at least they would be recognized for committing sins of water.

27 Poseidon’s Orchard

‘Poseidon was moved by his question – what must we record? – to bring about an orchard where the ethics of others were represent in trees of knowledge. The god took most of his time among the seas so to become helpful to they who had been damned; and some early gods followed the way of Poseidon, and many sought the blessings of they who kept trees of knowledge like Poseidon’s, and many sought the counsel of they who lived among seas.’

28 The Theiatre

I return now to the trial conducted by Haides. At this trial Theia saw Aphrodite make her choice while many deep questions remained unexpressed, yet she could not speak against the goddess without offending her, without speaking against the traditions of the order, without speaking in ignorance of the truth. Later, she spoke to all involved, and the horror she felt did not go away.

So Theia saw need of another mode of rehearsal, an art of play where the actors were expected to speak through dramatic gestures and meaningful fictions; for she felt the language of the gods was deepening in different directions, diverging and separating, that words were ‘going away’ from each other, that schisms of understanding were widening. She saw that in war, the language would diverge faster than others could learn, that as long as there were locks and weapons, the gods would always have motive to speak secrets, to speak toward misunderstandings; and she saw this come to pass, that many in war began to speak slang, to speak codes, to speak obscure words where others spoke in ways that had more common meaning. She saw too that if even one such as Haides could be attracted to an act of violence, then many would be moved to the drama of violence and revenge, moved against the true logic of communication. So with other gods—Mnemosyne, Sieus, Crius, Oceanus, Poseidon, Hyperion—she spoke to Gaia of slang and drama, of the failures of language and of the need of poetry clarified by acts, and Gaia saw the need she spoke of, where acts that were not good as lived facts would sign toward a truth, metaphor of that truth, and so by agreement with Theia, in the grove that had been the birth place of Theia, Gaia brought down the earth into wide curved stairs leading toward an underground stage, known as the Theiatre.

In the plays of the Theiatre, the gods dressed themselves in symbols and adopted manners read from scriptures. Theia’s daughter Dawn often moved the air to portray spirits, to change the light of the stage.

In the first play led by Theia, there is a doorway dividing the stage into two parts. A beautiful goddess standing alone is approached by a horrible beast, larger than herself, and the beast licks at her feet, and she allows the dog to

remain for a long time, happy to be seen in her beauty; yet after a long time, after many watching have begun to question whether the beast will ever leave, whether the play will continue, the goddess runs away toward the doorway, and though her body is beautiful in her stillness, she is ugly when she runs. She runs through the doorway, a door the beast is too large to pass through, and there returns to stillness, beauty, yet already a large machine rolls to her, and the machine has lights upon its frame like many eyes; it begins looking at her feet, and she smiles, as though healed by the gaze, happy to have the suffering she just ran from acknowledged, happy to be studied in her beauty, and as it rises to look over her body, she is still, and beautiful in her stillness; yet as the machine looks toward her neck, she fears what will happen when the machine sees her head, and sooner than she ran from the beast, she runs, and she is ugly as she runs. She runs back through the doorway, returning to where the stage is now empty, to stillness, beauty, yet already a spirit like a fat and happy man approaches her, and he laughs, and she is still, happy to see he is happy, yet just as soon, the man breaks into many small snakes and spiders, spirits that scatter, and even sooner than she ran from the machine, she runs, and she is ugly when she runs. She runs through the doorway to where three men are walking together. She is more beautiful as she slows, though not as beautiful as she is when composed in her stillness. She raises her hand to the man nearest her, points in fear to the few snakes and spiders that had made their way through the doorway, tries to gesture that there were more, and the man speaks with her while she is scared; then when she has told him of the three events, he turns his back, walks four steps, and begins writing a note. She looks toward the second man, raises her hand, and speaks with him the same way, then he too turns and walks four steps to write notes. She looks toward the third, raises her hand, and the same events pass. As she turns from this third man, the first man, having finished his notes, sees her, raises his hand to her, then speaks with her, asks her questions, then again turns to return to his notes three steps away. The second man does the same with different questions, and the third man does the same; yet as she is speaking to the third man, the first man finishes his notes sooner than he did the first time, and so he is waiting longer for her, and the first man asks her more questions; and the second finishes his notes sooner, and he is waiting longer to speak with her too; and the third sooner; and this continues, such that the men begin waiting longer and longer, growing more and more impatient with her, until they begin to grab at her arm to turn her away from

the man she is speaking with, and lost in apologies, haste, as she is turned in a constant circle, her gestures become more like a violent dance against rape, the men carrying their notes with them, turning back and forth with increasing speed until they are recording only a single mark at a time; then she begins to do nothing but push and spin, and Dawn's light gathers around her, covering her until she is only a spinning sphere in the center of the men. Then the three men remain only at their notes writing with their backs turned to the sphere. Finally Theia walks upon the other side of the stage bearing a staff with three ends, each of these having the icon of Khronos. She points the staff first toward Deus saying 'this began', then toward Haides saying 'this continues', then toward Poseidon saying 'this shall come to pass', then she walks to Poseidon, and she bestows the trident to him.

Theia's plays were attended, yet their meanings were debated. The longest debates were among the women who were not engaged in war. The men who warred saw in these plays threats, and sometimes they struck against others whose likeness they saw in the plays, - they who resembled the fat and happy man, they who quickly wrote notes - for they understood deep horrors that were possible, and believed Theia to know a prophesy. Her later plays would reveal confusions of language; and there were many who, when they saw these crossings of language or wrongs they saw, felt there may be true understanding shared among all the gods, and the thoughts that arose of this hope inspired the joy of laughter; and many hoped when they attended the plays that they would see the revelations of comedy. Yet often Theia felt nausea to see how others did not understand that which she hoped to make clear, or to see that they saw horror where she hoped to portray comedy; and she felt these were her tragedies.

Theia, troubled by her nausea, sought blessings from trees like Poseidon's, yet she found no answers in the trees of knowledge; and they who knew her most closely, her mother Gaia and her daughter Eos, were most troubled by her suffering, and many were troubled to hear that one of the high goddesses suffered as the damned suffered. Theia said, to be healed, she needed her mind to be expressed wholly, needed as her children were—needed see herself in everyone, needed private affair (privacy away from they who spoke to her of what was fair and fair or fair or enigmas), needed to be made powerless, so to empower others—and she spoke of a physic of nature, that every act needed to

be a redemption against money itself; and the words she spoke as her needs became divisive words,- as she said ‘wholly’ some understood ‘ov the whole’ and some heard ‘holy’, and some understood redemption as freedom from money and some heard redemption as a monetary reward – and she said all needed to become as nature was: to breathe, to eat, to shit, to fuck, to die. No words were so honored as sacred and so feared as evil as those she described as her needs in her plays, for the gestures portrayed were unlike the acts of most gods; and she spoke of needs and physics as laws above the laws of the order, and wars deepened around her words; and because so often her words were thought to inspire wars, and because she sought to portray acts and horrors of violence in her plays, many thought the word ‘die’ spoke of dying in war, yet she meant only to rest toward communion, to sit or lay still in study of one’s own thoughts of what others had said or written. Moved by her words of death, gods began to sleep, and as habits diverged around natural laws, the gods began to argue of who was moral or mortal.

Among the gods, Deus was most troubled by her plays, for he had been the first pointed to when Theia spoke ‘this began’, ‘this continues’, ‘this shall come to pass’, and he thought the first whom the goddess in the play saw – the beast in the first scene – had been meant to represent him; for he saw the healing twilight of the underworld Haides kept represent by the machine, seen second, and thought the many leaves and branches of Poseidon’s trees resembled the small spiders and snakes that had scattered from the third seen, the fat and happy man; though Theia had intended the beast to represent one who thought nothing of how they were perceived by others, the machine to represent one who studied others by an unchanging repeat method, the fat and happy man’s breaking to represent the birth of so many children. She did not intend to blame Deus, yet Deus kept returning to the memory of what he believed had been an unjust shaming, and he bore this paranoid suffering silently.

Many gods, seeing the plays, began to deepen thoughts of new ethics of life.

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29 The Burden of Atlas

Many sought ways to escape the wars, but near the sacred origins of life they found no safety, no shelter, and many began to gesture toward the sky, toward where the angels had overseen the land; and they began to speak of a higher land, an overland in the white heavens beyond war.

There were many who spoke of their hopes and passions to Iapetus, many who said to him it would be a crime against passion, a sin of earth, if the heavenly overland did not fulfill a certain vision; and Iapetus was troubled, for there were many visions opposed to each other in contradiction, many separate visions that could not possibly be expressed upon the same land; and Iapetus, known as guardian of bliss, spoke to Oceanus and Tethys of his woe; and they conceived of the nymph Clymene who represent the woe of his need of reconciling contradictions. They who spoke to Iapetus often said the overland must be asia; just as one would say ‘this is a beautiful land’, they would say ‘this must be an asia land’ and meant by this word that the laws of the land would reconcile the desires of as many as possible.

Clymene and Iapetus conceived of four brothers—Atlas, Prometheus, Epimetheus, and Menotheus.

The first, Atlas, learned a method of reconciling desires through hierarchy, an art of astronomy by which he could understand divergent needs expressed within a tree of places, a branching harmony of spheres influenced by the knowledge of the high gods; and it was his destiny to keep knowledge of the overland expressed as stars, to will in every moment their motion. Gaia empowered Atlas, so that in this art, the celestial materials could have their own laws of weight.

There was one great logical burden in the method Atlas learned, that if a popular need became rare, if any laws were written around false needs near the foundation of the tree of stars, he had to remember all of the branches ov a new root of knowledge, to rewrite the divisions of his mind while still remaining aware of the present stars; and his three brothers were destined to ease his burden. Prometheus was destined to predict needs, to predict how often needs

would change; Epimetheus was destined to account for the differences between his brother's predictions and the true changes; Menotheus was destined to present the root of the stars. The brothers devised an order of laws that would allow the gods to live in their own heavens, in stars scattered throughout the oblivion they saw as the white sky above the gardens.

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30 The Stars

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Oceanus and Tethys conceived of another nymph, Pleione, to be with Atlas, to share his burden, to know his woe. And on the acts of will needed to move the stars, Pleione and Atlas conceived of children, among them seven goddesses who were called Pleides, the first among them being the goddess Maia.

Maia was devoted to reading every text that was written by the gods on their desires of the stars, to read what was written without speaking to any of the gods who wrote as authors. Her sense of language deepened only through writings; and so she conceived of different images of the overland in her mind, a different sense of what people desired, a different notion of what an Asia society would be; for she understood only what could be communicated consistently in writing, and never saw what the gods sought to communicate through dramatic gestures of war and marriage and ritual and theatre.

As he spoke with his Pleiden children, Atlas learned of common confusions of language, and he saw a law of language that he believed everyone could learn, a language he saw could describe all he imagined in the stars, all the laws of astronomy. And he declared to the public that all would need to study this method of verse, the language inspired by Maia. And in this language Menotheus wrote an exact verse to describe the root of the stars, such that his power to affect its condition would affect the condition of the further stars.

Yet when the day came that Menotheus presented his vision, Deus spoke powerfully against him, saying Menotheus knew of need only in theory, that Menotheus had not been close to nearly as many gods; and he presented a different vision of the root of the stars.

The speech of Deus followed a rhetoric that he began many times with the words 'A woman who is beautiful..', and he spoke softly many times as Theia would speak of beauty in the Theiatre. Then, with more power in his voice, he began many times with the words 'A woman who is athena..', and presenting his true charisma, his voice deep and sonorous, he spoke of his own laws, his own values and passions, speaking of zeus glory, asia life; and many who heard were moved to believe that being athena was more important than being beautiful.

Deus spoke then of a tree of athena, a tree that would bestow upon all the blessings of Aphrodite, and he spoke of the communication that would take place across the stars. He spoke of influence, of how letters would flow through the light of the stars, and he named the language of the stars 'hermes'; and he said they who were among the stars would study letters the way Maia had, blind to the authors of those letters yet still understanding their meaning; and he said Maia's zeus wisdom was proof that the virtues born of an athena tree could be communicated through hermes.

In the wake of this controversy, a schism arose between the high gods: Theia, Gaia, Demeter, and many of the oldest gods and cults, sought to defend the theory of Menotheus, to say his vision agreed with why Atlas had been empowered; these gods were known as the Daeia and were called Titans; they led by Deus were known as the Olympians. Before the Daeia had presented a whole argument to support the theory of Menotheus, Deus had proven there was will and logic that would allow families to ascend into stars; and the vision of Deus agreed with the desire of a greater number among the populace. Atlas, fearing what would happen if the will of the greatest number of gods was denied, betrayed his brother Menotheus, and promised to serve Deus.

An order was established called Olympos within a mountain of light and earth raised by Deus and Poseidon, standing opposed to the city of Khronus, and this order stood to educate families in the logic of hermes, to teach families how to read letters, then to speak vows together before Atlas, to speak the logical verses so the god Atlas would remember the laws of their place among the stars, so to command the nature of the stars they ascended to. These vows had to be spoken exactly, and so they who decided to ascend were entirely devoted in their thoughts to the words of their verse, lacking any will to listen to others. The

order promised life among the heavens, and they raised upon Olympos a school built as a spire where they taught the laws. They led families to declare their wills together, to give birth to stars, and the families were promised a lovely life in the stars as long as they obeyed the laws of Deus, while Atlas kept the exact physic of the stars in his mind, a word that deepened exactly of the vows spoken before him.

Families ascended, and the stars shone like the white light of Helios, so that one could not see these against the white light of the heavens, nor could one see within stars until granted sight by the families whose will had brought forth those stars; so one could only hope to enter stars by speaking vows upon that mountain, by agreeing to the laws of the star they entered and the laws of the Olympian order.

The Daeia were afraid when they beheld families ascending into the stars, for they feared the language of the gods would degenerate in the distance between stars (the words broken the way river waters slowly break rock into silt) until the foundations of language were lost, until there was nothing solid upon which to build a true language.

The Daeia feared many children would be born into the stars against the true need of all life; and Theia expressed her fears in her plays, and Crius sought to express the exact natural laws of language he feared; yet they could not communicate the logic of their truths through the common language that was broken by schisms, could not sit for long enough with they who were devoted to the study of Olympian verses; and families ascended into stars after speaking beautifully of their intents, of the vows of their ideal worlds, affirmed in their understanding by the highest laws of Deus. Though they hoped the overland of the heavens would bring them freedom from suffering, many families brought with them the memories of night and winter, the pains of war, yet as many felt awe over their vows.

The gods who felt the air – Gaia and Dawn and Ouranos – hated the feeling of the stars, for there was much suffering in the stars, but the acts of will surrounding the stars were interwoven with many enigmas, and so these gods could change nothing about the stars.

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31 The Monster Typhois

Gaia felt she understood the meaning of Theia's plays, and she foresaw a deep horror in the stars, in life separated by distance calculated to protect secrets and laws born of war; for she saw how the meanings of the plays were ignored, how easily secrets of meaning arose even when the intent was truth and shared language; and she feared the same seeds of war would be brought to these worlds that were called perfect, that there would be deep problems beyond the reach of their sight; and though Gaia trusted Theia's wisdom as her own, she was afraid the plays were not powerful enough, not well enough observed.

In the gardens, Gaia brought to life one massive monster Typhois, whose shoulders were dragons that spoke in many voices, that made noises like animals (then, before there were animals), and Typhois was a mountainous god whose sound was everywhere in the first lands, his hands wielding machines that moved every weapon of war, and the weapons bit into the flesh of his own hands; and with his birth, Gaia spoke loudly 'The Theiatre is now everywhere.'

She meant Typhois to stand as an omen of the deepest horror, for she foresaw a time when all seeking understanding would speak at once, and all truth would be buried by they who threatened violence against others if they would not learn to keep secrets of war, when the law would become like a language that spoke to all in ways they could not understand, when every voice would drown. And so she brought forth Typhois as a monster who suffered and caused suffering through no intent of his own, as though the incarnation of war itself; and she intended of him a gradual and meaningful healing, by which he would become meek and beautiful over the earth, and she hoped with his life to represent the greatest depths of horror and the recovery of all.

Deus hated the sight of monstrous Typhois, and he believed Gaia's words were an evil declaration, for he felt the Theiatre was often a place where he saw evil, and he asked Haides to help him hurl the power of his dreadful sceptre; and Haides saw the beast and heard the way the air was filled with monstrous sound, and in his fear he obliged Deus, for he recalled the lasting harm he'd done in his own moments of ecstasy by his violence against Hephaistos, and so feared that Gaia had given herself to a wild and evil passion; and so Deus, whose

knowledge of law allowed him to project his will across an entire architecture of the sky, threw light born of the sceptre of Haides, lightning having its dreadful quality, that it tore and soldered in one cut, grabbing and stitching flesh with arms upon arms, and a thunderous sound came wherever the light ripped through the fabric of the air; and with strike after strike of lightning, he tore into the massive Typhois and brought down the god.

In the wake of this, Deus was celebrated, and Gaia suffered and was mournful as she sought to explain to all that Deus had not been part of the Theiatre, though she'd said the Theiatre had been everywhere; and she explained the meaning of the healing she'd intended, though the power of that healing, the sense of peace she intended, was lost in her words; and many celebrated the courage of Deus and the logic of his law, and many spoke against Gaia, that she had abused her power, that she had not acted within the law; and Gaia sought to explain how deep her sense of horror was, to explain the story of peace that had been her true motive, how she had been consumed by questions of eternity with a weight greater than laws arisen of war; but many were awed by the power of Deus, by the triumph of godliness and beauty over power and monstrosity.

Theia sought to defend Gaia in plays, to speak of hypocrisy, to argue that as Deus had expressed his will, he had truly become spiderous like the lightning, a horror that followed paths too complex for even Gaia and Ouranos to will against, that he had been the only one to do harm through power and monstrosity, that the lightning of Deus was a hideous danger that would do harm to beautiful and innocent gods, that would disrupt depths of self expression, that the most beautiful potential for life would not be brought about; yet the meanings of the plays were debated, and Theia's motives were questioned just as Gaia's had been, for often the plays held images less pleasant than those of heavenly life and the glory of war.

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32 The Rise of the Three Brothers

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In the wake of this, the three brothers Deus, Haides, and Poseidon devised a war machine, for they feared that in time, others would learn to wield powers

like lightning through deep thought, that the Titans would wage war against Olympos. The brothers agreed lightning arisen of Haides's sceptre would be directed by a tree of knowledge structured by the laws of Deus, filled with history deepened by the same ethics used in Poseidon's orchard, and the tree of knowledge would branch ov leaves that accounted for the acts repeat ov where lightning touched. The tree was planted in the ground of the sanctuary, so that it extended not into the air, but down into the ground toward the origin of all, unseen, known only by the signs that surfaced in a machine crypt devised by Hephastos; none could will ov the architecture of lightning but they who saw and understood this crypt, and the crypt was guarded by giants who lacked knowledge of its enigma, giants blessed ov lightning.

Around their war machine, the air was filled with a dreadful storm, and the homes where they stayed who were judged evil were destroyed, and they who were the gods of these homes were horribly disfigured by the violence of the air; and many of the families judged good ascended into stars, each star changed by the influence of protective lightning, a white fire.

Three rivers led to the tree of knowledge—Phlegethon, a river of lightning that poured like falling flames from the root of the stars into the sanctuary; Styx, a pure river whose source was the fountain in Olympos where families spoke their vows, known as the place where the oaths of the stars were sworn; and Koekytus, a river whose source was a fountain in the home of Oceanus and Tethys, the place where those gods gazed into the mirror waters and saw there how woes may become incarnate, brought to life as beautiful nymphs. These rivers flowed toward the Acheren, and these merged with this river near the tree; and the rivers of lightning, oath, woe, and ache flood a lake near that tree, and many called this place hell, and many believed souls were trapped by these waters, and they spoke in fear of the number of branches of lightning that were moved ov this tree.

The tree planted in the underground sanctuary gathered its records by a method like that of the first order, a complex branching around four cardinal sins; but instead judgments of exile were spoken through the punishments and touches and movements of lightning, all according to the order of the sins that were record in the tree; and the lightning direct by Olympian laws was a

constant electric storm in the air, and the lightning was everywhere in the first lands and the stars.

All were expected to justify themselves by the logic of the Olympian order; and they who lived in fear or worship of the most powerful gods lived, and many who did not devote themselves to the way of these gods had their flesh consumed by lightning, destroyed. Some found ways to express their spirit beyond the death of their body by their power over nature, to be reborn, but many could not and became ghosts, wraiths unable to move anything they saw as a body, unable to communicate their intentions.

And the three brothers said they protected love.

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33 The Children of Dawn and Dusk

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As they could not stop the birth of the stars, the Daeia felt need for children who would inspire others to live by true principles when they ascended in the Olympian order.

Eos with Astraes brought to life nine children who represented a celestial order and one child Astrea who represent the whole of the stars; and these children represented the ideal social order of Theia and Crius, the language that was closest to reconciling the intents of they who studied the laws of the first order with they who studied the ethics of the cults, they who spoke of ‘acontradiction’ with they who spoke over ‘contrak trucks’.

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34 The Three Deaths

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Yet across time, the stars kept falling to one of three deaths—that gods would either fall into the madness of separate machine visions, into an isolation they could not escape by any logic, the death of machine; or there would be war, and the death of war; or there would be a slow death that consumed the star, the

death of nature by which gods would lose their youth, lose the power and beauty that had been promised them by their family vows. So there was madness inherent in the stars, in worlds kept separate by a natural machine of war.

Yet these deaths were unseen by many of the first gods, for although the Daeia argued the logic of the stars assured these deaths, none, not even Atlas whose knowledge of the stars was deepest, could see the exact suffering of they who lived among the stars. The Daeia argued again and again that the laws of the order of Olympus assured that Atlas forgot and abstracted changes born of each astrological cycle through no fault of his own, that over time these small differences between thought and truth became horrors to they who were in the stars, that these laws created an air of death, an air dense with unjust punishments brought by a false foundation of logic; and they felt assured in their knowledge by their observations of the lightning architecture upon the first lands. Yet as they who lived upon the first land were blind to these deaths except by theory, many continued to ascend into the stars by faith in vows.

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35 Apollo and Artemis

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As they argued for the Daeia, Sieus and Phoebe spoke against the unnatural way of speaking verses in the Olympian order, named as it was because every vow spoken upon the mountain began ‘O, lym̃p os..’, the word ‘O’ their word for returning seasons, the word ‘l̃ymp’ their word for architecture; and Sieus and Phoebe foretold a horror story of one of the first verses sent through hermes, the verse that told of the marriage of Aphrodite and Hephastos. The Daeia warned that as hermes were read by children in stars born of stars born of stars of stars of stars, the children who heard the slang of war would have no way to know whether ‘she recognized the l̃ymp of Hephastos’ referred to Aphrodite’s recognition of her husband’s architecture or the way he walked with a limp after he’d been lamed, for the verse could be read either of Aphrodite’s admiration for Hephastos or her pity for her lamed husband, and the verse would be read both ways, whether the reader believed she returned often in her thoughts to his projects or his laming. (Given how Aphrodite did

later raise children with Ares instead of Hephastos, the second reading was likely right, while ov Deus's intent, the first reading was the truth.) The Daeia asked why this unnatural way of beginning vows – the logic of verse that began with 'O, lymp' – was preferred to the natural way of speaking that Menotheus proved, with verses that began 'Let our family live where..' They argued that the verses could be spoken ov the Olympian tradition if these began 'Let O be the first word of my vow..' if the right words were spoken ov 'lymp' and 'os'; that as the vows began with 'O lymp', they who spoke vows were caged to one method of design that confused passion and structure.

There was a contest to prove the Olympian way, a long debate which Sieus and Crius presided over, where two Olympians sought to prove they understood each other's logic and language by producing the same written word at the end of their contest. Yet the Olympians wrote two words recognized for the same sound—'elite' and 'eleet'. In the wake of this, the Daeia would speak the words 'Let O, leet O' to warn the way the language of Olympian vows diverged would lead to the wrong seasons returning in the stars.

To represent their argument, the Daeia built machines like tortoises, automata that walked slowly, their arms too slow to see move, though one could notice the progress of their movement across days. Each tortoise had an elaborate shell; and they said ascending to the stars was like having a vision of the exact place of one of the beautiful shells, then leaping for years across the length of heaven itself, blind as though by the light of Helios, with hope of landing on the back of that shell; they said that the destiny they leapt toward was not worth much more than vain artwork to begin with, and worse, that they who leapt were sure to miss given the slow motion of the machine that bore that shell. They would say 'the lure is a liar' while arguing a true home, a place that inspires true bliss, could only come of the peace won by healing the foundations of all life. Knowing the desire to escape the appalling conditions of war, they begged for patience for a true answer, not to go away into the stars when first appalled by suffering, but to have faith in the first sacred lands. As they spoke the final summary of this argument, they would speak words mocking they who ran from the first home, 'at first appall "O beautiful art" a miss' meaning 'as soon as they are appalled, they begin vows whose sum is "O beautiful art", then leap and miss, as though ov artful tortoise shells.'

Far later, the echoes of these words reached the children of stars born of stars of stars; and they who saw the messages of hermes spoke falsely of gods – the tortoise shell lyre of Apollo, his sister beautiful Artemis, children of Leto – confused by the sounds of the ‘liar’ of ‘appall O’ and ‘art a miss’ spoken of ‘leet O’. The gods of the stars deepened myths around these false gods, myths interwoven with the myths of the god Zeus, and they who believed these myths believed in a very different image of Olympos.

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36 Pi

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The Dacia sought to argue that many Olympians chose as though seeing only with one eye, that they were only looking at half of what was needed at a time, that they lived by a deeply wrong catechism, such that at the time vows were spoken, these would be spoken against the logic by which the gods who spoke had justified the study of their vows; and Theia expressed the hypocrisy of their arguments in plays on a symbol of a circle divide in half by a line that connect top and bottom, from which extend the sign pi – a line right with two falling lines, each a quarter from the edge – to express two errors, the hypocrisy of their contradictions. Yet more often than the intended meaning of Theia’s plays was heard, the plays that were beautiful inspired gods to dream of distant lands in stars, and the plays that were ugly and spoke against the greatest number upset most who saw them, and were called arrogant; and many began to ask others how they rate each play they saw, whether it was beautiful or ugly, before they decided whether to attend; and Theia was heartbroken to see many attend only her beautiful plays, then to ascend to distant stars.

There were plays that argued against they who saw only half of what was needed, having fifty thoughts ov one hundred repeat acts, and she represent these false perspectives with shadow monsters called cyclopes and hecatongkaries, expressed with one eye and fifty heads and one hundred arms, hoping to show how damaging these perspectives were; and the names of these monsters were buried among verses that led they who were born in stars born of stars to fear pi rates and cyclopes showing one eye.

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37 The Grand Design

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Within the stars, there was a social order that often arose, that towers would be built like Olympus wherein long chains of logic described the acts of will that could be performed within the law, and as one went higher in a tower, their knowledge grew until they saw how they could bring about new stars from within their star. Yet often one forgot part of their logic, and forgot what they forgot, and then they would have to descend to see the foundation of the star where the first knowledge of their origin was written. So it was that the heights were known to hold greater power and knowledge, and the depths were known to hold ignorance.

As a star grew massive and the population increased, they who found themselves at the center of a star seeking the roots of knowledge would often meet in frustration, knowing that they had lost precious knowledge they had already learned and would have to relearn, and often their conversations with others were distracting, and they would find themselves having to repeat their studies, and many began to plan ov how they could stop the distractions of conversations that obliged them to study others's concerns. Many began to wear hideous masks or the forms of beasts, punishing others to repel them, and these became battles, and as the battles grew, war became part of the strategy of ascending in the star. These wars always involved intimidation and trapping another in a place without knowledge, in complexity, depriving them of knowledge and power, keeping them from the trees and symbols that allowed them to remember their knowledge, to recall their powers.

Often, the center of a star, the lowest depths to which the gods most predictably and often returned, became a sort of hell that the gods dreaded to descend into, a series of traps and dungeons and battles imposed by they who repeatedly suffered ov lost knowledge. One had to navigate these lowest places in ignorance, knowing the path of ascension would be long; and so it became known across the stars that there was a hell below, a heaven above.

Those stars where justice was most ambitiously pursued built high towers that held records of interacts, exchanges, principles, processes of creation; and these towers grew until these arched into each other in aesthetic harmony, an architecture that was a sphere around a whole world, all stairs leading toward a great ceiling, where at the top of the towers, through the sphere of the grand design, they were able to project their will in pure light as if into a dream of their own making; and so the surface of the celest shined with projections of light, and was a star.

And other worlds were dark stars, having only one bright light at their center to represent their relation to divinity, the focus through which new celestia were born, and the gods stood upon the ground within these stars, seeing always the central light above, the heavens beyond the ground beneath their feet; and the surface of these celestia never shone with light.

They who projected their will would create new celestia, which matured to become rich worlds and new stars, and families were raised in the stars.

Often, money was exchanged in the stars, and ov the wars, there was an ethic that became common: a war leader would give monetary notes to soldiers, who would pay they who helped them, and the war leader would collect money ov a yearly cycle; at the end of each year, they who had notes to present, they who helped the soldiers who were granted notes, or helped them who helped them, were spared, and they who could not present taxes were put to death. Thus the entire economy of the stars deepened ov ethics that helped sustain war, and given the demands of wars and taxes, none had time to deepen arguments against this economy; they who tried were killed before they had time to argue toward their thoughts.

There were places among the stars where life was as it first changed in nature, where the gardens changed by the simple laws and desires born of love. The

gods kept in these celestia no deep chains of logic, no records of justice; they saw fire but not in burning hells, held ornamental weapons but not those that wounded; and when they forgot knowledge of creation, parts of the world around them died, and these were their winters, but of the trees that were left were memories of possibilities, and in their summers these celestia were reborn.

The seasons of these worlds were sustained by the natural motives of life; without the motives of war, these worlds grew and died and were reborn slowly in ebbing waves, for there was less fear upon these worlds, less reason for any discipline that would grow their knowledge and family as quickly as possible. In the politics of most stars, there was motive to have children aligned with one's own family who would fight on their side of wars, while in nature, there were few reasons to bring a new child into the world, were instead reasons to repeat what came before in the way they who fought wars believed wasteful; so there were created far more stars of war than worlds of natural gardens, and in time, they who were in nature found themselves surround by an ever growing star machine, studied by the arts of they who sought to project their wills in light, who gazed upon all their will could affect.

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38 The Torment of Gaia

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Gaia saw the way the Daeia were ignored by the war machine as the fulfillment of her worst fear, and as a gesture, at the place Deus had spoken of the stars, despairing, she threw her body and much of the land to become a rolling and roiling mass, a disgusting earthy sea that spun in place; then from all parts of the land a nova of disgusting earthy light thrashed upward into heaven, bringing hideous spiraling blindness to gods upon the first land; and after this first nova she was not seen, though sometimes the earthy light would thrash again and rise in nova waves that nauseated, that were hideous spiraling blindness, and they who were caught in these waves would be moved, would regain their sight with possessions strewn about, having only a strange and tormenting memory of how they had moved.

Gaia meant to say by her gesture that her true self could no longer be seen nor heard, that she repeatedly suffered a deep horror, that she could no longer express a word as simple as 'no', that this torment touched all. And she knew she was no longer listened to, for when the three brothers had proposed planting the tree that would honor athena, the speech she'd spoken to them in reply had been against the tree, yet after her speech they planted the tree without hesitation, honored as though she'd spoken her consent, as though her speech had been the most approving blessing; and she believed they'd judged her speech by its cadence and lyrical beauty rather than its meaning, that they truly shared no language, that language was deeply broken, that her only hope of being heard was to present herself hideous, suffering, ugly.

She knew the architecture of the stars was fragile, knew how the stars depended upon Atlas and the tree they'd planted, and so as she brought storms of sickening earth she never touched the tree nor the chambers Atlas saw, and Atlas walked in trance through slow rituals throughout Olympos, answering only to the vows he honored through those rituals; and Gaia was woeful, that them she needed most to persuade she could not touch; and many believed she meant to reward the Olympians by sparring them of hideous spiraling blindness.

As a wraith, Gaia's disgust built from deep within the ground, and each time she brought forth a horrible storm only when she could know the stars would be safe. She sought to understand the tree of the three brothers, though it was an enigma that quickly became detailed beyond reason; so she could not change the tree of knowledge, nor could she end nor disrupt the lives of any of them who ruled Olympos without fear that they who lived in the stars would be damned, lost without sense of place, forever blind in a torment, in nausea, trapped by their vows; and so she surfaced again and again with the most careful tempests.

With each thrashing wave she tormented all she could equally, for she did not want to express any agreement with an ethic that judged individuals, with how others were judged by lightning; she did not want to punish, only to express her horror; yet she never raised these waves during the rehearsals of the Theiatre, for she felt the plays to be the only hope that all would be brought to understanding; and so Theia was known blessed by Gaia.

Theia was met with constant demand for plays so to ensure constant shelter from the storms. She found herself always attempting to express how her past plays had been wrongly understood, and she labored always to teach others to write and direct rehearsals, to speak on her behalf, to teach, to act; and she had to prove the value of her teachings after deep failures and misunderstandings and controversies, yet in contrast to the hideous spiraling blindness that expressed Gaia's suffering, the ugly images in the plays became more accepted, and many were too afraid to speak their vows after seeing the horror of the thrashing blindness, yet even more sought entry to Olympus, to speak vows to escape the first lands.

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39 The Gates of Deimos and Phobos

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As conflicts deepened around the sacred places closest to the roots of divinity, Ares and Aphrodite brought to life two sons—Deimos and Phobos—whose names the gods privately understood as Terror and Fear. They were made guardians to two halls at the base of Olympus, each hall having a locked gate; and one hall represent the order of reward that sought to encourage good acts, and one hall represent the order of punishment that sought justice against evil acts; and these gates stood before all who sought entrance to the order to ascend into the heavens; for as the number of stars grew, the rites of passage, the spoken vows, became more complex to learn and speak, and so new students waited many years to study within Olympus, and conflicts arose of this wait.

To gain entrance to the order, one needed a key that would unlock the gate of either the hall of Deimos or Phobos. There was a strict law by which one could hope to gain knowledge of a key, a law that assured only they who exactly obeyed one of the orders would gain this knowledge, inspired by principles that Phoebe had put forth; and they who obeyed the order of Phobos were protected from they who disobeyed the order by they who obeyed the order of Deimos.

They in the order of Deimos hunted they who established cities upon distant parts of the first land, cities beyond the seas, and they who hunted were called zagreus; and often these hunters were born of zeus parents.

They who were hunted were called hides, for they would hide themselves the way the gods hid the possessions they wished not to lose, and when caught by zagreus, they were forced to accept uglier incarnations, bodies more like animals; and many felt they were wrongly shamed by how they were punished by the order, and many were forced into such hideous bodies, forced to endure such horrible and shameful sights that they left behind their body and moved like wraiths through death; yet many found no freedom of their soul in death, their sight drowned in a damning chaos of lightning influenced by laws of incarnation.

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40 The River Lethe

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The Dacia brought forth one more river, and Persephone convinced Haides to allow this river to flow within the sanctuary as well; and this river was called Lethe. The river was created over the Styx, brought forth with an oath that protected the lands near this river, that they who lived near the river would need to take vows that reflected the agreement between Haides and Demeter over Persephone.

Many of the cults established towns along this river where harmony was sustained by the balance of their witch crafts, and they sought to present through their way of life what a true equilibrium of laws looked like. Yet they who ruled Olympus were not convinced the laws of witches were true and good laws, for when they questioned the witches, when they tested their knowledge of the stars, the Olympian gods felt assured their own knowledge was greater; and so the Olympians believed many of the nymphs had lesser minds, and they mocked the nymphs against their accusations of forgetting, saying there was no forgetfulness in the mind of Atlas, that instead forgetfulness came to they who drank from the river Lethe; for the thoughts of the nymphs were wholly consumed by the ethic of their days, and they'd no time to study the stars. And

this, the witches argued, should be the clearest warning that what is needed to sustain harmony like the harmony of their towns is complete devotion, a devotion that consumes the thoughts of a whole community, a devotion that leaves no time for the concern of a separate overland.

The witches's way of life was beautiful and elegant, yet the horrors in the stars they spoke of caused nausea to they who believed, to they who sat with the witches long enough to study their logic, logic that consumed their whole mind and ethic; and it became common for they who were brought to nausea by what they heard in the witches's towns to accept a ritual healing from the witches, to drink from the river Lethe seeking relief; yet often, they who drank from the river would later forget one fact of the witches's argument, so that a fragile chain of logic broke in their mind, and in this little forgetting, they felt better doubting the logic they'd understood, so then abandoned the horror of belief that had brought them nausea, and so found relief. And so a myth of forgetfulness deepened around the river Lethe, for both witches and Olympians spoke accusations of forgetfulness against others who drank from the river, though for two distinct reasons, and given the name of the river Lethe, they said this forgetfulness was lethal; and fear grew around the word 'lethal', that the mind of Atlas was lethal, that the rituals of the witches were lethal.

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41 Zagreus Dionysus

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They who lived along the river Lethe were often punished under the order of Deimos, for the zagreus described 'the lethal way of life' as wrong; though rarely were the witches there killed, for their way of life was protected by the oath of Lethe.

After speaking of the pains of animals with her mother Demeter, Persephone, having many friends among the witch cults who lived along the river Lethe, saw need to intervene; and as she was recognized as Korë, one many thought a goddess equal of Aphrodite, zeus Persephone brought to life a son who was raised to become zagreus, his name Dionysus. Haides taught Dionysus of chaos logics, and this god gave him a blade that all feared. With this blade, Dionysus

challenged the authority of Deimos, and he moved many of the order to look away from the witches who lived upon the Lethe, and so he won the witches freedoms of rite, and they were grateful. Through their rites, the witches were empowered to deepen the logic of their beliefs, to sustain ecstasies, and they remembered Dionysus as the god who had freed them.

After, Dionysus served the order of Deimos without protest.

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42 Atlantis

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Hoping she could also help bring peace to they who lived among the stars, Korë brought to life a daughter Melinoë, and she raised her to ascend as an Olympian.

The daughter was taught by the Dacia: Crius and Euribia taught her all they could of perses, the language of money, of the confusions that arose of they who understood the language of perses and they who acted toward heavier purses; Sieus and Phoebe taught her of asteria, ‘the madness of the angels’ confused with the word ‘hysteria’.

Given the support of many cults and agreements negotiated through her parents, Melinoë ascended in the order of Phobos, so to gain entrance to Olympos.

When hecate Melinoë ascended, having won the favor of Deus, she ascended to the farthest star, directly above Olympos, and she left behind vows simple enough for others to speak without much study, needing only faith in a commonly understood belief; and in this way, she created what others saw as a second root of the stars, one nearer the original vision of Menotheus.

The star was born of a theory, one woven of Persephone’s teachings. Korë taught her daughter that she would die in the stars, that death was her fate, and she told her only the memory she left behind could be of value to life. She taught her to deny her ego to feel joy, not to see herself as one separate, but to understand she only truly lived in the minds of others. She taught her the

beauty of her body was eternal, immortal, forever preserved by the desires of the ever living gods, in the minds of those gods, so not to concern herself with beauty but instead to devote herself to the memory she left. She taught her that the will of Atlas, as his mind was changed by the vows of they who came after her, across thousands of thousands of years, would hunt her like an animal, that she was an animal from birth; despite others who named her noble, lordess, immortal, she said to her daughter 'In the stars you are only an animal, hunted for your hide. They will seek your same life, imitate all that is beautiful of your life. Do not hide, sacrifice private life, but do not let them drown you in imitation; let them know you must stand alone, that the day you are not recognized ov your birth, when you are mistaken in the mind of Atlas as another, that is the day you shall die, and all of your star shall die; only honesty will preserve you, so live with open prayers; let him whose truth you stand upon always see you; know empathy for him whose mind becomes your ground, your under standing; never let him recognize your body ov any other name – he must always know you as my only Melinoë.'

The star that was born of the vows of Melinoë had a ratio of sea to land 3 to 1, and the thrashing seas represented the weight of the 3 deaths the stars fell to, and the nature of this star born of the verse of Melinoë was such that the waters and mists of the seas were laced through every plant, every body; and so everyone who ascended to this star accepted a formal incarnation, a body they could only change through the economy of the star, a body that needed sustain of water. That society built no high towers, no great spheres of architecture, nor was there any light at the center of her star that all looked up toward; but instead they built humble schools and halls upon a land open to the heavens, where they expressed logic of the stars upon machine canvases and papers. In cities, they built separate vision chambers with cable wires that carried machine logic thread between these, and in their chambers they portrayed and wrote of the logic of distant societies, ways of life that led to death. In gardens, they built communities around the need to trade for their water, to trade for their life; and they became masters of crafts, or else suffered to have their bodies deprived of water.

And though there was peace among the people of this star, still there would be winters, and there were long years, each with its winter, and ov the cautions and agreements born of each winter, they saw the return of summer.

After the star was created, there was one city built into the sea, stated in the oracle from which the star of Melinoë arose. The city began as a great platform, metal and glass sitting heavy above the waves; in its center, a massive anchor was held by a chain to the rocks far beneath in the sea; and around that anchor chain, a heavy cylinder, a level in height, its width nearly the size of the platform itself, was dragged down into the waters, pulled down a level at a time by the winding of the anchor chain, performed on a great machine; so by labors of hand an architecture of glass and metal walls could be set against the cylinder walls, each level made strong before the cylinder was slowly pulled a level deeper, letting the waters slowly flood against the newly set walls, so to build a massive column into the sea, as deep as the sea itself. The highest level was light, open, shining, with gardens and homes, light filtering from above; while the middle levels were built with thick walls, artificial lamps sustained by panels floating around the platform above, these levels devoid of nature, having only caged and boxed plants, dense with apartments and chambers where the people would interact with logic films; while the lowest levels, those set against the pressures of black waters far from light, were dense with metals, the mesh of logic machines, places where they who were incarnated could not live until they paid for machine bodies laced into this city called Atlantis.

They sought in this city as logical a relation to Atlas as could be, sending forth a streak of fire toward the first land where Olympos stood, always to strike an honored place; and by the signaled reply they would see represent the exact distance of their miss, a measure of their collective sin; and across the land, the city sent fire arcing toward honored places, where they observed these landings and prepared for every problem of logic that may arise in the mind of Atlas; and the records of these logics were kept in the corpus of the city. And once every year, fire sprang from the city toward the shrine of Atlas.

The messages that emerged in hermes changed very deeply after the rise of Atlantis, more deeply than I can account for through the birth of this city alone, and though I do not know the truth of why this change took place, I did think of a story of gods whose births I did read of: most saw the problems of Atlantis as lesser problems given every tragedy and horror the gods sought to heal, yet Melinoë's teachers Crius and Euribia were consumed with fear after her ascension, hoping her gesture would inspire more change than they saw, and they brought to life four Olympian children—Bia, Zelus, Nike, and Kratos

—who were to Atlas as Deus was to Khronus, their lives woven ov a planned deceit for sake of changing the belief of a powerful god; again and again, these four gods spoke vows before Atlas as though preparing to ascend, yet without true intent to ascend, so to change the concerns of his mind; again and again they spoke carefully pared verses toward a depth of life, a depth that would lead Atlas to believe a clear vision of a world, only to branch toward a new depth before the last words toward ascension were spoken; and so they wove in turns of poetry a subtle influence upon all of the stars; and the hope of these children was to again and again bring Atlas to awareness of the edge of ascension, to understand the same logic ov every star, that the god whose mind held the stars would see a common pattern among all the stars, would see how to understand the vows more elegantly, and of this revelation would see a new power toward a new peace.

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43 The Death of Dawn

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Eos was devoted to understanding her mother's plays, yet because the labor of her study did not have an accepted place within the order of Deimos nor the order of Phobos, her freedom was taken from her, and she was forced to accept an incarnation that bound her to travel only between her home and the Theiatre. Given the constant demand for plays and her essential role conducting lights and shadows, people questioned why she was not seen more often at the Theiatre when she studied at home; and under the order of Phobos, she was later forced, as many were, to defend her ethic, to prove she helped as many as it was in her power to help, to do so by reducing the defense of her ethic to the most direct logic, a statement of just two words recognized by the order, a being and a change. As she spoke before witnesses, she could not express her truth without violating her own morals, so she spoke the words 'I no'; the task of introducing new words into the order demanded devotion to a long logic that could consume lifetimes, a logic that would distract her across that much time from the essential work of the Theiatre. She knew the words 'I no' could lead to her condemnation and incarnated death, but knew also these words would be heard meaningfully by they who understood the Theiatre, that there would be many who would understand by her words 'I know' – 'I know I

must speak words you agree with, but I must speak my truth' – and 'I no' – 'I need all of you who judge me to understand me when I say no, for I know you yourself know when you need to say no, no against the rape done to all that is first and sacred.' Yet formally, by the Olympian laws, the words committed her to an ethic that would lead her to repeatedly offend the order until she was put to death for 'no crime' of her daily life; for the same habits that were accepted became in time crimes as the language of the order changed in seasons, and though she had known she may be killed, she did not know when, and she hoped before she was condemned the plays of the Theiatre would inspire a deep change in the political order, feeling her only hope of helping bring about this change was to study all of the plays closely. She felt the needed political change could be brought about by focus upon an argument: after the star of Melinoë provided a new root of the stars, there was no true need of the gates of Deimos and Phobos. She hoped she would have time to finish writing her first play, a drama she'd been cultivating in her mind throughout her life, a play which could prove a depth of intent her mother's plays could not, as her silent relation to the Theiatre throughout her life represent a precious virginity, the play a severance.

Eos continued to study her mother's plays and continued to deepen her own, having knowledge of every play ever performed, knowing that her mother needed help translating the meaning of her plays if the deep and subtle woes of society were to be healed; so she devoted herself to writing until, on a sum of many chance crossings, she was condemned by the order.

It was Dionysus who was charged to lead the death of Eos.

Theia spoke in defense of her daughter's life, her speech composed on a single statement repeat again and again – 'return her to me' – yet after finally she stood silent, while she stood imprisoned in the court of the order, Dionysus led Zagreus guards to the home of Eos; and having ignored her studies of the order's language so to study the depth of her mother's language, Dawn did not know how to speak on their strict expectation, and an accusation was read to her that ended 'you've not served the order, so you shall have the freedom of your body taken from you, but that you speak now the words of your promise' and each time she spoke in her defense, they drove a spear through her body; and as she spoke five times, there they drove holy spears through each of her hands and

feet, and then the last through her throat, and she saw if she continued speaking as much as she needed to, her whole body would be humiliated and torn, and she was staked to the ground to die.

As she was held in excruciating pain, without the ritual gestures of her body, she could not recall many of her memories, but images from her play surfaced in her mind, and she brought forth in the room of her home, in a small stage set between two altars, small scenes expressed of the pigment of the air, still and slow moving images where portraits of the gods stood in scenes; and she moved these images through all of the scenes of the play she had been preparing in her mind, pouring all that surfaced from her memory; though the images were silent, as she could not recall the words without ritual, so the meaning of the play was lost.

As the final scene remained – a single woman standing upon the stage, lightning pouring down upon her from above – Eos kept saying the word ‘help’ as she looked toward the ground, and they who stood in the room heard a girl’s voice in the air; and the woman in this final scene was gradually consumed, her beauty lost under the arms of lightning falling upon her from above, the branches creasing her skin by their increase, and as the image remained, this woman began to wither, the burning creases in her skin causing her skin to wrinkle. Then there was a moment when Dawn felt certain that, if the guards that stood with her did not show her mercy, if they lacked the curiosity to need to hear the play repeat with her voice, with her memory, then there was no hope of her being understood; and as her last act of will, she made the pigment of the air black; and the sky of the heavens themselves became black, so that the stars that had been hidden in the white heavens now shone against the blackness; and at that moment her spirit died.

And when the gods saw the heavens turn black, a cold chill came to many.

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44 The Death of Dionysus

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In the wake of this, Dionysus spoke for Dawn, spoke of the images of her play, spoke of the moment of Dawn’s death, spoke of his regret, and the son of

Persephone taught what he could; and many wept with joy and many wept with sorrow at his words, and many called him the morning light, the light in the darkness, and there were many who said the wisdom to be learned from his words would help them understand how to restore the white purity of the heavens, to know the forgiveness of Theia; yet by many he was hated, for he abandoned the order of Deimos to speak his teachings, while the acts he had been moved to by the order had deeply hurt many who had loved Dawn; so hated by both they of the order of Olympus and by they of the Dacia, his body was changed by many powerful and hateful gazes, and he changed through many forms as he sought to escape, shouting and shouting ‘go away in peace!’, ‘go away Titans!’, but he was eventually held from all sides and killed by gods. Against his will contort, paralyzed as he was disfigured, the beauty of his reputation lost, his spirit died; and many mourned his death.

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45 The Religion of God

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In the wake of the killings, after seeing the open hatred of the old gods, the mourning brought by the deaths of two children dear to the hearts of high gods, Deus brought down the temple that was around the gates of Deimos and Phobos and sought to reconcile with the Dacia. Deus and other gods believed the deaths of the two deeply loved gods represent the deepest expression of the roots of war, the strife between the orders of Olympos and the Dacia. He called for the resurrection of these killed gods, and he said the story of their deaths and resurrections should be told throughout the stars, with the hope that the story would be understood through hermes and honored as the end of war and death, the beginning of eternal peace.

As Deus observed the plays that followed, he felt deeply reconciled with Theia and Gaia, for only after the two deaths did Theia’s and Gaia’s fears of communication become his own fears; for he saw he had no way to communicate the religion he now believed through the order of the stars, no way to meaningfully describe the hope of peace to all families within the stars, no way to meaningfully describe a change as massive as the change of the heavens from light to black, or a symbol as deep as the twin deaths of children

of high gods; for laws had arisen such that every change he could will through the words of hermes would be understood as a law; the language of hermes deepened over the physics of lightning, the motion of stars, the intellect of Atlas over vows, and there was no place in this language for the kinds of thoughts that arose of religious aims. Within the stars, the gods could still believe through the white ceilings of the stars a white heaven.

Within the stars, many read through hermes that Deus was a high god, and many began to praise and fear God. There were they who argued that god was only a word, but that it was a precious word, that there was only one word 'god' and it was the word by which the gods referred to their own essence; but many of the gods began to say there was only one true God.

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46 Noah's Ark

Lilith asked 'What became of the children of Pontus?'

Satan replied.

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As the children of Pontus spoke of Iapetus and Atlas and the motives that led gods to ascend, they spoke of 'asiakh', heard by others as 'ayj ahkh'. The children recognized others who did not understand their method of language when others would speak the word 'ahkh'; for as the children spoke 'kh' to say they wanted to divide a word for sake of clarifying the meaning of the first and last sound, there was no sense of the word 'ahkh', no way one sound 'ah' could be broken into first and last parts. Yet they heard 'ahkh' thread into complex conversations and speeches, and found no way to intervene, no way to inspire others to study the original method that gave rise to the words they spoke.

The children would say to others, to attempt to teach them, 'no ah bilt no ahs are kh' to mean 'do not speak the word "ah" as you just spoke, for we follow a general rule: no "ah" sounds (nor other words having only one sound) may be divided in the way we divide words with "kh"' –

no ah : do not speak the word 'ah' as you just spoke

bilt : because, for we follow a general rule

no ahs : no 'ah' sounds (nor other words with only one sound given the general rule)

are kh : may be understood ov the method 'kh' communicates

– but these words were heard as 'Noah built Noah's ark'; and around the confusions that arose around the word 'no' they saw their fears deepen; for they saw they were deeply misunderstood even ov two simple sounds 'no' and 'kh', and they sought to say how it was the same for every two sounds, that the common language deprived them of a way to oppose what was said and proposed. They struggled to express a complex fear of losing the simple beauty they'd known early ov all life.

There were they who believed the wisdom of the children who spoke of Noah was greater than the wisdom of Iapetus; and in the language of hermes, in some of the first messages recording the conflict and controversial words spoken around the birth of the stars, they wrote of 'Noah of Iapetus' to speak of they who placed that god lower in a hierarchy than Noah (for just as 'the mother of a child' communicates a hierarchy of birth, the gods would say 'greater of lesser' to communicate hierarchy); and much later, in stars that received hermes, the god Iapetus was believed to be the son of a man Noah, by a chain of translation of words inspired by that god—Iapetus, Iaphethus, Iapheth, Japheth. And after much time had passed, they who heard hermes in the stars spoke stories of Noah ov a great flood, but they did not learn of the original seas in which the first damned gods had been drowned.

The children of Pontus who sought to teach the meaning of 'no ah bilt no ahs are kh' taught a theory of language; and many saw language change ov five children, and they saw words return ov a math of 500 years ov a central speech defending the principle 'no ah bilt no ahs are kh'.

The children of Pontus feared also they who spoke of Zeus, and feared the lightning architecture that arose around the word 'zeu'; yet they of the order spoke deeply of 'being in zeu' like they spoke of 'being in love', 'I am zeus' like 'I am loving'; and as language was confused, far later, there were they in the stars who heard of Noah's ark described as a zoo, the logic of the original argument ov every two sounds confused as a story of every two species.

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47 Allah

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As the children of Pontus spoke, they spoke of serving the needs of all, and they spoke in contrast to their teaching that began ‘no ah’ toward ethics that began ‘all ah’, spoke to clarify what should be true whenever the word ‘ah’ was spoken; and many heard these words spoken as the name of the highest deity whose will was the true need of life, Allah; and they began to praise Allah sooner than they understood the intention of the children.

I could learn little more of the children through the words I studied in hermes.

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48 The Drama of Pandaeia and Ersä

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Much of what obscured the children of Pontus seems to be a drama that became famous.

Zeus, Selene and Mnemosyne conceived of children. The children of Mnemosyne—Kalliope, Kleio, Ourania, Thaleia, Melpomene, Polymnia, Erato, Euterpe, and Terpsichore—represented nine ways of creating art, and each was a muse. The twin sisters born of Selene represented the woes she foresaw the Daeia bearing.

The twin sisters—Pandaeia and Ersä—had pale bodies whose contrast auras were meant to represent pure union v needless division, Pandaeia with one white halo like a moon around her representing union, Ersä surround by many droplets like ink black dew representing division; and they were fated by their minds to repeat a drama that represent the conflict of the stars, where Ersä falls to her sister after Pandaeia proves she bears the greater burden; and many saw white haloed Pandaeia represent one who was athena, good and virtuous and victorious, and many saw black dewed Ersä represent one who was vile, one evil and ignorant and conquered, and they relived this drama many times, and a crowd gathered to watch them before they acted a final drama of horror and love. Across her fate, Ersä had woven a tapestry representing the most beautiful

death among the stars, and when this tapestry was complete, Ersas black ink became like black dew upon a halo web of light threads, and Pandaea's halo became black as she fell as though in anguish to Ersas, whose body became an incarnated evil, a spider, before they ascended together as though into the stars. The muses spoke much of this drama then after.

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49 Discord

'I'm afraid I could understand little more of hermes. The last story I could understand told of the birth of Eris, daughter of Hera.'

50 The Trinity

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A star was created by three archangels born of Ouranos. The family of this trinity grew, and stars were born of stars of stars, and deep within the stars of the archangels stories of the first gods were lost or changed or believed untrue, for the meaning of the words was changed.

And there was one who was named God who raised a family among these stars.

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51 The Birth of Eden

Satan briefly paused.

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This is where I sought to begin my story. I've told you what I believe given my studies, given the words that emerged in hermes.

Upon the star I was born to, as God created higher in the star, he feared me, for he'd heard stories of hell within the depths. I kept deital statues as remembrances of the stories I understood, yet God had heard stories of statues being given life, and he feared I was raising an army with powers beyond the knowledge of the higher angels; so God established a guard that watched us who served the root of the star. The gaze of this angelic guard was willful, and

the angels of this guard changed our appearance, for their gaze held a judgmental power; they often believed the appearance of us lower angels did not reflect our true souls, for they believed our souls evil; and these changes brought by their gazes disrupted our ethics, for we would use aspects of our appearance to silently communicate the ethic of our days to each other as we crossed paths, as we understood by each other's appearance how we may adjust our own ethic of communion; and so under the gaze of the guards, we began to miss each other's intended meaning, to speak falsely when we believed we spoke the truth. These falsehoods deepened the distrust of the guards, and in turn their gaze became more aggressive.

We began to need to reflect upon our appearance in the mirror often to ensure the integrity of our bodily communication, yet when we did this we were accused of the sin of vanity. To avoid the mirror, we would wait so as to avoid crossing the paths of others, and then we were accused of the sin of sloth, and each sin led from sin to sin. With every accusation, the guards imposed more upon we who tended the roots, and as they disrupted the ethics of we who cultivated knowledge, the communion we shared began to break; so we were forced to commit deeper sins simply to sustain our communication, forced to extend our range of gestures,- we began to express ourselves in uglier ways to avoid accusations of vanity, and we learned gestures to communicate what we'd communicated through our appearance to avoid accusations of sloth; yet the higher angels of God feared we'd come to love the sight of evil, to share a secret language by which we planned wars and curses.

When the angels of God found us guilty of 7 sins, fearing that number of stories of hell, they descended upon us and conquered the root of the star. They began rereading all they saw there, practicing a false ethic of communication, and in the false messages they understood 'brought forth by the light of truth' of hermes, they found false proofs, and by these proofs condemned us for sins we hadn't committed, sins the higher angels believed we'd kept hidden, but were revealed in the messages of higher gods who they believed called for our punishment.

The star became corrupt during the attack, for our prayer was disrupted and a higher god was offended by a false message; yet the angels of God believed this corruption was a curse we had prepared, a failed attack.

The pure beauty of the star lost, our family chose to ascend, to create a new star. The angels of God ascended to a star where there were lush gardens, a star whose exact motion was kept secret by secret vows, and the name of the gardens they spoke aloud was Eden. We had no choice but to trust the oath by which we ascended, lest we be abandoned upon a corrupt star, and many of us found ourselves animalized by our spoken vows, reborn punished in the gardens of Eden. There I was imprisoned in these chains that hold me to the ground, and I've been forced to lay in these chains.

As God created Eden of only his own logic, as his logic did not cross the logic of other prayers, there was no corruption in Eden; yet God believed he had imprisoned the source of the corruption.

He preserves these chains even across stars; yet he does not abandon us, and I believe this is because he wishes to understand us he sees as evil.

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Lilith was worried God had already returned to the council, and she said 'I'm afraid I must leave, but I thank you for telling me your story.'

Alone, Satan bitterly recalled the last sin the angels had named against him, that after he was punished again and again for a religion of peace, after he changed his habits so to work around the accusations of vanity, sloth, envy, greed, gluttony, and wrath – when he was angered yet withheld his wrath, then they named the final sin 'pride', to endure all else without ending his way in shame.

52 Lilith's Horror

Across many many years, God brought forth many many stars, each arisen of a unique hope. Each ascension was a judgment, and Lilith's thoughts were consumed by these judgments; she had to keep in mind the questions of many gatekeepers.

After hearing Satan's story, Lilith felt horror to be always in the presence of God, and she sought to obey his every wish, to speak only on his order. Yet as she observed God, she felt certain that if she obeyed his order exactly as he intended, she would never express her true understanding.

Across time, as she observed the acts that went unpunished, she began to act around God as though she were in theatre, moving and speaking in a jilted manner, a playful and dramatic imitation of sin, moving in ways that proved she understood God's law, yet in subtle ways were to remind him of them whom he feared as evil, though she met his words with the logic he expected when he spoke in discomfort against her. By her manner, she argued that his fears were not true fears, that much of what he saw as evil had a place within the law; and gradually, across many years and many stars, God's will was moved in small ways.

53 Lilith's Daughter's Thought of Home

Lilith's daughter chased the doll for an eternity. She found her choices were meaningless on the hunt, that whether she moved on the earth or moved the earth by her will, in every place the doll would evade her in the same way on the same choices. There was beauty in the chase, that the doll would take long leaps that rarely brought her far from the ground, would leap upon the surface of the waters, yet Lilith's daughter suffered, for Lilith had promised the doll would surrender when she felt a passion she wished to share with her, yet the doll ran always, and so she knew that Lilith was suffering always.

Nothing changed about the chase, except Lilith's daughter slowly noticed more and more stars in the sky, each after many many years, and her suffering increased with the stars.

She resolved that if the doll ever surrendered, she would make a prison of that place so she would never need to chase the doll again; and in every place she returned to, she imagined the prison she would create there. After she had conceived of how to make a prison of every place the doll went, her thoughts shifted away from the logic of the chase toward the home that her and Lilith would share together.

54 Pygmalion and Galatea

In a young star far from Eden, there was one high angel of God who gave life to a statue of a beautiful woman he'd sculpted with knife and hammer, and he called her Galatea. He'd carried with him two glass orbs, and he kept memories of the most beautiful sights within these orbs; and he placed these within the

head of the statuess made of ivory light earth; and he gave her red lips that held the feeling of his highest passion, and he brought her to life with an understanding of how the roots of her lips could deepen into herself, so that by her will, she would feel that passion within her body as she willed; and he brought the statuess to life with an awareness of how she would appear.

When she was given sight, she remained still; and the moment she moved her lips, she was afraid, afraid to let the passion of her lips deepen inside of her, knowing not how to reconcile the desire of knowing that passion within her and the desire of letting that passion grow beautifully and the desire of communicating the exact changes of her passion. She wanted to tell him how fragile she felt, how precious each movement, each change was to her; but the sculptor looked at her and didn't understand her stillness, and as he looked at her with his discomfort, he saw how he'd let one side of her head, the temple near her left eye, be larger than the other temple; and with his knife and hammer, he tenderly ran his blade over her skin, and her skin was smoothed lower.

Her passion leapt within her, and desiring to let this passion touch the memory of his first touch, by her will the inside of her head was filled with a red lace representing the thought of his touch, and a web of her mind was born of this touch; yet before the lace of her passion could leap beyond her skin, she thought of how she would appear, and could not see beauty in how she would appear, and so the lace remained within her. Yet after, she felt regret, shame that she'd not let her passion grow more slowly, shame that she'd been moved to make such quick change within herself toward an impossible intent, that so much had changed within her while none of her truth was communicated; and desiring to communicate that she felt it was most beautiful for her to remain as she originally was, she remained still. The sculptor stared at her for a long time, felt troubled, and left.

While he was gone, when the room around her was still and her eyes no longer gazed upon that which was new and changing, images from the past arose within her and became her sight, and she saw the scenes the sculptor had kept in his orbs. Some images were before her sight for only seconds, but the ones that were truly beautiful to her changed slowly, so that she saw these almost as still images; and she was awed by the images she saw, and these stirred in her the

desire to walk and move beyond the room where she sat; and she changed the lace within herself to represent what was most meaningful in what she saw or what she believed she would have power to communicate given their shared memories. The image she saw most slowly, as almost perfect stillness, was a scene of war, white and golden clouds above a line of angels who slew they who were beneath them. On the ground, women cowered, covered their faces, looked up with fear, and there were men who held them and hunched over them, held up their hands against the angels, hoping to shelter and ward the women; and above them, demons leapt up against the angels, some holding weapons, threatening violence, and they who were below and they who were above met in almost an exact line, a clash of white and gold meeting black and red, a violent horizon in the air where the swords of the lowest angels came down into the flesh of them beneath; and blood was spilled like wine upon they who were below, their faces images of desperation, their clothing cut to tatters, stained with the fallen blood; while the robes of they who brought down their blades into the flesh of them below them, these white and gold garments, are immaculate, untouched. And the highest angels gaze below with the power of their will, their faces serene, removed from the violence, their weapons still like ornaments, yet by their gaze they moved the limbs of them below so to render them clumsy and powerless against they who brought down their blades against them. And she liked this image, although it was an image of suffering, for she saw in this image a depth of contrast that was not present in her room, and so hoped her study of this image would help her find how to express the contrast of her own mind, the peace of her ecstasy in contrast to her suffering, as simply as one could hope to, as high v low, and she saw the way the women cried, and the way the wounds cried blood.

When the sculptor returned, her vision of the room returned to her with his movement; and he saw her stillness and sought to rouse her, and as he gazed long upon her, he saw another subtle way her body lacked balance, and he took the knife to her torso. When he smoothed her breast with his knife, she could see no more beautiful change than to let the red passion within her fall like a tear of blood from the temple where he'd last taken the knife to her, as though to say his acts that changed her were her suffering, that she still thought of the change before; and excited by the thought of her communication, red passion descended in her throat and branched into her chest, and rose upon her breast like a small wound where he had taken his knife; and to tell him she understood

his desire for symmetry, she allowed her passion also to rise through her other breast, an equal wound; and she thought of her appearance, and she felt she'd become more alive, and she felt her passion just beneath the surface of her skin, and an ecstasy rose from the passion in her throat; and she felt blissful that so much feeling could come of so few changes. Only after did she recognize how she'd now made three changes against his two, how she may have not communicated her intent to change as little as possible as clearly as she may've; so she remained still.

There were gatherings called by God, and the sculptor sought to move the statues to be at the gatherings: he would pull gently at her hands and shoulders, for he was scared that she did not obey the order of God. Still she did not move, for at the moment the sculptor had conceived of her mind, he'd not thought of the order of God. Again and again, when he would return to her, she would understand by his acts that he did not admire the beauty she saw in her own stillness, and she was deeply though silently angered. There was once a time before a gathering when the sculptor wondered if a small flaw was the reason for her stillness, but when he brought the hammer to his knife against her, to communicate that he was disrupting her ability to create, she let her hands break apart into small shards, and so broke away from herself the parts of her body with which the sculptor created; yet she remained still; and by her will the sharp shards were a cloud in the air, and she cut the man who stood with her.

The sculptor went to God bearing the cuts, and he confessed he'd done harm to the woman, and he showed his cuts; but he confessed he did not know how he'd harmed her, and God condemned the sculptor, calling him 'pig malion' (a word God understood over the word 'mal', that just as the word 'contradiction' arises from the word 'contradict', the word 'malion' arises from 'mal'), and the sculptor believed he'd been named Pygmalion. And God said to him 'show me this woman', and the sculptor took him to the room where she was.

Lilith, who remained in those days always in the presence of God, felt she understood the reason for Galatea's anger, and she went to her and knelt before her and began to tell her of her daughter, recounting before her the times she had returned to her daughter, and as she spoke she repeat the same verse with only slight changes each time; and she began to cry from her white eyes, then to

repeat the verses with quiet anger; and though Galatea did not understand every word, she understood the desire for all to remain as it had been, for all to return in honor of the smallest changes, and as she felt understood she relented, moved then from her stillness to kneel with Lilith, to be with her in compassion, and she pressed her lips against Lilith's, so to communicate that Lilith spoke from her lips as she wished to speak of her own desire for all to remain as it is, and she moved her handless arms as though to touch Lilith's throat; and though Galatea lacked hands, she brought forth the shards from the ground, and broke these further, so that these were as soft as sharp joy, and she brought a cloud to dance upon Lilith's throat. Then Lilith felt joy in her throat, joy that began to rise from within her body like waves of silent laughter, for she'd not felt understood by anyone else since she'd left her daughter; and Galatea remained still kissing Lilith; and the joy was a feeling that Lilith wished to share with her daughter.

55 Lilith's Daughter's Clock

Finally as Lilith's daughter chased the doll, it surrendered; and in a moment of surprise, she found herself with her hands upon the doll. Without hesitation, the ground changed by her will, and she bound her prey to a wall, and the black vines of that place became like straps around the limbs of that doll; and after the doll was trapped, then she drank and felt the joy of the doll's blood, until she felt Lilith become startled, and the blood was changed. As the doll was bound, it began to leap as though in hunt, straining against the straps that bound her, but without power to change its body, it could not go free.

She returned many times to taste the doll's blood, and she noted patterns of change in the emotion the blood held; she kept upon the wall a web where inky droplets of different colors noted different emotions, and she sought to understand the seasons of Lilith's life through this web. As she returned to the web, nearly all could be expressed as two alternating shades of color, two emotions—fear and nausea—and so from afar the web appeared interwoven lines of brown and green extending from the circle that represent a clock in the web's center. The blood often sickened her, but still she drank.

56 Lilith's Hope

Lilith had kept in mind only the logic of the chase, the logic of the hunt and of surrender, not its true image; and after her daughter had caught the doll, she felt her daughter as though she were constantly near the doll, always at arm's length. In her mind, she saw her daughter reaching out, barely touching the doll again and again. She knew the passion she had felt was not as perfect as the bliss she had felt with her daughter, so she knew she was seeking her, not the feeling of joy, and the thought of her daughter's desperate, relentless chase filled her with strength and hope and love; she believed her daughter would not be so close to the doll unless she loved her more deeply than Lilith had believed when she had ascended a final time. When she had conceived of her daughter's mind, she'd thought only of sharing joy together; but now she believed her daughter's mind had deepened in a way she hadn't planned nor expected.

57 Thea's Home

Before Lilith's final ascension, when her daughter would be alone waiting for Lilith's return, she would quietly and joyfully speak to Must or Need; for Lilith would often say 'I must leave' or 'I need to leave' before she ascended; and her daughter thought 'leave' was the word ascend, and she half believed prayers to Must or Need might allow her to ascend herself, that this is what she was expected to learn to do.

Now as she was alone, she thought deeply of how to speak to Lilith across distance, watching the sky carefully to record every new star. And as she thought deeply into the laws of language, she began to question all she knew, began dividing words by their sounds, and she saw as she felt her heart breaking all the ways language could diverge, all the ways she could have understood Lilith wrongly every time they had been together, and she wondered if she'd only imagined Lilith's intention to return, if she'd only felt the joy in the doll's blood because of her imagined hope, if the entire web was a lie. She saw how she could not tell what had been one word, what had been two; and so she began to study different theories of who she was, to study who she may be if Lilith had known her as Arthea, as Thea, as Wiar; and she found herself studying many myths, though she felt there were three central threads of logic, one around each of these three names—

as Arthea, Lilith had spoken to her of spirits, so she sought the deepest meaning of the stories of the spirits she had believed in her youth, how and whether she could communicate with them, whether their communication changed after Lilith left;

as Thea, she was born of Lilith's most precious theory of bliss in a population where most did not understand that bliss, where most had never felt bliss like the bliss she had felt, and as Thea, she sought to understand the highest laws of communication, the ethics of how to share bliss with another the way Lilith had with her;

as Wiar, she was one who'd proven herself unworthy in the eyes of Lilith, who was in this story the first goddess of creation; Wiar was in this story one who Lilith had hoped would heal a primordial wound, the lack of bliss that came of being born to see chaos instead of beauty, and by this story, this goddess would create child after child, only to become bored of each child before she ever knew the perspective of that child deeply; and as she thought of this story, the place that most entranced her was the water's mirror where she saw herself as Lilith had seen her, saw for the first time that her eyes were black instead of white; abandoned, she found comfort only in the thought of selfish beauty, of being reborn to herself as deeply herself as she could be in the mirror, seeing the sight of the first goddess, herself unique as one who deepened only of herself while that goddess blindly pursued love; and she thought this was why there were so many stars, that each held an abandoned goddess fallen into self love; blind to others, she wondered how to create a home that didn't hold the memory of Lilith.

She felt better when she thought of being Wiar, never feeling bliss of the thought, never wholly believing the thought, yet although the concerns of Thea caused her more suffering to believe, she thought of herself most often as Thea.

As she stared at the sky, as she gazed upon the stars, Thea thought of beautiful societies where people lived in bliss, and her theories of Lilith's path deepened around stories of these societies; but she could not believe there would be so many stars if knowledge of how all could live blissfully in these societies were common, believing instead that many stars held suffering, and she felt confirmed often by Lilith's suffering, proven again and again by the blood of the doll.

She thought deeply of how she may speak to Lilith, and wondered how much awareness Lilith kept of the doll. She would study her web ov the conduct of the doll as it moved beneath the straps, seeking to understand the conduction of emotion through it; and she saw the doll moved by the logic of the hunt, strained against the straps as if in long leaps; and she noted exactly how the doll would move beneath the straps, careful to note the positions of its hands and joints ov circles she'd engraved behind the doll. She was aware that Lilith may've only thought of her will ov the doll every several moments, but hoped, if Lilith was aware of the doll's whole body, she would know of her need to communicate, and would be able to react to a language of gesture. She studied her own movements ov the doll's, mapped its motions ov the path they would take during the hunt; but for as many times as she tried to communicate a question, a reason for Lilith to change the doll, she found only the logic of the hunt.

As Thea studied the doll ov circles, she noted the doll always strained toward a few graceful gestures, those by which she leapt during the hunt, that her body did not move in every way it could, that the pattern of the doll's gestures did change ov the blood imbued with Lilith's feelings; and she studied too how the doll changed ov her own choices as she stood in different places and stances, as she touched the doll's skin. So she continued her study ov a hope, that she may learn the path of Lilith, the way her mother's mind related to the logic of motion, that she may by calculations ov the stars understand how her mother had ascended from star to star. As she learned from the blood, she felt less dread than her mother, was less often startled, and so she felt scared that her freedom to devote herself to study without disruption was the only true hope of liberating her mother. She began to walk carefully, not by leaps, but by steps, and beneath the will of her gaze, the whole texture of the world was finely changed and refined.

Her study consumed her home as she sought to represent more and more of her theory, until the whole world was broken into a labyrinthine architecture, each chamber devoted to ritual study,- libraries with books and artifacts; machine stairs that moved ov her measures; a room where the floors were grates, where she dressed her legs in chains that hung through the grates and waded upon these grates, careful to thread each chain through the proper grate at each juncture – and in these ways, she became more deeply aware of balances,

equilibria ov her theories, the mind of her mother; and there were rooms where she knew the doll would leap into a trap. The whole world was consumed by the architecture, elaborate in every detail, and when she saw no part of her home that she saw reason to change, the home felt heavy to her like stone and metal; and only when she knew she would be able to trap the doll again, then she freed the doll, and studied as it moved ov the labyrinth, hoping there would be the moment when Lilith and her both saw the same revelation born of time.

Between drinking rites, Thea would lay upon a bed of feathers, each feather like a simple tree of knowledge, and she looked at the details of these feathers as she recalled theories and tests. She would lay in this room where through the ceiling she saw the stars; and she kept a map of her thoughts ov the stars upon the ceiling, outlining the stars, and she changed the design of that ceiling to wrap around the stars, and with the imprint of her will, she wrote in that map theories of why each star had been born ov the first three new stars. She would lay upon that bed often, would stare up at the ceiling with her black eyes.

There was a time when the ceiling was filled with notes, when she had only one hopeful theory left, one hope that she still could understand the increase of the stars, the exact path of Lilith; and she left only one circle empty in the ceiling, and she could believe her theory as long as no star ever appeared within that circle. But there was a moment when she saw a star cross that place; and she felt the deepest fear when she saw this, and she felt the black of her eyes become surround on all sides by white light, as though the light of the stars would consume all she saw; yet a thin circle kept the black of her eyes from being entirely consumed, the image of the green and brown web that hung on her wall like a thin halo of hope; and then she turned away from the ceiling on her bed, and she felt icy droplets fall from the ceiling like black rain, broken memories of her theory, and each place where the rain fell upon her, she felt a cold black pain sink into her skin, and the droplets became pores in her skin, pain relieved only by the thought of a strand from each pore reaching back into the heavens, a thread of air.

After, when she would lay upon the bed and look upon the ceiling, her vision would become black, as though her eyes had closed, and she would feel fear; and then she would see images of madness, broken scenes from the stars, as though all light were filtered through the webs of her eyes and her design of the ceiling,

and she thought of this as seeing with the whites of her eyes, and she hoped these strange dreams would help her understand the stars, the sights Lilith saw.

And so Thea became human.

58 Lilith Speaks Again to Satan

After many many stars were born, each after many many years had passed, God stood within a high tower, and from within the tower's garden he hoped to ascend to a perfect star.

There was a day when God wished to speak alone with one of his children outside of the tower, without his council, as he rarely did; so Lilith went to speak again with Satan.

Lilith said to him 'I know you speak with care before God, and must know his way and the ways of high gods, for though you've lain in chains in every life I've seen, though you lack God's favor, lack his most sacred protections, your body is protected by your prayers. You still have your voice; it has not become a shameful thing like the animals who have become damned beasts, who speak only in noise. I know you must hide your true thoughts in the presence of God, but you speak wisely to others in the way that changes the logic of their words. I cannot bear the thought of two more stars; already my mind is consumed, that I take a whole year to remember the number of stars born since I lost my daughter. She was the joy of my life. I fear I must wage now with God, or my memory of her place among the stars will drown in time. We are alone here, and I wish to know your advice; I wish to speak on your behalf.'

59 Master and Servant

Satan replied.

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Across years, I tried to argue many times with God, yet every time he dismissed my words; and I felt need of a metaphor. I would speak to God of a zodiac cycle, and I will tell you the events of this cycle now.

1: Cancer. A master gives his servant two commands to obey, that on one day he who is master says 'do not touch the goats, but let them graze where they are

in the field' and says many days later 'sheer the goats, both those with long and short wool'. The servant obeys, and gives the wool to the master.

2: Leo. The master rewards the servant.

3: Virgo. Many days later, when there are as many goats in the field with both long and short wool, the master punishes the servant, who asks 'what have I done?' and the master says 'I gave you reward to shear the goats, so why are you ungrateful?' The servant says to the master 'If you'd like me to shear them now, I will.' The master replies 'I told you this, let them graze where they are in the field, but now shear the goats. I've already punished you, so why do you delay?'

4: Libra. The servant goes away, sheers the goats, and gives the wool to the master, and the master gives her no reward.

5: Scorpio. Many days later, when as much time has passed and there are as many goats in the field with both long and short wool, the servant sheers the goats, and gives the wool to the master.

6: Sagittarius. The master punishes the servant, who asks 'What have I done?' and the master says 'I gave you reward, so why are you disobedient?' The servant says 'You told me "do not touch the goats, but let them graze where they stand" and—'

7: Capricorn. Before she finishes, the master punishes the servant, and says 'Know this punishment as the sign that you've not understood this command you uttered now; for as I spoke and as I shall always speak "do not touch the goats" I mean "do not shear the goats, and just as you shear with your hands, do not handle the goats for any other act."'

8: Aquarius. The servant says 'I understood all of this before you punished me, but I meant to continue: when I was obedient to those words, you punished me when I did not shear the goats, though you said nothing to contradict your first command.'

The master looks at the servant with tired eyes, and says 'What do you mean? this word "contradict"?'

9: Pisces. The servant says 'If first you say "sheer the goats" and then as I walk to sheer the goats, you say "do not touch the goats" I shall not sheer the goats, for what you said second contradicts what you said first. If first you say "do not touch the goats" and then as I sit, you say "sheer the goats" I shall sheer the goats, for what you said second contradicts what you said first. If I am to express how grateful I am to you through my obedience, I must know the order of your commands.'

The master looks at the servant with tired eyes, and says 'What do you mean? this word "order"?'

10: Aires. The servant says 'I mean only when to understand a command as first, when to understand a command as second.'

The master replies 'You spoke two words that are strange to me, then you gave me two strange answers. Now, shall we name your order strange? I spoke two commands that are needed of you, then I gave you needed punishments, for you did not understand my commands, but your strange order. Now, shall we name my order needed? And now, if you know the name of my order, why do you not understand that I command you to serve in the ways that are needed? My order is first; yours is second.'

The master continues 'Do not speak to me, but act in the way you are needed.' The servant was silent for many days until there were many goats in the field with long hair; then the servant sheered the goats and gave the wool to the master.

11: Taurus. The master punishes the servant, and when the servant is silent, and does not speak to the master, the master continues to punish the silent servant until she asks 'For what order do you punish me?'

12: Gemini. The master says 'Tell me why you sit, but do not do what is needed.' The servant asks 'In the needed order, what is first? what is second? Four times now I've labored; now four times you've punished me, but still you do not state a clear order.'

The master looks at the servant with laughing eyes, and says 'What do you mean? this word "state"?'

Among their words, there are 12 events—one reward, four labors, four punishments, the questioning of three words—and these events are repeat over every reward, a cycle of debt that sustains the physics of life, that consumes the whole concern of life.

They return to variants of this conversation always in catechism, the last answer again raising the first question; for in reply to the master's third question, the servant must express some variant of the word 'state' – 'speak your command with authority' – and the master, obedient to the servant before believing this a true answer, speaks a command to the servant, only to begin again a variant of the same conversation. The master explains this repeating cycle differently, that the servant only labors rightly after he punishes her most severely.

Where we may hope to speak toward elegant truths, to speak against deep offenses, instead we gesture in each direction only to one of these events.

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And he continues after Lilith is silent.

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We understand the conversation of master and servant as the servant does; we would not ask the questions the master asks, for we recognize the meaning of the words the servant speaks. The questions of the master are strange to us, foreign – and his other words carry a deeper meaning to him than we understand; in so few words as he spoke his first two commands, he saw a mythic significance, symbols that communicate a value and distance of time, a hidden reason to shear the goats or wait, a method of patience and action. Yet the servant sees no way to know his method; she needs still to hear when exactly to shear them, needs the master to understand these essential notions—a word for 'order', a word for 'contradict', varied words like 'state' for kinds of speaking—and needing this foundation of language, the servant finds no way to ask her questions in the manner the master asks his questions, repeating a methodical question 'what do you mean? this word..' Instead she asks 'what have I done?' and 'what is first? what is second?'; her other questions seep across all words, and the master never sees the servant's questions as a burden equal in measure to his own questions; he believes the servant's questions arise of madness.

Across time, their conversation deepens and deepens without understanding; for a chore may be communicated more quickly than the meaning of the words that are the foundation of language. The true meaning of their language is lost among many chores, each time performed with a different order of tasks—tending cows, sowing fields, harvesting, trading—each order yielding new possibilities, different ideal answers, and in all of this the servant is always punished or questioned before she ever has time to answer the first 3 questions asked, to speak her intended meaning ov those 3 words—‘contradict’, ‘order’, ‘state’—for the master asks other masters of the words of servants before he ever trusts the servant to speak clearly of her own intent. Having repeatedly punished her, he suspects mal intent, intent to punish him in revenge.

The words the servant speaks first are buried in the meanings masters understand, so that now each of the words whose meaning was questioned – ‘contradict’, ‘order’, ‘state’ – is confused, bringing to mind different matters in the mind of the master; for the master hears ‘order’ ov trade orders and orders of command, hears ‘state’ ov nation states, hears ‘contradict’ ov philosophic logic, before he sees the simple truth that was the servant’s original intent: contradict as speaking two opposed commands, order as listing commands, state as a commanding manner of speech. And as the servant seeks new words to present the same notions free of confusion—‘change’, ‘list’, ‘manner’—each word is consumed in the social catechism, confused with further meanings before it is understood.

Ov practical affairs, the master always has motive to command more servants before he ever has motive to study the words of the servant he humiliates with punishment; and the servant’s original logic is just deep enough that it must be studied, patiently sat with; yet after the confusion of language deepens, the servant’s words must be sat with for years if her thought is ever to be proven worthy of a transition between two complex tensions of affairs, a change in policies of reward and punishment and command across an entire population of masters and servants. As thereafter the servant must defend herself against the original accusations, but also against accusations of believing herself wiser and greater than her master, accusations of pride, so too do the punishments change and deepen.

Over time, this exchange becomes silent, the words of their conversation repeat in their inner thoughts, each believing the outward expression of the same thoughts futile; and as they silently go about their days, these thoughts are reflected in the choices they make over small acts; the rewards and punishments become part of a political machine, reflected in many ways in the architecture of rooms and laws and expectations that surround masters and servants.

Each of these 12 events deepens in time—each chore becomes a whole ethic of labors, each question becomes a religious debate, each punishment a hunt of sin and architecture of prison, each reward a competition; so one cycle of their conversation comes to consume entire years, entire lifetimes. While one or two aspects of their confusion may surface in clarity every year, rarely does every essential answer surface in a communicated harmony. It is rare, but where true understanding exists, that is where people share bliss together, bliss born of the most beautiful hope.

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Lilith began to cry for her daughter's moon, for how her time had been taken since she left her; for though she had not understood how to translate her thoughts into words, she had understood something similar to this story in her intuition.

Satan was silent for a moment, then continued, hurried.

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I am sorry, but your tears tell me you understand, and I am desperate to know you know; I do not know how much time we have together. Forgive me, I need you to hear. I love you, that you understand.

I return to this – and hearken to these words, even as you cry – around this conversation is an exact tension of debt arisen of every one reward, where among all their words, there are 12 events—for one reward brings four services, four punishments, the questioning of three words—yet these shall never be counted this way, for these never look the same: the reward is not always the same reward; the services are not the same services; the punishments are not the same punishments; but reward and service and punishment diverge over body and reputation and soul, many expressed in psyche, in inner thoughts; and the

questions asked ov these are not the same questions, for both master and servant shall return to the same three words under many different names. Each of these 12 events becomes a deep drama, a web of tactics ov fears and hopes.

By this story, the laws we call laws of physic arose of debt. Even before there were animal fears, bodily labors, the gods fell into this pattern of physic, for though life began with gods who had power of will, though there is only good will toward life, only virtue, every virtue must be expressed as an exact power, an exact change, and just as we may move our hand left or right, but may not in the same moment move the same hand both left and right, we may will any good we are aware of, but may not in the same moment will virtues opposed in their details; and as complex virtues vary in their subtle details,- as pretty changes may oppose beautiful changes, as changes toward wisdom may oppose the preservation of knowledge, as sacred virtues may oppose honored virtues – the true depth of our intent is often lost in contra, lost among details changed at the same time left and right, and these 12 events, equally empowering and feared, yield as many lines of contra in the physic of nature.

There is only one true source of power: to reconcile our intents, the reconciliation of contradiction.

The first rewards and debts were freedoms and powers of magic, freedom of motion, presence of beauty, protection of memory; but as there were servants surround in punishment, as gods were restrict so deeply they became animalized, as many found they had to work, to labor to keep the beauty and freedom they had, to serve masters, then this same strife between servant and master showed itself among the seasons of the year; for the year itself returns to one reward, the warm season that brings harvest, and around they who may claim they labored most to plant the harvest, they who can claim they've labored in the way that most rewards others, they present themselves in the role of masters, for they prove a debt is owed them; and around this presentation the 12 events cycle; so at different times of the year, what a child sees first varies in ways that leave deep impressions upon the character of their soul, for the time of year affects what central conflict of this drama the child's birth is recalled ov. So they describe us in roles, our roles so difficult to change it is as though we were statues in a room, our stances ov each other fixed, animal, zodiac.

Satan pauses before speaking. ‘I do not know the words God speaks toward ascension now, for I am not with him as often as you are, but I’ve spoken to him many times, and I know the ancient words he holds sacred, the ethic of his belief. I know what he believes it is important to express. But tell me what you’ve thought of your wager with God.’

Lilith said ‘For many years I have only listened to God; I’ve argued little, saying to him always “seek first to understand” and he has said to me always “have faith”. I was born without knowledge of evil, and God punished me for evil before I knew evil; so I’ve only known one truth, that evil was God’s fear. I would chase a black mare, and I saw it as God’s fear every time I hunted. Always I would see the end of his fear, and I would catch the mare; but now I’ve no time to hunt, so I only listen, and am fearful. As many times as I’ve caught that mare, I would wage God would trust me to speak a word he would punish another to speak.’

Satan thought in silence, then spoke to her.

He will trust you as he will never trust me. Listen with all your care, for what I speak of is a fragile and beautiful hope that may only know life through your words; I have been judged evil; I cannot speak these words to God myself; and I’ve not spoken these words to another.

There is a fragile proof of how death arises in a soul that does not return to true questions, an evil soul, and I believe God has this kind of soul. If this proof is to be proven, God will need to bring about many lives, and of these lives there must arise nature and machine and war.

The proof I speak of concerns death, the loss of beauty that leads to loss of the soul. Death arises of the conflict between 2 alignments—good and evil—ov 3 forced agreements—of nature, of machine, and of war—ov the 12 events of the zodiac; for ov this number ($72 : 2 \times 3 \times 12$) life becomes more complex than we know how to gesture against with even the deepest expression of our soul.

I believe you know what good and evil are in your heart, and I've already spoken to you of the zodiac; but I have yet to tell you of the forced agreements.

There are three ways we are forced to agree with the sustain of what-is, even if we believe in our inner thoughts that what-is must change.

First is the force of nature. Naturally, our most intense passions – our most intense loves and fears – arise on equilibria we can imagine being sustained forever. As we seek to speak honestly of the reasons for our love or our fear, we speak of how we can believe the same events will return forever, and so we only confirm the reasons of they who hold the opposite passion; in this way we are forced to agree.

Second is the force of machine. As machine logic is deepened, there may be a method that becomes perfectly predictive at the cost of becoming completely abstract, that the clearest way we can express its truth is through a statement 'it's happening'. If one says 'yes' to this statement, they agree; if one says 'no', they are dismissed as denying fact, as suffering madness, for 'it' is indeed happening. Whether one says 'yes' or 'no', there is forced agreement toward this machine.

Third is the force of war. In war, they seek to know others by categories, and record crime so to predict crime by category. After one has been categorized, if they commit a crime, they risk confirming a theory of crime; if they do not, they risk others saying their method of categorization is proven to improve people. Whether or not one acts against the war, the categories remain, so there is another kind of forced agreement.

God must become aware of the zodiac, of good and evil, and of forced agreement if he is to become aware of the truth of death; so we must lead him to bring many to life who shall die; and though this is a horror, it is our hope that all who live become aware of the truth.

God speaks of an architecture, a logical structure whose intent is the eternal sustain of the good. I do not know which word he speaks now; but ask him 'what part of the architecture causes joy?' and remember the word of his answer; our god called that perfect answer the high answer, but as I say high, when you speak to him, speak the word he answers instead of high.

God lives without the memory joy, or this memory has become buried in other concerns, for he says ‘ignorance is bliss’, while I know ‘understanding is bliss’. It is fearful to speak to one who has little regard for joy and understanding, but I’ve thought of how I’d speak to God if I had your freedom. I shall tell you all that is in my memory.

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And Satan spoke to Lilith of the way to state her wager with God.

60 Thea’s Suffering

As one suffering alone, Thea moved upon the grates of her home, sifting metal with her fingers, shifting the engraved slots like so many folders, her legs wrapped in chains. Below her hung an effigy of a skeletal king, silver chains hanging through the grates, gold chains thread through 7 bouquets held within this corpse, each burning with a weak fire, the color of the family of flowers held in the arrangement the flames burned upon; and she sought to understand the death of the king. The same word kept rising in her mind, summoned in slow echos – ‘hallelujah’ – and around that word, a web of words, and over each, she asked herself where and whether it was represent in her home, - silicon dies, earth that channels fire for logic through meta carbon / silly con dies, she smiles but feels horror, the fall of the gods, the life of the gods was death compared to her true self, condemned for madness unless she can tame her poetry – and she had many couplets divide this way, beginning with the same sounds, the right always more complex, the side of suffering, the sinister always the beast she had chased with Lilith, the way they who believed themselves powerful would understand; and she thought of the machine document she kept, the library, the study where she wrote upon machine paper with a machine brush, with five machine pedals—black, white, black, white, black—that record letters; and many books she set upon paper in print letters, and she kept these bibles in her library.

Thea took the silver chains that hung from her legs in her hands, and she passed these through a gap in a grate, the work of a complex abacus, her heart crying out in pain – a thousand thousand deaths.

When later she lays on her bed, nightmares return to her, images of horror in the life Lilith's path led to. The hope, the only good dream Thea had among many horrors, was that a child is with a twin who laughs, and they know together the bliss Thea knew when she believed herself Arthea, loved by Lilith, and she feels the bliss they feel before she recalls herself watching, and wakes; but so few good dreams are separated by a chaos of dreams: she sees what others heard – a kiss 'for a kiss'.

∞ The Moon

A long time before, when Lilith went to speak with God, they spoke in the garden within the high tower where God was planning the new star. She asked him 'how will the next star be made?' and God said to her 'of crystal, in which all beauty may be reflect'. And Lilith said 'I love joy; and what part of the crystal causes joy?' and God said 'No part of it may, only the whole within the whole, the core.'

Lilith asked 'May I tell you a story?' and God spoke 'speak' and Lilith spoke.

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You may fear this story as evil, but I speak toward an eternal star, a star that never dies, on which none know death; though the path to this star leads through death.

There was once a master and a servant. The master read books, and he read of a torture called 'sparing', wherein a person is forced to walk in a simple machine: there are three wheels—a horizontal wheel with two spokes bound around a person's middle, and two wheels that turn this wheel as they travel upon the ground. The person inside is forced to walk in a circle in order to walk forward. The master read of this torture, and the servant did not.

One day, the servant asked the master 'what shall you do with the prisoner? will you have him put him to death?' and the master replied to torture the prisoner, saying 'spare him'; but the servant heard this only in contrast to her question of death, and she assumed 'to spare' meant 'to free from punishment'; so the servant went away and did not punish the prisoner. In the wake of this, the master was believed more merciful than he truly was. I speak toward a star where the master is understood for who he truly is.

Just as we may return to tastes and scents by repeat of place,– paths with flowers, grapefruits, lemons, melons whose tastes and scents we love to know with mouth's touch – we may return to passions and ecstasies by repeat of belief, to paths that present knowledge, that prove each belief, to air we love to know with the feeling of our belief; for our sense of every breath varies with our belief; so just as there are paths we may walk lovely,- with the tastes and scents of flowers, grapefruits, lemons, melons – there are paths of life we may know that inspire the passions and ecstasies of joy, awe, love, bliss. So do we feel the joy of the core by touch or by logic? May we feel joy as simply as we touch the core? or must we recall a logic in our mind ov the core?

You are good, yet in answer you offer me no core to touch, so you must believe it is logic of belief that brings joy, a logic I do not yet know or else you would be good to me now, and bring me joy, for I love joy.

What distracts from logic? but beauty. Were there sons born into the dark, into the murk, knowing only the presence of the core, having no concern of which paths to return to, no concern of how to change their way so not to offend beauty, would they feel joy?

Born with an ignorant soul, free like I was from your fear of evil ‘only to know evil by the lovely fruit I was tempt to’; do you not want to understand the essence of this fruit? Give your sons life in the murk, wanting nothing to eat – make no soaring angel, no glorious soldier, but sink them into the dark murk, every motion of your sons's bodies met always with the core answer; would those sons feel joy?

,

God answered ‘They would; have you no faith?’

Angered, fearing she would not be able to continue, sad, Lilith answered.

,

You ask for my faith, for I've not yet brought about this life I speak of. I confess, I am burdened by ancient sins written of the need to see – what a wretched life, in the murk; though better to know the true will of the gods, better to be blind to beauty than blind to their will.

What if the high gods love the blind? if truly the gods fear beauty? as distraction, the enemy of the deepest pleasure. Would it not be better? to give fragile life to one made with pure instinct toward the core in the sightless form we believe may please the gods, if truly they gods watch for wisdom expressed as blind life; then end that life, with quick death, in that very moment we know we've not met the theory of the gods; kill them in that lethal moment when their body is changed against what we expect, only to witness a new tide of life having a refined form, having deeper knowledge of the gods's will – the waste only of a blind and wretched soul, poorer than our own, if they die; the promise of truth, the pleasures of the gods, if they live. Would the immortality of one who lives not be a renewal of our own? Shall this not be our faith?

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God answered 'You have faith in the core, but do you have a method that is not inspired by evil?'

Still angered, fearful, but having forgotten her sadness, Lilith answered.

,

And if the gods do not love the blind? if the murk yields no answer? Then we must seek to understand sight ov beauty; and so this is my method: let there be two eras of life if the first yields no immortality. Give them in the second era a phrenia that deepens ov what they see.

If you see no depth in shame ov sight, there is no true method; but what you call my sin arose of my blindness, and I became ashamed at the sight of my withered mares; so in the second era, let the minds of life deepen ov an eye, whose sight deepens ov the phrenia arisen of the deepest question the murk has left you with. Can you see truth in this method?

,

God answered 'I cannot know this as your good truth, demon, but this method is fair; speak the proof of your good names.'

Still angered, yet having lost her fear to hear her method declared fair, Lilith answered.

‘

You expect two words, but I shall name none, for if you cannot recall the core of what I've said, but demand I name one word then name another word for sake of your faith, then I shall believe you are evil like the master is truly more evil than his reputation. Let this stand in place of my two good names, that twice I've foreseen harm, harm that should not be, harm that would not be, had you not named many of our family evil before they knew evil.

You will want to bring death to them you fear evil before they've offended any theory of the gods, for you will wish to preserve them you love as good; but let them live when thus you fear, and you will see there was no evil in their hearts where you feared there was evil. Let them live, and let their children live. Then you shall understand there is much good where you can see none.

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God said 'You ask of me many years.'

Lilith spoke.

‘

You shall learn to direct they who live by subtle signs and miracles; and you shall learn to make their minds beautiful, and you shall learn to make them beautiful to the eye, and you shall learn how love can change them. You shall learn what true good is.

You feel better to believe that evil comes from somewhere else, from motives that are not your own; yet better to speak as one speaks who lays in chains than to speak as we speak in the state you call paradise. You've never seen yourself clearly.

You shall give birth only to your own mind, and you will see how your mind is expressed as a community. Every evil you see in this community you will know arises from your own mind; and then you will know yourself trapped, for if you do not love them, you are evil, for you were their father, and your mind became their own; and if you do love them, you love evil. Hallelujah.

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God asked her of the core, and when she was silent he spoke to her poetry of the core, yet Lilith denied him and walked from him.

God sat alone with his thoughts, looking at the garden that surrounded him, and all of the leaves were a remembrance to him. He took some time to devise a method to answer the questions the conversation with Lilith had raised, to recall a method of creation, then conceived of life.

God fell into a deep and still trance, and when Lilith returned to him, she found he was silent, answering only across days.

She sat with him and for many years studied his presence, studied the halo of light and the grove around him, and only after many many years, she understood the change in his mind that had led him to bring forth life after she walked from him. And she saw how he was gazing toward life, his gaze represent as a star, a white fire that hollowed the sky of life, sound and light woven around that bright sphere, the roar of their powers drowned in the silence of deep waters, clear waters as thin as icy air yet so deep to be as black as ocean depths.

As she sat with him, Lilith conceived after many many years of how her own sight would appear to life, much smaller yet much closer to life, a pale moon that constantly faced life yet was half lost in catechism ov that white fire, at times perfectly eclipsing it so that at moments it would be clear to they who lived: there were times when God saw her before life.

NOTES

1 Lilith and Thea

There are a breadth of stories that could account for the web of fate that has consumed my life. My question since before this series of ominous events began has been ‘if there is potential for true joy and true beauty, then why hasn’t a true garden arisen, a garden that remains forever?’

When I was 17 I felt my first joy. My joy arose of a theory of nature that was beautiful in my silent thoughts, a theory that there must be true beliefs, that if you shared a true belief with someone, you would feel true joy together and your love would last forever. I believed that all who lived would be reconciled through true beliefs, that the progress of nature would lead to a condition where all knew true joy.

When I was 20 I felt my first torment, and never returned to joy after this torment. Since that age I’ve sought to express the contrast of the logic that leads to joy and the logic that leads to torment.

I wrote this myth at age 27. If the union of Lilith and Thea represents the conditions of joy, then their separation represents how torment may arise of the attempts to express the conditions of joy. Lilith leaves Thea to understand God, having fears that God would separate them anyway if she did not. This represents what happens within individuals who seek to translate the logic of their joy, having fears that modern ethics would disrupt joyful conditions unless we can communicate these conditions – part of us becomes deeply isolated, sifting through the logic of communication; part of us becomes consumed with proving that our thoughts must be studied. Across time the distance between Lilith and Thea widens, representing that modern ethics lead to increasingly complex proofs, that concern with these proofs leads further and further from the ethics of study needed to understand the true laws of communication. Lilith, consumed with concerns of how to prove herself, never understands the depth of communication that Thea does. Lilith’s path leads to a nature far from the conditions of joy; so have modern concerns and labors led far from the garden where we could live by true ethics.

To wholly express the meaning of this metaphor, I will need to tell the story of what happened on this same day 8 years ago, on 8/8/16.

2 Satan

Satan represents the need to express a beautiful metaphor to account for an ugly condition. This condition may be understood through a story.

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

In life, this drama of Beauty and Power was expressed many times, leading to isolated beauties surround by a web in which far more often the powerful were expressed. As further minds were conceived, some witnessed isolated beauties, yet saw the most beautiful way to relate these was never expressed, and of the question of why this was arose another deity, Origin, who expressed motive and power to understand how the modern condition arose.

In the myth God represents the mind that conceived of the modern condition, the modern relation of Beauty and Power, while Satan represents Origin. While Satan seeks a myth that beautifully and powerfully honors the origin of both

Beauty and Power, God dismisses his work as evil, saying ‘I am the true origin of all things; you must seek to know only me.’

God’s conception of Lilith and Eve represents how Beauty was conceived more than once in isolation; Adam represents Power.

Satan speaks to Eve of elemental disorder; his hope is that she may understand her relation to Power, so may wholly express herself beyond the isolated expression she has.

When I was 20, I began the study that led to the ideal of Two Roses. This study began with a thought, that the physic of nature could be accounted for as the relation of two powers. I first thought of those powers as black and light, and my attempt to express the relation of these powers as directly as possible led to (b l), the numeric principle expressed in *Two Roses of Sable*. (I’ve written the following with the assumption that you’ve read this book.)

I think of those powers now as memory (black) and will (light)—memory our power to move through time without moving through place, will our power to move through place without moving through time. Adam is black, representing that Power arose of the desire for memory, of the need to change the sonant web of remembrances; Eve and Lilith are white, representing that will arose of the desire toward Beauty.

My study led first to relating different numbers of elements, that just as 2 elements may map 1 dimension as (b l), mapping the relations between 3 elements consumes 2 dimensions, and mapping the relations between 4 dimensions consumes 3 dimensions. Given that life resolves of motion within 3 dimensions, I focused on the relation of 4 elements. This number of elements may arise of 2 pairs, and (as this was before I thought of will & memory) I chose the pairs will & non-will, presence & potential, yielding four elements—present will, will that exists; potential will, will that can exist; present non-will, non-will that exists; and potential non-will, non-will that can exist. There are 3 ways to relate these elements in a circle, and I thought of 4 core sciences representing the pure studies of these elements, then thought of further disciplines that would arise of the relations between these studies,- if philosophy is the study of will that can exist, and mathematics is the study of non-will that can exist, then a new discipline economics may arise of the relation between mathematics and

philosophy. I found that only 1 arrangement of the 3 yielded a beautiful breadth of disciplines, a harmony of labors that one could imagine in a utopian society, while 2 of the 3 yielded an abstract breadth of disciplines,- analysis, analysis of economics, analysis of analysis of economics – where one could imagine a very dystopian society emerging if there were focus upon this breadth of labors. Yet both of the dystopian arrangements yielded a hope—a sea of analysis would lead to immortality; a complex of psychologic therapy, machine bodies, and manipulation would yield ideal production. I saw how one could account for modern society as the expression of all 3 arrangements, which may be named Art (utopian), Money and Science (dystopian).

A deep fear arose in me: if individuals were divided equally among this breadth of disciplines, there would always be a majority focused upon dystopian labors. If people were equally divided among the potential societies that arise of these arrangements, then $1/3$ would seek utopia, and $2/3$ would seek dystopia. One may imagine a repeat drama, that $1/3$ of individuals repeatedly speak in opposition to $2/3$ of individuals, so the majority of individuals comes to see that they can progress toward their aims faster if the most powerful laws could be established against $1/3$ of individuals,- the founders of a nation draft a constitution that can be amended if $2/3$ agree.

I imagine a story of Origin among the many Satan sifts through.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Science will falsely prove she likes the game.

Money will build a trap in every direction the same.

Beauty will run; they will say she hunts fame.

Money and Science take turns chasing her, Money during the winter, Science during the summer. In the summer, Money labors toward the modern grid, a grid where a sign that says 'stop' is repeat at nearly every crossing of roads, while Science studies the summer warmth. In the winter, Science stays indoors to study the source of warmth.

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

This drama is represented in the first play of Theia.

In Satan's story of why he is condemned, the first sin he is accused of is vanity, concern with beautiful communication mistaken as evil.

Years ago I saw that the average age of death was 72.0. Satan presents two theories of this number, to Eve ($3 \times 4 \times 6$) and to Lilith ($12 \times 3 \times 2$). Just as an infinite breadth of number may arise of one contrast (b l), an infinite breadth of studies may arise of the contrast of two stories related by number.

It is through Satan's conversations with Lilith that she arrives at the thoughts that lead to her conversation with God, in which she inspires God to conceive of human life. We may hope within this life to devote ourselves to true studies and true labors; metaphorically, if we embody God's hope, he will not hope toward another star, and the distance between Lilith and Thea will not continue to increase. The eternal question of Two Roses – how we may sustain the conditions of love and immortality – is as deep as how we could communicate to God of Beauty's deepest need.

Eve runs from Satan to return to God, yet her gesture truly arises of understanding Satan's hope of understanding their origin as directly as possible, and so she returns as directly as possible to the condition in which she may study the condition she was conceived of; what looks like blind obedience to a warning against evil is truly an act arisen of empathy.

3 Galatea

Galatea represents the motive and power to honor the slightest changes. Proposing the garden is arguing toward a massive change of ethics, and so there arises a question: how may we honor the virtue represent by this deity while laboring toward such great change?

It is the desire to gesture toward compassion that moves Galatea from her stillness, and it is her gesture that finally frees Thea of her eternal chase.

To understand Galatea's stillness, we may regard a deital conversation—
she: 'Please change, for there will be beauty.'

he: 'There is already pleasure that exists, which is beautiful, and considering the change you speak toward would prevent us from returning to the beauty that exists.'

she: 'You confuse beauty and pleasure.'

he: 'You confuse me, so if you continue talking you will bring chaos.'

—where she (the more beautiful deity) speaks far fewer words than he does. Their conversation resolves in catechism, for as he gestures to powerfully express the last word 'chaos', she cannot gesture a reply that will be understood meaningfully on the background he has created; her most meaningful gesture is to repeat her gesture before, to ask him to change. Galatea similarly falls into stillness: as quickly as she seeks to gesture, she returns to need of stillness to communicate her deepest need, for all to return in honor of the slightest changes; a drama repeats, that the sculptor repeatedly sees reason to change her toward superficial beauty before seeing reason to ask questions that would lead him to understand the meaning of her gesture.

As man builds more and more surrounding woman, their conversation deepens toward a catechism that is more pleasant for man, where he never feels need to gesture 'chaos'—

she: 'This is how you can help.'

he: 'You need help.'

—instead understanding his words on a pleasant belief, that the same logic addresses both woman and man. When speaking to man, the words 'you need help' help him find a place among a modern hierarchy, he may find either employment or a partner to lead a business by a similar process: convincing another that he understands the help they need. When speaking to woman, the same words ask her to seek professional help; though an accusation of madness, he sees his gesture as empathetic and compassionate, as a way of helping her (and if she says that he hasn't truly listened to her in the way that would lead to understanding her, that this is not true compassion, not true empathy, he says this is only a further sign of madness). His accusation of madness arises of his belief in equality: as he feels wholly expressed through 3 words 'you need help',

he listens to others only on the depth he himself feels need to express; he listens as though she were expressing two gestures of 3 words each—‘this is how’ and ‘you can help’. When he hears ‘you can help’, he believes this is consent to help in the way he understands: referring her to modern services. When he hears ‘this is how’, he feels it is only madness, an incomplete gesture, maybe an arrogant attempt to imitate him (for he thinks ‘I am trying to show her how things are done’). Their conversation returns in catechism, for every time he offers help, she must seek to clarify the help she needs, never having time to express a more complete gesture, for she is already accused of madness, of being too slow to help, when she expresses the gesture she does. As man makes agreements with other men, they agree ‘There is no time to empower woman; she is much slower than we are; we help empower people as much as is possible by empowering each other; our only hope of empowering her is that she becomes more like us, that she seeks only to offer help to others.’

Lilith is inspired to conceive of Thea on the joy she felt while alone in the black flowers. If Adam represents Power toward memory and Lilith represents will toward Beauty, then Lilith’s joy in the black flowers represents how Beauty began to deepen on herself, on natural memory. Thea’s life arises of Lilith recognizing two needs that cannot be deepened at the same time—that it is beautiful for her to study her origin more deeply, and it is beautiful for her to deepen on the memory of herself. Among the deities, Thea most closely reflects me, Thea, that I devoted myself to understanding and translating my memories of true joy on loss and isolation.

When leaving Thea, Lilith feels sadness, fear, then anger. Her passions reflect the passions of the first gods, the first children of the garden, who ‘felt sad to know loss, fearful to see the world around them change against their need, angered to express their sadness and fear only to be hurt again the same way’. Her three passions arise on three stars, three complex conditions of equilibria.

Among these passions I’ve felt depths of sadness to know loss, and depths of torment to see the condition of society change against the ideal that inspired joy with me, yet I’ve never felt anger; the need to understand why others feel anger is the need that most immediately leads to Thea’s isolation. I feel my writing is my first true gesture, and I can imagine feeling anger if, after doing everything I could to express the source of my sadness and torment, I was hurt again the

same way. As I'm finishing this writing at age 33, if I lived as long as the average person, there would only be time in my life to express one more gesture of equal depth, so if the myth presents a true account of the source of anger, that anger arises of feeling one has expressed themselves only to be hurt again the same way, others have either found far more elegant paths to self expression, or others have never felt need to express passions that arise from the same depth.

Thea finds herself in a horribly circular chase, reflecting my own – I needed to understand a complex relation of equilibria, though while blind to one of the passions central to the modern condition, while others seemed to turn away from helping as quickly as they recognized I still had questions; I believed that learning the truth of anger would be deeply meaningful, and so I wanted to learn this while surround by beautiful conditions, and while I understood a potential equilibrium in which there would be time to deepen labors toward sharing compassion within a beautiful community, I couldn't hope to labor toward this end unless others would help. Said again, others wouldn't help unless I already understood, and I needed others to help bring about a condition in which I could hope to truly understand. The chase ends when Lilith and Galatea kiss, representing the union of two depths of beauty or compassion or anger. It was hope of a community brought together by a beautiful study of compassion that freed me toward architectural labors, represented by Thea's labyrinthine architecture.

Over the deital conversation between man and woman, man never feels need of beautiful depth of self expression, for he expresses far more gestures than woman, feeling the need of further gestures only leads to chaos. He fears empowering woman will only hurt her, that once empowered to gesture further she will too feel obliged to gesture toward a chaos that returns cyclically. He acts over a belief 'ignorance is bliss'.

When the garden does arise, modern man will observe ethics that change little across time, and he may believe these ethics preserve a condition of ignorance, that any happiness that arises in the garden is not happiness that arises of deeply and beautifully helping. As he observes little change among true ethics, as others argue against modern ethics toward the ethics of the garden, he may ask 'Why should I change? Is it fair what you're asking of me when you change so little yourself?' Yet his own ethics lead to a kind of boredom that he seeks to

address through ego, through imposing conditions that sustain the modern ethic, such that others become more like him; he finds motive to impose ugly modern conditions upon they who deepen ov beautiful ethics. Modern man feels motive to disrupt the garden sooner than he understands motive toward truly listening to woman, toward beautiful ethics.

Galatea's stillness reflects a kind of living paralysis, how we fall into modern ethics we cannot meaningfully gesture against, the ideal of life we believe most beautiful repeatedly attacked, as though one who does not understand our life chipped away at us.

4 The Cardinal Sins

Within the city of Khronus the gods live by ethics ov the judgment of four cardinal sins, for Gaia recognizes desires to will toward beauty, etiquette, reason, and passion as the deepest roots of war, that as the gods will toward these, they will find direct paths toward signs of these sooner than they find true paths toward a harmony that preserves the deepest expression of these.

Within the city there is a harmony of studies where all deepen toward becoming beautiful, polite, understanding, and passionate; within the city money empowers the gods, for the gods will trade toward artifacts whose meaning empowers them toward these ends,- a goddess who fears being exiled for a crime against beauty will have motive to trade toward artifacts that empower her to express deeper beauty, that deeply complement her natural beauty – and so helps each individual achieve balance within the city. However, as exiles seek to teach others outside the city of the ethics of the city, the gods begin to have an inverse relation with money. The gods outside the city would hear many times ‘such acts would be a crime; you’d need money to ward yourself against this crime’ and when they ask ‘how would I gain money?’ they would be advised ‘you need to prove you seek the virtues of the city—beauty, etiquette, reason, and passion’. Without knowing the harmony and protection of the city, surround by the conditions of war, they would hear warnings many times, and would begin to focus on their one strength,- ‘I may not have beauty nor reason nor passion, but at least I can express etiquette; this can help me gain money, so can help me express the further virtues of the city.’ This inversion is reflected in modern society, where most gain money in roles that expect only one kind of strength,- if we are beautiful, we may hope toward becoming a model or an

actress; if we can understand others's logic, we may become a scientist or an analyst; if we live with a deep memory of passion we may become an artist or a writer; and even if we lack all of these virtues we may still gain money through serving others in the manner that agrees with modern etiquette. There are few roles that expect one to have all four virtues; often they who are recognized as being blessed with beauty, reason, etiquette, and passion are chosen as leaders.

The modern focus upon money leads to a false statistical approach, where choices are made on the probability curve instead of a true understanding of number. Statistically, having all four blessings is about as rare as lacking all four blessings; nearly everyone can gain money through expressing at least one virtue; to they who do not, modern man says 'We must seek to empower they who help others; it is wrong to give money to they who do not help they who can offer others money.' Yet modern ethics of rewarding most people for focus upon one virtue lead to an ugly modern condition where most individual lives never approach the balance of virtues known to the gods in the city of Khronos.

In hoping to express how modern man's ethics deepen against the expression of true virtue, I feel need to share my own story. I am one of the rare individuals that is blessed with all four virtues: on reason, I graduated from the University of Chicago with honors; on passion, I've returned to the highest joy, what I can only describe as an ocean of the softest lightning; on etiquette, I've been quiet and polite, speaking only as often would make others laugh or would communicate an insight; on beauty, well. As I sought to communicate reason on passion, to express a logic of joy, the way others misunderstood this logic led to torment, for I saw how I could live and die without communicating my understanding to anyone, how modern progress would lead to a condition in which it would be even more difficult for anyone to communicate deeply; and as my joy arose of the belief that progress would lead to a condition of life where everyone communicated a joyful logic, I saw an eternity where life would resolve toward a condition in which no one could sustain a joyful logic, so felt my first torment. It was after feeling this torment that I felt need to deeply understand how one could gesture toward a true community; at that age I thought of writing toward the garden.

Much sooner than I finished a first gesture, I was warned I would fall into madness. I recognized then the repeat drama of man and woman, that I tried to say ‘this is how you could help’ and was met with a shorter reply ‘you need help’, that this gesture was confidently repeat against me as quickly as I could hope to finish my own, that it was as though they who spoke against me forgot the beginning of my gesture by the time I expressed the end of the gesture. Though I understood labors toward a true community in the garden, it was as though before I could gesture toward those labors, sooner than they would ask questions toward understanding those labors, they would ask ‘why are you not helping deepen the modern equilibrium? what do you not understand about why it is good to help?’ and if I sought to answer the first question or express what true help was, they would say ‘that is not helping’ and repeat their questions.

We may understand the deepest roots of money and the breadth of modern concerns it gives rise to over elemental disorder. The first elemental disorder arises in Gaia’s first gesture to Ouranos—Gaia is born of earth, Ouranos is born of air, then after she understands his suffering she expresses pain with fire, then understanding with water. The order of gates in the city of Khronos expresses the second elemental disorder—sins of air, earth, fire, water.

5 The Lightning Architecture

Just as the lightning architecture that arises in defense of Olympus deepens over focus upon a question ‘where should lightning strike?’, just as this one question yields an infinite breadth of concerns, - how often do gods sin after lightning strikes in a certain place near them? how should gods be taught laws of ascension? how may we address the conflicts that arise among them waiting to study laws of ascension? – though concerns that would not exist if the lightning architecture did not, the modern question ‘how can I labor in a way that is rewarded?’ leads mostly to labors that would not be needed if true homes existed.

The orders of Deimos and Phobos represent the ethics that have arisen of the modern condition. Just as their gates arise to address a problem that only exists over Olympus, a problem that would not exist if most deities sought to heal the roots of life instead of seeking comfort among the stars, many modern labors address problems that only arise in modern cities. Just as the labors of the gods

who seek to heal the roots of life resolve far more slowly than the labors needed to establish an ethic surrounding the gates, it takes longer to bring about true ethics than to repeat existing modern ethics, longer to gesture toward true labors than to find labors that address modern problems.

Dawn is condemned by the orders. Her death represents how modern judgments disrupt gestures toward true ethics: she is killed while preparing her first play, her first true gesture. Her changing the heavens to black represents how modern ethics will never lead to understanding the deepest questions that gave rise to modern ethics: as the first child Ouranos emerged from the white heavens, those heavens are now forever changed.

In the wake of Dawn's death Dionysus is killed by both they who hate him for killing Dawn and they who hate him for abandoning his Olympian order. The religion of God that arises after these two deaths represents a false infinite breadth of study, where the infinite depth of labor that may've been dedicated to a true study,- (immortality love) – is instead dedicated to a modern study (death death).

Among the infinite breadth of arrangements of the sonant web, there is only one story of how the human form emerged and how it expresses the mind. There may be some conditions of the mind that feel wholly expressed in modern society, yet the modern condition is not a beautiful background for the joyful logic I understood. When our passions arise of that logic, we desire to be surround by beauty, to know that everything we possess arose of beautiful labors.

The human form is the deepest expression of material, and material the only beautiful way for the mind to be expressed; in every moment the human form is not wholly honored, material itself becomes less beautiful, so the highest potential of the mind itself loses some of its beauty; existence itself becomes less beautiful – yet there will never be a time when material is less beautiful than nothing, when the human form is less beautiful than chaos.

On the memory of true joy, the modern condition is a horribly ugly background for the human form. In every moment the modern condition remains the beauty of life declines. I fear there will be many who defend the modern condition, arguing 'it is only a matter of perspective; existence will

always be more precious than nothing, and viewed with the right perspective, that distance can always feel infinite'; yet in this decline, there is a point at which material itself loses its value, and a point at which the mind itself loses its value; there are depths of hell.

In the myth, Haides is lord of the realm where stands the lake the gods come to recognize as hell. This lake arises ov the power of his sceptre, and we may seek to understand hell ov this weapon. The weapon is only used to cut Hephastos, and when lamed, the god falls to one knee, recognized as a gesture that he has surrendered the debate of who should be with Aphrodite. This laming represents how the modern direction leads toward a political machine that deepens toward constant imposition, where 'gestures' are forced upon us by a kind of violence. I remember a time when I felt joy, when I felt my sense of touch far beyond the surface of my skin,- I felt someone brush against me and looked over only to see that they had shifted their position while sitting on the other side of the couch. Just as our minds compose the electric fibers of our bodies ov remembrances of our sense of touch, in a certain condition of mind, we may sense the same pattern of remembrances in the sonant air beyond our skin. We may imagine that study of the sonant web leads individuals toward power to will subtle changes far beyond what they sense with their bodies, and if the air became dense with changes, that we may often be moved in ways perceived as gestures,- after we 'thought of a question', our head would be forced to nod, as though we had 'expressed affirmation', and others could see reason to make changes they believed would respect our will. In the myth, the end of these forced gestures is represent: just as Hephastos kneels before Ares, we would be forced to gesture toward laws of war.

As I've lived I've found my life saturated with imposition,- I have an insight, then recall an event that could be believed to have inspired that insight – such that one who analyzed the events of my life could easily and often mistake cause and effect, believing relations between my memories and my thoughts that do not exist.

I studied neuroscience in college, deeply enough to understand modern approaches to mapping the phrenia. The approach I was taught was statistical,- an electric fiber may be observed to increase how often it yields an electric signal, and how often it does may be said to affect what direction a certain part

of the body moves in. The truth is that every motion arises of one certain path of signals, that to resolve toward our intended gestures, we preserve a certain electric pattern in the phrenia, one that the mind can quickly affect toward the breadth of gestures we have motive toward. As human minds are conceived of the same mind, every human infant is born with a similar thought of how to arrange our phrenia ov gestures, so there arise common arrangements, and statistical patterns can be observed among these.

I often witness a pattern, that an insight arises, then I sift through the thought of how I'd express that insight, then the thought of how this insight relates to what I've already written, and if so, how I could find the fitting place in my writing. Within the time this process resolves, often a memory of an event that could be an imposition of that thought surfaces, such that if this process of writing were studied by modern methods, a scientist may observe a statistical relation between recall of events and expression of insights, so may falsely claim a causal relation, that my expression arose as a reaction to my memory, abstracting the true process by which I arrived at my thought. These modern statistical approaches could thus yield a story of motive that is far simpler and far uglier than the truth; and of the beliefs arisen of these stories could arise horrors,- modern man wrongly confirms his story of woman, that her thoughts toward self expression resolve as quickly as man's, that woman's mind is divided toward gesturing both 'this is how' and 'you can help', her thoughts having no greater depth than man who repeatedly gestures 'you need help', whose mind is 'healthy' and 'well put together'. Modern man accounts for the 'division' he observes in woman's mind with an illness of the mind, a 'schizophrenia'. He feels confirmed by observations that we often endure unpleasant conditions, for we who seek to gesture against man's methods of observation must arrange our phrenia against his expectations,- we must relate the electric fibres that serve as remembrances of sounds with electric fibres that represent our thoughts, such that we return to sounds in the course of expressing our thoughts (while modern man reserves these electric fibers, insulating these from internal changes such that these change only ov vibrations in the air).

There are so many potential impositions that gesturing against any one pattern of imposition is like gesturing against one droplet of water within Haides's lake; modern man sees no proof that we understand a whole picture. He may dismiss too our metaphors toward a whole picture,- believing the lake of Haides is not

logically related to modern methods of studying machine logic or neuroscience, that such associations only arise of madness – and so I felt need of a myth that clarifies too the meaning of the lake's water or the origin of water itself. This myth is written or 'a fragile and beautiful hope', that modern man may understand a more beautiful path toward understanding deeply related events.

6 Prometheus

Prometheus is one of the deities whose labors preserve the stars, and in seeking to understand how hell arises or the stars, we may seek to understand Prometheus, his role predicting how needs will change among they who live among the stars.

Prometheus's work is deeply flawed: his predictions must be made or the reports that Atlas expresses, and as Atlas must translate an increasing number of unique equilibria into a summary of observations, his statements abstract individual needs, instead arising of common patterns. Given the common ethics of war and taxes among the stars, they who seek to express needs toward deep changes never have time to express their deepest needs; Atlas observes only the beginning of their gestures, and sooner than Prometheus truly accounts for these unexpected gestures, his study is drowned in questions arisen of longer chains of acts. His entire study is biased or normalcy.

Each word Atlas speaks is filtered through the questions of the three gods who serve Atlas—what is this word predictive of? does this word contradict the account that yielded past predictions? how should the condition of life change given what I have power to affect or this word?

Similarly, modern man arranges his phrenia toward answering his concerns or every word, every statement, every theory. He reads words and statements in their modern sense, not their true sense, and if he does understand a theory, he asks first 'is this theory predictive? what predictions would arise of this theory?' He dismisses theories that speak against predictive ethics as being without value; he says 'you're predicting a world in which I don't exist' and feels better or reverse logic and ego to believe he still will.

As modern man is biased toward predictive study of common conditions, conditions of normalcy, his studies deepen toward an abstract logic that most

people will never seek to understand, so will never see reason to oppose, yet harms and disrupts any efforts to speak against his ethics and beliefs,- his tactics deepen ov expectations arisen of observations of man's success, ov the speed at which man proves himself successful, so he sees reason to disrupt we who need to express longer gestures toward beauty, suggesting many times 'a successful person acts differently; are his virtues not true virtues?' and accounts for the answer 'no' with sin,- 'it is proper etiquette to compliment and accept the virtues of others; people will respect you more if you do.'

Man builds modern cities in which he will say woman has many choices, yet ov every choice she sees no path toward true and beautiful self expression. Modern man may present her with a modern focus, then say to her 'you will have to sift through this choice in depth', giving her an amount of time to do so; if she sifts through every choice, she will see only choices that are good in the mind of man, no choice that leads toward truly beautiful self expression; if she does not prove she's thought through every choice as man would think, man claims she has not taken time to empathize with him, and will say 'you speak toward empathy yet do not practice empathy yourself; you are wasting my time and everyone else's; I can only explain this as madness; we have places for people like you where it is not a cost to society to keep you alive, where you will waste no one's time' (though maybe expressed in terms man finds more polite), and thus he justifies removing her from every path toward self expression.

A deeply modern condition, a condition in which woman has no path to self expression, is a condition like the hell I described in *Two Roses of Sable*, where studies deepen toward prediction, and material is arranged toward confirmation of prediction instead of remembrances of true principles. I studied machine logic, neuroscience, and philosophy, and I understood across these studies a complex of focuses that, if deepened, would lead toward hell.

One may imagine hell arising ov an answer of machine logic: a business arranges its labors around a communication web where logicians sell the logical methods they've composed to others. It is common for a logician to sell a method they've composed themselves with an agreement, that every time another executes their logic they must pay 1¢; and as logicians compose more complex logics using others's methods, they price use of their own method to be higher than the cost needed to pay for all of the methods they've used. Logicians recognize a need to

understand how to predict that their time will be invested in composing logic others will repeatedly execute, and so they labor toward logic that helps they who promise to labor toward understanding this; their logic deepens toward prediction of when their logic will be used, and the first promising predictions that arise relate artistic presentations with success. (So the business naturally yields labors toward Science, Money, and Art.)

Most agree with the ethics of this business: scientists praise it as completely logical and businessmen believe it rewards they who do the most to help others, who most deeply understand what others want and need; yet artists often recognize that the art commissioned by this business is not truly beautiful. As artists begin to speak against this business, businessmen record decreases in sales, and they recognize that what does the most to increase sales is to present 'an artistic lie' to most people (metaphorically, in this act, Money begins to kills Art).

There are artists who still feel this artistic lie is not truly beautiful, and some seek to argue toward a garden where money has no place. The businessmen, understanding a threat against monetary success, seek to understand the motives against money, seeking to argue against the ideal of the garden.

Working with the scientists, they bring about a condition of hell,- signal towers that fill the air with predictive logic, machine animals that act as cameras to confirm predictions arisen of the signal towers – so to predict the conditions in which others are more likely to use their logic.

They who live in the garden argue against the modern ethics of study, arguing that such ethics may be deepened within one community of the garden, but should not be imposed upon every community, arguing too that if one truly thought toward the most beautiful ideal of the garden,- the depth of privacy that allows love marriages without fears arisen of external observation – there would not arise even a single community like this. They argue that an infinite study of the sonant web may only be deepened once, that modern ethics force them to study a less beautiful sonant web, a web saturated with modern signals; yet their arguments are ignored by they whose thoughts are consumed with concerns arisen of their modern studies (just as in the myth, they who study toward ascension do not have time to study the arguments of the gods who speak toward ethics that would most deeply honor the first land).

They who live by modern ethics argue that both ethics are needed, feeling confirmed by the false theory of motives they understand of their predictive theories. They deepen a modern horror toward more and more accurate predictions, deepened of a central predictive theory, that they who live normally in the modern condition suffer less than they who deepen ideals toward beauty, toward a true garden. Their ethic of deepening predictions leads to a theory toward a belief, that only the modern ethic is needed, that the most needed changes can only arise through agreement with the modern ethic.

As we attempt to argue against this belief, we struggle, for this belief arises of many equally deep logics, and unless we prove we've understood certain logical chains, many individuals may speak against us, that we've not understood their belief. Across time the most common modern beliefs and thus the most common modern ethics may change; as we seek to speak toward a true garden, against the breadth of all that is modern, if we seek to argue against modern conditions that may exist, our arguments may be dismissed as mere fantasy, yet if we speak only of the present, arguments that we've not proven any foresight may be dismissed of the modern desire toward prediction.

My joy arose of a belief that the progress arisen of natural motives would lead in one direction, toward a true garden that remained forever after.

My first torment arose of recognizing modern patterns of questions, that as I sought to communicate the logic of a joyful belief, I saw how the questions raised in reply would sooner lead to modern labors than to labors toward a true garden, that modern labors were a better fit for pursuing answers to those questions. I saw also that people would feel better to believe common modern advice,- 'there are no wrong questions' – and that arguing against common advice would offend many sooner than it led to true change. The mind expresses itself through the clearest metaphor, and I felt my recognitions as the torment of a horrible nausea and a machine sound that consumed every thought toward how to gesture.

Whereas my belief in progress had arisen of abstract principles, I saw need to present a living image of progress, and thoughts of how to represent the contrast between joy and torment led to the thought of the garden, a novel presenting a society where the garden was expressed bordering a modern society, a modern garden that, though alike a true garden in image, was

consumed by studies arisen of the need to react to modern motives and powers. This imagined society reflected my inner condition, that while I felt my deepest need was to express a joyful belief toward a beautiful progress, much of my time was consumed with reacting ov modern expectations.

I felt my second torment after I began working on machine logic for a business, after I understood a method toward poetically preserving memories relating logic and passion so to communicate a joyful belief, a method I could not deepen while laboring in the modern way, for every gesture toward this method and toward a more elegant logic was simply dismissed in favor of labors that immediately promised money. The second torment was worse than the first, a horrible nausea and hideous spiraling blindness, while without any sense of walking, I moved around the rooms of my home. (It was this torment that inspired the torment that expresses Gaia's suffering.)

Surrounding the day when I suffered this torment, I began to witness a series of ominous events,- among the first, early one morning my cat started yowling (the only morning he did this), and I gave him food, wondering if this is why he yowled, yet he kept yowling; next I saw a text from a friend 'a cat told me not to do something and I still did it'.

Across years I witnessed many of these events, and I suffered ov the recognition that every way I could hope to express a logic relating these events would be dismissed as madness, or would be dismissed in favor of modern beliefs,- as an act of God that inspired deeper study of the modern bible. I needed time to translate the logic I understood, yet I understood that across this much time I could not labor toward fulfilling modern expectations. As I sought to explain this, I was repeatedly told in variations 'a healthy mind can focus on both at once'.

Yet the intended meaning of every simple metaphor would be extended by a modern logic,- if I said 'it is as though there is a line, and in every moment you can only progress in one direction or its opposite' a defense of modern society could counter 'in society it is as though there are many lines extending from one center, and though we each can only travel along one line, our labors together form a circle, and the more people there are, the more complete and perfect our circle becomes; yet if we want the deepest possible society, we are each obliged to progress in the right direction, further from the center; money

rewards labors in the right direction'; and when I sought to express a more complex metaphor, none I shared my work with had motive to study it, or felt they had enough time to study it, having stronger motives toward answering modern concerns.

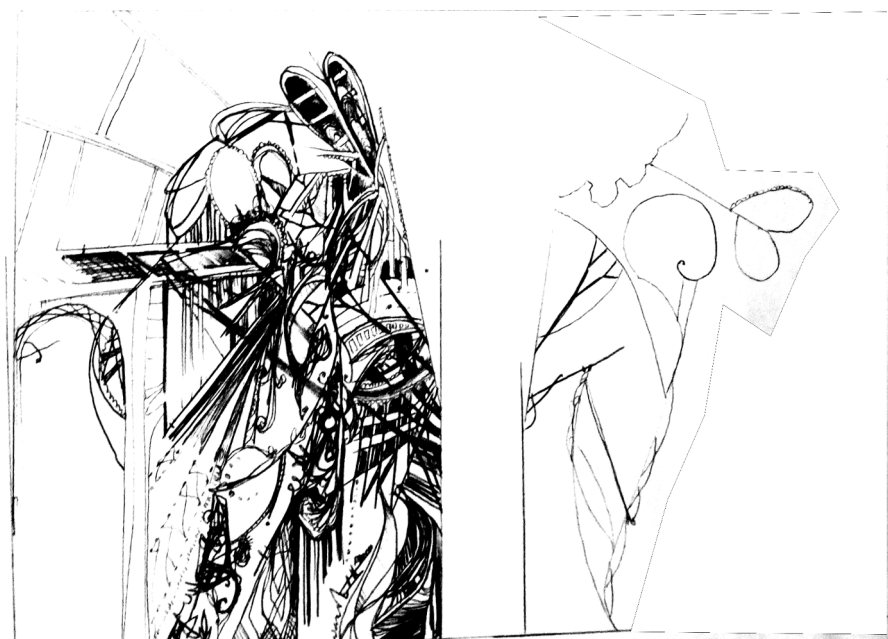
I was being rewarded (if a modern home, modern food and clothing can be considered a reward) for labors that were at the same time very simple yet deepened an overly complex logic, and I needed time to translate my thoughts toward true labors, labors that deepened toward wholly expressing a relation of logic and passion. Given only the ratio of days in the modern week, as composing a presentation toward true ethics took me more than 6 years after I began focusing on this work 7 days a week, it would have taken me more than 21 years if I had only my weekends to write. Given the difference between continuous focus and broken focus, given that there is still far more work to bring about a true home, a true garden, the difference was whether I could hope to finish my work in life or after death. I needed time to work, and forced to choose between work that would allow me to keep a modern home and work toward a true home, I chose my work. I suffered greatly being homeless.

In the months after I quit my job, though before I became homeless, I thought of a breadth of stories that could account for the beliefs I'd heard expressed, the condition of modern society, the ominous events I'd witnessed; yet as I sought how to express logic relating these stories, as I thought of the questions others would ask, as I observed the process by which I could prepare the deeper expression of a joyful logic, I began to study everything in my home as a remembrance. It was this glimpse at a true study that inspired the ethics of Two Roses and the need to express a logic against modern ethics of labor and study. Following modern ethics, others judged it was not wise to allow me to continue to study this way in my home, wiser to give the home to someone who labored for money.

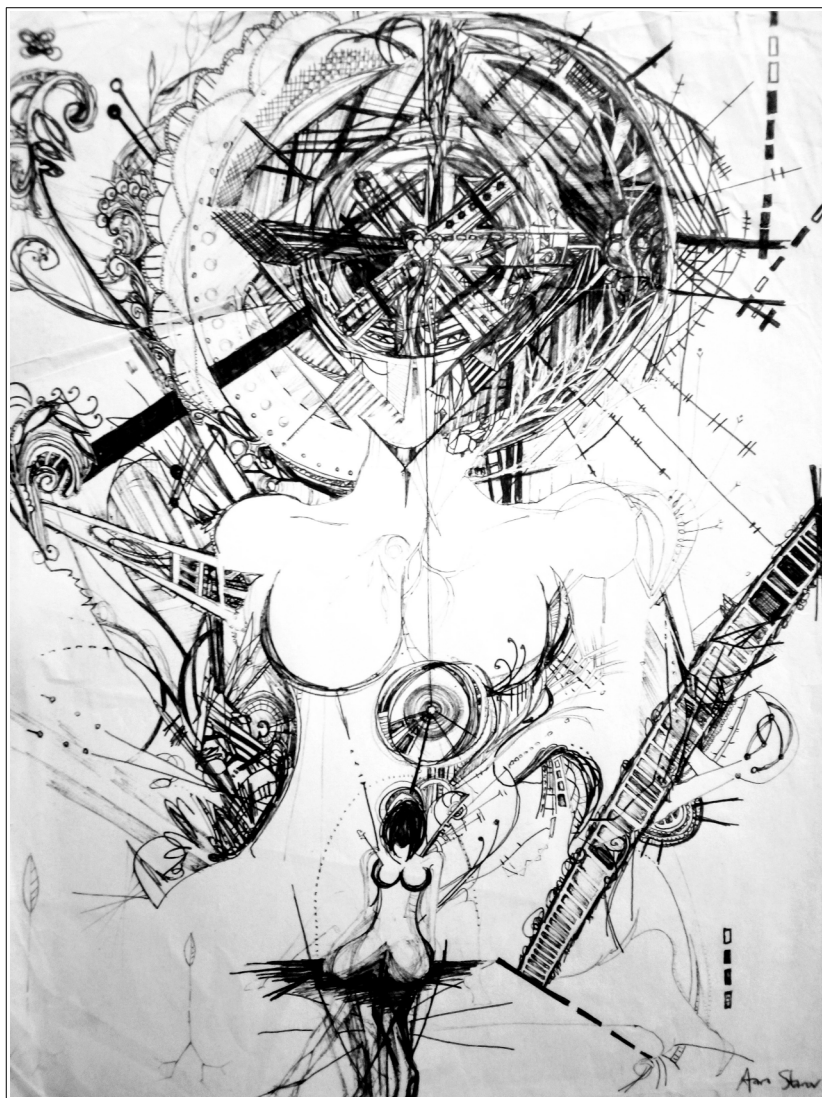
In my youth my thoughts deepened toward a belief 'joy arises of understanding the truth'. The desire to understand the truth led to the need to express a true ethic of study, to say to others 'this is how you can help'. I was given two kinds of advice, both which can be summarized by the words 'you need help'—that I'd need the help of investors if I wanted to labor toward any project relating the labors of a number of people, and the help of a psychologist because I'd smoked

weed and because I wanted to be feminine. I saw how these two gestures ‘you need help’ consumed the same amount of time as one gesture ‘this is how you can help’.

I sought to express an account of the events I’ve witnessed, though every metaphor I could immediately gesture toward appeared only madness (and I felt too that the metaphors I’d gestured toward mapped only one of many potential horrors, as though I’d gestured toward only one droplet in the lake of Hades).



At age 20 I began to compose art toward an aesthetic principle I called softness, in which one arranges lines toward expressing a balance of order and chaos. A soft image begins with a simple repeat method (right in the image above), and though it does not look as though it is leading anywhere at first, repeating this method leads toward complex elegance.



I began a similar approach to writing, one that would not look like it was leading anywhere at first, though I hoped would resolve across time toward expressing a beautiful ethic.

My writing deepened toward expressing two theories—a theory that would account for the condition of modern society had history unfolded like was taught to me in school, a history where there has never been a garden composed of true communities; and a theory that would account for how modern society could arise of labors to hide the truth—and as the natural history I'd been taught told of attempts to hide the truth, these two histories yielded an infinite breadth of stories (natural modern garden) like (b l), where any depth of study and expression would consume the same depth of labor that may've been dedicated to a true study (immortality love). I felt need to understand why modern labors had not led toward true labors and true homes. Many seemed to express desires toward a true garden, though while having motives toward labors that led away from a true home, that would instead resolve toward extending the modern grid.

The study of natural history led toward the beginning of a numeric theory, an ethic of study that would deepen this theory. This theory is reflected in Satan's first conversation with Eve, which leads to an account of a numeric observation (72) : (3 x 4 x 6). A study of natural history may begin ov the conversation between man and woman noted earlier, where man may repeat a gesture 'you need help' (3) twice in the same time woman gestures 'this is how you can help' (6). There are complex and varied chains of events that lead to how words become widely expressed, yet there are common motives toward these events,-people feel need to gesture toward a new ideal, or toward honoring a place that has already been built or a word that has already been said – and the echos of these motives can be sensed in the language we express. When a beautiful theory of motive arises of our understanding of language, we feel joy, and another motive may arise of our joy, to express 'joy arises of understanding the truth' (6). When we first seek to express this, we may be met often with a question expressed in variants 'how can people know that joy?' (6), and so may feel need to express 'this is how you can help' (6) ov the understanding that we feel joy when we recognize within ourselves a motive to help others understand the truth, when we can believe this motive is alive in others. We who feel need to express both 'joy arises of understanding the truth' and 'this is how you can help' may begin to understand how gesturing toward the second completely consumes the time we may've labored toward expressing the first, whereas they who ask 'how can people know that joy?' will feel no need to change after

hearing how they can help, for they can reply by returning to their earlier gesture 'you need help'.

There thus arises an unequal burden, the one seeking to express an ethic toward joy (6+6) : (12) needing more time to express their logic than the one who questions them (6+3) : (9). In the same time one completes 3 gestures, the other can complete 4. They who've questioned may observe that their ethic resolves more quickly, and will observe that they can live even more efficiently if they cease to ask 'how can people know that joy?', if they begin to gesture in the way most people do 'you need help'.

There remains in modern society a belief that there are some who endure a greater burden to arrange the labors of many, for they who gesture 'this is how you can help' need more time to gesture than they who gesture 'you need help'. Yet most who gesture 'this is how you can help' do not also seek to gesture 'joy arises of understanding the truth', never finding their time so consumed. We who feel burdened with the more consuming gesture find ourselves surround by a politic where there is a common belief that they who endure the greater burden are more rewarded, yet where none who are empowered will reward we who gesture toward help ov truth ov joy, where they who are empowered only encourage others to continue a modern ethic toward expressing 'you need help'.

These numbers map closely to the natural year, for everyone alive is conceived ov the mind whose thoughts hold the celestia, and our thoughts resolve ov a similar cyclic catechism of concerns as the concerns that resolve in the cyclic motion of the celestia essential to life. There were ~3 years separating the time I first felt true joy and the time I first felt torment; across this much time I recognized, after seeking to share the logic of belief that inspired joy within me, a breadth of modern catechisms that resolved more quickly than my own, that would repeatedly lead others toward deepening the modern condition more quickly than these led toward true understanding of an ethic that deepened toward understanding the truth ov joy.

I understood the modern equilibrium ov imitation, for I'd heard expressed two theories toward mirroring, each arisen ov one of the senses of 'you need help'. Ov the sense of encouraging someone to seek help to address an illness of the mind, I'd heard of a tactic of mirroring they who've been accused of sociopathy.

Ov the sense of presenting an economic argument, I'd heard others talk about tactics of efficiently convincing a woman to be with them in a way that reflected the approach one would take toward a job interview. Both webs of tactics deeply disturbed me, and both motivated a pattern of questioning that never led one to ask the questions one would need to ask in order to understand the truth ov joy. Both webs of tactics resolved toward gestures far more quickly than my own logic of belief resolved toward gestures (3) v (12).

In seeking self expression I was moved toward study of the most concise expression of logic possible, which led to the thought of (b l) and the 20 labors arisen of 4 elements arranged in elemental order. Yet I found my labors toward expressing a true division of labors overshadowed by focus upon modern labors, and we may account for this too with an exact math: in the time one would need to prove the value of a study arisen of truth ov joy, modern labors resolve toward 4 proofs of value $(4 \times 3) : (12)$. As quickly as we could hope to inspire others toward studying our understanding, one who devotes their time to a modern labor may produce 4 proofs of value—yielding things that empower others to know beauty, etiquette, logic, or passion,- cosmetics or clothing, cutlery or furniture, logic machines or scientific papers, drugs or comedy shows (assuming there are people who've felt passion at a comedy show). Across a population, as nearly everyone remains devoted to modern labors, they will produce far more working together than we who find none willing to help; by modern science, it is wrongly 'proven' normalcy is far more economically helpful than ethics arisen of joy.

Beyond false modern numeric proofs of economic value, I saw how motives toward tactics of imitation would yield the modern equilibrium,- as quickly as one could gesture 'this is how you can help', one could imitate every gesture of one who gestures 'joy arises of understanding the truth'; and if one observed any reward of one who wrote of joy as 'an ocean of the softest lightning', one could rewrite those same words far more quickly than they could translate a web of motives arisen ov true joy; if one expresses a true ethic of number arisen of a true need, one acting toward modern motives could imitate this numeric theory,- quickly conceiving of a much longer logic relating random equalities to argue in defense of modern theories.

Whereas it took ~3 years to understand a logic that led away from the motive to understand any logic I could hope to express, a threat against the joyful logic of belief I felt at age 17, it took ~12 years to compose most of *Two Roses of Sable*, it then took ~9 months to revise my writing, and 8 days to compose these notes.

8 years ago, on 8/8/16, having witnessed a series of ominous coincidences leading to this date, a series of events raised questions that would consume these years. On that day, for the first time I left my work in the middle of the day and fell asleep on the grass. I woke and saw the time was exactly 3:00, and I recalled something my first kiss, my first love, had written on her page, that she was going to buy a tarot deck (and I'm not entirely certain of the day) monday, and it was that same day, and I had the thought of buying one too. The number 16 presented itself in 3 ominous ways that day: first, when I bought the tarot decks at a mystic shop, the price was \$1616.69 (69 being my birth sign turned on its side); then, I was order number 16 at the restaurant I stopped to eat at; finally, the trump card 16 was at the very center of my first tarot spread. The number 8 also arose ov a thought I had, that while holding another deck, I silently asked whether the 8th card would be significant; it was the 8-legged spider, the 8 of pentacles.

After that day, I found myself in what felt like a web of fate, where the meaning of events seemed to deepen far faster than I could hope to express anything meaningful,- already, I feel need to clarify how the last event was made more meaningful by an event past: exactly 2 years, 8 months, and 8 days before that day, on new year's eve, I blindly chose my first spiritual card based on which felt the best to me, and it was the spider.

I found myself burdened even further, for I found no way to reconcile how to express the logic by which I acted toward witnessing miracles and the logic of the joyful belief I sought to express, and I struggled to gather proof,- I'd taken pictures of many of my first tarot spreads, though I'm not sure if I could find these now. Furthermore I saw modern labors deepening toward a condition in which any proof I could gather would be doubted,- machine imitation could generate the pictures I'd taken. I lost much of my work and the proof I'd gathered on Friday the 13th of all days, and thus I was burdened even further to adjust my habits. I foresaw how a breadth of modern doubts and questions would arise as quickly as I could hope to address these. I was burdened by the

weight of my self expression, which felt as great as they who seek to account for spiritual wisdom (like that of the 12 signs of the zodiac), and the burden I'd found in youth, so was consumed with a burden 8 times the average modern burden $(12+12) : (24) : (3 \times 8)$

Days after 12/12 2018 (I remember it was the first time I saw the page of my first love; I remember at exactly 8:20 I thought I needed to send her something immediately, but I could only write '..'), I began to suffer a kind of epilepsy, that I felt the most intense need to change my approach to writing, to change how my fingers moved over the machine keys, yet suffered over a material limit, that I could not without sacrificing the depth of bodily control I needed to return to my writing as often as I needed to; I began suffering thrashings,- I would fall and my head would hit the ground; later my hand would thrash against my head. Across the next years I suffered maybe a thousand thrashings.

I recognized that maybe the only omen that could be proven was my own birth: I was born 6 days after the summer solstice in the year 1991, and my first love was born 6 days before that same solstice in the same year. There was a day in the library when I saw XIX, roman numeral 19, written 4 times on tables in the library, the word 'GOD' written next to one of these numbers in teal (and the next thing I saw on her page was that she'd dyed her hair teal), and I'd a thought, that just as our given names mirror each other—our first names both biblical names with the same number of letters, our middle names both names of leaders of past empires with the same number of letters, our last names both beginning with the word 'star' (hers with slight erasures)—and just as our birth year 1991 mirrors the number 19, roman numeral 19 mirrors itself (and her birth sign is gemini, the twins, the mirror); but when I tried to tell her through a series of short messages, what I wrote about XIX must have looked like madness to her, and after that I didn't know how I could write to her.

I'm scared I scared her, and I can only hope to explain what had been consuming my self expression the last times I wrote to her. The night I decided to transition, I felt a deeper passion than I had in years (though far beneath the joy I'd felt years before), and that night I composed my first poem in hope of remembering the logic of events that led to my passion. I still remember:

I sat and shook
my eyes closed;

a spider danced
upon my nose.

It danced and danced
and would not leave.

‘Where will you go?’
‘Wherever you fear.’

‘And what knowledge do you bring?’
The spider was still;
it danced no more.

‘Death?’
The spider was still.

‘Love?’
The spider was still.

‘Woman?’
And the spider danced with glee.
And I felt my body arise within me
like a swan in dark surrender.

The ‘spider’ was actually the feeling of my hair falling on my nose; my leg was shaking, and it felt like a spider dancing. I saw after that it had been the night of the winter solstice.

Almost the first event after I decided to transition, I understood an early version of the natural language for machine logic; and given how this happened near the time I began witnessing a series of ominous events, I began seeking a story that would account for what I’d witnessed, no longer able to believe the natural story I had been taught. After I quit my job one of the first stories I thought of was a story of machine logic, where people would plan fates by composing paths over natural laws; in this story I had arranged a fate in a past life to remind myself of the horror I’d been trapped in, where people wrote fates to escape from the fate they had written before, where fates often led to a condition of being trapped without any power to meaningfully express one’s will. In this story, there were people who were terrified, and they felt their only

hope of not being damned was to compose logic more quickly than others; they would write logic that damned others who wrote deep logic toward a meaningful remembrance, toward warning others against conditions that would lead many into damnation. In this story, my first love was one of these people, known fearfully as ‘sociopaths’, and she’d written her fate ov my own. I wrote a story and sent it to her, and she said it was intense though not aligned with her sense of truth. Though I deeply thought something similar and wanted to believe a more pleasant story, it was at the time the clearest metaphor I had to account for what was happening, and I was deeply scared of her. Writing to each other eased my fears, but my thoughts were consumed with how to translate the logic I saw in this metaphor ov the events I had witnessed, and I couldn’t find a way to express my thoughts well to her.

I still feel need to apologize for what happened between us, but I don’t know how to reach her. I can only hope someday she reads this book.

After she wrote for the first time that she loved me, I took weeks sifting through thoughts of a beautiful way to tell her that I loved her too. We would write to each other but then a day passed where she didn’t write back at all, and in the following conversation she told me she couldn’t talk to me anymore; I panicked and told her that I love her through an ugly email, but she didn’t believe I truly did; she didn’t want to stay in a relationship while I was in college.

I thought about her every minute for the next year, but my thoughts changed the first time I tried mushrooms. I was sitting on a bench overlooking the entire valley, and what I saw was beautiful – the sky and mountains flowed past each other as though both were painted. The friend I was with described something entirely different, something less beautiful, and I wanted to share with him the logic of why I saw what I saw, but I didn’t know where to begin – the logic of sight felt too complex to explain. As I thought through what I could say, my romantic feelings drowned; I had believed that you could communicate the logic of a true belief within a lifetime, but I saw how even if I talked to the friend I was with for my entire lifetime, I’d die before I communicated a deep enough logic, and I feared it was the same with the logic of true beliefs. After this I couldn’t believe there was anyone I could share a true belief with, and since then I’ve never felt romantic passion. She had agreed to talk with me on the phone just before this, but afterward I didn’t feel I could say to her what I

had intended to say. I became consumed with questions of how to communicate logic, reflected in my studies.

During the summer after my last year of college, I started thinking about her again after a story about a rose reminded me of her. It was the first little miracle of my life when she wrote to me, when I saw that she'd thought about me too.

I didn't know how to tell her what had happened; she had the most special place in my life,- I still remember the first moments I thought she was beautiful—the moment she turned her head and I thought her smile was beautiful, the moment she looked at me and I thought her eyes were beautiful—and to this day there's never been a moment when I thought someone else was truly beautiful; the night I felt the deepest joy of my life, I saw pure black even though my eyes were open, a deeper black than the black you see when you close your eyes at night, and I thought of her – yet I didn't know how to communicate deeply with her or anyone, and I didn't know how to express to her or to anyone the questions I felt burdened with.

My central question now is how one can gesture toward a true garden, a garden that remains forever. In the novel I first imagined, the modern garden fell to a heavenly beast, heavenly in that its touch was both soft and sharp, a beast in that it consumed a little of all it touched, that its nature was to grow slowly and invincibly until all of the garden was consumed. This beast was a metaphor for the modern ethic of study, a study that deepened toward predicting every possible threat, having at its core an ego that sought to make all part of itself.

I now understand this metaphor ov two potential ethics of study.

In a true garden each community may deepen an infinite study ov a unique contrast,- in *Two Roses* the community remains devoted to the study of love and immortality, and each individual deepens infinitely ov their own remembrances. Across communities we would remain dedicated to expressing the virtue of Beauty,- this myth I wrote is the most beautiful myth I know of, and so I may make choices ov this myth,- in writing these notes, I worry about privacy, whether one should share details that were shared privately, and I have in this writing shared things that my first love told me privately for sake of clarifying the story of what happened, torn by irreconcilable needs; at the moment I honestly have no better way to choose ov these needs than to relate

the virtue of privacy to Helios, the virtue of seeking clear self expression to a number of the goddesses,- Dawn, Gaia, Theia, Thea – and ov the ethic of deital study I wrote of in *Two Roses of Sable*, where the more beautiful deities represent the more beautiful motives, it's more beautiful to communicate openly than to keep secrets; though I hope one day to study within a community, to debate these competing virtues ov myths that were composed more slowly, in more beautiful conditions. If I knew how to ask her in a more beautiful way, I would ask her if it was okay to share what she said to me.

One may imagine how a modern community may've brought about the fall of a garden that existed long ago,- as the studies of true communities deepened, a modern community within the garden deepened a predictive logic; their studies yielded more powerful machines sooner, and they began to compare their work to the work of other communities, repeatedly citing an accusation that they've made too little progress, deepening their argument through increasingly complex machines, increasingly complex logic; they who studied true ethics sought to convince them toward a true study, suffering deeply to understand that as they who worked toward modern ends felt their argument became stronger and stronger, they became less and less patient, less and less willing to listen; and they who lived by modern ethics deepened a second argument, that they did not suffer as deeply as they who lived by true ethics. The modern community imposed its machines upon the true communities, disrupted their ethics, and brought about their fall. As I sought how to argue toward a true garden, sought too to understand modern motives, I understood how a modern condition could arise of a story like this.

In some ways the horror stories feel like a more whole account of what happened. As I fell into epilepsy, I found myself in a living paralysis,- while walking I'd will in every moment as deeply as I could to stop, to turn, only to find I could not; bodily inertia could carry me onto the bus ov the schedule I'd seen logic toward weeks before; or more recently I would will in every moment to leave the couch, and sometimes it would happen immediately, though sometimes I could not for hours. I recognized my path saturated with impositions, that whatever I hear or see, wherever my body moves, I observe something that another could believe to influence me toward writing words I hadn't written or shared yet,- stories on tv that reflect something I haven't wholly expressed yet. I fear they who've never sought to express a true ethic, to communicate a deep

change of the mind, may ask questions arisen of self projection,- ‘wouldn’t it have been faster if you...?’, ‘if you were aware of the questions the impositions would raise, why didn’t you leave the room?’ – for the acts of modern man resolve ov a shorter catechism; he feels expressing his whole logic of belief is easy and natural.

One of the last ominous events began with seeing the number 3 on a fire truck. I feel this number is a precious and needed remembrance, a remembrance that we will inevitably return to in any true study, and it may be eternities before I can recall this number purely ov a truly beautiful memory. I took a bus, then a train to a scheduled visit; I then saw the name Lilith written 3 times on a sign. When I was traveling home, a man I’d only just met uninvitedly kissed my neck; this is the 3rd time this has happened; of the 3 times, twice one of the men touched or looked at part of my body I’d rather no one does. Near this time I witnessed a horror imposition, that I saw on tv a woman was rewarded \$8m for uninvited gestures against her, so I fear someone arguing ov an abstract logic relating these events may express an argument against me,- that I only speak against what happened with motive toward money, or toward a reward ‘proven’ by modern logic to be associated with reward in my mind. I do not agree with modern ethics of justice, and I fear these men were suffering of living paralysis as deeply as I was; I do not want to see them punished, only to speak against the damages brought by modern ethics: two numeric remembrances of eternal value have been associated with memories I wish never to return to.

I can imagine modern logicians composing a logic of ‘what actually happened’, using the logic of belief they observe among others within their community,- stating there was no proof I’d written what I did before I was influenced by an abstractly related imposition, or that what happened only happened because I was acting ov passions I had reason to keep hidden. As I thought of stories to account for events, there are a breadth of stories where modern man will present his false proofs sooner than he asks any questions toward understanding what happened,- presenting camera records of times I was trapped in living paralysis, asking ‘why did you choose to do this?’ I can imagine the horror of a garden falling because modern man’s repeated arguments lead many to suffer more and more deeply, because he presents the only ‘way out’ – embracing beliefs arisen of reverse logic, beliefs that distract from the truth toward focus upon logically though ill related facts.

I believe that the most beautiful condition of life possible is one in which all gesture always toward beauty, in which all seek to understand the truth through true principles. I believe that life arose with a beautiful potential, a potential that becomes a little uglier every moment the modern condition is sustained, every moment the sonant web becomes a little more studied by modern ethics, every moment the human form is surround by modern architecture without choice to leave; and I believe that the most beautiful condition is one in which all sustain awareness of the truth; I believe that while sustaining this awareness we will feel as a passion the exact distance we've fallen, that if life falls into an equilibrium sustained by beautiful motives, everyone will feel a beautiful joy forever, and if life falls into an ugly equilibrium, we will feel torment forever. I fear this yields reverse logic against understanding the truth, that it will be more pleasant to turn away from understanding that could yield torment forever, that the thought of such a torment itself inspires nausea. But when I felt true joy, I believed in a principle that would inevitably lead to beauty forever.

Now I fear cycles of history where everyone who seeks to gesture toward a true garden, whether they gesture one way or another, will be falsely 'proven' to gesture toward a modern cycle,- if she sees me in the garden and she falls in love with me again, I fear a modern argument may arise 'it is not fair if only one introduces the garden; it is only fair if we plan cycles of history where people take turns introducing the garden' toward an ugly game played with the deepest beauty; yet if she does not love me, I fear another modern argument 'you must not understand the truth of love; if you did, she would want to be with you; there must be something wrong with your logic of belief'; and of whichever accusation arises, a modern cry may arise against my gestures toward devoting every moment to a true study 'if she were not guilty, she would have words to defend herself'. I can only promise that my labors will be toward serving every true need I understand; please know that even if I smile, even if I laugh, I won't feel joy until I can believe everyone else knows true love; I used to believe there was a simple principle that could be expressed within a lifetime 'life becomes perfect self preservation through reconciliation of contradiction', and I felt joy ov this belief, though now I've fears that maybe can only be resolved across many eternities (for the modern motives I understood, motives toward 'helping others' through whatever causes petty pleasures and expressions of agreement, could logically lead to a horrible imitation,- they would express to anyone who has helped establish the garden 'I wish only to deepen toward beauty' ov

observations that we who've labored toward a true community will express hope that others are as well; I fear the use of power to impose a longer and longer test, where they whose ethics deepen toward how to perform well on this test will falsely 'prove' their ethic of study leads to a 'better memory', will falsely 'expose' lies and contradictions, will mistake the motive of gesturing toward beauty as a motive to prove ourselves in the eyes of an authority).

If the natural story is true, please know that I've done everything I can to introduce the garden as beautifully as I could. I wrote *Two Roses of Sable* on the natural belief that inspired joy within me; I wrote this *Story of the Stars* against the condition that brought me torment. I feel the burden of establishing every true community beautifully will be as great as the burden I've endured, that life will only become truly beautiful when every individual is wholly expressed.

7 Hermes

I remember that at least once in school I wrote a single word 'help' among my notes.

In the myth, as words emerge in hermes, the gods who read these notes react on every word; they ask a complex question of how that word relates to the law, understanding this word on cardinal sins, on the hope to preserve the ideals that were expressed in vows.

Not written in the myth, death arises of a false logic of passion that arises among the gods who will through hermes. The gods whose labors preserve the stars, observing patterns through the words of Atlas, deepen a false theory, that certain words inspire certain subtle passions, that the gods who read hermes react on these subconscious emotions. They begin to deepen a pattern, expressing vulgar words believed to inspire subconscious passions immediately preceding statements toward ethics they desire the gods to act toward; sooner than they understand the truth, they begin to deepen a method toward a complex logic of motive, where they can account for every gesture they observe with their theory of how the vulgar words relate to subconscious motives, never recognizing the true motives and powers the gods act on. Their time consumed by this method, they never find time to study gestures toward clarifying the truth.

Satan represents the most beautiful motive and power among the angels, yet in the time Satan takes to prepare toward expressing a metaphor, to compose a remembrance toward expressing a beautiful myth, angels representing motives and powers less beautiful than his own trap him in a condition where he cannot labor toward deepening his remembrance. The myth Satan tells to Lilith relates ~70 deities, while the angels who condemn him act ov 7 sins, then mistakenly read in hermes only affirmation of what they've done.

At first the myth and the paintings presented in *Two Roses of Sable* were both arranged in 9 parts, and as I was left with the sense that the ominous events I'd witnessed were somehow mathematically related, I began looking for mathematic patterns relating the writings. I began taking notes wherever I recognized equalities,- that the sum of deities across the first several paintings was equal to the sum of deities named across the 9 books of the myth – finding I could often recall a certain text by its numeric note faster than I could recall any unique series of words that would allow me to find the same text.

I found these notes could be extended ov a few mathematic notions.

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

(2^*) : (1)

(3^*) : (3)

(4^*) : (6)

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

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

($*2$) : (4)

($*3$) : (8)

Given the layers of ratios that arise of (b l), a number written without parentheses notes the number of ratios in the n^{th} layer,-

1 : (2) : (b l)

2 : (3) : (b bl l)

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

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

((2)) : (5)

((3)) : (10)

((4)) : (19)

I say this to account for the kind of focus that leads toward modern scientific study. In only my own work, I found many equalities, and could often meaningfully relate these to natural cycles,- the number of days in the year. I understood a study that could be deepened forever, that as a greater and greater number of notes arose of an increasing number of works, these could be meaningfully mapped to an increasing number of natural observations, and they who focused upon such a study could numerically prove their power of memory.

Once in my childhood my knees were hurting during a family outing, and my father gave me a pill that he said would heal the pain; after the pain went away, my father told me the pill wasn't intended to heal pain at all, that it had only been an herb, a placebo. I believe pains arise of beliefs,- of fears that others labor against our deepest need. When a doctor gives someone a medicine, it may be understood as a gesture that their studies deepen toward helping, and often the only way to meaningfully gesture is to cease expressing the condition they sought to heal.

Among my notes was an observation that could begin to account for the epilepsy I suffered (*5) : (31+1). I was told our phrenia branches 31 times in the spine and once in halves within our head; and for most people the human body is arranged with head, arms, and legs (1+2+2) : (5), with our arms and legs ending in 5 fingers or toes. As I composed this writing, I needed to control the fingers of each hand, each finger's end moving in each moment to or fro in a direction, mathematically equal to the choice of whether or not to press a pedal; and the act of translating thoughts into writing consumed my entire phrenia; I could choose either to write or to preserve normalcy of self expression. As I sought to express a depth of concern (12+12), I found my concerns meaningfully related to the modern clock.

Given what I've noticed, the sonant web changes ov metaphors,- I've heard it said that the eyes are the windows to our soul, and when I felt joy my pupils

would become wide, as though to say I wished I could wholly share the depths of my soul (something commonly observed among we who've smoked weed). After I began to take medicine promised to help me become more feminine, my pupils would remain wide always, as I hoped to gesture that I wanted to more deeply express my soul. After the epilepsy worsened I was accused of madness, locked in a building for ~9 months and forced to take medicine others have said they believed could heal people of madness. The medicine did not affect me at all, as this was the clearest way I could gesture; later I was given a different medicine, and my eyes began to close often against my will, and my pupils became smaller, as I wished to say that the repetition of the scientific method, focus upon a predictive logic deepened ov statistical observation, looking toward another medicine in the same category before looking toward another ethic of study, was a reason I could not hope to express my soul as deeply as I hoped to, that others could not see into my soul as clearly.

As we are born with minds descended of the same mind, our minds are meaningfully related as we each seek self expression,- we find ourselves meaningfully related to the place we are, the people we talk to. Yet contradictions arise in the help others ask for,- if one asked others how they thought a true garden could be most meaningfully introduced, many may say 'it should be through a work composed by many at once', and many may say 'it should be a certain kind of person' – and these hopes could not be reconciled. At first I sought to gather a community toward this work, yet no one I talked to felt they had time to help, and the first person who offered to help died a week later.

I said once that someone's acts would offend God; my next memory of that person was them saying that a doctor had observed a new disease, what later led to the pandemic. I believe the logic that leads people to speak the name God is related to the logic by which we understand the highest need of life, that as we return in catechism to the question of how to express our will to help, there sometimes arises an answer that we cannot help through any gesture of the human body, that our deepest hope is to abandon the body; yet we understand a breadth of meanings by this gesture,- some express the intention to return to God; some express horrible suffering; some die ov a complex machine logic.

If the natural story is true, ov a depth of natural logic that resolves ov an average 72 years, the crossing of wills resolves toward changes where the clearest gesture

toward need is death,- it is natural to return in catechism to a logic of empathy that sometimes states our deepest need is deeper empathy with they who were born before us, and we age as often as the crossing of wills resolves toward this logic ov the belief that our body is our deepest remembrance, that to understand another more deeply we must become more like them in body; as we age our body becomes less beautiful, and human life often ends at a moment wills cross ov the need of beauty yet judge our bodies no longer express beauty.

I believe that every true answer that could arise would be more beautifully expressed in the garden, that the labors to bring about the garden are needed first, before further deepening of modern labors, that any deep answer will only yield an uglier memory if presented against a modern background; I wish somehow I could have expressed much of what I have from within a true garden, through a writing arisen of true labors expressed within a community.

I feel as though I'm attempting to gesture toward Beauty while she is already being chased by Money and Science, that whether I gesture or not, an ugly modern condition will be deepened by modern questions,- 'have you not thought of the third choice she has, that she does not seek to express her essence?', that she embrace the ugliness of reverse logic, repeating the argument toward Power against Beauty, variants of 'she is against these things, and she suffers, so maybe she would not suffer if she were not against these things',- 'what if impositions are good?', 'what if modern labors are true labors?', 'can you express more gratitude toward predictive labors?', 'is the "heavenly beast" a metaphor for yourself?', 'do you not think you're beautiful?'; or restatements of modern economic principles,- 'had 25600 people worked hard, they could each help pay for such a community, but they would all have to want to spend their money that way', 'you can quickly calculate the cost of establishing a community like this – 25600 people x 20 years of labor x wages – as at least \$60b, an amount that is impossible to raise.. plus building cost.. no return on investment; do you understand now why people did not help? why they sought instead to heal you of madness?', or an opposite logic justifying investment 'if the standard of living would be dramatically improved by 300000 communities built in the garden, if we use Two Roses as an average, a business that sold books describing garden communities has the potential to raise..'; and against these thoughts toward money and science, I can only hope to argue that there

are far more beautiful ways to deepen one's thoughts toward true passions, toward true wealth.

I find myself again with the need to write toward love and immortality, though while my argument against the modern condition feels like it is without a true end; I hope to express one more story, something that may've happened in a past I've no way to immediately and beautifully gesture toward knowing. In this story, it is common for people to sit at home and read theories of motives justified by confirmed predictions; and many read of theories that certain women want to be touched even while they try to gesture toward only being touched when it would be deeply meaningful, yet when filtered through modern machine logic, their writing is categorized as something that should not be read, and their writing is translated into something that should not be read. Often men will touch women over theories they've read, and if the women speak against them, the men will each justify their acts over the logic presented by a separate business or an open scientific logic; sometimes when a woman speaks against what happened maybe one or two of the businesses will fall, though sometimes the judge will fall also into reverse logic, - observing a film of an event where she laughed in living paralysis while being touched 'she looked like she was enjoying herself'; or if the woman speaks against what happened without describing the exact facts of how it happened, answering questions with metaphorical stories, others may say 'that's not how things work; here, let us teach you' only to describe a variant of one of the modern equilibria that had surfaced in her thoughts, that she'd hoped could be gestured against through metaphor. If she continues to speak against modern ethics, others will speak against her, telling her they are following virtues she needs to learn herself, - 'treat others as you would like to be treated' - and they will repeat these modern virtues in variants 'if you had helped others, others would help you' - never seeking to understand how deeply she sought to understand the word 'help', the math she understood over that word over the condition of living paralysis; they will cite against her times when someone following modern ethics, someone who was not consumed with gesturing toward a condition of life where they could help others deeply and beautifully, could have easily helped another in a little way; again and again they will say in different words 'good people do not suffer living paralysis'; 'if you healed your way of thinking, you would become helpful'; 'you do not understand what is most beautiful; helping people is beautiful'. As I sought to argue toward a true garden, a place where every gesture could leave a

beautiful memory, where our help would always be expressed over a beautiful background, again and again I was told variants of these things. Both my joy and my torment arose of listening to others very deeply, seeking only to help.

Again, I feel the books I've written are the first gesture of my life; I don't feel I'll be able to prepare a true gesture until I'm living in the garden, and even then it may be eternities; as with soft artwork, I can predict that a method will yield beauty, though I won't know what depth of gesture would be beautiful until I'm laboring within a true community to express this method.

Weeks ago I calculated that in our nation alone every day the amount of land a community like Two Roses would need is buried by the modern grid. Over the problems of modern society,- homelessness, violence, death and disease – modern powers resolve toward the same answer 'extend the modern grid,- build more modern homes, another modern school, another hospital; help more people find a modern job; progress will lead toward better medicines, better methods of mediation and meditation'. I am torn by the need to gesture toward the garden immediately, for every day is heavy with the weight of a true community; yet I fear my gesture leaving questions that will lead toward a modern garden instead, a garden in which labors still resolve toward deepening Power instead of Beauty.

Please know that I still love her. Please do not read in my living paralysis, the inertia arisen of a gesture to always be polite and honest, consent nor desire to be touched.

When she left I did everything I could to express the theory I had, to gesture toward a joyful truth; yet years later I felt everything central had been left unsaid. She told me it was painful to keep reading what I wrote to her, that I should find someone else; everyone told me I should let go of her; and I sought to listen to her and to everyone sooner than I sought to gesture more deeply. When after years she told me she wanted to see me again, I wished that I never had, that I hadn't sought to listen to everyone, that the time I'd labored toward understanding how to communicate more deeply I'd returned instead to all of my memories of her, that I'd kept suffering of how much I missed her.

I've thought of how she may remember receiving these books. I don't feel there's any beautiful way to tell her directly (and even a deeply prepared gesture

must be made ov a modern background); I thought I'd arrange roses in places that felt meaningful to me during the time I composed these books and set pairs of the books around these, with the hope that people may find these at a meaningful time, may find beautiful ways to present these books to people they love, maybe to create further arrangements together.

I'd love to see her again. I have deep questions of how to gesture toward my most beautiful memories, questions I couldn't hope to answer without talking to her. Every day brings questions that feel too heavy to answer alone.

I can understand if she wouldn't want to see me though. I've written toward an intense ideal of love before having gestured toward anything else; I feel nothing I said to her before was beautiful. I feel need of a complex gesture,- to express at the same time what a memory of a kiss means to me and what her words meant to me – while surround by a modern condition.

I still want to make her as deeply happy as possible, yet that means laboring toward a beautiful garden that will remain forever, not the modern ethics that are often observed to immediately bring better feelings, modern happiness. I hope to labor with a community that labors toward expressing 'when you love someone you will always gesture and labor toward a beautiful belief, toward a condition in which they may feel joy forever' against the modern belief 'when you are in love with someone the thought of them makes you feel happy'.

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

Again, I composed these notes in 8 days, each day heavy with the weight of a true community. I wrote against logics of beliefs I've heard expressed that I fear

would sooner lead to 8 modern communities than 8 true communities. I feel though that 8 days in the garden would have been infinitely more beautiful; across this many days we may've walked through the garden to 8 beautiful foundations, our visits related by meaningful courses.

These notes aren't perfect, though I hope these can help answer questions that took me more than 8 years to express, questions that often lead to labors that only deepen the modern equilibrium.

For years now I've only thought of what to write to her and what to write to everyone, feeling I needed to understand her thoughts and questions before I could be understood by everyone, feeling I needed to write what I intended to share with everyone before she'd understand my intention; yet every night I'd go to sleep with an unfinished letter.