



SIMULATIONS & FACTS
A FRACTAL NOVEL
NICHOLAS KATSAFANAS



THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF FRACTAL LETTERS 2ND EDITION,
SEPTEMBER 2026

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"The Madness of a Cloud" / "The World Divides Into Facts"

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This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to Aerith Gainsborough is entirely
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AAFL ISBN: 979-8-952074-02-6

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PREFACE

This text, in (2) parts, follows (4) popular waifus from (3) separate RPGs: Tifa and Aerith from Final Fantasy VII, Reimi from Star Ocean 4, and Nikke from Nikke: Goddess of Victory.

I stumbled upon Reimi and Nikke around the time I traveled to Tokyo for the first time. Reimi by playing Star Ocean 4: The Last Hope before my flight and Nikke via a physical poster my wife bought while I was violently ill in Shinjuku. And I'd been deeply familiar with the former duo since my childhood playing OG FF7.

Now the concept of the waifu—a virtual character men construct actual feelings for and relationships with—is well known and routine enough in Japan. But it's finally becoming a more widespread phenomenon in America.

The socio-political elements this social structure portends I'll pass on touching upon here. I'll simply mention this novel should be regarded as a science fiction of the waifu. In my opinion, it can't be appropriately consumed otherwise.

The adjacent concepts explored—simulation theory, the nature of Forms, theoretical portals, childhood sexual trauma, etc.—are all filtered through this larger architecture of the waifu.

Cloud, Buddy, and Ludwig Wittgenstein are really just bit players in the drama.

—Nicholas Katsafanas, August 2026



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PART I
THE MADNESS OF A CLOUD

(01) THE NICE MAN WITH HIS WIFE'S LAST NAME'S FORM OF ANNIHILATION

Triadic Mode: >.667

01. 246:344 .715 Cloud was sitting at Seventh Heaven drinking a Fernet on the rocks, engaging in light conversation with a cocksucker he'd never even met about a Queen's Blood play-in game that he'd—this particular cocksucker—requested to be put on the TV at the bar—Well, actually Cloud corrected, for the record, that he'd actually been reading a few pages of Timaeus prior to all this, making a few disparate notes, finding himself puzzled at the sensory information that continued to be relayed into his brain—Cloud basically alleged he was flummoxed about the sensory information that became, in some way, relayed to what he guessed was his brain?—how any of that was corroborated, but more so Cloud contemplated the static nature of said images—that's what he was specifically contemplating when a guy with a round-ass face leaned onto the bar, seeking to close his tab, obviously excited to tell the bartender that he may need to show her his ID, just because he took his wife's last name and hadn't had a chance to change his license yet?—the patron with the

round-ass face noted how nice the bartender was (Tifa!), but what was her name again?—he could definitely display his ID if she really needed, just because, again, his last name was different—taking his wife’s name and everything!

02. 178:225 .791 Of course, Cloud noted, that it was clear that no one gave a fuck about the name on a credit card in that bar, and Tifa, for her part, didn’t exactly seem like she was ramping up to suck this dude off just because he was a radical feminist—For Cloud’s part he was still, you know, attempting to get behind the blunt sensations being smuggled relentlessly into his so-called conscious existence—Everything was an image to some extent, right Aerith?—Touch itself was a fucking sensory image—It was a quaint Spring evening where Cloud felt more or less destined to philosophize, having started drinking wine in preparation for a Friday night dinner, only to have Tifa bail last minute, because she needed to pick up a bar shift—leaving him completely free to continue this wine drinking in a ritualistic way that would be conducive to philosophical ideas—

03. 157:201 .781 Yes, Cloud continued to Aerith, it was basically only via drinking alone, but in a ritualistic fashion, that he’d achieved any sort of philosophical inquiry—You couldn’t just sit at a desk and become philosophical, at least not for Cloud!—Maybe some

people could!—But, no, not Cloud—He'd imagine that there were probably a litany of possible ways of becoming philosophical—like, for instance, for the round-faced albino chap, perhaps telling Tifa that he'd taken his wife's last name, maybe that could be seen as possibly ritualistic in a way, a gateway to some sort of becoming philosophical—This was actually science, Cloud told Aerith he thought at the bar, successfully avoiding making any eye contact with the round-faced man—

04.283:406 .697 Was it necessarily strange at all that once the Greeks went extinct philosophy went more or less completely and utterly downhill and never looked back in the least, that the last group to really have much of any philosophical success made a sincere effort to conjoin getting fucked up with contemplating intelligible phenomena?—that these Greeks attempted to marry inebriation and rigorous dialectic? That all thought since—to paraphrase Whitehead—had been a minor footnote to Plato or whatever?—The thing was, according to Cloud, you just couldn't willy nilly delve into metaphysics completely sober! But that wasn't to say a person should necessarily become some degenerate alcoholic either, because a degenerate drunk would in no way make a great meta-physicist either—that was basically impossible, because, like Cloud said, the solo mode of inebriation should be done ritualistically, in

spurts, at certain times—You couldn't just be like hitting the bottle as soon as you woke up!—after said inebriation sessions you'd require sobriety to parse through whatever it was that came to you via said contemplation, no?—In fact, the actual science was nothing beyond this parsing through of inebriation sessions of rigorous contemplation!—That was it—what laid behind logic and metaphysics, in Cloud's mind at least! But inebriation could be anything really—Cloud could enter a state of inebriation in a car alone on a Tuesday AM, without consuming a damn thing.

05. 167:204 .819 Aerith more or less agreed, adding that on the one hand a person should be able to analyze, interpret, extrapolate, all of that scientific stuff—but, on the other, if you fail to place yourself in a position to receive anything to analyze, interpret, or extrapolate then you were basically screwed!—Cloud more or less agreed but added that—sans this type of “inspiration,” so to speak—they'd be stuck sitting at a table just noodling around nonsensically, vacillating back and forth between two types of nothingness, and then just probably knocking off someone else's work by accident—But none of this was —It wasn't like Cloud was breaking news in any way—At this point Aerith asked—you know, was this albino douche bag—he was an element of this analysis?

06.233:312 .747 No, not really—according to Cloud—maybe the guy was trying a tad too hard?—to present himself as a specific archetype to the general public, as a guy who decided to spit in the face of his own chromosome count, which was something Cloud personally endorsed!—Granted Cloud probably wouldn't do it by taking his wife's last name, because Cloud personally was obviously more prone to a type of isolated and overly dramatic self-annihilation than a subservient and disingenuously muted feminist annihilation, but he wasn't ipso facto opposed to it either!—Aerith agreed one hundred percent!—But Cloud still would go a little further, noting that in the intelligible sphere, as someone like, say, Proclus would note, that so-called forms were somehow able to participate in one another without mixing, whereas within the sensible realm they participated in things and subsequently got dirty—But Cloud thought that it was worth going one step further—since they were discussing annihilation and stuff anyway, that the perceived mixture between forms that took place in the sensible arena was itself just a projection of mixture but not actual mixture.

07.274:392 .699 The intelligible sphere, being purely emanated, participated within itself without mixing itself, while in the sensible sphere it didn't seem like that was possible, that by participating within sensible things they became essentially mixed with

them, assuming they were categorically sensible—Essentially nature was tainted, which of course Cloud and Aerith knew all too well!—way too well!—Hence their shared acquiescence toward occasional annihilation! But even this sensible filth, so to speak, Cloud thought, this perceived mixing up in the participation of sensible things, wasn't it also a projection?—an emanation, just as the participation of the intelligible sphere was also an emanation of the primary unity of all things? Which, yeah, brought Cloud back to that albino round-faced fuck at the bar, taking his wife's last name—because ultimately the albino's vantage point wasn't remarkably divergent from Cloud's or Aerith's, Cloud thought—This albino was promoting a certain type of annihilation of their cultural-sensible realm, thinking that the patriarchal lineage of their society was basically something objectionable, something essentially tainted, that should be annihilated in the service of something more pure—Okay, well, Cloud thought that made a modicum of sense!—Maybe taking his wife's last name was in a sense a greater form of purity than locking a woman in a kitchen and expecting a blowjob every other evening, Cloud thought.

08. 321:462 .695 Just as Proclus and Socrates sensed that the intelligible sphere participated with itself yet not in a way where it mixed with itself, that this was distinct from our further descended, sensible sphere

where things participated with one another but got mixed up in the process—well, maybe this albino man was noting that the patriarchy was a participatory mixing that left unseemly cum stains—for lack of a better phrase!—on human experience—Patriarchy, in the albino man’s mind, should be annihilated because of this sensible mixing up, this putrid tainting of what would be better off pure—And taking your nice wife’s name was a proper mode of annihilation in response—Aerith remarked that she knew Cloud would inevitably bring the discourse back to this poor chap closing his tab, but, just to be clear, what Cloud was saying was that this mixing that occurred in the sensible realm was itself just a separate projection—just a lesser mode of projecting!—So while the material world may have disgusted them, perhaps moving the two toward some sort of all-encompassing conceptual annihilation, and as much as the patriarchy might have seemed putrid to the albino husband at the bar who looked to annihilate himself by taking his nice wife’s last name, it could be wise to consider that these disgusting aggregates were themselves simply derivative projections, that they weren’t actual mixtures, that they were just derivative emanations as opposed to tattoos of what they thought they despised—Aerith was aware—She wasn’t distressed about it, but she knew this poor albino guy would in

time take the brunt of it from Cloud—Cloud questioned whether he didn't deserve it?—Plus like they'd already implied—they must proceed from the immanent to the transcendent, no?

(02) TIFA'S DREAM

Triadic Mode: >.667

01. 295:367 .804 Cloud found it a tad befuddling, just because Tifa said she'd had an odd dream about him the previous night, and he'd replied bluntly that he didn't usually have dreams about people he knew, somehow completely purging the fact from his mind that, just that night, he'd had a vivid dream involving one of his first girlfriends and her current (to the best of Cloud's knowledge) spouse—How could that have possibly slipped his memory, given the vivacity of the dream itself?—Barrett didn't have a clue either, really—His ex and her husband were living with Cloud and his fictional wife in a modest condo they'd been leasing in Upper Midgar, yet he told Tifa he “never dreamt” about people he knew, yet perhaps the most befuddling aspect of it was that when he'd said that to her he actually believed it!—Cloud's ex-girlfriend and his fictional wife had become somewhat friendly in the dream, in the condo, and the whole ordeal, in Cloud's dream, struck him as totally fine initially—His fictional wife was obscured, a pure mirage, while his ex was an image of how he'd known her in the past, not how she was now (not that he knew how she was now!), but eventually Cloud

began to come to the realization that this was his ex-romantic interest, and that his current wife and ex-girlfriend becoming friends was an absolutely cataclysmic development for him socially, that it was the probably worst thing that could possibly happen to his marriage—

02. 364:519 .701 He wondered what the husband of his ex was thinking—Cloud was wondering how it was exactly that he got roped into this whole thing as he was exiting this apartment into an Upper Midgar that, of course, wasn't exactly Upper Midgar at all!—Yet only hours later when Tifa told Cloud she'd had a dream with him in it that night he claimed to never dream about people he knew—Odd!—Barrett noted that he just did, though, right?—That his statement to Tifa was false, no?—Um, yeah, that's exactly what Cloud just said!—Cloud reiterated that it was "literally that night" that he'd had the dream, further emphasizing the absurdity of his statement to Tifa—Maybe, Cloud thought, it was closer to a coincidence than an acute misremembering or forgetting?—Was that possible?—Memory was elliptical sometimes—But in any case, he told Barrett he'd had another dream recently—if Barrett was by any chance interested in listening to more bullshit about his dream states?—where Cloud had discovered a glowing, fluorescent insect in one of the drawers on a screened-in patio that didn't exist in

so-called “real life,” and Cloud tossed the fucking thing outside onto the grass, kind of disgusted by it to be honest, only to discover that same insect just a few moments later—but now appearing in a humanoid form, standing outside the screened-in patio, hoping to be let in—Now, in the dream there was a little get-together on this patio, so Cloud was a little wary of letting this being—who was female, to be clear—into the party, but curiously everyone else at the pow-wow seemed totally incapable of perceiving her, even after Cloud allowed her in?—Yes, Cloud allowed her in and the form of communication between himself and the entity was simply a series of vague feelings, perhaps, he thought, this was some kind of reminder that you couldn’t just, you know, create things—that refreshing syntheses are the best we could do?—With that said, they started copulating on the patio.

03.235:326 .721 Barrett wanted to clarify that it was the butterfly woman that Cloud was fucking?—Or whatever she was?—Well, Cloud noted, only when she became a human being, of some sort, that that was when the copulation occurred, obviously!—But, with that said, it was actually (kind of?) intriguing to Barrett, to be honest?—But, more importantly, Cloud really wanted to know how Seventh Heaven was last night, because Barrett stopped by there, didn’t he?—How was it?—Well—Let’s see—Barrett

definitely felt the purity of the booze expand within his chest upon his first sip, and while the bartender (obviously not Tifa, but he didn't catch her name) was slightly more affable than when he went there with Cloud, but she didn't actually ask what fruit he wanted in the drink—Sitting alone at Seventh Heaven Barrett took note of himself tossing the single orange slice onto his thin, now immediately moist napkin and manually extracting the single seed that had been expelled from the orange into the liquor from the glass, and in doing so, he noted that all that he'd accounted for at the bar—the affability, the fruit, the seed—that extracting those ideas out of the air was basically the same as the coordinate-tracking reported by remote viewers—

04. 258:382 .675 He glanced back at the bar and took brief note of the bartender chugging a shot of booze with a customer and was violently smacked in the face with an acute memory of ripping similar shots with a specific bartender from his past, which was basically just another set of coordinates, but these particular coordinates returned to him, he didn't pluck them out of the air—He didn't pluck these ripping shots with a bartender coordinates from a rapid rush of information—no, said coordinates returned to him as he sat in solitude at the bar totally involuntarily, violently smacking Barrett in the fucking face and somewhat rudely collapsing time

itself in the process, right as Barrett sat at that tiny table alone, innocently sipping his drink in Seventh Heaven—Barrett then went on to tell Cloud how, before the bar, he'd seen a bunch of people with Mako poisoning that he hadn't seen in months, and Cloud noted that's how they knew Spring was approaching, right?!—Yet, on that note, it was kind of funny because Cloud was actually thinking to himself the other day—what was the exact definition of sobriety anyway—like how could they actually distinguish sobriety from intoxication?—Barrett perked up a bit—Cloud made it clear that, no, he wasn't necessarily like talking about smoking crack, or exposing yourself to high intensity mako shards for decades on end, but maybe just drinking white wine or something?—

05.204:294 .694 Because Cloud was crossing the Washington Street bridge contemplating a particular vision of indivisible Oneness the other night, as Barrett knew too well that Cloud was apt to do from time to time, and believe it not he was actually discovering a decent amount of enjoyment in the material world at the time!—drinking a mini water bottle filled with Mezcal, but also attempting to gauge whether he'd have the time to grab just one more beer before Tifa was supposed to be at his apartment—Cloud was contemplating the nature of an indivisible Oneness, but he was also comforted by

the material realm while coldly calculating his odds of being able to chug another beer while still making it back to his apartment before Tifa was supposed to arrive—And as Cloud was contemplating this nature of an indivisible Oneness, crossing a Washington Street bridge, drinking Mezcal from a mini water bottle Cloud remarked to Barrett how he'd started to question this very definition of sobriety—But it was here Barrett began to question—well—what did Cloud actually mean by that?—

06. 315:454 .694 Well, what Cloud was trying to get at, Barrett, was that sobriety itself was supposed to be a baseline of sorts, no?—Of course it was!—Yet how could they measure this baseline exactly?—was there a measurement at all?—was sobriety to be defined by a lack of passion, or a vague sense of the “even-keeled”?—But the problem was, in Cloud's mind at least, that there was no universal emotional baseline with which to define sobriety—Some people—he meant, even Cloud himself could be totally unhinged emotionally on occasion while quote-unquote “completely sober”—Furthermore, even if they—Barrett and Cloud—could define some baseline emotional status as axiomatic, then they would still have to combat philosophically with external substances that weren't considered intoxicants that would obviously shift this emotional baseline—What did Cloud mean?—Well, like, a lack of

food could alter mood—The same could be said of caffeine!—Consuming dirt would probably shift someone’s emotional state—Historically, according to Cloud, people ate fucking plants with small doses of psychedelics embedded within them and probably thought very little about “intoxication” proper!—People used to fucking sanitize water with alcohol!—Smoking tobacco altered mood—Basically, Barrett, “anything we ingest alters our latent state of existence and therefore changes us in some form or another, which in most all cases probably filters into our mood.” Cloud noted, for him personally, a shift in his diet could do wonders for his intellectual disposition—so then what was sobriety?—It seemed impossible to even think about sobriety as a thing at all!—Well, Barrett hadn’t exactly considered it like that and wasn’t sure if he would—

07. 503:695 .724 But Cloud thought that maybe they’d taken a false baseline of sobriety conceptually, no?—After all, what technically was an external substance?—Could they dig even further and consider the definition of an external substance?—A conversation could certainly alter a person’s temperament exponentially as well!— but did that technically count as an exogenous substance?—Did words not carry weight?—A vociferous thought or even a fleeting memory—especially in Cloud’s case!— could often toss a person completely

off-kilter, yet they still for some incomprehensible reason clung to an idea of an objective sobriety, and then they subsequently targeted select substances as intoxicating, while deeming so-called “other” substances—which also altered temperaments—as totally fine!—Well, this was what Cloud was thinking at least, as he walked over the Washington Street bridge—that if people didn’t view consuming fresh vegetables as something fundamentally mind altering, then it was possible, in Cloud’s mind, that they just experienced the world in vastly different ways—And Barrett for his part found this to be intriguing yet unconvincing—But Cloud insisted that there simply was no true and extended stability of our mental states—even if they were hypothetically deprived of external tinkering, because even thought itself was fundamentally external to some extent, was it not?—And people on average were constantly accosted by specific thoughts, were they not?—Thought almost never ceased accosting these people, which were all people?—And even if they confined themselves to commonly agreed upon material substances, then there was still no consistent way to calculate the degree of alteration to a mental state across people of different walks of life, period—Barrett might not experience the same mental shift after the consumption of a fresh stick of celery that Cloud would, even if the celery itself

remained entirely static—Walking across the Washington Street bridge, Cloud drank from a tiny water bottle filled with Mezcal and didn't feel intoxicated in any way, shape, or form—any more than had he been drinking a cup of coffee, or eating a delicious snack, or receiving a specific thought—In his mind at the time there was no true division between intoxication and sobriety, and this was Cloud's final conclusion—regardless of whether or not Barrett agreed—as he somewhat anxiously sent Tifa a text message letting her know he was “taking a walk,” just in case she arrived at his apartment before he finished slugging down one last beer at the bar that he was walking to.

(03) DINNER & DRINKS

Triadic Mode: >.667

01. 258:380 .679 “Well, no,” were the two words Cloud began with as he explained that his point was that there was a significant distinction between the two, meaning dinner and drinks!—that if you make it out like it’s just drinks and then last minute it becomes dinner?—then yeah Cloud’s gonna be a little fucking pissed off!—Especially if he didn’t know the fucking people, you know Aerith?—How did that make any sense?—He found it a bit absurd, frankly—Sure, he’d go tie one or two on with a total stranger, that was fine, but to sit down and actually engage in a dinner?—that was an entirely distinct level of socializing, and it was one that, frankly, Cloud didn’t particularly care for—And he wasn’t ashamed to admit it!—that, frankly, he felt this Philistine notion of just going out to dinner with any and every acquaintance, that if you didn’t acquiesce to that standard then you would be deemed, what?—anti-social?—Well color Cloud anti-social then!—But Aerith noted that while, sure, to be fair, it was a different level of socialization, if he truly didn’t know the people, but, you know, if it was her personally?—Supposing it was Aerith, then she’d

hope that it wouldn't be that big of a deal to Cloud?—To just go out to dinner?—Was she kidding him?!—Oh, of course not, Aerith!—With her?—You fucking kidding?—Cloud was always down to grab a nosh with someone like her, no, it was just that the hypothetical notion of eating supper with a complete stranger (“a more or less complete stranger”)—what were they discussing?—

02.319:461 .692 Cloud and the hypothetical stranger?—Did he have to come prepared with a portfolio of talking points?— Cloud couldn't imagine that they'd be super intrigued with anything he had to say, or that they'd end up on the precipice of any revelation that he'd conclude to be particularly enlightening either—Cloud was simply going by empirical evidence really—That was all—He wasn't, like, trying to be a dick or anything!—Just that, empirically speaking, it seemed unlikely they'd have a lot to converse about, Cloud and this hypothetical stranger—But Aerith added that, to be fair, wasn't Cloud the one who was always railing against so-called sensory data?—Yet, in this case, he was all bent out of shape about this impromptu dinner because, in his own words, because of empirical data?—Of past experience, which was sensory data?—Memories, right?—Which, wouldn't Cloud agree, was some of the most unreliable data available no?—Of course he did!—Aerith, even fucking

quantum physics was still fundamentally sense-forward, in the sense that they were beginning with sense perception—this was what contemporary so-called science had achieved of course!—Placing sense perception as an apex predator until finally, with the discovery of quantum physics, it'd reduced the observable world to a degree that even linear sense-perception no longer made any fucking sense in the upper worlds!—That was what they'd done—And quite smugly at times too!—But wasn't that what Cloud was doing with this impending dinner?—Aerith queried him on this point—Well, Cloud supposed that, thinking about it again, yeah, he was kind of acting like a quantum physicist a bit, wasn't he?—Well, Aerith was just saying—to the extent that his argument was fundamentally empirical—

03.243:356 .683 But it was kind of intuitive in a sense too, his argument, in Cloud's opinion—He agreed with Aerith to the extent that, yes, he was basing his disgust partially on empirical evidence, but he'd also allege that he felt an intuitive disgust with these types of social gatherings as well, and then he, to her point, to be blunt, did tend to dip into the world of empiricism to validate said intuitive disgust—Although, technically, they should probably be a little cautious to even employ the word empiricism here, because he didn't think empiricism

necessarily needed to be restricted to sense-perception necessarily, you know?—Aerith supposed there, yes, was probably an empiricism of the intelligible realm as well?—Honestly, to Cloud—it was certainly possible that he maybe wasn't even in the best mind state to even assess it one way or another—Aerith took advantage of this capitulation to say she'd recently had a dream about Cloud—would he mind hearing her out?—where he was emailing her a question about whether a specific action was defined as 'insider trading', while she was processing some non-descript 'orders' for something in a bath tub, which consisted of, for some reason, washing large chocolate cookies down the drain, watching them as they slowly disintegrated under the hot water—

04.277: 376 .737 Then, after that, realizing that the cookies related to Cloud's question about insider trading, she contemplated if she should have flushed them all down the drain before answering the question?—Did she do wrong by Cloud by washing these cookies preemptively down the drain?—If Cloud truly wanted the 'order processed,' so to speak—In a sense Aerith felt an affinity for the cookies, didn't she, Cloud inferred—Cloud postulated that she felt like they were actual beings as she crumbled them down the unforgiving drain with the scorching hot water?—In retrospect, Aerith admitted

that that may have been the case—Cloud noted that there was a certain level of gnosis achieved through contemplating your dreams—yet was there any to be gleaned from participating in double date dinners?—Aerith admitted she'd been clinging onto the fact of the cookies being washed down the drain, and she knew Cloud had a particular talent when it came to interpreting dreams—Well then let's see here, Cloud contemplated, the dissolution of a sweet food in an apparatus usually used to clean yourself?—But with a transactional, abutting capitalist undertone—And Aerith was doing it, perhaps unintentionally, for someone else (Cloud), without their knowledge, and not only without their knowledge but while ignoring their inquiry—actually, Cloud guessed it was his inquiry technically, about whether it was legal, as apparently this was somehow potentially 'insider trading'?—

05. 306:421 .727 So she was repurposing an apparatus for cleansing the body to destroy large, life-like pieces of unhealthy food for Cloud, without his consent, Cloud meanwhile wondering if destroying this junk food in a bath tub was actually illegal?—Of course in any dream they also should consider whether what was represented was a representation of another representation, meaning maybe not an analogy at all?—But if they proceeded as if what was represented in Aerith's dream appeared as it was

intended to appear, then that would be a decent start—So, in a sense, Aerith thought, that she was cleaning particular attributes of Cloud without his permission, while Cloud was thinking—perhaps suspecting—that cleansing himself in this way may have actually been a type of insider trading, it could have been a very serious crime—Cloud noted that—Aerith, cleaning yourself was basically a crime against the state these days—No surprise there!—Although Cloud liked a nice cookie every now and then, he didn't necessarily find anything that bad about eating a few cookies on occasion, but Cloud also found it intriguing that Aerith personally identified with the cookies as they broke apart and tumbled down the drain, that she saw a certain goodness, a specific being within them, and subsequently felt a sadness at the fact they had to be washed down the drain of this bath tub—Even what's fundamentally bad for you isn't necessarily bad, Aerith noted—But yes, it was sad to see them fall apart in a bath tub faucet, huh?—"Even the running shoes you need to toss into the trash are eternal," Cloud said.

(04) INSTITUTIONAL NORMS

Triadic Mode: > 66.7%

- 01. 91:133 68.4%** Cloud was for sure fine with whatever Tifa wanted to say to him (“I always want you to speak your mind!”), but he just wasn’t going to back off his well-developed (in his mind) idea that the institution itself (as a concept) was basically restrictive, that they shouldn’t necessarily care what’s there in the container (“Category theory!”), but also that eros was a gateway—Tifa just wasn’t certain that engaging in that in the bar, after hours—she didn’t know, was that actually appropriate, Cloud?—
- 02. 107:149 71.8%** Even if she wanted to do it!—In the bar?!—Of course, Cloud totally understood, but, again—just to reiterate—eros was a gateway—It didn’t have to be about, you know, purely that—What?—was Tifa now gonna allow herself to be tyrannically restrained by the institutional norms of Shinra, et al?—Was that now how she was gonna live her life?—by the contemptuous rules of Shinra?—She could pop that pussy wide open whenever she wanted to!—if she really wanted to, even if it was just super quickly!—(What exactly was the temperature in the room?)

03.499:736 67.8% There wasn't anything inherently out of bounds about any of that, assuming the correct context, because—well, no, Cloud wasn't saying he was in support of indiscriminate promiscuity—no, not at all!—It needed to be rigorous—perhaps even ritualistic, and he wasn't even suggesting Tifa should ipso facto just quote-unquote pop that pussy open to spite the moral norms of Shinra—it was actually the opposite!—No, Cloud was simply asserting she shouldn't not make beautiful love in Seventh Heaven simply because of some societal Shinra code—she shouldn't allow herself, Tifa, to be regulated by an institutional entity whose primary purpose was the employment of the universal restriction—To Cloud it wasn't in any way, shape, or form Shinra's place to enforce any universal restrictions whatsoever—Fuck Shinra specifically and fuck the institution in a more generic sense—Ugh, shut up Cloud!—He was kidding, wasn't he?—Oh yeah!— Cloud admitted it was certainly possible he was exaggerating certain elements of his argument intentionally, in terms of the whole—well, you know—no, he wasn't suggesting Tifa should “pop that pussy” in the bar!—No, that was absurd!—Unless she wanted to!—Because if she wanted to Tifa should know that Cloud took no offense, like, at all!—They both laughed at themselves, but didn't he, Cloud, in the abstract kind of have a point?—No, just listen for a second, Cloud said, please

Tifa—he knew she felt an anxiety, from time to time, and according to Cloud it was actually entirely possible that it was the anxiety of the younger Socrates—Namely, it was this anxiety that Tifa, she felt like she might have fallen into a pit of “bottomless nonsense”—this idea that there could be an actual conceptual idea behind all phenomena that had ever occurred, that every action she took had some capital-I Idea behind or above it, that every single sensory perception, every single moment of their lives emerged from some conceptual Idea behind it, that ideas themselves became sub-atomic particles which become multiplied into an infinite (“seeming!”) nonsense—It was an extreme vertigo to experience that without a doubt!— and Cloud was all too familiar with that type of madness himself!—In fact, his entire experience in the ether, so to speak, was fundamentally in agreement with this anxiety of young Socrates—But what Cloud would say in response, to Tifa, to himself, to Socrates—what Cloud would say in reply is exactly what Parmenides said to this young Socrates himself, that this anxiety was an anxiety of youth (“Cloud, we’re basically the exact same age . . .”), one that would be extinguished when she’d “learned not to despise any of these things.”

04. 635:942 67.4% In short, Tifa shouldn’t allow Shinra mores—or, frankly, institutional mores from anywhere else for that matter!—to interfere with her

own processes—That was all Cloud was saying really—If Tifa wanted to do that at Seventh Heaven, then, sure, that was fine!—Well, Tifa appreciated the kind words, even if it was an awkward subject for Cloud of all people to be broaching, given the fact that it was kind of blatantly obvious that it was Cloud that Tifa would probably do that with in the bar—Why would they kid one another about that!—But for Cloud’s part—no he didn’t care one way or the other—he just thought that when someone spent a decent chunk of time in the ether that it changed their perspective on that kind of shit —what conclusion, after all, should they draw from the contemplation of sensible objects?—If she wanted to bend over in her own bar, it wasn’t philosophically out of bounds to him in the least—Like he said, to some extent eros was a gateway—they shouldn’t view it simply organically or purely sensibly even if it was to some extent existent inextricably within those realms, at least from their perspectives in their bodies or whatever—A gateway to what though, Tifa wondered—To a different type of knowledge Cloud confirmed—Wasn’t he against sensual empiricism, Tifa queried—but Cloud quickly countered that it was by amplifying the sensory experience, by speeding it up that the sensory experience itself was transcended—that was the whole gateway part—Again, Cloud wasn’t arguing for any of this

indiscriminately!—he was instead making the case that these amplifications couldn't be completely cut off!—that if “other bitter and bilious humors wander about in the body and find no exit or escape, but are pent up within and mingle their own vapors with the motions of the soul, and are blended with them, they produce all sorts of diseases.” That just like particles of matter could be sped up to create anti-gravitational waves, the sensory organs could be similarly sped in order to transcend themselves, basically—Cloud made a decent point, but had he heard back from Biggs and Wedge—were they going to make it to the little thing Tifa was hosting that Sunday?—She just needed to, you know, get a definite head count so she could know how much food she'd need—Cloud hadn't heard back, and frankly he was finding it a little ridiculous at that point—because at the very least, to Cloud, they could at least RSVP one way or the other—Sure, of course, eros was a gateway—there couldn't be a totally universal restriction oppressing every single member of a society, but at the same time if a person couldn't RSVP to an event they basically should start eating mud out of troughs with pigs, in Cloud's view at least!—People who refused to RSVP to events in a timely manner really had no place in polite society!—or, for that matter, in any society!—That was Cloud's perspective at least!—And Tifa agreed!—Frankly, she was getting

a little frustrated with the whole process—She was, in her mind, doing a nice thing—throwing an Avalanche quote-unquote Sunday Funday, but she just needed to know a head count ASAP—It was already Wednesday night!—Cloud noted that they’d sent out the invitations, like, two weeks back, and they hadn’t even heard back from half of the potential attendees, which actually moved Cloud to think that maybe Tifa should just cancel the whole damn thing!—But, no, Tifa was right—it was too late to cancel, because then she’d look like the asshole—Cloud thought that maybe that was preferable!—Maybe that’s what needed to happen!—There needed to be some rules to this shit, right?

(05) THE MEMORY OF CAPITALISM

Triadic Mode: > .667

01. 264:328 .805 Cloud asked Barrett point blank right in Seventh Heaven: What was capitalism really?—because that’s what he was actually philosophically opposed to vis-a-vis Shinra, no?—The mass production of mako energy—was that not fundamentally just free market capitalism at its finest?— and therefore wasn’t capitalism just fundamentally a singularity of sorts, just a complete evisceration of memory, to the extent that memory is the context in which we construct ourselves, our societies?—Cloud asserted that capitalism didn’t give a fuck about that at all!— simply because capitalism couldn’t, because if capitalism didn’t ruthlessly pursue maximum profits, then someone else would—Cloud eventually asked Barrett if capitalism actually consisted of memory at all?—But Barrett didn’t fucking know—The fuck did he even care—he was attempting to make an active difference in things—No, it didn’t at all, did it?—Capitalism was the singular focus sans memory par excellence—it sought an increase at whatever the cost, regardless of the context—driven by the hypothetical other, the

hypothetical other moving capitalism to completely ignore memory holistically—

02. 275:405 .679 The only context in which capitalism would even remotely consider memory was in its future forecasts, but even those types of reports were fundamentally myopic in character, weren't they?—Plus “past performance isn't indicative of future results!” And even a five year forecast would basically just cover the attention span of a beta fish in the grand scheme of things—No, Cloud said, capitalism clearly operated sans memory, as a singularity—and therefore was fundamentally an agent of destabilization from a political standpoint—he was agreeing with Barrett!—Barrett wasn't seeking agreement when Cloud then asked if there wasn't also something abutting divine to that type of singularity—to Cloud it was almost like the radiation poisoning of pure mako itself and shit, no?—Capitalism as a singularity contained a divine element, in its radical rejection of memory capitalism was certainly divine-adjacent—It was like capitalism as an unfettered seeking of increase of expansion was in itself something worthy of praise in the abstract, but for an actual sensible society the employment of unrepentant capitalism was the most destabilizing and self-destructive political philosophy you could ever subscribe to!—Capitalism was magnificent in the abstract, but if you actually subscribed to the theory

in practice then you would almost definitely, in due time, totally destroy yourself and everything around you!—

03.241:357 .675 Ultimately, Barrett reiterated that he didn't really have a ton of time to discuss these types of details—philosophical discussions wouldn't, after all, fundamentally alter the rapid environmental destruction that was ongoing at the hands of Shinra!—Cloud didn't disagree!—Yet, at the same time, weren't the two of them at Seventh Heaven drinking fucking beers?—How many draft beers had they drank at that point?—They weren't gonna slow down Shinra's degradation of the planet via consuming draft beers either!—Shit, bro—It was like—Cloud actually woke up that morning thinking about memory—not capitalism, but memory at least—about how he could be himself across multiple platforms and shit, but how, with that in mind, memory perhaps wasn't attached to Being itself either—Cloud was always concurrently multiple iterations of himself, and he to some extent partook in Being across those iterations, but at the same time—the thought occurred to Cloud that memory wasn't necessarily attached to Being at all times either?—Being and memory—what was their exact relationship?—That the soul could fundamentally be eternal, but if its being was disassociated from memory as we understood it then obviously it would

kind of be difficult to verify!—As we tend to confirm experiences via memory and shit—

04. 144:206 .699 Barrett gulped down his eighth pint of Midgar Light but that didn't deter Cloud from prodding further at the point—namely, that fundamentally capitalism contained no memory, and Being itself perhaps only partially partook in memory?—Was capitalism a form of being?—No, it couldn't be!—not unless they took a static vantage point on an infinite urge to increase and expand, which, to some extent, wasn't that the drive of the infinite, which was fundamentally the transcendent, which was—no Being couldn't be transcendent, not totally, right?—Cloud didn't think so—Barrett had had enough of this fucking shit!—and he slammed his mug of Midgar Light on the counter and moseyed out the bar (he'd heard about some new “Queen's Blood” thing that was being introduced to Sector Seven that he wanted to try anyway)—

05. 128:189 .677 Tifa took the opportunity to ask Cloud if he'd had any encounters with—you know?— those ruthless apparitions that seemed to be haunting him intermittently since returning to Midgar?—Well, Cloud was after all a remade man—in more ways than one, but no?—Why?—Who else around the slums had seen them recently?—It was weird to Cloud, a little curious, he noted to Tifa, mostly because it seemed like sometimes (a) he'd see them,

yet sometimes (b) no, he wouldn't necessarily see them but intuit them, but then other times—like the other day—(c) the apparitions would be everywhere for everyone to see, and he'd whip out his fucking Buster Sword with Tifa by his side—Tifa asked him to extrapolate on the triad of a-b-c, if he could—

06. 307:436 .704 She clearly wanted to assist Cloud in reaching the bottom of all of this, so to speak—Well, to Cloud, it was almost like the Eleatics were correct all along—that this type of phenomena—where sometimes (a) he'd see them and she wouldn't, sometimes (b) he wouldn't even see them but he'd feel them, and then other times (c) they'd appear to the public at large, well, phenomena like that basically undermined the entire idea of empiricism via sense perception, no?—If sense perception was something that they could reliably employ as a first principle to gather data and then arrive at conclusions regarding the nature of the corporeal world—then shit like what Cloud just described couldn't be possible, right?—Cloud asked how could it possibly?!—There had to be a separate first principle they'd need to reference—Also, he'd switch to Fernet if that was okay with Tifa?—But the problem with this notion—both he and Tifa agreed (Tifa reluctantly agreed)—was that (a) there was no evidence that he saw them when others didn't, and (b) there was no evidence even to himself that he felt

them when he didn't see them—Cloud could see them and he'd be sure that he saw them even if Tifa didn't—he'd have an empirical data point that he just couldn't prove!—but when Cloud simply felt himself to be in communion with something formless and incorporeal, then even he couldn't be sure, from an empirical standpoint, what it was he experienced, because his experience lacked a form entirely—he didn't have a sense-based empirical data point to even prove to himself that he experienced anything!—Tifa poured the Fernet and said something about wanting to believe Cloud—

07. 176:249 .707 At that point Cloud said, hearkening back to the point that previously caused Barret to stomp out of the bar, what was memory anyway?— if not this type of communion with a formless and incorporeal experience like these ruthless apparitions?—After all, he remembered a boatload of shit that didn't necessarily have images attached!—A lot of his memories were in fact formless feelings, but then—like some of Cloud's other encounters—did indeed contain images, but they featured images that only appeared to Cloud, just like Tifa's image-memories only appeared to her!—So Cloud was of the acute opinion that memories themselves were to some extent like these ruthless apparitions he'd been experiencing?—yet Tifa quickly corrected him, aptly pointing out that Cloud's memories, to the

best of her knowledge, had never swarmed around Seventh Heaven and attacked innocent civilians?—He had to grant that as true!—- “but you know what I mean, Tifa”—She did.

08.233:308 .756 Cloud’s memories were similar to those ruthless apparitions in terms of (a) and (b), but not in terms of (c)—Cloud continued on to say, sipping a fresh Fernet, that the point more or less remained, that while sure memories were distinct, these apparitions—these unidentified flying apparitions, they fundamentally undermined the utility of our sense-perception, which was something, to Cloud’s original point, that the Eleatics really emphasized—Tifa acknowledged Cloud’s point about memory—she didn’t necessarily disagree with it just because memories, to the best of their knowledge, never physically manifested themselves in corporeal forms, that it struck Tifa as basically true that memory was a similar type of experience, something that they interacted with sometimes via an image that wasn’t sensible to anyone else, and sometimes via a vague feeling that they couldn’t even corroborate themselves!—even memory to some extent completely undermined the idea that our sensory faculties were reliable instruments to use to come to accurate conclusions about what we perceive to be the corporeal world.

(06) YELLOW FLOWER GOSSIP

Triadic Mode: > 66.7%

01. 101:143 .706 Cloud knew that of course Aerith was suffering from this gnawing inkling that, you know, Cloud may have gone and given away the flower—or perhaps that was a tad too strong a phrase—maybe passed along was a better way to put it, that’s what Cloud postulated at least—but in any case he knew that Aerith knew that he forwarded the flower, right?—But how did she come to possess that knowledge exactly?—- could it have possibly been via the under city whisper network?—Or did Aerith come to realize Cloud gave the shit away via some sort of divine intuition?—

02. 116:167 .695 Basically, Cloud was attempting to ascertain the source origin of Aerith’s knowledge—was it opinion or intuition—whereas Aerith was chiefly concerned with the implications of the knowledge itself—She actually made it quite clear that she wasn’t sure if Cloud’s prevarications were really the point she was attempting to make when she brought the whole flower re-gifting up to Cloud—that the issue at hand wasn’t, perhaps, how she obtained this particular knowledge, but instead whether or not Cloud gave the flower away, which to be fair she

wasn't, like, offended by—Aerith was just a little curious?—Who'd Cloud "forward" it to anyway?—Tifa, right?—

03. 113:157 .720 Of course it was Tifa—which was totally fine!—They were actually friends!—But Cloud, if possible, wanted to stay on this prior point—this epistemological point—because he thought there was a pretty important distinction to be found there, between knowing something via opinion—because, for instance, some Sector Six dipshit was yapping his fucking gums in the slum—or by contrast becoming familiar in a more pure fashion—There was pure knowledge of things—and then there was bullshit you heard third hand from douchebags in the Sector Six Slums—Cloud felt like Aerith probably knew via the former method—could she confirm though?—

04. 58:86 .674 Instead Aerith chose to posit the radical notion that maybe it could have been both?—Sure, Cloud thought that was possible (he guessed ...)—but he didn't think so—it was possible yet not probable—in fact, Cloud felt like he knew that Aerith knew, no, not via some whisper network, no, not by opinion at all, but instead by direct intuition—

05. 92:111 .829 And it just so happened that it was by his own intuitive capabilities that Cloud knew that Aerith knew that he gave that very fucking flower away via her own intuition, not by any lurid rumor monger frolicking shamelessly in the slums—Were

there any rumor mongers frolicking shamelessly in the slums though?—Spreading disinformation about Cloud giving away flowers to a plethora of women in Midgar!—

06. 107:153 .699 No, that wasn't the way Aerith had accessed her knowledge—not at all—Anyway, Aerith thought maybe Cloud should consider thinking twice before giving away flowers again—That was all—Not that she was particularly perturbed—Not in the least actually!—But maybe Cloud could just—hypothetically—if a girl like her were to give him a beautiful yellow flower in the middle of Midgar, maybe he should hold onto the thing!—Or at the very least don't go and give it to some other fucking chick!—Was it really that difficult to just continually keep a single flower on your person?—

07. 83:114 .728 Not that it was Aerith's business anyway, because clearly if Cloud wanted to gift the flower to Tifa—sure that was fine, it was totally his option if that's how he wanted to go about it, but didn't Cloud think it was just a little rude?—No, instead he thought that there was a notable distinction between the two types of knowledge—but if Aerith did so happen to hear it in the street, then would she be willing to tell Cloud who was flapping their lips?—

08. 106:148 .716 Was anyone out in the slums specifically looking to rat his spiky ass out?—In any

case, regardless of all that, Cloud totally understood where Aerith was coming from, and he guessed he just wasn't really thinking at the time, when he re-gifted the flower—Tifa took note of the flower, and he didn't want to go into the whole flower girl anecdote, so he figured it might be kind of nice to, you know, pass along the love?—Aerith repeated the phrase pass along the love in a way that, quite amazingly, wasn't completely filled to the brim with consternation and contempt—

09. 143:197 .726 To Cloud there was something ineffably true about contemplating the female form, in its blunt physical iteration—there was no lurid opinion present within it, although Cloud didn't explicitly express this idea to Aerith at the time, given her reticence to engage in the opinion versus intuition dichotomy he started the conversation with—yet he was still obviously contemplating her form as this back and forth occurred—Her typical philosophical disposition when it came to love triangles was waning just slightly—this little flower incident seemed to almost rile her up emotionally, although it was clear to Cloud when she repeated the phrase pass along the love that she wasn't entirely riled up—Not yet at least—

10. 122:171 .713 Aerith finally confirmed for Cloud that, yes, it was via pure intuition she'd surmised her flower no longer resided on his person, and sure she

agreed that there was a certain distinction between the two types of knowledge—Cloud then asked Aerith what she thought was the cause of each type—well, obviously opinion consisted of literal whisper networks, she said, from what people saw and heard and all that—This allowed Cloud to note that wasn't everything Shinra was working on—especially Hojo—was that not basically another whisper network, that Hojo, despite being a so-called scientist, was simply working off of what he and his associates heard and saw?—

11. 118:156 .756 Aerith was tempted to say Hojo's operation was a more systematic version of that, yes, but instead abruptly cut herself off, because when she considered it further she concluded the under city whisper networks were actually quite complex themselves!—So instead she accused Cloud of changing the subject, then she noted that, actually, she wanted to shift topics, but not to the so-called whisper networks of Hojo versus the well-known whisper networks of the Sector Six Slums, no!—No, Cloud understood—Even he didn't even really want to talk about Hojo!—Maybe he was obfuscating—

12. 88:104 .846 Cloud apologized, but Aerith said it wasn't necessary, there was no sorry needed really—they probably shouldn't beat a dead horse, so to speak—But, ugh—what a horrendous turn of phrase—No, Cloud agreed—it was a terrible saying, a

scumbag saying, really—Hojo probably would do it though, beat a dead horse?—- and then fucking, like, inject it with mako or some shit, make it a mutant steed!—Gross!—Fucking loser!

(07) NEW CO-OP CASHIER FALSE DOPPELGANGER ARGUMENTS

Triadic Mode: >66.7%

01. 101:150 .673 Cloud just at that moment had begun to recapitulate, this time to the two of them—Aerith and Tifa—how it wasn't actually the case that he'd seen the being, no, there wasn't in fact an actual physical being in that sense of the phrase—it wasn't like the men in the black cloaks they'd be following in Rebirth (were either of them familiar with that plotline yet?)—He'd just begun to explain this to the both of them, and Cloud didn't feel any different about it necessarily—the fact that he was telling the both of them—Tifa was behind the bar and Aerith just happened to be there—

02. 78:102 .764 It was fine—Were they familiar with Rebirth yet?—Probably not, right?—But no, in this case Cloud had been fucking, you know, just sitting on this carpet in Wutai at the time—he sat on the carpet cross-legged—and then he suddenly intuited a purely divine being emanating in the triangle head encapsulated in the perfectly square design that repeated endlessly throughout the entire carpet—

03. 84:124 .677 This triangle head was what Cloud could only describe as a “laughing Allah”—That’s how it struck him—There wasn’t really a question about it in Cloud’s mind and it was actually beautiful—Yes, a “laughing Allah” was the only way he could describe the divine being, which certainly communicated with him as he sat cross-legged in Wutai in a somewhat mystical manner, albeit not quite verbally, but the being certainly communicated in a way that caused Cloud to smile—

04. 119:172 .692 Cloud, smile?!—The two women found that totally hilarious!—Tifa nearly fucked up the beer she was pouring she was so surprised to hear Cloud of all people talking about himself smiling—But neither Tifa nor Aerith found this anecdote of Cloud’s to be disingenuous in any way—in fact they both fully supported Cloud’s confessions and more often than not even found them legitimately intriguing (but there were, of course, some exceptions!), albeit they generally found the anecdotes intriguing in a one-on-one setting, as opposed to this FFM arrangement—But that was clearly fine!—It just so happened Aerith was around and she popped in the bar—No big deal at all!—

05. 131:177 .740 Yet, while contemplating whether or not another Moscow Mule was advisable or not, Cloud expressed quite vigorously that he wanted to relay a subsequent anecdote that he viewed apropos

of the carpet encounter, if that was okay?—Of course!—Well, specifically it was that when he popped into his local co-op grocery store that morning, for just a few minor items, a couple hand fruits really, and the new cashier asked him—right as he shifted his headphones up off of his ears to start the formalized sales transaction—if his brother “or something” went there sometimes?—to the grocery store?—Did Cloud have a brother by any chance?—Because she, the new cashier, felt like she’d seen him before?—

06. 70:93 .753 Well, Cloud said to the cashier, thinking about it for a second he found it quite possible that this alleged doppelganger was actually fucking just him!—Cloud himself!—that the cashier was in that particular instance confusing Cloud for his actual self, that this cashier only believed she’d seen someone who looked just like Cloud before because she’d, in fact, seen Cloud before—

07. 95:139 .683 He walked away just momentarily, he told Tifa and Aerith, just to toss his basket back into the stack of baskets behind the automatic doors—Yeah, he’d take one more Mule, please Tifa?—The new cashier was chuckling when Cloud arrived back at the checkout counter ready to pay for his shit—she was in the process of entering the item number for his red quinoa, chuckling alone—“it could’ve been you” she repeated, chuckling, but then,

Cloud relayed to Tifa and Aerith, she actually came around to Cloud's particular hypothesis—

08. 146:205 .712 The new cashier, after thinking about it, came to agree with Cloud, that she actually probably had seen him in the grocery store before, and that she'd just now erroneously figured he had a brother, when in fact this hypothetical brother was actually just Cloud himself—Tifa considered, after she'd ingested the full anecdote and served Cloud his refreshed Moscow Mule, that it was somewhat likely that the cashier wanted to quote-unquote suck his cock, and Cloud didn't necessarily disagree with the notion!—he certainly considered it possible, that this cashier may have been amenable to something like that, but that wasn't quite the point!—There was a type of wisdom latent in the exchange, wasn't there?—regardless of whether or not the cashier wanted to perform fellatio on Cloud?—

09. 116:173 .671 Aerith, by contrast, took a more philosophical angle to her analysis of the encounter, because she agreed with Cloud that the cashier exhibited a certain spiritual insight, even if it was inadvertent—Aerith, for her part, didn't put much of any stock into the cashier's intentions, whether or not they were sordid, benign, or simply indifferent—Upon acknowledging this Tifa noted that she recognized Aerith's point of view as valid, that it was probably the "right way to take it in," even if she,

Tifa, wasn't personally at the point of participating in quite that level of objectivity (if they could, in fact, call it that)—

10. 73:95 .768 Cloud noted that, at the end of the day, he couldn't help it if a certain person felt an urge to suck his cock—that whether or not someone wanted to suck anyone's cock is something ultimately unknowable, that he couldn't simply toss potential spiritual encounters to the wayside purely because of a purported sordid subtext or intention—

11. 80:114 .702 Both women agreed with this, yet perhaps Aerith just a tad more than Tifa?—not to say Tifa was somehow beside herself with jealousy in any material way—no, this distinction between Tifa and Aerith was probably rooted more so in Aerith's basically absurd ability to remain philosophically undeterred about other women while steeped in an obvious love triangle—Did she even like Cloud, really?—

12. 134:194 .691 Because it was really quite evident that Cloud, Tifa, and Aerith were collectively entwined in a sort of love triangle, but Aerith, for her part, maintained quite the unique ability to remain essentially philosophical about it all—she didn't seem to allow feelings of jealousy to overcome her in the least when Cloud relayed anecdotes about cashiers that, if the three were being honest, clearly wanted to whip the guy's cock out and suck on it for an

extended interval of time—Did she even really like Cloud?—His individual feelings on the situation were a little ambiguous, even to when he was all alone—Cloud was of course incapable of assessing his own feelings for somewhat obvious reasons.

PART II

THE WORLD DIVIDES INTO FACTS

THE WORLD DIVIDES INTO FACTS

(A TREATISE ON PORTALS)

Triadic Mode: >.667

12393:15330 .808

—Introduction

- **1** The world is everything that is the case.
- **1.1** The world is the totality of facts, not of things.
- **1.11** The world is determined by the facts, and by these being all the facts.
- **1.12** For the totality of facts determines both what is the case, and also all that is not the case.
- **1.13** The facts in logical space are the world.
- **1.2** The world divides into facts.

Part I: “East Asia Street Meat”

6687:8466 .790

—I-I: Shinjuku in Late August

2588:3364 .769

01. 113:156 .724 Not long after landing in Japan with Reimi it became rather clear to Buddy that the country was, at bottom, "a fundamentally animated culture", that the whole populace of Japan, with remarkable cohesion, had managed to imbue itself with "an animated form of existence", that

everywhere you went in Tokyo, he thought, you're ceaselessly "inundated with animations"—even the escape plan on an airplane is relayed via an animated, he didn't know, Pokemon avatar in Japan, yet that was still an improvement over the human-relayed iteration.

02. 44:49 .898 Because, Buddy said to Reimi, his Platonic travel companion who herself had a respectable knowledge of Japan, what exactly is the damn point of these so-called escape plans on airplanes?

03. 51:67 .761 Well, Reimi replied, there doesn't seem to be any whatsoever!—because, Buddy interrupted, if we're thirty thousand fucking feet in the atmosphere and spiraling back toward Earth's surface I'll just jump out of the damn window to my horrific yet inevitable death!

04. 154:193 .798 What?—tossing on a plastic mask and making certain no luggage was left on the floor of the so-called escape aisle, that's going to make a palpable difference for people forced to plummet down tens of thousands of feet from a gigantic metallic cylinder?—yet in any case, despite the fact they both agreed that traveling was basically an, at bottom, insipid hobby, that drinking a beer in Tokyo was functionally no different than drinking one in Omaha, both Reimi and Buddy agreed that the culture of Japan was certainly of a superior quality to contemporary America. where "so-called political

philosophers" like Curtis Yarvin actually exerted influence on West Wing politicians?

05. 79:111 .712 Reimi found it intriguing, discovering this fact and subsequently perusing Yarvin's blog posts after hearing about his "so-called influence" in contemporary American politics, being, as it so happened, already entirely disaffected by both centrism and liberalism in America, only to conclude that Curtis was at best a fifth-rate thinker, a seventh-rate stylist, a ninth-rate human being?

06. 118:165 .715 No, his aesthetics were immeasurably worse than that, Buddy interjected—his analytical skills, she said, were clearly near-mentally challenged, Curtis Yarvin, Reimi said, was "very possibly mentally challenged"—and she made quite clear that she meant that with no actual ill-will whatsoever—yet the fact transformed his polemics regarding American IQ into something fundamentally comical to her, she actually found the one chapter she read deeply comical in that regard, with the writer's absurd warnings to the reader, and his "bomb drop" regarding racial IQ as items that actually made her chuckle out loud.

07. 36:36 1.00 Oh, Curtis, she laughed, you've really rattled my deprived little brain with your—poorly worded derivative reintroduction to fascism?

08. 65:83 .783 She definitely appreciated Yarvin's oeuvre from that vantage point, as a sort of middle school

level form of absurdist propaganda, because, from that angle, Yarvin was, to some extent, an enjoyable author—yet the fact he'd become influential in American politics wasn't even "mildly surprising".

09. 59:81 .728 Of course not, Buddy added amicably, expressing his humble opinion as a God-given right, which was why he nearly vomited prior that day while reading a Yelp review about a particular bar, the writer making the comment "how nice" congregating with newly found fellow ex-pats in Tokyo was.

10. 47:62 .758 Buddy repeated the phrase "Fellow Ex-Pats" mocking the notion—it seemed wholly grotesque and disgusting to "want to bump into" other objectionable Americans in a beautiful and ultimately untainted city like Tokyo.

11. 42:52 .808 The reality was the only material drawback to Tokyo was that a proportionally large amount of Americans actually "ex-patrioted themselves" in the metropolis.

12. 56:83 .675 America, Buddy considered as he stood solemnly in line at a Starbucks in the JFK airport en route to the Far East, is a polity filled to the brim with now generations of citizens who have done literally nothing but disgrace the standard of living they've had the undeserved privilege of inheriting.

13. 50:56 .893 Americans, according to Buddy, have basically made the standard of living they've

inherited a grave injustice, due primarily to their slovenly, lazy, and basically imbecilic tendencies.

14. 86:102 .843 "No offense" (this was simply his opinion), but even in the so-called metropolitan centers of America like Manhattan—not only were they filled with the sterile run-of-the-mill neoliberal sects of imbeciles but then "you now see" the somehow even more objectionable coalescences like Dimes Square, filled with—honestly, Reimi didn't even really care to discover who they were!

15. 33:48 .688 There existed specific groups of people, Buddy suggested, that a person really didn't even "need to inquire about" to confirm beyond a reasonable doubt you fucking despised.

16. 45:54 .833 There were certain sectors of citizens you knew were worthless without even knowing who they were, and Dimes Square certainly fit that bill, because Reimi despised Dimes Square, despite the fact she knew next to nothing about them.

17. 91:115 .791 She'd skimmed a minimal amount of Curtis Yarvin, yet, even with that admitted, she'd still ingested more than enough Curtis to definitively conclude that he was at best a seventh-rate stylist, and, with that in mind, how could she possibly justify continuing to peruse "purely insipid" "monomaniacal monarchist musings" from a computer programmer who couldn't even teach himself how to compose a paragraph properly?

- 18. 24:32 .75** She didn't think it was unreasonable to stop and arrive at a prematurely fully formed conclusion in any way!
- 19. 25:34 .735** Oh, and of course the fucking guy graduated from Brown University!—Buddy exclaimed, which was basically a criminal cartel.
- 20. 78:109 .716** Of course these were just their personal opinions, benign ideas that they were expressing as a proper form of open debate—Brown University was the only organization more pervasively criminal than the mafia in the state of Rhode Island, Buddy asserted, and absolutely no one could dispute that, that Brown was basically another iteration of organized crime in New England.
- 21. 88:113 .779** So it really made complete sense that Yarvin earned his degree from Brown, and that even in the midst of his middle-aged (yet still essentially pubescent) "intellectual rebellion" he would still remain more or less a criminal of aesthetics, an unapologetic felon of analytical thought, a repeat offender against the intellect, making leagues of misguided young people irreparably dumber for reading his writings.
- 22. 89:114 .781** Reimi, for her part, had read hardly anything of Yarvin's oeuvre, yet she knew deep in her bones that he had absolutely nothing of note to contribute to American culture, adding that people like Curtis were basically little more than meat

sockets, that they were essentially intellectual voids that added very little to humanity beyond the cyclical shit, piss, and semen that got excreted from their still living bodies.

23. 99:128 .773 Buddy, for his part, couldn't possibly disagree!—no one in America dresses well anymore, had she noticed that, and hardly anyone actually works hard, and absolutely no one has anything interesting to say, ever, Buddy said, and there was no better evidence of this than the fact that JD Vance himself was influenced by the writings of Curtis Yarvin, that Dimes Square in Lower Manhattan was actually considered counter-cultural and "quote-unquote edgy" by grown adults.

24. 88:110 .800 We've precipitously descended from Alan Vega starving on the streets of TriBeca, Buddy noted, to a series of middle-aged trust fund grown ups squatting in the most unaffordable, expensive city on the planet, who believe basically nothing, except that the n-word needs to be reclaimed for Caucasians, because they find it incomprehensible and fascist that they can't say the trendy n-word in public among their peers.

25. 62:86 .721 There was basically no doubt in Buddy's mind that even New York City with its five boroughs, the greatest metropolis America had to offer, was fundamentally sterile today, that Manhattan had achieved a new level of putrid, that it was actually

leagues more "aesthetically productive" during the crack era!

26. 47:51 .922 These Lower Manhattan middle-aged trust fund internet poets would be better served to ditch the prescription pills and generational wealth and instead resort to crack addiction!—"artistically speaking."

27. 29:31 .935 It was an embarrassing state of affairs for both Buddy and Reimi, frankly—to continue to be an American?

28. 84:116 .724 The reality was, the two agreed, that while traveling to foreign countries was functionally pointless, at the very least it was a brief reprieve from being forced to endure your own fellow Americans day after day, yet, at the same time, visiting a foreign locale only reinforced how utterly American you really were, how objectionable you'd become, solely by continuing to be an irreversible American.

29. 91:116 .785 There's really nothing more objectionable than being an American, Reimi concluded, and the worst U.S. citizens are clearly the ones like Curtis, the faux-intellectual flaccid reactionaries symbolizing nothing beyond the fact that America had become so sterile it's only method of shocking itself back to life was coyly reintroducing the idea that Black people were genetically second class to Caucasians.

- 30. 83:108 .767** Racism, if you really thought about it, was the only authentic art of America anyway!—and Buddy totally agreed, noting that the only way the median American could make themselves start to feel alive again, at this point, was by quote-unquote post-ironically postulating, by electro-shocking themselves into contemplating that maybe Black people are lower class by proclivity.
- 31. 88:122 .721** Every American enjoyed a God-given right to subscribe themselves to nonsensical racist philosophies if they so chose, yet it was only these post-ironic imbeciles who found their own unfortunate bigotry as actually edgy—it was only in toilets like Dimes Square that racism, which in reality was just the blunt, ubiquitous and ultimately sterile pre-condition of everything American, somehow, idiotically, became high art.
- 32. 60:78 .769** It was the logical conclusion of the Andy Warhol idiocy—as opposed to painting insipid soup cans, the post-ironic so-called artists, unable to paint or write or compose proficiently, went a step further into the banal—instead choosing a snooze-worthy renewed racism as their art.
- 33. 88:117 .752** Why couldn't they, too, utter the n-word?—it was truly "unjust" that they, as rich whites who, approaching forty, still receiving wire transfers from their parents to supplement their Chinatown rents, were more or less manhandled into

"not saying the n-word", and not only the hip hop "soft-a"—no, these opulent caucasians requested access to the "hard-r n-word" pass, and if it so happened they were actually denied then this country was fundamentally, they thought, still enslaved!

34. 38:50 .760 This country, according to Dimes Square, was fundamentally enslaved if they, as rich douche bag trust fund Soviet and/or Ottoman Caucasians, couldn't shout out the "hard-r n-word" in public with aplomb!

35. 73:99 .737 Yes, the only authentically avant-garde American movement of the early twenty first century was this inspired petition to reclaim the n-word for whites, Reimi noted as she benignly nodded at a passer-by in a manner that mellifluously communicated she was simply expressing a personal opinion, that she obviously intended no offense.

36. 83:113 .735 I'm racist, the audacious Dimes Square poet would bellow, and for that sole reason I'm the bravest man in Lower Manhattan!—still unable to actually bring himself to say the word aloud, surrounded by the bourgeois daughters of Russian mathematicians who'd apparently resort to any sort of intellectual prostitution to avoid being finally recognized for what they functionally were: opulent Caucasians.

37. 40:50 .800 No, none of these poets personally said the n-word themselves, of course, but, then again,

why couldn't they?—"with a hard-r"?—wasn't it fascism in a sense that they were so vigorously restricted from doing so?

38. 62:74 .834 Oh, of course! Reimi found it laughable but in an obviously lewdly sardonic way—it was utterly disgusting, immensely depressing, and basically a stupendous pretext to exit America for good, to begin a fresh life abroad, on any other fucking continent!

—I-II: Manila is a Mall Culture

1769:2250 .786

01. 111:158 .703 But, in any case, with all that said, which was of course really nothing beyond the objective summary of a couple benign opinions of Buddy and Reimi, who were both simply expressing their God-given rights of free speech in their respective commentaries—but if Japan was fundamentally "an animated culture", then it was certainly safe to assert, according to Buddy, that Manila was "an unrepentant mall culture"—that everything about Manila-proper revolved around malls, that they held the "sky high esteem" in Manila that they hadn't held in America for decades, if ever!

02. 40:47 .851 Yet, Buddy said, everything existed in a fucking mall in Manila—outside of the malls there

was literally no commerce that commenced in the city, to the best of Buddy's knowledge.

03. 104:144 .722 A metropolis of nearly fifteen million people, Buddy expounded, and every single person is physically located in malls all the time—there are actually large malls located right beside subsequent malls with three to five levels or more per building, but yet in America, if you happened to place a modest three level shopping center even with no other malls for miles it would still decay and rot day after day, but these Manila malls are smack dab on top of each other and filled to the brim with all types of people at all times of the day.

04. 55:63 .873 Reimi asked Buddy if he recalled the cool underground jazz bar in Shinjuku, the place that played "CDs instead of records", and of course Buddy recalled it vividly, but he noted in Manila that bar would have been in a damn mall, without a doubt.

05. 106:130 .815 He'd relaxed for upwards of one hour at that jazz bar, beginning at exactly two twenty two in the afternoon, drinking a single draft beer as he analyzed the bartender and barback as they cleaned the counter top and chopped a block of ice with a steak knife, creating "wonderfully asymmetric cubes", without once glancing at a smartphone, or chit-chatting with customers, without linguistically wanking people off in their periphery—no, they

simply worked continuously without pause or complaint.

06. 50:64 .781 Most places in the world were completely pointless to visit, but Buddy felt like Shinjuku was a minor exception, but where Tokyo was a "maximalist culture, period"—Manila was a "maximalist mall culture" in perpetuity.

07. 134:183 .732 A white man sat not far from Buddy and Reimi and noted to the bartender that, yes, he'd be particularly interested in ordering a Tom Collins, but with one strict condition: he wanted it with a "ton of Juniper"—a Collins that really captured "that intense berry" flavor, because "sans Juniper" the man frankly had no interest in a Tom Collins at all, whereas most people who enjoyed gin liked Juniper to some extent, yet they'd also readily admit that "the Juniper aspect" of gin could come off off-putting to some, this man apparently couldn't "get enough Juniper"—no, he needed the most potent iteration of gin with regard to its divisive Juniper component.

08. 102:119 .857 Yes, Reimi said, our sensory faculties were in fact only a mode of forgetting!—we emerge from the womb with a perfect God-given image of the world, and as we slowly delve further into our own motor skills, as we interact with the corporeal in a sensory-adjacent way we forget this single-cell simplicity, as we exercise our God-given rights of free

speech the more perfected forms that inform our very concepts drift further and further away.

09. 68:88 .773 But were you aware—Buddy interrupted—speaking of utter absurdities that were in fact accurate, that the so-called "Siberian Tiger Penis" is considered a legitimate aphrodisiac in China, that the Chinese assiduously source the cock from Russian tiger corpses with great care for precise use in expensive soups?

10. 58:81 .716 Well, that was exactly her point, of course!—but Reimi had more conjecture for Buddy to consider, if he was down, as they meandered down yet another muggy avenue around Quezon City looking for a single standalone restaurant, any independently structured watering hole, to sip a cocktail at.

11. 96:112 .857 Reimi had been pondering something, given the more stringent border policies of East Asia and her predilection to forget herself from time to time via engaging in her own free speech—did the American far-right perhaps have a point?—was it possible people like Charlie Kirk, who vociferously voiced concerns regarding "legal third world immigration", was it within the realm of possibility his perspective held merit?

12. 92:107 .860 But to begin with, she continued as Buddy's eyebrows rose slowly in a wholly amused manner, they'd need to take a long look at the

"specific segments" of historical immigration, if they were to truly construct a targeted immigration agenda, and then determine which nationalities were actually desirable, and which ones less so—but Reimi felt as though, honestly, that'd be easy enough.

13. 43:55 .782 The conclusion came to Reimi like a bolt of lightning—as it seemed blatantly clear that the whole notion of "white replacement" was way beyond a conspiracy theory, because it was, in fact, an actuality.

14. 89:119 .748 The fact of the matter was the white man in America had already been ruthlessly replaced, and he was repopulated almost exclusively via the late nineteenth and first half twentieth century waves of immigration that brought with them not only the mountains of freckled Irish, but more so the further south Italians, and even more eastern Jews—all egregious non-whites according to someone like, say, Benjamin Franklin—into this innocent country.

15. 77:97 .794 The rudimentary fact of the matter was the white man of eighteen sixty five was objectively a radically different white man than the Caucasian male of nineteen sixty five—the Anglo-Protestant baseline the American polity was historically founded upon would be upended and replaced by a more nascent quote-unquote Judeo-Christian lineage.

16. 98:108 .907 The American white man had obviously already ruthlessly been replaced, and sadly only mere

doppelgangers of this White Man remained, and of course these very replacement level Caucasians, these blanco simulacra, now screamed the loudest into the helplessly deaf winds blowing up the skirts of BBL Latinas about a contemporary, impending so-called "white replacement"—according to Reimi at least.

17. 44:59 .746 Yet, astutely, she mellifluously continued on to say to Buddy that of course unregulated mass waves of immigration could easily end with detrimental downstream effects for a state—this couldn't be disputed.

18. 121:161 .752 For example, contrary to the decades of Hollywood whitewashing of the mafia as little more than poor immigrants who lacked access to food stamps, they should actually recognize the American mafia for what it truly was: an insidious criminal syndicate started by the immigrants Lucky Luciano and Meyer Lansky, that had as its most profitable enterprise sexual blackmail—which eventually allowed it to completely ensnare the highest officer of the Law in America, J. Edgar Hoover, just because the little guy liked to parade around in ladies' underwear!

19. 113:137 .825 The entire history of the American mafia was one steeped in deep and disturbing, sordid state corruption as opposed to the oft-cited "victimless crimes" like gambling and prostitution—this so-called "mob" was an immigrant

criminal syndicate jointly established by an Italian man and a Jewish fellow, and its lower levels of activity, the sort glorified in grotesque Scorsese films, were ultimately subsidized by blackmailing, often lasciviously (what better way!), United States government officials.

20. 136:176 .773 Reimi asked Buddy if it reminded him of any current events?—and as she laughed aloud, she posited the rhetorical inquiry of what could possibly be more anti-American, but she admitted of course ahistorical imbeciles like Matt Walsh were instead forced to conflate the corruption that occurred one hundred years past with contemporary immigration, and instead of admitting Caucasian Replacement had already occurred and that Judeo-Italic immigrant criminal syndicates successfully corrupted the upper echelons of government, these double digit IQ grifters acted as if these events were instead “potentially impending.”

21. 32:42 .762 At this point Buddy brought up, with a certain sense of disbelief, that they hadn't even discussed Carlos Marcello's intricate role in the assassination of JFK!

—I-III: Tokyo Gyro

496:609 .814

- 01. 60:83 .723** On their final night in Tokyo, Buddy awoke bright and early in the AM, aiming to take "maximum advantage" of the day, and exited the hotel excitedly hoping to find a quaint coffee shop, only to stumble upon a couple Shinjuku bars that had just recently closed at give or take half past seven am.
- 02. 92:102 .902** Failing to find an adequate coffee shop to pop in Buddy instead decided to take a jog through the streets of Tokyo, which in retrospect may have been considered a bit of a cultural faux pas in the country, but, given the excessive temperature in the city, Buddy assumed he would only be able to run for a brief spurt anyway—so how offensive could it really be?
- 03. 33:42 .786** Yet this run would prove crucial because at its conclusion Buddy got a whiff of some cuisine he found quite delightful—was it possibly, he thought ... a gyro?—in Tokyo?
- 04. 65:76 .855** While a pita stuffed with tzatziki wasn't exactly the Asian street meat most people anticipate in their YouTube algorithmic daydreams of Japan, Buddy also felt like his palette wouldn't be any worse for wear with a single sandwich that his stomach was already accustomed to digesting?

- 05. 41:56 .732** With this in mind he politely chauffeured Reimi excitedly to this particular corner, asking the man standing behind the counter for a lamb gyro, only to be bluntly corrected that it was “chicken only.”
- 06. 118:127 .929** Some place in the deep, dark recesses of Buddy's brain he recalled the treacherous gyro trucks of New York City and their abundant use of poultry as a street meat—but chicken was basically an unacceptable street corpse when it came right down to it, but Buddy, mesmerized by the smell of the amalgamated spices went along with the bird option anyway, selecting—no not tzatziki, but the quote-unquote white sauce topping, which was also reminiscent of the Manhattan food truck bullshit machine.
- 07. 33:48 .688** Of course the wrap didn't taste great, to the extent that Reimi didn't even eat half of hers, allowing Buddy—who was “starving”—to seal his digestive fate by finishing a second sandwich.
- 08. 54:75 .72** The consumed chicken gyro was a dirty bomb that would wait to detonate in Buddy's stomach until right around sunset—and everybody knew Shinjuku had the best setting suns—when Buddy was attempting to nap off the jazz bar beers he imbibed before they popped out for supper to no avail.

—I-IV: Tagaytay Math

1139:1396 .816

01. 89:113 .788 The thing of it was, Buddy said to Reimi in a province outside Manila, at the beginning of his conscious memory he'd sit in the brick house he lived in with his genetic mom and dad at give or take, say, three years old, and he'd recite very particular, progressive "if-then scenarios" to his mom, who was amused by the mathematical display immensely, as she cleaned the kitchen or, like, dusted the burgundy dinner table?

02. 50:71 .704 This was in fact his favorite hobby at that age—basically, in short, when Buddy turned forty his mom'd turn seventy four, and when he was thirty three she'd be sixty seven, but when he turned ten she'd be forty four, and finally when Buddy was six his mom would be forty.

03. 108:138 .783 So it was funny to Buddy when they saw a skinny six year old boy in Tagaytay exhibiting a similar practice, telling attendees their current ages based on the respective years they were born, with all the participants at the party being wildly impressed with his arithmetic, but, "at already age six", Buddy whispered to Reimi, this kid was actually kind of fucking behind the eight ball, so to speak—that if, at six, he couldn't calculate "at least if-thens" after

determining the person's age, well, he had a ways to go.

04. 66:73 .904 The kid was clearly quite proud of his arithmetic abilities, and maybe he should have been—it was possible he had good reason to be, but, to Buddy, as he conveyed to Reimi, he probably needed to be just a tad more tyrannical about his practice moving forward.

05. 36:42 .857 No, he “wasn’t that bad,” Buddy said, he was way better than some adults at the gathering!—but he should still really consider, you know, brushing up on his “if-then skills.”

06. 103:126 .818 Because “everything is ultimately an if-then,” whether vis-a-vis arithmetic or life itself!—in any case, now finally forty himself, Buddy could officially confirm once and for all his mom'd become, in fact, seventy four while he was forty, though at the time, back in the brick house, it'd have been an impossibility for either to know with any certainty if that'd have truly been the case, that Buddy would, for a fact, be forty while his mom would be, by contrast, seventy four.

07. 123:136 .904 Just before leaving for Tokyo Buddy sat on a clean bench in Luongo Square in the decent heat of the expiring summer and wrote down the words it would be “an absurdity to stop by Nickanee’s tonight”, which he felt to be one hundred percent fact, that precise verbiage, that stopping by Nickanee’s

that night would've been completely absurd!—sitting on a bench by himself sipping a lime seltzer he'd lightly spiked with Mezcal he had no doubt in the pure veracity of the words he'd scribbled down into a beaten up purple notepad.

08. 31:38 .816 Buddy had, in fact, a very firm comprehension of what exactly was absurd that night, it was the simple idea of attending Nickanee's.

09. 106:128 .828 Only minutes later, sitting in a bar in Luongo Square, drinking a Mezcal that was no longer dumped indiscriminately into a can of lime seltzer, Buddy considered an uncomfortable idea that "whatever was identified as morally unacceptable" was precisely what got people erect in every particular epoch, that whatever was widely agreed to be inappropriate was, in fact, synonymous with what was "probably maximally erotic"?

10. 54:60 .900 Something that was violently pretty would become expeditiously less so the very second it became "generally acceptable", Buddy thought at the bar?—that widespread acceptance was the utter death of apex eroticism?

11. 90:112 .804 Buddy sat at the bar in Luongo Square, well aware going to Nickanee's that night would be nothing if not blatantly absurd and considered, just a couple streets up, on Atwells Avenue, he could never jot down notes like he did on Luongo—where it was expected that everyone would come equipped with

notepads of all types, that they'd all take notes while sitting on benches and at bars, whereas on Atwells Ave the exact opposite was expected.

12. 66:85 .777 It was a fact that no one had, in the history of the street, ever been seen clutching a small notepad on Atwells Avenue, but Buddy actually considered ambling up to Atwells that very evening, but he now realized occupying any seat on that Avenue would make his note taking basically impossible.

13. 37:50 .740 In reality you'd probably have to be a complete knob to believe you could ever scurry up to Atwells Avenue with a notepad and successfully jot down ideas in public.

14. 44:57 .772 To Buddy, he told Reimi, there existed two latent absurdities that night: the first was without a doubt stopping in Nickanee's, while the second was adorning your person with a writing utensil on Atwells Avenue.

15. 136:167 .814 No one walking the streets of Atwells had "as much as a fucking pencil" on their person, that much was certain beyond a reasonable doubt, but none of that altered the fact that for about eighty three point three percent of the year Buddy's mom would fail to be seventy four, despite his intuition she was "technically seventy four", while for essentially seventy five percent of this calendar season he'd be thirty nine, which flew in the face of the fact he was

“technically forty,” because at that moment, in Luongo Square, Buddy was forty but his mom was merely seventy three, which went directly against the if-then he'd alleged at the age of three.

—I-V: The Best Neighborhood in the World

695:847 .821

01. 43:46 .935 Reimi thought the "adjustable bed frame" their hotel room came equipped with was "really cool", and she more or less immediately started to fiddle with the settings incessantly.

02. 72:82 .878 But Buddy, just as Reimi gained control of the remote, expressed some concern, since the bed frame wasn't exactly "brand new" that Reimi should maybe use a bit of caution before indiscriminately fidgeting with the remote control, because, in his experience, those types of gadgets could easily start to malfunction quickly.

03. 109:132 .826 Buddy reminded Reimi later of this exact exchange as they struggled to see the lower third of the television set over the now absurdly elevated foot of the bed, which'd been stuck in place since Reimi first raised it high as it possibly went when she first placed her little fingers on the remote, followed by about five minutes of a continuous, arduous drone punctuating every attempt to adjust

the foot again, until they both came to agree the bed frame was, in fact, immovably stuck in its place.

04. 93:115 .809 Nothing could be done to fix an electronically misconfigured bed frame—unless you were some kind of electrical engineer, which of course neither of them were, so if a bed frame was forced upward, until the foot of the bed obscured nearly a third of the television set, then you'd forever be lifting the remote to the sky to increase the volume, or to switch whatever bullshit on whatever streaming service you wanted to fall asleep to.

05. 67:94 .713 In short there was no cure for this severe sickness of the bed frame—it was a terminal deficiency, which, Buddy reminded himself, was why he was so adamant about not indiscriminately fiddling with the remote in the first place, yet apparently the possibility of repeatedly adjusting a bed up and down was just too alluring to resist.

06. 117:143 .818 Glancing at the top two thirds of a TV program neither particularly found compelling Reimi said it wasn't necessarily that traveling was ipso facto insipid, inasmuch as it was the case any city is fundamentally meaningless sans a particular person in the metropolis you're pursuing, didn't Buddy agree?—that basically any town is only activated by a special person of interest, that even the shittiest city imaginable could become profound with the proper object of pursuit?

07. 160:191 .834 Buddy felt a moderately intense urge to toss the remote control directly through the television set as he agreed with Reimi's perspective, that architectural structures were only aesthetically beautiful insofar as they contained intimate relationships between human beings, with all the good and bad that was associated with that containment, and even a sprawling city like Tokyo was only agreeable to people insofar as they imagined that containment occurring in the midst of this architecture, but if they, say, "relocated to Tokyo" but failed to find the people to place into said containments they'd essentially remain meaningless, and even Tokyo would quickly become a drag!

08. 34:44 .773 It was almost like, Reimi contemplated aloud, Shinjuku was at once the best neighborhood on the planet but also fundamentally at bottom empty and sterile?

Part II: "East Side Mannerists"

2473:2993 .826

—II-I: Community Pools & General Disgust

1380:1633 .845

01. 75:87 .862 Forced to listen to some shirtless douche-bag adorned in designer glasses with custom colored purple frames at a community pool discuss—she couldn't recall what—really reiterated to Reimi it was totally possible to disdain a person purely via the sole sound of their God-given vocal chords, she said to her sister Nikke.

02. 43:44 .977 Sobriety obviously depended on vantage point, but she'd only had possibly half a bottle of Soju at the pool party, or maybe the whole bottle at most?

03. 49:60 .817 Yet Nikke would never accuse her sole sibling of lacking objective sobriety, even if she was maybe relatively inebriated, much less levy an accusation of "feeling things"—no, she knew Reimi way too well for that!

04. 93:100 .930 This notion of "feeling things" was totally grotesque of course—Nikke vividly recalled riding into New York City with Reimi years prior, right as the second track on her Love Supreme CD played from her stereo speakers as they discussed what they believed to be "deep topics" at the time, the tenor sax

ricocheting in her mind retroactively in a way that didn't really make any sense.

05. 52:58 .897 A leaf that laid on the cement on Carpenter Street as the Lyft re-entered the West End looked like a legitimate handle bar moustache, like it'd been sculpted specifically to paste onto a hipster's upper lip at a craft beer bar.

06. 98:122 .803 Nikke, who was perhaps more prone to so-called "airier" quasi philosophical thoughts than her sister Reimi, was recalling previous "summer-like late September afternoons" from her upbringing, but the images were so vague it made quantifying the linear progression of her life a seeming impossibility—the frantic tenor sax of the second track of Love Supreme still humming somewhere in the remote recesses of her mind, a perceived sordid activity for some reason.

07. 74:80 .925 Whereas Reimi was disgusted by a guy who was probably an incredibly loving dad despite a vocal tone that reeked of utter pretention, Nikke was increasingly lost in her own stochastic memories, muted coincidences consuming her, causing her to recede into silence as Reimi continued.

08. 58:79 .734 Twelve months ago to the minute, Nikke butted in abruptly, marked the sudden onset of "a precise month" where she succumbed to a subtle madness, a quick descent into the divinely absurd, only to emerge exactly thirty days later—the twenty

sixth to the twenty fifth—with an apparently renewed purpose.

09. 122:142 .859 The strangest characters, Nikke told Reimi, who of course already knew about the events all too well, would wander into her day to day life during that "thirty day or so span", then disappear forever almost immediately after the fact—there was an irrepressible melancholy to memory, which in a way, Nikke suggested, was possibly a lurid iteration of optimism, to recall past events with dread and disgust, to interpret the present then as ipso facto preferable to the grotesque events of even your recent past?

10. 63:80 .788 Oh, there was no doubt recollection was objectionable, Reimi concurred, for example the extremely recent memory of the man with that grating intonation?—Reimi's present state with Nikke was leagues preferable to listening to the douche bag drone on at the community pool for even a few minutes.

11. 85:91 .934 So it wasn't at all out of line to suggest that recollection sprung up from an abyss and assaulted them violently right when they least expected it, even in Nikke's case, during the thirty days or so, they were themselves to some extent consumed with "people from her past" springing up like memories, attacking her present-tense with their vapid reintroductions.

- 12. 120:156 .769** People from our past, she said, instead of affirming the logical linear progression of our lives, only reinforce this dream-like instinct we have that, in fact, our life is wholly nonsensical, that our singular peregrinations are simply asymmetric series of moments fundamentally disconnected, disjointed, misaligned—that rather than progressing from age five to six, forty to forty one that the numbers we try to define our lives by are in fact non-additive, that they're more akin to coagulating disparate percentages and acting as if they're integers, or probably worse!
- 13. 126:152 .829** People from our past, Nikke noted, simply by existing and resurfacing serve to remind us that the vast majority of sentences we've said and activities we've completed are actively forgotten, that they amount to next to nothing in the present tense, yet their re-introduction is a proof our current moment, which we perhaps feel to be superior to our past, will also inevitably pass into lacunas of deleted recollection, that the present is basically a folly in waiting, plus there's only the thinnest connective tissue integrating said lacunas.
- 14. 105:116 .905** Memory is most definitely nonlocal in origin, Reimi agreed—there was really no other way to phrase it, yet in some vague sense they could possibly contend that their collective past actions formed a sort of abstract substrate that informed

their current selves, that perhaps while collected recollection failed to conform to the moving image of linearity, it still maintained a sort of amorphous continuity eluding them at first glance?

15. 39:43 .907 But, Nikke said to Reimi, take the town of, say, Barrington—the dump they were driving away from as fast as they could—was it not filled to the brim with objectionable memories?

16. 49:66 .742 Was "bucolic" Barrington not filled up with upper class whites who fundamentally overestimated their own net worth, peering down on bordering towns and neighboring dumps with the sole intention of making themselves feel better about their own overpriced homes?

17. 76:93 .817 Did Reimi ever notice how people over there were all afflicted with social disabilities, that the population of Barrington were basically incapable of engaging in normal conversations, probably because they inveterately believed themselves to be superior to the rest of the state despite having nothing of note to say?

18. 53:64 .828 Reimi had tried to remain unaware of the entirety of Rhode Island—in fact if not for her little sister Nikke she'd probably know literally nothing about the smallest state in the nation, and no doubt be perfectly happy about it!

—II-II: An Anonymous French Mannerist

838:1053 .796

01. 76:97 .784 In any case, sitting in the backseat of the Lyft en route to RISD's museum, Nikke took note of a small stain on her new tan t-shirt just above her right nipple, a smudge she somehow failed to see before she left her apartment—specifically recalling ironing the article prior to leaving, it seemed absurd to her she could've not noticed a small stain in such a central location.

02. 65:84 .774 Both women were surprised to find the price of admission into the museum was more than twenty bucks per person, but they paid the fee sans even a single disgusted eye roll or surreptitious aggravated grimace, instead kindly taking the lady's direction to enter the elevator in dually jubilant fashions.

03. 70:91 .769 Of course it was only a sole canvas they went to see in the museum, the so-called "Charity" painting by an anonymous French Mannerist—this mysterious artist's single work was more riveting to them than the rest of the Renaissance room combined, more visceral by orders of magnitude than any of the contemporary art on the first floor.

04. 46:54 .852 The painting consisted of six small children, one dog, and a mom who—although most people might not notice it at a fleeting glance—had

her left nipple exposed as one kid fondled the breast in preparation of suckling.

05. 43:64 .672 Of course while taking in any painting it was important, the two concurred, to consider the painter's personal process as he continued to create the canvas, the types of problems he may or may not have encountered, how he in the end addressed them.

06. 61:72 .847 In this instance, Reimi said, it struck her as patently befuddling that the painter—this anonymous French Mannerist—went to the trouble to depict the tiny testicles of one of the kids poking between his two legs from the back as he climbed up to the presumptuous mother?

07. 99:119 .834 By contrast in the contemporary galleries on the first level, the figurative nudes were basically "sans phallus"—Reimi referenced a painting by a guy named Satoshi Kojima on the lower level depicting a "naked-from-the-waist-down figure" "freefalling into an abstract spiral" with a "Ken-doll genital structure"—yet this anonymous French Mannerist upstairs was depicting tiny testicles dangling from the backsides of juveniles.

08. 62:77 .805 Oh, it was definitely a little bit perverse—of the six kids, all posed in fundamentally absurd positions in individual ways, there was no phallic aspect, despite each being naked, but the climbing child was depicted with two tiny testicles peeking out between his legs from the back.

- 09. 55:61 .902** Imagine, Nikke added, painting those two tiny balls with such a fine degree of precision, in the mid sixteenth century—spending possibly upwards of a whole day on genital depiction at the most awkward angle imaginable.
- 10. 77:93 .828** Of course, Reimi said, it's true a male's testicles, without a doubt, even when a youth, would probably poke through his thighs and become visible, assuming he climbed up a structure nude, but to stick to such rigid realism with regard to "that detail", while giving the children professional wrestler back muscles and bobble head necks is perhaps an apex mark of genius?
- 11. 115:157 .732** Nikke let a pen nonchalantly dangle from her mouth on the couch in front of the "Fontainebleu" school canvas, just because she enjoyed jotting down ideas in a papyrus thin purple notepad, when a heavier set lady attendant with a cropped hair cut queried "Is that a pen?" to which Nikke confirmed the instrument protruding from her lips was, in fact, "an ink pen", which moved the attendant to tell her pens "weren't allowed" in the museum—magnanimously, the attendant allowed Nikke to stuff the pen back deep in her pocket, as opposed to officially confiscating the now saliva-infused ink-based instrument.
- 12. 69:84 .821** The attendant continued to hover in the vicinity of the sofa where the two sisters and their ink

pen sat staring at the painting of this anonymous French Mannerist, and Reimi queried aloud if recollection was, upon further consideration, possibly "linear/nonlinear"—if that made any sense to Nikke?

—II-III: The Dyadic Man

255:307 .831

01. 129:151 .854 As the minutes quickly wound down before the museum closed its doors for the day, Nikke noted, still sitting on the sofa in front of the anonymous French Mannerist's work, that every man was "fundamentally dyadic", specifically in that they consist of an independent phallic entity and also an incorporeal aspect—but because of this men lacked an organic actuality of any sort, sans the phallus of course, they were souls attached to cocks, whereas women, Nikke said, were actually organic entities woven deeply into said incorporeal souls.

02. 64:84 .762 Men weren't even technically human beings, Reimi retorted, they were little beyond simple penises with souls, half organic dyads, to the extent they existed in the "so-called corporeal globe" it was only via their usually puny third legs, sans penis they ceased to exist on the sensible plane at all!

03. 62:72 .861 It was through this precise lens, Nikke said, that they needed to really analyze the male to female trans movement—as a feminine urge for

actual organic—no, Reimi interrupted, not in the gallery, gender discourse was strictly prohibited, even more so than pens!

Part III: “East Mediterranean People Shields”

3233:3871 .835

—III-I: Chain Smoking Next to Children's Hospitals

1635:1982 .825

01. 68:89 .764 Sans alcoholic beverages, Reimi said to Buddy—what does anything even really matter anyway—whatever city you reside in, but Buddy really wanted to receive the juice from Reimi RE what Nikke alluded to repeatedly regarding this alleged month long rapid decline into ill-advised binge drinking she, Nikke, endured.

02. 110:154 .714 Yet to Reimi malevolent liquids like alcohol were actually fundamentally necessary to relay these types of incidents in a proper way, that she could "sit out" "in the city" totally sober and take note of a curious lack of a connection she had with any Oneness, that from a select vantage point you could lack a connection with a "Oneness" in concord with a deficit of emotional disruption—was it possible when chaotically lusting around town The One as a pure spiritual Form floated closer than when you were being a great stay at home mom.

03. 109:145 .752 Only when onerously falling apart a certain spirituality becomes palpable, your dreams become fertile territory for visitation from an indivisible oneness in its infinite forms, whereas the “well-adjusted,” because of our peculiar social totem poles, somehow remain barred away this Oneness, by becoming a productive member of secular society you build a barrier between yourself and what’s quintessentially One, she suggested, not necessarily asserting it as fact but just “tossing it out” to Buddy.

04. 190:226 .841 But while oneness possibly communicated exclusively via emotional tumult, the metropolis, Reimi said, was a phantasm entirely—that in a material sense her astounding friendship with Buddy had duped her into believing DC was something other than what it was—sitting by herself the other evening she realized the entire city was a cesspool of the insipid, that sans her friendship with Buddy the city fell into immediate disrepair, that a single interesting friendship, only of the loftiest order, could make any city into fourth century Athens, that in all reality cities were really nothing but philosophically intriguing relationships, deprived of these bonds there was nothing left but poorly dressed hipsters and talentless twenty whatever professionals with absolutely nothing of note to say.

05. 86:106 .811 Reimi could recall her own individual dips into deep depressions pre-Buddy—their bond,

inclusive of all of its faults, catapulted this petty city into an exalted playground of immaculate speculation, the streets were no longer little hellholes, wastelands of sterility, but only because Buddy was a true maestro of the ill-tempered, the ill-advised, and the patently absurd, Reimi said.

06. 117:133 .880 Buddy was of course flattered and he clearly felt the same way toward Reimi, holding their bond in a similar high esteem, but nevertheless Reimi now wasted no time now addressing his previous request, to some extent, she said, procreation is a philosophical abomination, a spitting in the face of The One Itself, a tacit admission that the universe itself is actually not contained in the mirror you gaze at yourself in intermittently, which is itself a blasphemous falsity!

07. 98:127 .772 Because if the universe is located in physical space it's definitely in your very mirror as you gaze into it—the cosmos is of course wholly contained in your own reflection, yet in any case, Reimi continued, the very notion of popping out kids, Nikke had always considered it absurd, and Reimi by default described it as basically objectionable, yet both sisters sat on the phone weeping (bawling even!) at the prospect of Reimi's probable miscarriage just last Fall.

08. 68:66 1.03 Reimi's impending miscarriage brought them both to tears, to a place of truly weeping,

probably ounces worth of lacrimation recklessly poured onto their four cheeks over the phone—and "that" was the first part of Nikke's so-called "mystical breakdown" from that past year, Reimi said.

09. 80:104 .769 Yes, the first section was centered on the two sisters lacrimating on the telephone because Reimi's baby was clinging to its life by the thinnest of threads, that was on a Saturday afternoon, after Reimi had accompanied Nikke for a few drinks early in the day—and they'd bumped into, what was his name, of all people on the street, having literally just bumped into him less than two weeks prior.

10. 62:81 .765 Buddy said he recalled Nikke saying something to that effect—Reimi confirmed it was after she'd made Nikke take her out for an espresso, to which Nikke then made her pop in *The Dark Lady* for "just one drink" where they stumbled upon that exact same Steve Miller, of all people, apparently paying the tab for his trans companion.

11. 84:106 .792 So bumping into Miller with his beautiful wife again that subsequent Saturday walking down the street, when during a decade in DC they'd never seen Steve randomly—it was a bit perplexing, perhaps even mystical to Nikke, and the stop and chat conversation was equally difficult to follow—it certainly drove Nikke to down a few drinks after, forced to listen to the same tired diatribe "over and over."

- 12. 65:72 .903** So on a Thursday night, Buddy repeated, Nikke bumps into this Steve at The Dark Lady, then the subsequent Saturday you two see Steve walking down the street with his wife and conclude that evening weeping to each other on the phone due to a degradation in the state of your pregnancy?
- 13. 78:98 .796** Correct, Reimi confirmed, and in between the two Steve sightings, she should note, Nikke'd pop in The Dark Lady again, all alone, where a confounding figure—at least according to the story Nikke told Reimi—would be "seemingly waiting for her" at the bar, asking about her as soon as she arrived and ordered a drink, the figure going so far as to note "you never know when it's your time to go."
- 14. 39:43 .907** This type of absurdity, unsurprisingly, prompted Nikke to stay at the bar, gulping down a completely unnecessary double shot of tequila prior to close.
- 15. 77:83 .928** And then after seeing Steve a second time, Nikke said, she sat at some Lebanese bar downtown where she'd see "the understated bartender from The Dark Lady" sitting across the bar as a kid introduced himself as "Bobby" and drunkenly confessed to his bad gambling habit, until his middle aged mom arrived and drove him home.
- 16. 99:113 .876** After being indirectly reminded of the mysterious stranger via the presence of said understated bartender, Nikke would awaken to an

even more mystifying phone call, at five am, from her father's number but with a strange voice on the other side demanding an immediate wire transfer to a "Venmo account", alleging he'd just broke out of prison only to enter their parents' home where he now "had them both bound and gagged."

17. 113:131 .863 And then perhaps the most curious aspect came that next night when Nikke said to Reimi she'd spent the prior Friday afternoon hopping from bar to bar until, fairly inebriated, she stumbled upon The Dark Lady again once more witnessing the understated bartender but not the confounding stranger, "just for a quick drink, you know", and then ambled to a random dive bar where suddenly Nikke came upon an impalpable ability to "share her feelings" with the various random regulars in attendance.

18. 92:105 .876 But of course the oddest part of all, Reimi concluded, was that right as Nikke approached this dive bar, trading anecdotes with strange drunks and feeling at home for maybe the first time, smoking shitty unfiltered cigarettes into the AM, Reimi was admitted into the children's hospital just a couple hundred feet from the dive, in dire condition as her unborn baby was officially aborted from her body.

—III-II: Shrooms at the Dominican Shisha Spot

1598:1889 .846

01. 125:157 .796 Reimi said the next night Nikke came by her flat to commiserate, that she was somehow, inanely, in better net spirits than her sister, the two taking a patch of fur off the dog, wondering aloud about the possibly haunted river flowing in the middle of the invisible triangle connecting the Children's Hospital, Dive Bar, and Dark Lady, with Nikke in particular speculating that perhaps as soon as they stepped past the interstate highway that barricaded the west end of the city from the river, that a certain dark force, a possible cloaked portal of sorts began interacting with both of them?

02. 88:106 .830 Yet even with that thought shot into her brain, it wouldn't stop Nikke, Reimi informed Buddy, from walking back downtown the subsequent Saturday—but only after popping into a mosque to make a donation to the unrecognized dead infants in Palestine, dropping off a fifty dollar bill to an African Imam with a mini water bottle of Mezcal surreptitiously slipped into her sweatshirt pocket.

03. 110:115 .957 Nikke walked swiftly downtown, purchased a pack of cigarettes, stopped to pop in the spot from the previous week, cracking a joke when an old fuck took what at first look seemed to be a decent tip then stuck the cash back in his pocket—then

Buddy interrupted to note Nikke would meet up with him that evening, pouring them both an espresso, popping the last couple squares of a psilocybin candy bar, and then they both would go smoke hookah at a Dominican night club.

04. 60:57 1.05 Buddy said he distinctly recalled understanding Spanish that night surrounded by flickering lights—Nikke was possibly still completely unhinged, in a heightened spiritual state he'd, for sure, seen her enter a few times before!

05. 64:84 .762 Then again, Reimi defended, a mixture of espresso, hookah, liquor, and psilocybin could probably cause anybody to become a bit "unhinged", to which Buddy replied the bachata hit different that night, that Nikke was wearing a pair of fake reading glasses for literally the entire duration of their time out!

06. 123:160 .769 In any case, Reimi continued, relaying what Nikke told her regarding the subsequent night where, sure, she began the afternoon seeing this certain African Imam Abdul Latif speak briefly about contemporary politics, attempting to avoid the triangulation she'd recognized with Reimi two weeks previous, but eventually in a foolish attempt to verify the night where she'd, Nikke, finally felt able to quote unquote "open up", she succumbed to ambling beyond the interstate "barricade" back into

downtown, to the dive bar, but in a state of irrational spiritual aggravation.

07. 78:86 .907 And when Nikke arrived at the dive an unexpected non-descript old gentleman—not entirely dissimilar from the mysterious stranger from *The Dark Lady*—was seemingly "waiting for her" and her overwhelming emotions, no, not about Reimi's abortion, but the Palestinian children being massacred by her tax payments!

08. 81:102 .794 Nikke'd quickly discard the psychoanalytical older dude, even in her dilapidated drunken state she still realized the physical mind had little to do with her issues, as she was trapped in a portal of sorts, in fact, beside a mysterious river, instead she introduced herself to an advanced in age lady playing pool in skinny black denim wearing the look of pure death in her eyes.

09. 90:109 .826 Her name was Ellen, she was seventy one years young with a fifty something Nordic husband named "Petter", but, despite her colloquial inquiries, the couple didn't seem particularly intrigued with her drunken digressions into the topic of "dollar denominated crude oil" or contemporary college as essentially a ruthless corporation, exploiting the exact students it was alleging to educate.

10. 76:86 .884 Yet didn't they maybe deem that concerning?—that so-called Poetry Professors could

no longer be considered public intellectuals, instead they were ruthless tools of institutions that partnered with the state and expansive financial banks to saddle budding young people with five and six figure dollars of debt that could never be expunged!

11. 59:78 .756 A lucrative endeavor indeed!—no, these Poetry Professors were, to a material extent, certainly criminally liable themselves, according to Nikke, not only for needlessly profiting on the backs of their own student body but also for the degradation of the arts as a whole!

12. 70:88 .795 The university system, the great contemporary funding apparatus of the fine arts, was no true speaker of truth to power, and it's central role in literature was no doubt a sort of silencing itself—no, Nikke said, the American university system was just a macro hedge fund masquerading as an artistic co-op!

13. 41:54 .759 Consider, for instance, Nikke said, the criminal rehabilitation of the Nazi-saluting Gertrude Stein, who, for the record, was, in addition to an atrocious poet, a genocidal art collector.

14. 97:100 .970 Of course, Nikke, like everyone else, had a phase where she also became "fascinated" by Stein, wasn't it revolutionary how she used, you know, "language as sound"—until Nikke was forced to recall, with her functioning brain cells, that "language as sound" was in fact just the fundamental basis of

metrical poetry itself, which'd for chimerical reasons been banished by little Hitlers like Stein herself!

15. 82:98 .837 Gertrude Stein was one of the apex unrepentant charlatans of English literature since the language itself was codified from far-ranging cosmopolitan lingual pools, and it was a truly classic example of the contemporary literary critic to cast aside Stein's confirmed fascism in the pursuit of some sterile Freudian identity drenched symbolism.

16. 39:41 .951 No, Stein didn't love that little Hitler—she was just expressing her Zionist lesbian sense of self by writing inscrutable prose poems about carafes, of course!

17. 158:176 .898 The university system was in fact the most criminal corner of corporate America, yet Ellen and Petter, while not explicitly "disagreeing" with this passionate opinion, didn't exactly "encourage Nikke to continue", and with that ingested she subsequently exited the establishment right around close to walk sadly back home, over the apparently protective interstate highway, on her way donating a spare eight bucks to an attractive enough black girl standing beside a homeless shelter, offering to service her sexually for a twenty before disappearing into the desolate night like an apparition, leaving Nikke drunkenly humming:

Essayists publish personal blogs no prob

*but if poets post their poems they're flogged
submit to literary mags instead!
w/ 12 remaining readers (10 are dead)
that due to heavy volume of submissions
will send rejection letters by next xmas
and then we sit and wonder why it is
poems no longer get taken serious
the so called real poets now eschew
rhyme meter and extended stories too
and only publish places no one reads
I guess the web won't meet their precious needs
while nonfiction rockets up the fucking charts
"self published poems" are seen as rubbish art
not on a merit but instead on sight
cause they buck a system not very bright
(to be fair also because most are shite)
the root of "lyric" from the Greek is lyre
as in utter poems aloud you'll lie in a fire
Homer was actually a mute to boot
who never touched a guitar or lute
straw men & steel men meeting at medians
to deem posting poems on the web plebeian
I now peruse exclusively reading bins
as rhyming results in little but seedy men
"but nonfiction touches on current events!"
while Pope's Essay stays barren unread
but I'm sure you've heard Kenneth Goldman say
what he thinks of these Nuyorican cafes*

*they're fine enough if you enjoy dumb sports
but lack the beauty of, say, traffic reports
not to say these Puerto Ricans are lesser
just that their cafes lack adjunct professors
the sole arbiters of the truly divine
opinions are just assholes:*

*let me present you mine
post your poems where people exist to read
and expand the canon to include emcees
if not this art will find a lurid tomb
up its own ass—*

apologies to Harold Bloom

18. 157:192 .818 Reimi—who'd been staying at Nikke's that night—was waiting fast asleep for her sister, who arrived back well past midnight, quite clearly blacked out and in a trance admitted to Reimi about being bothered, no, not by innocent kids being killed in genocides assisted by her taxes, but instead by an instance of so-called "childhood sexual trauma" that she'd never talked about aloud, even to her sole sister, most of the specifics in fact being by now eternally obscured even to Nikke herself, existing past normal epistemological limits, and that keeping this "so-called secret" was unfortunately no longer tenable, because failing to confess it in perpetuity did nothing but make her continually want to die.

—Conclusion

This book will perhaps only be understood by those who have themselves already thought the thoughts which are expressed in it or similar thoughts. It is therefore not a text-book. Its object would be attained if there were one person who read it with understanding and to whom it afforded pleasure. The book deals with the problems of philosophy and shows, as I believe, that the method of formulating these problems rests on the misunderstanding of the logic of our language. Its whole meaning could be summed up somewhat as follows: What can be said at all can be said clearly; and whereof one cannot speak thereof one must be silent. The book will, therefore, draw a limit to thinking, or rather not to thinking, but to the expression of thoughts; for, in order to draw a limit to thinking we should have to be able to think both sides of this limit (we should therefore have to be able to think what cannot be thought). The limit can, therefore, only be drawn in language and what lies on the other side of the limit will be simply nonsense. How far my efforts agree with those of other philosophers I will not decide. Indeed what I have here written makes no claim to novelty in points of detail; and therefore I give no sources, because it is indifferent to me whether what I have thought has already been thought before me by another. I will only mention that to the great works of Frege and the writings of my friend Bertrand Russell I owe in large measure the stimulation of my thoughts. If this work has a value it consists in two things. First that in it thoughts are expressed,

and this value will be the greater the better the thoughts are expressed. The more the nail has been hit on the head. Here I am conscious that I have fallen far short of the possible. Simply because my powers are insufficient to cope with the task. May others come and do it better. On the other hand the truth of the thoughts communicated here seems to me unassailable and definitive. I am, therefore, of the opinion that the problems have in essentials been finally solved. And if I am not mistaken in this, then the value of this work secondly consists in the fact that it shows how little has been done when these problems have been solved.

Fin.